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ARTHUR'S
LADIES' MAGAZINE

OF

ELEGANT LITERATURE AND THE FINE ARTS,

EDITED BY T. S. ARTHUR.

VOLUME III.

FROM JANUARY TO JULY, 1845.

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ARTHUR'S MAGAZINE.

JANUARY, 1845.

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For Arthur's Magazine.

SHAKESPEARE GALLERY OF BEAUTY—NO. I.

JOAN OF ARC.*

MS. A. 9. 2. 1

1841, and two-thirds of the whole country—Young king Henry VI has been crowned in Paris, and Charles, the rightful sovereign, is driven with a handful of retainers, to a remote corner of his dismem-

against Queen Margaret, Lady Anne, or, indeed, any historical personage introduced by him in his plays. The artist who has presented to the eye with so much life, beauty and spirit the picture of Joan, as given in our magazine of this month, has illustrated that portion of Shakespeare's Henry VI. which represents the inspired Maid, as leading forward, banner in hand, the troops of Charles to the rescue of the besieged city of Orleans.—ED.

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as king of France. Charles and his friends have made a brave resistance, sometimes with success, yet oftener with defeat; town after town has been taken, and castle after castle, until, step by step they have been driven from the north towards the southern provinces, and often reduced to the greatest straits. The city of Orleans, a post of great importance to Charles, still maintains itself against the besieging army of the Duke of Bedford, regent for Henry VI. but all supplies being cut off, it is in imminent danger of falling into the enemy's hands. The possession of this city is of vast moment to Charles, for lying between those provinces which have submitted to the English, and those which still acknowledge his authority, it serves as a gathering point to his adherents, and a strong hold from whence they can, with advantage, sally out and annoy their enemies. Unless this place is subdued, the English cannot with safety pursue King Charles into the southern part of the kingdom; the success of his cause is, therefore, solely dependent upon its possession. But, month after month passes away, and the defence grows weaker and weaker. Charles, with his court, is at Chinon, reduced almost to hopelessness. In every contest with the English, his troops are beaten. Orleans can hold out but a brief space longer, and then the Dauphin must retreat rapidly to Languedoc and Dauphiny, where a few faithful adherents are to be found, to make another feeble stand against the enemy.

In this crisis, a humble maiden, the daughter of a shepherd in the obscure village of Domremy, who has been a day-dreamer from her childhood, becomes inspired with a wonderful heroism. For years she has imagined that "voices" spoke to her, and that she has seen visions of the Archangels Michael and Gabriel, and St. Catherine and St. Margaret, two saints whose images she has been accustomed to adorn with flowers.

Now she declares that her "voices" direct her to go to Charles at Chinon; to lead on an army and raise the siege of Orleans—and then to conduct the young king to Rheims, where the anointing oil is kept in the sacred *Ampulla*, that he might there be crowned according to their custom. At first she is treated as one insane, but her importunities at last meet with respect. She is sent to Charles, at Chinon, and, is, after some hesitation, admitted to an interview. Every attention and honor are paid to her, and, as she desires, an army is sent under her direction with supplies for the beleagured city. Mounted on horseback in a complete suit of armour, and carrying her banner, which is

white, and fringed with silk, having on it a representation of the Saviour seated on a throne, holding a globe in his hand, with two angels in adoration, one holding a fleur-de-lis, which the Saviour seems to bless, with the words *Jesus Maria* on the border, she leads the army on and successfully enters, with large supplies, the city of Orleans. From this time forth, under the guidance of the inspired MAID, the French gain victory after victory—the king is conducted to Rheims, and there crowned—the English army is seized with a superstitious dread, and retires in confusion whenever she appears with her charmed banner. Thus are the followers of Charles led on, until they advance even to the siege of Paris. But here the maid is wounded, and the army forced to retire. Still many successes continue to crown the advances of the French army, until, at the defence of the town of Compiègne, which is besieged by the Duke of Burgundy, in a sharp contest which takes place beyond the barriers, the Maid is suddenly deserted by her followers. In vain she calls upon them to stand firm; they are in full retreat, and she is left to combat alone with the enemy. She resists bravely, but is soon overcome, and made prisoner! The English get possession of her, and have her tried as a witch by an ecclesiastical court in France, which condemns her to the stake, and she is burnt to death at Rouen and her ashes scattered on the waters of the Seine, to the everlasting disgrace of both the French and English.

Thus, briefly told, we have the strange history of Joan of Arc. After the crowning of King Charles at Rheims, she desired to go back to her quiet obscurity, having accomplished her mission. But, neither the king nor his leading counsellors, who saw the powerful influence she possessed over the army, would listen a moment to her wish. They were not yet done with her.

Wide have been the differences of opinion that have existed in regard to this phenomenon of the fifteenth century, and almost innumerable the books written on the subject. M. Chausard enumerates upwards of four hundred expressly devoted to the life of Joan of Arc, or including details of her history. During her life, and immediately afterwards, the French army believed her miraculously inspired by heaven to lead them on to victory, and considered all the supernatural communications she avowed, to be realities; while the English considered her a witch, and inspired by the devil. So fully was this believed by the latter, that troops actually refused to embark from England for the continent, averring, that they were not afraid to

ght any number of Frenchmen, but were not
ing to enter the lists with Satan.

The truth is, that Joan, no doubt, believed
at she heard and saw all that she related, and
at she was moved on by a pure and noble love
her country,—that the French, in that
perstitious age, were inspired by the belief
it they were favored by heaven, in the person
the invincible Joan: and, that the English,
re dispirited and defeated, from like super-
stitious feelings.

Voltaire and others have attempted to stain
character of Joan by representing her as of
vilest character. But, history has done
ple justice to her self-devotion, her high sense
honor, and her unsullied virtue. She re-
ned pure, even amid the allurements and
plations of a corrupt court. Hume says of
—“This admirable heroine, to whom the more
rous superstition of the ancients, would have
ted altars, was, on pretence of heresy and
ic, delivered over alive to the flames, and
ated by that dreadful punishment the signal
ices she had rendered to her prince and her
re country.”

be very spirited engraving of the Maid,
h we have given in this number of our
zine, represents her as she led forward the
h troops against the besiegers of Orleans,
riumphantly entered the town, as described
akespeare in the following passage, taken
the first act of King Henry VI.

bot. Where is my strength, my valor, and
my force?

English troops retire, I cannot stay them?
an, clad in armor, chaseth them!

Enter LA PUCELLE (JOAN OF ARC).

ere she comes:—I'll have a bout with thee:
or devil's dam, I'll conjure thee:

will I draw on thee, thou art a witch,
ightway give thy soul to him thou serveest.

Alc. Come, come, 'tis only I that must dis-
grace thee.

[They fight.]

Heavens, can you suffer hell so to prevail?
at I'll burst with straining of my courage;
n my shoulders crack my arms asunder,
I'll chastise this high minded strumpet.

Talbot, farewell; thy hour is not yet come:
o victual Orleans forthwith.

me if thou can'st; I scorn thy strength.

sheer up thy hunger-starved men;

isbury to make his testament:

is ours, as many more shall be.

[PUCELLE enters the town, with soldiers.]

My thoughts are whirled like a potter's
heel;

ot where I am, nor what I do:

by fear not force, like Hannibal,

ck our troops and conquers as she lists.

Pucelle is entered into Orleans.

In spite of us, or all that we could do.

No one who justly appreciates the character
of Joan of Arc, can help feeling regret at the
outrageous imputations cast upon her character
in this play of Henry VI. where she is not
only represented as a witch, but as one of the
vilest of the vile. In drawing her portrait,
Shakespeare, went no further than the common
impression brought over by the English army,
and the ordinary scandal of the day, but, in
making this a part of one of his plays, he has
done La Pucelle great injustice.

Schiller, in his *Maid of Orleans*, assumes, in
order to afford himself, as a poet, all the latitude
he desired in giving effect to his play, the fact
of supernatural agency. All that Joan believed,
herself, in regard to the visions and “voices,”
he assumes as true, and works up his plot with
this as a leading feature. But, he departs too
broadly from history in causing Joan to be slain
in battle, just at the moment of victory. The
fact of her death at the stake is too impressive
a *finale* to her adventurous life, to admit of
such an anacronism. In this, Schiller failed. In
adopting as true the maid's belief in actual com-
munications from the other world, he was
justifiable as a poet; still, the admission of her
belief in her own visions, without the poet's
assent to the fact, would have left him free, in
our view, to have drawn more life-like pictures,
in which nature would have spoken to the heart
with inconceivable power. There was enough
in the real history of Joan for the gifted Ger-
man bard, without passing beyond the boundary
of visible things.

The trial and condemnation to death of the
Maid was a most flagrant outrage on justice and
humanity. The rules of the church by which
she was tried, could not have found her worthy
of death. But, the Duke of Bedford determined
that she should not be permitted to live. He,
therefore, influenced the unprincipled Bishop of
Beauvais to act treacherously towards her. He,
by false representations, induced her to sign a
paper which was actually a confession of heinous
and impossible crimes at which she would have
shuddered, while, as read to her, it merely con-
tained a promise to submit herself in all things
to the Church of Rome, no more to carry
arms, or use the dress of men—to adopt the
dress of women, and let her hair grow. Even
after this, the Bishop, who feared the conse-
quences to himself if he permitted Joan to be
put to death, hesitated. But the Duke of Bed-
ford took forcible possession of her person,
and used such influence with the Bishop, as

induced him to set about finding a plausible pretext for taking her life. Most inhumanly, a guard of soldiers was placed in her cell, with orders to prevent her from sleeping. In this as will be seen by the following extract, there was a motive. With this extract from a history of Joan of Arc, which gives the closing scenes in her eventful life, we close our article.

"Although poor Joan was prevented from taking her rest peaceably, yet human nature cannot endure without sleep. It may be, too, that the hearts of her keepers were not so hard as those of their masters. However this be, one night she slept soundly. One of the conditions she had agreed to, for the permission to live, was to put on woman's clothes, and this she had done. These clothes were, by the bishop's orders, removed, and the clothes she had been used to wear when she was free and happy, and had led on the soldiers of her king to victory, were laid by her side. When she awoke she had no choice but to put them on, or remain the scoff of the rude soldiers. She dressed herself in them, perhaps sadly thinking of the days that were past. The bishop was on the watch, and no sooner had he heard that she had done an act contrary to her agreement, than he hastened to make himself a witness of the fact, hurried away, and meeting the Duke of Bedford on his way, told him to 'make himself easy, for the thing was done,' proceeded to summon the other judges, and immediately procured a sentence of death on Joan, as one who had a second time disobeyed the orders of the church—as 'a relapsed heretic'—and her execution was fixed for the next day.

"On the morning of the 31st of May, 1431, the bishop sent Martin, an officer of the Inquisition, who had been one of the judges, to announce to Joan that sentence of death was passed upon her, and that she would be burned alive that morning. She was startled at the intelligence, and fell into such an agony of grief that even the stern inquisitor was moved to pity at the sight of such misery in one so young, and, as he full well knew, so innocent. He strove all he could to console her, and heard her confession. She then entreated that the sacrament might be given her. Now, as sentence of excommunication had been passed upon her, it was against the rules of the church to permit her to receive the sacrament, and Martin hesitated. He consented, however, to send and consult the bishop, who, strange to say, granted his permission, and it was administered to her by Martin. Now, if these men had believed her guilty of all the crimes they had condemned her for, they acted wrong in acceding to her re-

quest. It is a very clear evidence that their consciences reproached them for the weak and wicked manner in which they had yielded to the wishes and power of the Duke of Bedford.

"At the hour of nine she was placed on a car between Martin and Isambert, another of her judges, the merciful one who had recommended her to appeal to the Pope. They both offered her all the consolations they could, and entreated her forgiveness for the share they had had in her death. She granted it; and thus, uttering bitter lamentations as she went along, so piteous that the very English soldiers who guarded her were moved to tears, she was led along to the place of execution, the marketplace, which has ever since been called by her name. Here her sentence was read by the Bishop of Beauvais. She declared her innocence, and entreated the prayers of all who beheld her. She was then led to the scaffold, which had been raised on a mound of earth, that she might be visible to all the people, of whom a vast multitude had collected. Martin still accompanied her in spite of the soldiers, who tried to keep him back. At the foot of the mound she begged for a crucifix; an Englishman who was present broke a stick, and made her a sort of a cross, which she took, kissed, and placed in her bosom; she then ascended the pile, where they bound her to the stake, and set fire to the faggots. Friar Martin still remained by her side exhorting her to put her faith in Christ, and to pray to Him to give her strength, even after the flames had begun to rise, and threatened to set fire to his dress. Joan was the first to perceive his danger and warned him of it. She then requested him to take the crucifix, and standing at the foot of the mound hold it full in her sight till all was over, and continue to exhort her—and this he faithfully did.

"The pile was ill arranged and burned slowly. Still, in the midst of her torture, she was heard calling on the name of Jesus; and at length, after enduring long and terrible agony, Joan of Arc, the saviour of the French kingdom, expired, to the everlasting disgrace of both French and English, of her friends and her enemies.

"After her death, the Cardinal of Winchester ordered her ashes to be collected and thrown into the Seine."

No one can read this account of Joan's death, without a strong feeling of pity and indignation. It shows how the lust of power and dominion destroys every humane principle, and makes of men the very demons they effect to execrate. Among the many, many blots on the page of history, this is one of the foulest.

The annexed cut represents the monument of Arc, at Ronen, the place where she was which has been erected to the memory of Joan burnt.



For Arthur's Magazine.

MOTTO AND CREST.

I KNEW her in her brightness;
A creature full of glee,
As the dancing waves that sparkle
O'er a placid summer sea;
To her the world was sunshine,
And peace was in her breast,
For Contentment was her motto,
And a Heart's-ease was her crest.

Yet deem not for a moment
That her life was free from care;
She shared the storms and sorrows,
That others sigh to bear;

1*

But she met earth-tempests meekly,
In the hope of heaven's rest,
So she gave not up her motto,
Nor cast away her crest.

Alas! the many frowning brows,
And eyes that speak of wo,
And hearts that turn repiningly,
From every chastening blow;
But our paths might all be smoother,
And life would aye be blest,
With Contentment for a motto,
And a Heart's-ease for a crest.

R. M.

For Arthur's Magazine.

A SKETCH FROM THE HISTORY OF THE POOR.

BY MRS. S. J. HALE.

————— "Sorrow, early death,
Sickness and poverty—O, these would be
Her children's lot!"

sun? At seventy years of age she was a feeble, childless widow, with no earthly resource, save her own trembling hands, to support herself, and two orphan grand-children. She had had an affectionate husband and four fair children, many kind friends and an ample fortune—all had passed away.

What avails it to count over, one by one, the waves of misfortune, that had swept on, rising higher with every wild burst, till finally her earthly treasures had all been overwhelmed? The flood had passed—and all that was spared her from the wreck was the love of two little helpless beings, the babes of her youngest and darling son.

While we have an object to love, and feel ourselves beloved in return, we are not wholly without enjoyment in life. Invest the wealth of the affections safely, and you can never be quite bankrupt. Some little green shrub—some sweet flower there will be, springing even in the sterile and desolate path of poverty, if we carefully cherish these humble blessings with the warmth and dew of the affections.

It would, to a mind that only judged by worldly policy, seem as if those children must have become a great burden and trouble to their poor, old grandmother. Even some kind hearted

people may be inclined to think that relieving her from the duty of providing for her charge would have been the most charitable act a generous benefactor could have performed. And we call this relieving of mere physical sufferings *benevolence*! It is the lowest grade of this virtue. Why do we not take the feelings, the affections, the hearts of the poor into the account when we would relieve them?

Those little children were, to Mrs. Conant, all the world. She had nothing beside to call her own, to love and to live for;—and yet, because she would not consent to part with them, *put them out*—(none but the widowed mother of little children can know the full-import of the phrase,)—she was called foolish and obstinate; and those who professed themselves willing to assist her could not consider it their duty to allow her to indulge and spoil her grand-children. So they let her alone, as they said, that is, withheld their aid till she would become reasonable, and consent to accept it in their own way. People may be tortured till they yield, without being subjected to the thumb-screw or the ordeal by water.

Mrs. Conant had been an excellent seamstress, and at seventy years old few, in plain needle-work, were more expert. Could she have obtained constant employment and a fair compensation for her work, she would have supported her little ones and herself (she always thought and spoke of their wants first) in comfort. But she could not, with all her seeking, obtain work to occupy more than four days in a week. Even with this encouragement, had she been justly remunerated, she might have subsisted, for she required but little nourishment herself, and the children were cheerful as larks, even when they had only two meals in a day,

because they enjoyed these with their dear grandmother. She once told a friend, a poor woman like herself, but one who could feel a sympathy in those generous emotions which the most grovelling cares can never entirely repress in the heart of a true woman,—she told, with tears and smiles blended on her furrowed cheeks, how her dear little grand-son Henry once proposed to his sister to save half their supper for three successive nights, and give it to their grandmother for her Sunday dinner, because she had spoken of the Sunday dinners she used to have when she was rich.

"And they did save it," said Mrs. Conant, "and that very Sabbath as well as the Saturday before it, proved such stormy days, that I could not go out to obtain food, and the three pieces of bread, with a little cheese which the poor babes had saved, was all we had to eat during the day. For myself"—continued the patient woman, "I only tasted a morsel to please the children—I am used to fasting on the Sabbath now—once it was otherwise; I made it the day of feasting; but God saw that afflictions were necessary, and he has withdrawn outward blessings. Yet I will bless his name while he continues to feed me with the true bread."

"But you do not fast every Sabbath day, do you?" inquired her friend.

"I do, and am contented to fast," was her meek reply—"but it wrings my heart to know that my children are hungry. And yet they never complain, and they always kiss me when they see me weep—as I sometimes do—and they say they don't want any thing only to live with me. And Henry will tell me what he intends to do when he is a little bigger, how he shall work and buy me cakes, and apples, and tea, and all good things. And Mary is now learning to *sew*—poor thing! I fear she can never earn her living by sewing."

It was no wonder Mrs. Conant thought needle-work poor business by which to live, she could get but *ten cents* for making a shirt, and even at that rate had only work sufficient to employ her four days in a week. No wonder she was discouraged. Her earthly labors were nearly finished.

Sorrows afflict every stage of human life; but they never appear so gloomy as when they press heavily on the aged and bow down the grey head to the dust. The feebleness that can hardly support the weight of years, when burdened with heavy griefs, would seem to find a pleasant relief in anticipating the rest which death will bring; and to the true believer there is the hope of a glorious resurrection, when all the dark passages of life will appear bright, seen

through the light of the Saviour's love, and all tears will be wiped away. These promises Mrs. Conant firmly believed, and they came like smiles of ministering angels to soften the gloom of her thoughts, as she sat, one cold winter evening, reflecting on the presentiment she felt that her own departure was at hand. There was only one reflection which she dared not meet—she must leave her dear grand-children, leave them, helpless as they were, alone in the world, where charity is not yet revealed in *love*, for the Christian mostly provides for the poor by *law*—and though she had a firm hope of entering the heavenly rest, her tears fell like rain as she thought "what will become of my poor children?"—pressed like ice on her heart.

The day had been gloomy as her reflections. She had not obtained any work for two days and all she had earned during the week was *ten cents for making a muslin shirt and eight cents for a pair of duck pantaloons*—work furnished her from a small clothing shop—*eighteen cents* to support three individuals for a week!

Why did she not represent her case to some charitable society?

She feared the children would be taken from her, or that they would all be sent to the almshouse, where she could no longer have them for her own. "I am willing to go when God summons me," she said to herself—"and I can commit these poor orphans to Him—but oh! I could not bear to have them taken from me by man;—while I live they must be mine."

She had given them her last morsel of bread; they eat it in silence, for they saw that deep distress was on the face of their only friend, and as her gaze was earnestly and solemnly fixed on them they crowded closer together as they drew near her chair—they felt terrified, and yet knew not why they should so tremble and dread to have it grow dark.

Poor little creatures! Their grandmother had often told them, she must die, but still they had no idea of death. They saw her raise her withered hands, and heard her as she sighed forth her last prayer—"My darlings—O, God, protect them—" her arms fell powerless, her eyes closed—and the shrieks of the children as they clung around the sinking form, could no more awaken her. She was dead!

Who will take care of those children? Doubtless many of my fair readers would be willing to assist the orphans. Go into the houses of the poor in this city—in every city and if you do not find those two little children, you will find others equally deserving your pity. Many a poor, destitute widow, is now suffering for the common necessities of life—

because she cannot obtain work, or, a fair compensation for her work. Must she and her children suffer from cold and hunger during this long winter? or shall they resort to begging, or even be driven to theft?—By their own work, needlework particularly, as now paid for, females cannot support themselves. What shall be done to make their condition comfortable?

In one important respect the system of charity through Benevolent Societies or by the hands of some agent to whom donations are sent, does not seem the best or most effectual. It does not interest the hearts of those who give their money, as they would be moved if each one performed their own charitable duty. Nor does the mode of receiving assistance from a society call forth that fervent gratitude of the poor, which would be felt and expressed towards an individual benefactor.

If every lady who has it in her power—and what *lady* has not?—would interest herself in behalf of *one poor family*, provide work for the mother and *pay* her promptly and *justly* (not the mere pittance which the poor through necessity are often compelled to work for)—how much suffering might be spared, how much good

might be done! And would not such kindly intercourse, such generous and grateful feelings fostered and established between the poor and unfortunate and the rich and prosperous make social life happier, and the whole community better and more prosperous?

In those improvements which depend more on moral influences than physical or mechanical power, woman has a most important and influential part to perform, because like the divine agencies whose prototypes are love and charity, it can and must be chiefly effected in secret. Men cannot search into the hidden springs of domestic misery; they have not the wand of sympathy, whose touch opens the bursting bosom, or heals the bleeding heart. Woman is the *helper*—"a ministering angel" when pain and sickness wring the brow, and want and wo break down the noble spirit and wither the delicate feelings of those who have once been proud and prosperous. Above all, the charity which carries the blessings of hope and comfort into the homes of the poor and destitute of her own sex is surely her province. Above every other form of benevolence, that which soothes the wounded spirit and encourages to virtuous exertion is the most blessed.

For Arthur's Magazine

SUMMER WEPT.

BY MISS MARY C. DENVER.

WHY wept ye Summer, when thy foot was prest
On the green cov'ring Spring had left behind?
We heard the sighs that trembled from thy breast,
Come in the murmurs of the broken wind;
And from thy mourning skies the bright drops fell,
Bathing in tears the hill, and wood, and dell.

Was there a darkness o'er thy pathway thrown?
Or did'st thou miss a flower thy spirit sought?
Was there a gem thou could'st not call thine own?
A smile thou thought to meet and found it not?
O in thy skies a matchless beauty slept;
And o'er thy earth a stream of brightness swept!

Did'st thou behold a heart beneath thy skies
Whereon the foot of misery had trod,
And did thy spirit from the stillness rise

And pour the voice of sympathy abroad?
Lovely, O Summer! did thy smile appear,
In days of yore when blithely resting here.

Where has its brightness fled? Why dost thou pour,
As from a heart of grief, thy wailings forth?
Oh! let it speak in beauty as of yore,

And light the green earth with thy glance of mirth;—
Such as the young Spring lov'd, when from thy shore,
Softly she vanished, and was seen no more.

Weep'st thou for her? her glory has not fled,
But lingers in the rose's burning heart;—
Grieve not O Summer! for the vanished dead,

While still on earth remains a living part,
Thou soon shalt gather up thy precious store—
Follow her footsteps and be seen no more!

For Arthur's Magazine.

THE HEIRESS.

BY T. S. ARTHUR

CHAPTER I.



NE cold afternoon in November, after the pleasant Indian Summer had passed away, and the chilly season that immediately precedes winter had set in, a girl, whose

soberly around. It was perceived by the stranger, after she had walked on for some distance, and caused her to stop quickly, while a shudder ran through her frame, and she clasped her hands together with a quick, involuntary motion.

"I must do it. There is no other hope for me," she at length said, with forced resolution. And turning back, she approached the house she had twice before hesitated to enter. Now, without giving herself time to hesitate, she walked firmly up the steps, and rung the bell with a strong hand. A few moments elapsed, and the door was thrown open.

"Can I see Mrs. —?" she asked, in a timid voice. For all her forced resolution had given way.

"Walk in, and I will see. What name do you send up?"

There was a slight hesitation.

"Tell her a young girl wishes to speak to her."

The waiter looked at her curiously, and then told her to walk into the parlor, and he would see if Mrs. — was disengaged.

In about ten minutes the lady came down. What passed between her and the stranger is not known. Their interview did not last long. In a little while the latter retired through the front door, and was again upon the pavement. It had become dark, and the wind swept coldly along the street. The stranger shuddered as she felt its penetrating chill. The light of the next lamp showed that she was weeping bitterly. She walked on, now, with a quick pace, but, evidently, without any design, for she had not gone far, before she paused, and wringing her hands, murmured bitterly.

"Where shall I go? What shall I do?"

An elderly man passed at the moment. He perceived the movement, but did not hear dis-

age seemed not more than nineteen, paused before a large house in Walnut street, and stood for some minutes with an air of irresolution. Then she walked on, drooping her eyes to the pavement, as she did so. Her face was very fair, but pale and anxious; her form slender and graceful; her dress worn and faded, yet fitting neatly her well formed person; her air and manner like one who had moved in a much higher circle than that to which she now seemed to belong.

After walking on for nearly two squares, she paused, stood thoughtful for several minutes, and then turned and went slowly back. Again she was before the handsome dwelling we have named—again she stopped and remained some time in debate. At length she ascended the marble steps leading to the door, and timidly rang the bell—or, rather, attempted to ring it; but she drew the wire with too feeble a hand. The bell answered not to the effort. For nearly five minutes she stood, waiting for the door to open. But, no one came. Now her heart seemed to fail her again, for, instead of ringing with a firmer hand, she quietly turned, and descending the steps, moved with evident reluctance away, frequently pausing, however, to look back.

By this time the dusky twilight began to fall

tinctly the words that were uttered. Enough, however, was apparent to satisfy him that the young woman was in distress. He walked on for a few paces, and then stopped, turned around, and perceived her still standing on the pavement. His benevolent feelings prompted him to go and speak to her. He had advanced only a few paces, when, perceiving that she had attracted the attention of a man, who was about to speak to her, her heart bounded with a sudden impulse of alarm, and starting away, she ran with a fleet pace for nearly half a square, not once venturing to look back.

"Poor frightened creature!" murmured the old man. "I would not harm a hair of your head for the world." Then adding with a sigh, as he resumed his walk—

"Ah me! If you are young, and innocent, and friendless, a city like this is a place of great danger. Or, if just stepping aside from virtue's path, with no kind friend and counsellor, your case is a hopeless one. Thou that lovest the pure and the young, overshadow her with thy wing! Save her from the snare of the fowler!"

The old man then slowly pursued his way. A walk of some ten minutes brought him to a large, fine looking house which he entered.

"Why brother! where have you been so late?" said a middle aged woman, in a kind, even affectionate manner, as he entered the richly furnished parlors, where were assembled the family, consisting of the father and mother, and two young ladies, their daughters, whose ages were about fifteen and eighteen.

"Here, Florence, take your Uncle's hat and cane, and you, Ella, bring down his slippers."

Neither of the young ladies performed the little service required with the warmth of manner that makes beautiful the devotion of the young to the aged. The Uncle saw and felt this.

"No—no," he said. "The girl's need n't disturb themselves. I am not tired."

"Yes, yes. Let them go; it is a pleasure to them," interposed the mother. "But what has kept you out so late?"

"Nothing in particular. I walked rather farther than usual, and so made it late in returning."

"It's chilly out; I hope you haven't taken cold, brother?"

"Me? Oh no. I do n't take cold easy. I'm not made of such tender stuff as your modern people. I'm worth, now, a dozen ordinary young men and expect to out live most of the present generation."

This was said half in jest, half in earnest. It was not responded to in the same playful

spirit, although there was an effort on the part of the sister and her husband, to laugh at the remark. The youngest of the old man's nieces came in at the moment with his slippers. He looked at her steadily for an instant, and then said—

"Ella, as I came along, this evening, I saw a young girl about your size and age, standing on the pavement, actually wringing her hands in distress. She murmured, in a plaintive, almost despairing voice, something that I could not hear, just as I passed. I walked on for a few paces, and then, so deeply had her manner impressed me, that I turned back to speak to her. But, the moment she saw me approaching, she sprang away like a frightened fawn. I caught a glimpse of her face. It was very young, and, I thought, very beautiful. There were tears glittering upon her cheek. Ella, dear, thank God that you have a home and parents to love and protect you."

The old man's voice trembled. The incident had, evidently, impressed him deeply.

"Who could she have been?" the father said, speaking with interest.

"Some one who did not deserve either parents or a home," returned the mother of Ella, with some asperity in her tone. "Brother's sympathies are easily excited."

"A young girl weeping in the street at nightfall not deserve a parent's love or a sheltering home? I have not so learned my lesson in life, Mary. I would give one thousand dollars more cheerfully than I ever bestowed any thing in my life, to know where that deserted, lonely, danger-encompassed girl is to be found."

"You take a strange interest, certainly, in a street-walking outcast." This was said by his sister with even more asperity than her former remark.

"I do not admit the allegation," was the firm reply. "I believe the person I saw to be innocent, but in distress. The single glance I obtained of her face, under the glare of a bright gas lamp, was enough to satisfy me of her character. Certainly I do take a deep interest in her, strange as you may call it—and, perhaps it is strange. But so it is. As I have just said—most cheerfully would I give one thousand dollars this night to be able to find her. Her appearance, her face, and the deep distress she evinced, have made upon my mind an uneffaceable impression."

"It is certainly a little singular," remarked the brother-in-law.

"So it is," returned the old man. "I cannot myself understand why I should feel, as I do, so strongly drawn towards that poor girl,—but

the fact is, as I have said. It seems to me as if she must be bone of my bone, and flesh of my flesh."

The tea bell rung and broke the chain of conversation. It was not resumed at table. Somehow or other a feeling of restraint crept over each member of the family, which was so strong as to keep all silent and thoughtful.

CHAPTER II.

MASON GRANT was a merchant engaged in an extensive business with the South and West. He lived in very handsome style, and was thought to be possessed of considerable wealth. Of his character as a man, little need be said. It will be enough to remark, that he had his share of selfishness, and that just in the degree that this prevailed, was he disregarding of all who could not, in some way or other, minister to the gratification of his ruling ends in life. His wife was a lover of the world—fond of effect, and desirous to be thought a personage of consideration. She was, besides this, more deeply selfish than her husband—so selfish, that even her love of fashionable *éclat* was often overshadowed by it.

They had two daughters. In the preceding chapter, the family of Mr. Grant was briefly introduced. The old man, in whom the reader has doubtless felt more interest than in any of the rest, is a brother of Mrs. Grant, named Joseph Markland.

Mr. Markland married at a very early age, one of the most beautiful, accomplished, and lovely women in Philadelphia. She died in three months. He never married again. At that time his sister, or rather half-sister, now Mrs. Grant was but a child. A twin-sister named Anna had married, a few years previous, contrary to the wishes of her friends, a young man of excellent character, but moving in a circle below that of her family. Incensed at her conduct, her father and step-mother, and even her brother, treated her with harshness and neglect—and absolutely refused to notice her husband in any way. A high spirited woman, she could not brook this. Deeply attached to the man she had married, and justly she resented as an indignity the contempt manifested for him, and cut herself off from all intercourse with her family. She lived with her husband in Philadelphia for some time, when he removed to the west. For years her family made no inquiries after her; when they did, so, all efforts to find her proved fruitless. It

was ascertained that she had gone to Cincinnati. But that was all that could be learned. After the lapse of ten or fifteen years, it was generally conceded that she was not living. At the death of her father his will directed the investment of fifty thousand dollars for the benefit of her children, should it be found that any were living. At the expiration of a certain period, should no issue be discovered, the property was to pass over to the children of Mary, his second, and only remaining daughter. One of the executors under this will was his son Joseph, and the other, Mr. Grant, the husband of Anna.

Through the influence of Grant, whose interests, or, at least those of his two daughters, were too deeply involved in the peculiar provisions of his father-in-law's will, no advertisement for the children of Anna had been made, although old Mr. Markland had been dead for a number of years. The management of the estate of his father had been left pretty much in the hands of Mr. Grant, by Joseph Markland, the co-executor, whose advanced age made him willing to be freed as much as possible from the cares of business. His own fortune, accumulated by trade, was very large. It is true, that he had frequently urged upon his brother-in-law, the propriety of advertising for the children of Anna, and the latter had as often promised that he would do so forthwith. But still the public notice had not yet appeared.

After tea, Mr. Grant, his wife, and Mr. Markland were alone, the girls having something to employ them in their own rooms. But few words passed between them, for none seemed inclined to talk. Mrs. Grant, especially, was very thoughtful. Something seemed to press upon and disturb her mind. Her brother was likewise in an absent mood. Both sat musing, with their eyes upon the floor, while Mr. Grant occupied himself with a book. This had continued for nearly an hour, during which time not a word had been spoken. At the end of this period, Mr. Markland said, looking toward his brother-in-law,

"I believe, Mason, there has been no advertisement yet made for Anna's children."

Mrs. Grant started at this, while the blood rose quickly to her face. She turned herself partly away from the light to conceal the effect of her brother's unexpected remark.

"No, that is true. I have neglected to attend to it. But it shall be done," replied Mr. Grant.

"So you have been saying for the last fourteen years, and only a year remains for their discovery, should my sister have left any chil-

dren. I am to blame for not having seen to this myself. I do n't know what I could have been thinking about. It must be done at once, Mason."

"So it can. There need be no trouble about the matter. I will attend to it."

"Let it be done, then, to-morrow."

"You are very much concerned all at once, brother," remarked Mrs. Grant, who had regained her self-possession. "No one has believed, for the last twenty-five years, that Anna, or any one belonging to her was living. As to advertising, it is the merest formality that can be imagined. I do n't see what can have put it into your head all at once."

"It is a simple duty that ought to have been done many, many years ago," quietly replied Mr. Markland. "There yet remains a short time in which that duty can be performed, and the sooner it is now done the better."

"Oh, as to that, the thing is easily enough done. I will attend to it," said Mr. Grant.

"It is too easily done," returned the old man, "and that is why it has been neglected for so long a time. I can see to it just as well as not."

"You do n't believe that Anna or any of her children, if she ever had any, are living?" As Mrs. Grant asked her brother this question, she looked him steadily in the face.

"It is not impossible," he replied. "Nor improbable either. Indeed, I should n't at all wonder if both she and her children were alive. However, be that as it may, I am going to do my part towards ascertaining the fact."

"Nonsense! You are always getting some notion or other into your head."

"Mary," and her brother looked at her half-sternly as he spoke, "would you be willing to see your children unjustly possessed of the property willed to those of your sister?"

"Joseph, you do n't know what you are talking about."

"You may think so."

A dead silence followed. Mr. Grant looked thoughtful, and his wife worried and perplexed, while the old gentleman fell into a state of deep abstraction. In the mind of the latter arose images of the past. His twin-sister was before him—his sister that he had so deeply loved in

early life, and, at a later day, so shamefully neglected and wronged. In a little while he arose and retired to his own apartment. Closing the door after him and turning the key, he went to a closet and unlocking an old chest that stood in one corner, took therefrom a small box, and placed it upon a table. A bunch of keys was then taken from a drawer, one of these opened the box. A faint sigh heaved the bosom of the old man, as he raised the lid. The contents were various, and from their character, evidently tokens of remembrance. There was an old fashioned gold locket, enclosing the hair of some friend or relative. A diamond ring—a brooch of gold—a watch and chain, and many other things of a like character. These were lifted out, but not regarded. The old man sought for something else. At length his hand brought forth a small morocco case which he opened quickly. It contained the miniature of a young and beautiful woman, upon which his eyes were instantly fastened with an earnest gaze, while his breast heaved more freely, and his respiration quickened. Suddenly he raised his eyes towards the ceiling, fixed them a moment, and then murmured,

"Strange! How like! How very like!"

In this attitude he remained for many minutes, when he again referred to the miniature he held in his hand, and gazed upon it intently, until his eyes grew so dim with moisture that he could see nothing but a faint outline before him. All the past, with its memories, had arisen. Early years had come back. Early affections were re-kindled. The loved and lost were around him. But, it was all a dream. And, a consciousness of this, even in the vision, pressed upon his spirit with a most touching sadness.

It was nearly an hour, before, with a heavy sigh, the old man closed the box, and returned it to the place from whence it had been removed. But the miniature he retained, though he did not again look at it.

The occurrences of the evening had disturbed his mind a good deal, for he walked the floor rather quickly for a very long time before retiring to bed. And it was an hour after he had done so, before sleep stole over his senses.

(To be continued.)

A MOTHER'S LOOK.

THERE is not a grand, inspiring thought
There is not a truth by wisdom taught,
There is not a feeling pure and high,
That may not be read in a mother's eye.

And ever since earth began, that look
Has been to the wise, an open book,
To win them back from the lore they prize,
To the holier love that edifies.

For Arthur's Magazine.

THE WOODCUTTER

A TALE FROM THE GERMAN OF CAROLINE FICHLER.

BY MARY DAVENANT.



ANNUALLY, if his business permitted it, Herr von Z. was in the habit of taking a journey on foot. Health, diversion and relaxation from the toilsome duties of his profession, were the

immediate objects of these walks; he also gained, by them, a familiarity with many exquisite scenes in nature, and an acquaintance with a variety of interesting circumstances which pleased his imagination and occupied his mind. He used, often, in after years, to think over these little incidents, and to recall the pleasing images and benevolent feelings which his memory retained to beautify, and adorn the monotony of his life in the capitol.

One adventure was dear to him beyond the rest, and he often, gladly, referred to it. In the autumn of the year 1808, he came through a pleasant mountain path into the charming valley of R. where iron mines, smelting furnaces, forges and saw mills announced the busy, restless life of its inhabitants. The thick black smoke mounted steadily from the pyramidal forge, hammers beat, waters rushed, coal pits smothered, and sooty workmen went to and fro among their scattered huts, all poor but industrious and contented. Upon the right hand, where the giant head of a bare and rocky mountain rose above a wooded height, stood a large, lately and handsome old house, to which, however, a new roof, covering one entire wing, gave somewhat singular appearance. It was the dwelling of the wealthy iron master, and all the workmen in the surrounding valley depended him for employment. He it was who gave all the means of life. Z. looked with pleasure on the busy vale, and then arose in his

soul a feeling of respect for the man whose genius and activity were the means of subsistence to so many, for Herr von Z. was full of the principles of industry and economy which occupy our age, and every triumph of them over rude, uncultivated nature, was to him a source of joyful satisfaction.

So it was at this time. Pleased, and observing all he saw, he wandered through the place; talked with the workmen, inspected their work, inquired about materials, profits, sales, &c. with as much interest as if he had been going to write his travels, and, as the day closed, went towards the dwelling house in hopes of making the acquaintance of its owner, whom he was already disposed to honor.

The sun had sunk behind the mountains, but its golden splendor still streamed with glory through the valley, and with wonderful beauty upon the broad and now peacefully gliding mountain stream, on whose clear surface the image of the dark fir trees waved over the roseate glow. It became stiller and stiller through the region; the evening bell sounded; the noise of the workmen was silenced, the dark hills rested peacefully and protectingly around the quiet vale, while above them towered fearfully the giant form of the rocky mountain, like the lord and sovereign of all beneath him.

After enjoying, for a while, the lovely scene, which strongly affected the heart of the traveler, he approached the house. It was a large building, surrounded on three sides by out houses and a wall, which formed a roomy court yard. Two large walnut trees in the centre of the court, shadowed a table surrounded with benches, at which sat several men. At the door, a young, simply dressed woman was seated, on whose lap played a little child. Z. saluted her as he approached, and the young woman replied with kindness and civility. He

perceived that she was the wife of the iron master, and she pointed out to him her husband, who was speaking to some workmen in the court yard. During their conversation Z. was much struck with the appearance of the woman; her form was very delicate, and there was something really noble in the style of her features; but sickness or sorrow had blighted the bloom of her early youth; (she did not appear to be over twenty,) and her exquisite form, and a most touching paleness, were now the only relics of her probably once brilliant beauty.

The voices of the men in the court yard grew loud, and the woman drew back as if terrified. Z. remarked it, but was silent. He heard the iron master scold; he heard with what violence and determination he refused to pay them the wages they demanded, and required them to reduce the price of their work; no prayers could move him; not even the tears which stood in the eyes of the elder of the two men, who appeared weak with age, as he passed murmuring through the gate, while the younger, regardless of the presence of his master's wife, cursed him bitterly as he withdrew. The woman sighed and raised her large blue eyes to heaven. Z. turned to leave the place, but at this moment the iron master approached, and after saluting the stranger with a sort of half courtesy, said, roughly, to his wife, that she kept the child too late in the evening air. She rose quietly and left them. Herr von Z. then attempted to enter into conversation with the master about his works, the surrounding country, &c. but the latter, after viewing with contempt the plain great coat and dusty boots of the stranger, gave him such short answers that he soon departed.

From the worthy hosts of the inn where he passed the night, Z. heard much of the iron master's wealth, and of the great trade he carried on; but little of his goodness or his just dealing. His wife they represented as a perfect martyr, and thus Z. was confirmed in the impression he had already received of both. He, therefore, had little inclination to repeat his visit to Herr Kluge, for so was the master called, but he wished to explore the region that interested him so much, and enquired if he could procure a guide.

The hostess looked at her husband, and said, "No one can be better than lame George."

"But my good woman!" said Z. laughing, "I do not think a lame guide would answer my purpose. I want some one to climb the mountains with me."

"That does not signify—you will be satis-

fied with him—George can climb well amongst all the rocks and caves hereabouts."

Z. rather doubted this, but the host, an honest, intelligent man, assured him that he might trust entirely to George—he is guide to all our travellers and though but a poor woodcutter, is a faithful, clever fellow. "And bold, too," added the hostess, "as a lion, shy as a chamois, but as sure footed and active also."

Z. was at last satisfied. He bade his hosts good night, and was about retiring, when some one knocked gently at his door. It was the hostess.

"Your pardon, worthy sir! but I must tell you—George will not come out of the wood into the village, but my husband has sent him word and he will meet you in the morning by the spring in S. valley, and my boy will guide you that far."

"Singular!" replied Z.—"the man makes strange demands. But—so be it. Let me be called at sun rise."

The hostess disappeared and Z. thought the matter over. A lame woodcutter who was to be his guide over rocks and mountains, would not even leave the woods to conduct the people whose money he was to earn! This excited his curiosity, and he promised himself much amusement from the strange fellow he was to become acquainted with on the morrow.

Before sunrise he left his chamber, prepared for the journey.

"Good morning, honored sir!" said the hostess, who was preparing greens for breakfast. "George is already at the spring. Ho! Francis!" a merry boy of eight or ten years old sprang forward. "There, go with the gentleman."

They were soon on their way. The landscape was spread before Z.'s delighted eye, in all the wondrous beauty of the glorious morning. The mist was rising from the valleys, while the sun climbed over the mountain tops, and drank the tears of dew from grass and flower, and lifted the light vapor in the cool, pure morning air. Z.'s heart was moved by the beauty that surrounded him; the consciousness of God's omnipresence thrilled through his whole being. He prayed silently and thoughtfully, while his spirit glowed with love and gratitude to his Creator.

He soon passed through the open country with his young companion, whose gay, frolicsome spirit, added to the pleasure of his walk, and had now entered upon a narrow defile, into which as yet no sunbeam had penetrated, and

where the morning twilight seemed still struggling against the clearer light of day. On both sides rose bare rocks high above them, between which, here and there, grew a solitary pine tree. A narrow path wound through the rocks, while far beneath rushed the rapid mountain stream, that occupied the whole defile, crossed here and there by narrow bridges as the ruggedness of the rocks interrupted the path on either side. At length the gorge opened a little to the light, and here was the spring, over which was built a wooden hut to protect it from injury and impurity, and leaning against the rail of the wooden bridge which led to it, with his head bowed towards the stream, was a tall stout man.

"George!" cried little Frank, "this is the gentleman you are to guide among the mountains."

The man turned and saluted Z. who stood surprised, for the figure and movements of the young man were far from being clownish; and the noble features, pale countenance and dark eye wore no common expression. His carriage was good, and the little he said was with a superior accent to the common dialect of these vallies. He stood leaning upon his axe, and asked, in a courteous tone, "which way the honorable gentleman would wish to go?"

"That I will leave entirely to you," said Z. "I am a stranger, and have no other object than to see the country."

"If that is all," answered George, "I will guide you through it as well as I can. I know many beautiful points of view, if it should happen that our taste is the same, and what pleases me will please you."

"Let us go forward then," said Z. "I will follow you."

Z. would have entered into conversation, but George appeared to be a man of few words; though he always answered with civility. When they had gone some distance, Herr von Z. remarked, with regret, that climbing the steep sides of the mountain became difficult to his lame conductor, and he lamented, silently, the sad fate of the young man, thus compelled to undergo fatigues that too probably might prove seriously injurious to him. At length, when they reached a height where George stood still, supported on his axe, Z. could no longer repress his sympathy, and began, by inquiring "how had been so unfortunate as to hurt his foot?"

"A burning rafter fell upon my leg, and made a deep wound," said George in a short and dry manner.

"Terrible!—but how did it happen? have you had a fire here?"

"Last May the iron works were nearly burnt up."

"And you were wounded in helping to save them? You are a brave fellow."

George was silent, and his countenance assumed a dark and hostile expression.

"Your lameness must be hard upon you, and as you were injured in assisting to save the iron master's property, it is his duty——"

"Will it please you, honored sir, to go on farther?—it is yet a long distance to the top of the mountain, where I can show you the beautiful prospect."

Z. looked with astonishment at his guide, whose features wore an expression of deepest sorrow, and broke off a conversation which seemed to be so unacceptable to him.

Without interchanging another syllable, they reached the summit, and here George appeared to better advantage. With an acute sense of the beauties in nature, he led Z. to the finest points of view, whence he could descry the objects most worthy of attention, and enjoyed the surprise and pleasure he expressed while gazing on the varied prospect. Thus he led him round the mountain's top, where the eye of the traveller rests now upon beautifully green and peaceful vales, and again upon the undulating outline of less elevated mountains, which lay around them like the billows of a stormy sea, suddenly made fast by the Almighty fiat. At last George pointed to his left—"Here is R—— valley," he said sadly, then turned from it and seated himself on a stone with his eye fixed upon the mountains.

Z. looked in the direction indicated by his companion, and stood surprised at the beautiful and picturesque view of the whole wide valley with its forges, huts, gardens, fields and meadows, through which flowed the clear brook, which falling from the heights above, rushed over dams and water-wheels. At his feet lay the dwelling of the iron master. He could plainly see people moving through the court yard; and in the garden behind the house the woman and child whose appearance had so interested him on the preceding day. He broke into joyful exclamations at the beauty of the prospect, to which his silent guide answered not a word. After gazing long enough, he called to his conductor, who led him by a shorter but not less pleasant path back again to the spring, and at the opening of the wood took leave of him. Z. rewarded him liberally for his services and went on, but in a moment he heard George following him saying, "you have paid me too much, honored sir!"

"Not at all, my good friend, you have

richly earned the money, and I still owe you many thanks for my pleasant walk."

"I will receive them gladly, but not this," he said pointing to the money with bitterness. "I earn a florin a day by my labor, which I have neglected for half a day on your account. I will thankfully receive from you more than I would have gained by it; but charity, honored sir, charity I cannot and will not take as long as I can move these arms to labor." He laid the rest of the money on a stone and retreated hastily into the wood, while Z. surprised and thoughtful wandered on to the inn.

At the door he met the host, who told him that the iron master had been to visit him, and after expressing great regret that he had not yesterday known who he was, had left an invitation for him to dinner. Z. who had not forgotten his incivility, sent his excuses by a servant, and ordering his simple meal to be spread in the garden, dined there beneath the shadowy chestnut trees, his kind hostess going backward and forwards and entertaining him with telling him about the country and her neighbors. Z.'s thoughts, were, however, occupied with his singular guide, and he inquired of his hostess "whether his lameness did not interfere with his pursuing so laborious an occupation as that of a woodcutter?"

"It is astonishing," she replied, "how much we can do. Whenever strength and resolution is most necessary—at cutting down the largest trees, or bringing their trunks from the highest mountains, there you will find George, either advising with his head or helping with his hands. He has built himself a little hut in the very depth of the wood, and lives there like a hermit, going early to his work and often sleeping whenever the darkness overtakes him, in the forests or on the mountains. But this way of living makes him strange and wild; he never comes now into the village, and has got to be a perfect man hater—but a good deal might be said about that," she added.

"I should like much to know his story," said Z. whose curiosity and interest were now strongly excited. The hostess hesitated for a while and then replied, "you seem so kind and good, sir, and to pity poor George so much that I will even tell you all about him. Many folks laugh at him and call him a fool, and that makes me angry, for I pity him with all my heart. Ah! I know his story only too well!"

Z. pushed aside his plate and begged the hostess to sit down beside him. She did so and began thus:

"George is no peasant's son or common woodcutter. His father was school master

here, and a wise and sober man he was, and his mother a downright good woman. George learned to cypher, and write, and read. Ah! you should hear him read! so clear, and plain, and then sometimes so feelingly that it fairly makes you cry. And then he can write—wait a minute, honored sir!" she ran into the house and returned with a sheet of paper in her hand on which a sentence from one of Gellert's songs was written in a bold and handsome hand. "See," she said, "the copy George set for my little Frank. He taught him to write when he lived here with us."

"But how came such a man to be a woodcutter?" asked Z.

"Wait awhile and you shall hear. George's parents were poor and could not afford to maintain him while he studied, so the former master of the forge, a good kind man, God rest his soul! offered to take him and teach him how to earn his bread. He had taken a fancy to the smart, handsome, good natured lad, and as he carried on a great trade in wood, beside what he wanted for his own furnace, he had him taught by an old wood cutter, all about cutting down and preparing the trees that grew in his own forests. He did this because he intended, as George read and wrote so well, to make him superintendent of the business. George learned every thing easily, and became in a short time one of the most skilful of his workmen. He explored every dale in the mountains, and every lonely valley, and above all was the foremost in all hard and dangerous work. The old iron master became every day more fond of him, and every one expected that the rich and childless man who had no relations far or near would provide for him handsomely, or perhaps leave him all his fortune.

"George was then a well grown, handsome fellow, of nineteen or twenty—now, he is not what he was, but one can guess what he might have been four or five years ago, tall, slender, graceful and with such a handsome face—ah, so very handsome!" the hostess smiled sadly, and was silent for a moment, while she dwelt on the image of the once handsome George.

"My mother's brother," she continued, "resided at that time at the inn we now have: he was an honest man but burthened with a large family of children. The eldest of them Rosina, a good, pious girl, had just grown up when she and George chanced to meet upon a holiday. They had, to be sure, seen each other a hundred times before, but you know, sir, how it is with love, years may pass during which you see nothing in a person, and then as if struck by a flash of lightning, you seem to

see them for the first time, and find a thousand beauties in them you never thought of before—George and Rosina fell desperately in love with each other. It was no secret, every one knew it that saw them together. The old iron master and my uncle both approved of it, and George lived in hope of a joyful future.

But what are the hopes and expectations of this world? One day the workmen brought the good old gentleman home, senseless and dying. He had been struck with apoplexy in the wood, George nursed him faithfully but he died in a few days. He could not speak during his illness, and after his death they could not find any will. After four or five months, a distant relation sent letters and documents to prove that he was the heir at law and at last came himself. It was Herr Kluge, the present owner.

George's bright hopes were thus disappointed, but still by his industry he would certainly be able to maintain a wife and children, for the new iron master behaved very kindly to him at first, while he knew nothing about the business and George understood it all so well. But after a while, unhappily, Herr Kluge cast his eyes upon Rosina. He had by this time learned a good deal from George; he was no longer necessary to him, and at last began to hate him on Rosina's account. He was afraid to show it openly at once, but worried him in many secret ways, so that George at first could not guess who it was that so often spited and hindered him. During this time Herr Kluge pressed his suit with eagerness. Rosina refused him, as our honor may believe, but George was frightened to death when she told him about it, though at the same time she vowed that nothing in the world should separate them.

"Ah, Rosina!" answered George with a sigh, "I believe you and am sure of your faithfulness—but I see already how it will be. We are poor and I have nothing but my service. My master will dismiss me, I will not be able to maintain you, he will promise your rents heaps of gold, they will insist on your marrying him and you will at last be forced to obey them." Such talk as this they would have a hundred times together, ending always tears and in mutual vows of eternal love and death—but this could not mend the matter.

What George had foreseen happened. Herr Kluge proposed formally for Rosina. The parents were delighted, they urged and prayed their daughter to marry him. The mother begged her, for the sake of her seven brothers and sisters, who were so poor; the father threatened, but Rosina remained

firm. Herr Kluge guessed who stood in his way, and dismissed George; taking care, at the same time, that he should not easily obtain another place, by defaming his character through the whole country.

This distressed George dreadfully, when he came to know it, for it took from him his last hope of a settlement for a long time at least. For two whole days he was nowhere to be found. On the third day he came to me, but heavens! how he looked—pale, distracted and scarcely to be recognised. He entreated me to bring Rosina to him, for he dare not go to her father's house, and had something important to say to her. She came at once; I would have left them, but he made me stay for he would not speak to her alone. He then urged her to submit to the will of her parents, and to give him up.

"But do not forget me," he cried with tears, "ah, do not forget me, Rosina! for that I could not bear, either here or hereafter! But I cannot provide for you, I am an unhappy persecuted man—I would drag you into misery with me, and that cannot be. Your parents are poor, and you should be the prop and comfort of your family!"

Rosina would not hear of this; she assured him of her love with bitter tears; she would have sworn her troth to him, but he would not suffer it. Ah! you should have heard the heart breaking way that he talked to her; how he told her of the fifth commandment, and of the reward of obedience which she would surely obtain; how piously and like a christian he spoke, the poor, good George. At last, after much talk on both sides, and many tears, George carried his point. Rosina formally gave him up in my presence; he tore himself from her arms and was gone.

This step caused Rosina a dangerous illness. She took to her bed that very day, and now Herr Kluge was busy in earnest. He sent his carriage every day to C—for the doctor, despatched his servants in all directions for medicines, delicacies, and every thing that could be thought of for her, in short no princess could have been better served than she. She recovered at last, but her blooming beauty and her gaiety were gone. The first question she asked when her senses were restored after a long delirium, was for George. I could tell her nothing about him—he had disappeared, and it was believed had joined the army. Rosina's recovery was a very slow one; she wandered about like a ghost; but at last, to make my story short, obeyed her parents and her unhappy friend, and gave her hand to Herr Kluge.

"There was grandeur at first!—The conceited fellow must show off his beautiful wife in all directions, and loaded the poor Rosina with jewels and finery till she looked to me like a lamb going to be sacrificed. But this did not last long. With secure possession, his love gradually declined; he began soon to show himself in his true colors, and poor Rosina, gently and patiently as she endures it all, leads a fearful life with that man."

"The cursed villain!" cried Z.

"Yes, yes," continued the hostess, "he is a wicked man. The whole country knows it too, and particularly the poor workmen whom he oppresses dreadfully. But God will not leave so many evil deeds unpunished, and he does not prosper as he did in his business, for all who can get employment elsewhere refuse to work for him."

"But what did George do then?"

"We knew nothing about him for nearly a year. At length it was said he had been seen in the forest with Count G.'s woodcutters, and sometimes wandering at night here in the valley. At last I met him, and scarcely recognized him, his face was so changed and his clothes so poor. He had been wandering like a desperate creature about the world, and had once thought of turning soldier, but he could not resolve to banish himself for ever from the place where Rosina lived, when he knew she was so unhappy, and where he might sometimes get a sight of her. So he sought employment with Count G. and works far back upon the mountain at cutting wood. I asked him once, if, with all he knew and was able to do, he would remain for ever a woodcutter? He looked darkly at me and said—"It is the right work for me—so deep in woods and mountains, living so far from men, felling the mighty trees that have stood proudly for centuries, and when one falls to see a whole army of bushes crushed beneath it, like so many poor unhappy men beneath the rich and powerful."

Many others spoke to him as I did, and blamed him, or laughed at him, until, at last, he avoided every one and would let none of us see him.

"Just before George returned, Rosina had become the mother of a lovely boy, who formed her only happiness. One night—ah! I shall never forget it—one of the outer buildings at the iron works took fire, and the flames spread so rapidly that every one believes it was set on fire by one of the workmen, whom his master had a short time before driven to desperation by his tyranny. Herr Kluge hastened to the spot, and Rosina followed, hoping, through her

entreaties and promises to move their people to help put it out, for she knew how little they would do for her husband's sake. While standing there, speaking to the workmen, she, after a while, heard fearful shrieks behind her. She turned and saw that the fire had caught the main building just by her chamber, where her child was sleeping. The maids were screaming for help from the windows, for the roof and stairs were both in flames. Rosina uttered a loud cry of anguish and fell senseless to the ground. We had, meantime, reached there, for the whole village was by this time roused, and saw the poor mother laid like one dead upon the grass. The people were running about as if distracted; one was crying here, another there for help, for water, for buckets—I remained with poor Rosina, when a loud outcry and a heavy fall made me look about me, a man sprang from one of the windows of the house just as a burning beam was falling from the roof—it fell directly on him—"Holy Virgin!" I exclaimed, "he is killed!" The next minute the nurse came running with the child in her arms, crying—

"Mistress! my lady! the baby is alive and not a bit hurt!"—

The child began to cry, and this caused the mother to open her eyes. When she saw him, she was like one half-distracted with joy and terror. The maid then told us that, when awakened by the noise, she found the fire had reached the stairs, and it was impossible for her to escape with the child. She then had called for help, when, suddenly, a man who had rushed through the flames up stairs, seized the child and jumped with him from the window. She was herself afterwards rescued by a ladder, and as soon as she had reached the ground her first question was for the child. The man who saved him was lying on the ground badly wounded by the fallen beam; but he had preserved the child, uninjured, and he was placed in her arms by one of the workmen.

Rosina listened to this account with indescribable emotion—she pressed the child again and again to her heart, weeping bitterly, and then got up to hasten to the court yard, but trembled so that I had to lead her. I warned her to go slowly.

"Oh! quick! quick!" she cried, "I must see him!"

A crowd had gathered round the wounded man, but Rosina, pale as death, with dishevelled hair, pressed through it saying,

"Where is he? Where is he? I must see him!"

All made way for her—she stood before

George, who lay nearly fainting in the arms of some workmen. He looked up at her—never, no never in all my life have I seen such a look!—and forgetting every thing, she threw herself beside him exclaiming,

“Oh! my George!”

I hurried after her, I spoke to her, she saw and heard nothing but the wounded George, whom she held in her arms and bathed with her tears. Neither could speak. George had retained his senses until he had again seen and embraced his Rosina, and then sank back senseless, and the workmen bore him from the court yard.

I had given my husband a sign that he understood, and ordered the people to take George to our house; when Rosina heard it she fell sobbing upon my neck, comforted with the thought that every thing needful would be done for him, and that she would thus be able to send her poor friend such assistance as was in her power.

Meantime, the fire was extinguished, and every one went home. I found my patient under the care of the doctor, whom my husband had already sent for, severely but not dangerously wounded. Yet he suffered dreadfully during the six weeks he was ill at our house, and at last continued lame, as you know. During this time, Rosina had to endure even more than the sick man. Her husband, who believed her old attachment was subdued, was furious at what happened the night of the fire, and it must be granted no husband would be pleased by such a thing. But it made him too wicked, and he did all he could to make his wife more wretched than she was already. Sometimes she must hear of all the need and misery to which the doctor prophesied George would be reduced by the injuries he had received, and how he suffered in having his wounds dressed. Then he would tell her how all the country people jeered at her love for a poor woodcutter, and of his to her, which would lead him through fire and flames in hopes no doubt of being fully rewarded—and many other such humiliating and disgraceful things. Besides, he watched her like a dragon, so that she dared not stir a step beyond the house, and when at last the notion struck him that she might possibly assist the unfortunate man with money, he took the household purse away from her, and thus disgraced her before all her servants.”

“He is a real monster, this Herr Kluge,” said Z. “and poor Rosina is a patient martyr.”

“That she is,” honored sir, “patient and pious, and submissive to the will of God. It is

her only comfort, the one stay by which she is supported—her religion and the love she bears her child. Her little one is now doubly dear to her, since George saved it at the risk of his own life. He, too, suffered patiently, and never through all his sleepless nights and long days of agony, did a complaint or cry of pain escape his lips. He never spoke of Rosina, but when we told him that the child lived, and that his heroism had not been in vain, he looked thankfully towards heaven, and it was the first and last time that I saw an expression of joy in his face. He acknowledged all we did for him with a gentle, childlike love, but quitted our house, uttering many blessings on us, as soon as he was able. Since then, he has never entered the valley, he lives by the labor of his hands, which now must be very hard upon him, and by conducting travellers. He remains always in the forest or on the mountains, growing each day more misanthropic, and I fear and tremble to think—for I love George as a brother—what may be the end of it.”

The hostess here ended her relation, which had greatly increased Z.'s interest in George. It had, also, excited his warmest sympathy for Rosina, and he determined to visit her husband that afternoon.

Kluge received him with many compliments, excuses and endless regrets that he had not seen him in the morning. On Z.'s expressing a wish to see his works and warehouses, he was politely conducted through them. They were large and costly, though Z. observed many things which indicated the restless, covetous spirit of the owner. They then made the circuit of the garden and house, the former of which was utterly neglected, while the latter was furnished with a tasteless ostentation, far above and most inappropriate to the iron master's condition.

Coffee was prepared in the dining room, and to his great joy Rosina entered to pour it out for them. He had now time to observe her closely and to perceive how beautiful she must have been when in her early bloom. She spoke but little, yet her tone had nothing of suffering in it, and neither by look, word, or motion, did she betray her secret sorrow. Z. returned to his inn pleased with having made Rosina's acquaintance and determined to take another walk with George that he might see something more of him. His guide was on this occasion less distant and silent than before, and Z. was surprised at the choice and almost poetic language which the sight of the beautiful scenery at times drew from him. The kind and generous traveller would fain have expressed his sympathy for his companion's hard fate, and offered, if

possible, to improve his condition to the extent of his power, but there was something about the young woodcutter that forbade him and suppressed the words that already were on his lips.

When their walk was ended, Z. had not the heart to offer his conductor the miserable payment of the day before. He hesitated a moment, and then drew from his pocket a handsome travelling case, furnished with pencils, penknife, scissors, &c.

"I return to-morrow to Vienna," he said, "and shall not need this any longer—will you keep it in remembrance of one you have obliged, and who is not willing you should forget him?"

George stood for a moment, surprised, ashamed, and affected. The kindness of the stranger at last conquered his pride. "I thank you," he said, seizing his hand, "there was no need of this gift to cause me to remember you. Your goodness has refreshed and elevated me, and you have thus given me much more than this beautiful keepsake." He shook Z.'s hand and with much feeling added—"Do not forget an unhappy man who thanks your goodness and condescension for one of his brightest days." Z. believed that at this moment George's heart might open to him, but while a question was on his tongue, the young man turned from him suddenly and was lost in the thicket, leaving him astonished at the mixture of pride and half confidence in his singular deportment.

The next morning Z. left the valley and returned to the capitol, fully determined to visit a spot so interesting to him on the following year. Three summers passed away, however, before circumstances enabled him to fulfil his intention. The fourth found him on his way to R., his imagination busy with what might have happened to the young people whose story he had by no means forgotten, and wondering whether fate or chance had effected any changes in their circumstances.

When he reached the inn, he found that his kind host and hostess were no longer there; the iron master to whom it belonged having, on account of their kindness to George, oppressed them in so many ways, that they were at last obliged to leave it. Herr Kluge had also left the forge to the care of an agent, and had removed two years before to the next town, where he could enjoy the fruits of his industry. There he lived in great splendor, gave entertainments which were the talk, not only of the town, but of the neighboring country, kept fine carriages, horses, servants, &c. played high and drank deep. His wife saw plainly the precipice of ruin on which her husband stood, but could do nothing to lead him to avoid it, and, long used to bear her cross

in silence, moved amidst all this splendor, as quietly, as patiently, and as joylessly as before.

"And George?" asked Z. of the innkeeper, who, as on his former visit, gave him these accounts.

"George? who is he?" Z. described him as well as he could. No one in the house knew any thing of George, the woodcutter. He then determined to inquire after him at the forge. The agent was a civil well behaved young man. Z. questioned him closely, and after some recollection he said, "Yes, yes! I do remember the handsome courageous fellow. He was one of the best and most active workmen, and deserved a better fate. He then related the following circumstances.

George continued to lead his hermit life through the autumn when Z. left him and during the following winter. True to his resolution he never entered the village, but Herr Kluge had long marked him out as an object of his hatred, and since the occurrences at the fire, which had shown to the world his love for Rosina, had pondered deeply how he might ruin him and deprive Rosina of every hope of seeing him again and even of all knowledge of his fate. About new year George disappeared from the neighborhood. He came no more to work with the woodcutters; his hut in the rocky corner of the alps stood empty and all his comrades mourned the loss of their true and resolute companion. No one knew whither he had gone, and by degrees the opinion gained ground that he must have fallen down a precipice in one of his adventurous walks, or that the ice had somewhere broken and he had fallen through. These reports spread even to the forge. Rosina heard them, turned deathly pale, but suffered silently. Contrary to all her expectations her husband was the only one who gave no faith to these suppositions, and constantly declared that he was sure the lost man would sooner or later be found again.

So passed the winter. The following spring Herr Kluge was obliged to take a journey among the mountains, and as the physicians had ordered a change of air for Rosina (the usual remedy when they know not what else to advise) her husband proposed she should accompany him. It was the first time since her marriage that he had urged her to do any thing that was pleasant, but now he told her much of the beauty of the country, and of the agreeable life she might lead among his friends the wealthy iron masters of the mountains. Rosina thanked him for his kindness and undertook the journey. Her husband had not promised too much, the scenery was beautiful, she was most hospitably enter-

tained, though with a splendor so fatiguing to her that she soon wished herself again in her native valley. But she had yet to see a celebrated water fall of which her husband had talked a great deal before they had left home, and she accompanied him and his brother-in-law to visit it.

They led her through a narrow green valley to a stream, on the banks of which numerous small wood piles announced that the timber trade was carried on in the neighborhood. They then climbed a high precipitous hill, on whose top was a solitary log hut, roughly put together, it was the dwelling of the wood cutter who had the care of the sluice. Rosina looked at the lonely hut, the surrounding solitude, the half hewn timber, and her heart filled with melancholy recollections. In this wood they led her to the spot where the mountain stream, now swollen by the melted snow, rushed with a thundering noise over the rocky height, a mass of snow-white foam, into the depths below. A fine mist moistened the spectators even at some distance, beneath, the waters raged and boiled in their rocky cauldron, and Rosina saw with a kind of shudder some boards that had been thrown into the abyss, crushed by the roaring flood into a thousand splinters. "Heavens!" she cried, "if a man should fall down there?"

"Such an accident happened not long since," said the brother-in-law, and pointed to an alder bush on the steep rock opposite them, "it was a strange wood cutter who had been working here for several weeks. The soil was slippery from a recent rain, and his companions warned him against climbing the rocks to that height where he was going to cut down a fir tree. He would not listen to them, but climbed boldly as far as that alder, when a loose stone gave way beneath him and he was thrown backwards into the abyss." Rosina shuddered—"His companions saw him fall, struggle an instant in the whirlpool, and then disappear. It was perfect fool-hardiness in the man to attempt the ascent. Some believe it was done intentionally for he was always melancholy."

"Did you not know who he was?" asked Herr Kluge.

"No one knew him here. His comrades next day found, on a bush, in the valley where the water is calmer, a handkerchief he always wore about his neck. Show it, Joseph," added he, to one of the men who had conducted them. The man produced a handkerchief of blue silk striped with white. Rosina looked at it, her eye glazed, and she trembled in every limb—without uttering a cry she fell senseless at her husband's feet. She had recognised the hand-

kerchief she had given George as a keepsake, when they were separated.

They took Rosina into the hut, where she slowly recovered, but was so weak they were obliged to carry her to the carriage. She never after alluded to the occurrence, but weeks passed before she was able to resume her ordinary duties.

Soon after Herr Kluge removed to the town, and Rosina, now dead to all earthly interests, found that her sorrows might further be increased by the misconduct of her husband in his devotion to drinking and high play. He lost immense sums at cards and sought to drown the remembrance of them in wine. He lived sumptuously and his expenses so far exceeded his income that he was obliged to sell and mortgage much of his property. "If he goes on as he has done for three years past," thus the agent concluded his tale, "nothing will be left for it, honored sir, but that he must sell the whole of these iron works of which not more than a fourth part is now his own. I pity from my heart his poor wife and child, whom he is bringing to beggary.

Z. who had listened to the young man's recital with painful interest, soon quitted the deserted house and knew not which he should pity most, poor George, who, though he had met with a fearful fate, was safe in the haven of rest, or, the unfortunate Rosina, who in apparent peace and affluence had outlived all the joys of life and saw nothing but a helpless old age before her. He hastily quitted the once pleasant valley, with the firm determination never again to enter it.

Herr Kluge went on, as before, through another year. Rosina's prayers that he would at least care for her child, and his agent's warnings of his impending ruin, were lost in the fatal passions to which he had devoted himself. But dissipation at length undermined his health, and having sustained an immense loss at a private faro bank, which on the same night was discovered and seized by the police, the fear of shame and punishment affected so strongly his shattered constitution, that a nervous fever was the consequence which in a week terminated his life.

Stunned by the sudden stroke, and weakened by her exertions during his illness, Rosina stood by the coffin of her husband and knew not whether to thank heaven for her deliverance, or to view this turn of her fate as a new misfortune. True, the departed had done but little to beautify her life; but it was he to whom she had plighted her faith at the altar, he was the father of her child and of late he had been a sufferer like herself, though in a different manner and through his own guilt. She had there-

fore shed many tears by his dying bed, and offered many a secret, heartfelt, prayer, for the deliverance of his sinful soul.

But when the first shock was over, and she was able to collect her scattered thoughts, she began to feel that heaven had been kind to her in unloosing the unhappy tie that for five years past had embittered her life. She felt, too, that the little that would probably remain from the ruins of her husband's once splendid fortune would be far more precious with peace and quietness, than the pomp and superfluity of her former miserable life. She at once began to look into her affairs, called the creditors together and when at the end of half a year the debts were paid, she found that scarcely enough remained to support her child and herself in the humblest manner. When all was settled she sold her jewels and her expensive clothing, hired a small dwelling in the same town and endeavored by her own exertions to increase her little income that she might bestow a good education on her child.

Thus she lived, not indeed, happily, for to that blessing she had bidden farewell at her separation from George; but in health and peace. George's image often floated before her eyes in all the light of heavenly glory, and she never for a moment yielded to the fearful suggestion that he had sought his death. He had always feared his maker, and, like herself, had found his only consolation in religion; she could not then think that God had so utterly forsaken him, as to let him dare to put an end to his existence.

The world was at this time in great commotion. It was in the year 1812—13. Rosina in her retirement, lent her prayers and pious wishes to the good cause, longing for the happy time when peace might be restored to the earth. She also longed even more ardently for the moment, when, having performed all a mother's duties to her son, she might confide his worldly interest to her brother, now a prosperous farmer, and herself retire to the quiet of a cloister, devoting her days to prayers, and to the memory of the beloved of her youth.

She could not long enjoy this hope. One of the largest creditors of her husband, a merchant in the same town, a widower, rich and handsome, had become acquainted with her during the settlement of the estate. Her integrity, her gentleness, her misfortunes, and, above all, her beauty, which sorrow could not entirely destroy, impressed him strongly, and he offered her his hand with the assurance that her child should be considered as his own. She at once informed him of her resolution never to

marry again, but he still persisted in his addresses, and, that, so openly, that the whole town spoke of it, and as they could not believe that the poor widow who once had been used to so much splendor would refuse so brilliant an offer, they looked upon her as betrothed, and the report of her engagement soon reached her former home.

She soon received a letter from an intimate friend in the valley of R—, the wife of an officer under government, who had removed there shortly before Rosina left it, congratulating her on her engagement. Rosina replied, by assuring her she did not think of marrying, and not long after came another letter from Frau Fischer (so her friend was called,) informing her that a purchaser had been found for the forge, which had some time before been offered for sale by the creditors. The place had been bought by a captain of Hussars, who, having gained a cross in the last war, now wished to enjoy rest and retirement, as he had been wounded. He was, as Frau Fischer wrote, a tall and handsome man, who showed much business talent, and expected soon to restore the disorganized works to their former prosperity. One day, when, at Frau Fischer's house, he had seen a picture of Rosina, and, after hearing her situation, had told her friend that he should think himself most happy if Rosina's heart was still free, and she would be willing to take her place again at the head of her former establishment. He had laid a peculiar emphasis upon the words *if her heart is still free*, and begged that her friend would ask the question for him.

Rosina was greatly distressed at receiving this letter; it seemed, as if the peace she sought was always to be denied her. Immediately she sat down and desired her friend to inform the officer that her heart was indeed no longer free, hoping this might spare her any further proposals. Frau Fischer communicated this answer as gently as she could, at the same time assuring the officer that she believed the devotion of the merchant had at length made an impression on her friend's heart. He thanked her for the trouble she had taken, and did not again resume the subject. Some weeks had already passed since he had concluded his purchase, he had nearly furnished the house and commenced carrying on the works, when he suddenly found some error in the accounts, which, only the former agent, now removed to a great distance, or the widow of the recent proprietor who had inspected all the papers at the time of her husband's death, would be able to rectify. The matter must be decided on the spot. Frau Fischer sent her carriage for Rosina, who now, after so long an

absence, and in such altered circumstances, found herself again in the valley where the brightest, and also the most wretched, hours of her life had been passed.

Frau Fischer received her with great joy, and told her, what calmed her a little as to her approaching interview with the officer, that since her decided answer, he had never renewed the subject of his addresses. Towards evening, when it became cool, Rosina could not resist the impulse which led her to her former home in the house of her departed parents, to the church in which she had so often prayed and wept, to the fearfully beautiful defile in the dale, where, in her happier hours, she had wandered with her beloved George, and since then so often in solitude and tears. She took a by-path, in order to avoid the forge, for she feared she might meet the officer, and after having visited the place of her birth and the church, stole through the most lonely path to the defile which she reached unobserved. There she wandered, lost in sad and sweet remembrances, and came to the spring by which she had so often rested while her friend drew for her its refreshing water. She approached the hut that sheltered it, and was already on the bridge, when she saw a man bending over the spring drawing water in a wooden cup. He was simply clad in a country garb, and Rosina hesitated a moment whether she should turn back, or pass the spring house and pursue her path. At this instant the stranger rose, turned and walked out of the hut. Rosina's blood chilled in her veins—she saw that form—those features—and with a voice of joyful terror, exclaimed "George!" and fainted.

He sprang towards her, recognized her, and bore the beloved burden to the fountain, where he sprinkled her with water and by a thousand tender cares and epithets of love, recalled her to herself. She raised her head, looked doubtfully at him, and then sank down again with the cry, "It is indeed yourself, you are alive," weeping upon his breast.

"And do you love me still?" asked George, at last, "have you not forgotten me in this long, long time?"

"Ah! I have thought of none but you," said Rosina.

"But the rich merchant that seeks your hand, and the answer you sent to the officer?"

"You know of that?" she said, surprised.

George seemed to recollect himself. After a short pause, he said,

"I heard of it. The officer was my captain and I am now here in his service."

"But tell me," said Rosina, "how it is—we

all believed you dead, ah! what have I not suffered for you?"

George now told her that her late husband had caused him to be seized by some soldiers, one night, in his hut, who had dragged him off as a recruit. He could be of no use in the infantry so they made him a horseman. He yielded to a fate he could not change, and, in fact, was not unwilling to continue in the service which he should have entered long ago, but for his desire of remaining near Rosina. Indeed, he hoped still to be not far distant from her, for his regiment was stationed in the neighborhood of the valley. He also wrote to Rosina as soon as he was able, but received no answer.

"And I alas! no letter," said Rosina.

"Nor one from Hungary nor from Poland?"

"Not a syllable. I believed you drowned in the waterfall at——. Oh! George, George!" she cried, embracing him with anguish. "You did not throw yourself into it?"

He smiled. He had never been there, but remembered having missed the blue handkerchief soon after his seizure. He was soon removed to a regiment of Huzzars then stationed in Hungary, thence they went to Poland, and thence, in the year 1813, to Germany, and across the Rhine to the enemy's capital. He told her of the battles of Kulm, Leipsic and Montmartre, while Rosina listened with deep emotion. From all he said, it was clear to her that her husband had intercepted George's letters, and then contrived, with his brother-in-law's assistance, the deceit at the waterfall, to deprive her of all hope of ever seeing him again.

They had sat long in happy forgetfulness of all the world, when the deepening twilight warned Rosina to return to her friend. As they went she remarked that George walked slowly and with difficulty. He then told her that he had suffered much in the war, and had repeatedly been injured in his wounded limb.

Rosina was distressed, "Ah, George!" she said, "how then will you be able to work? And you suffer all this on my account."

"And for that reason I do not regard my sufferings. Perhaps, beloved, you fear to share my lowly fate with me? You are young, handsome, admired—I dare not stand in the way of your happiness."

Rosina reproached him gently for this unworthy thought. "Once," she said, "you persuaded me to give you up. We have both been miserable because I yielded to you. Now, I never will leave you more, and God, who has protected you in all your dangers, and has so mercifully united us, will take care of us still."

George embraced her tenderly, and as she looked up to him with so much truth and love, the moon, which at that moment rose behind the eastern mountain, shone on her lovely face and on the tears that trembled in her soft blue eyes—neither spoke—they felt deeply and thankfully their unspeakable happiness.

They had now reached the opening of the valley, and Rosina found, when she looked around her, that they had taken the accustomed path that led them by the forge. She did not wish to pass it, and said so to her lover. He smiled and answered, "I must entreat you to come a little farther. I have something to say to my master before I take you home."

Rosina yielded to his wish. He sought a pleasant seat for her, and begged her to wait a moment there. He hastened to the house while Rosina looked impatiently for his return, fearing she might be seen by the officer. In a short time she heard a step—turned—and, to her great terror, saw the officer approaching her in full uniform. She heard her name called by a well known voice, as the moon threw her full light upon him—it was George's figure, his walk, his features.

"Great God! What is this?" cried Rosina trembling.

But George embraced her and pressed her with tears of joy to his heart. "It is the reward of your love and truth! Beloved Rosina! I am not a poor subordinate as I jestingly told you. I am a captain of Hussar's, and the forge belongs to me. God has blessed me wonderfully, Rosina! He gave me favor with those above me; I rose rapidly from a private to a subaltern; then to a lieutenant. My colonel became attached to me. I saved his life in the battle of Leipsic, and at La Ferté he fell beside me mortally wounded. I had an opportunity of distinguishing myself, was made a captain on the field of battle and gained the cross. But it gave me no joy for my colonel, my second father, died that very evening in my arms. A large legacy from him enabled me to leave the army at the end of the war, for I felt that I needed rest. I had heard of you from time to time, of your husband's death, and of this property being offered for sale. In a few weeks I came hither, no one knew me, no one recognized in the wealthy officer, the unfortunate woodcutter, and I avoided meeting those with whom I formerly associated until you had decided my fate,—till then, I lived only in thinking of you. To my dismay, I heard of the suit of the wealthy merchant, and longed to know if your heart responded to it—Frau Fischer questioned you on the subject without knowing

who I was. Your answer troubled me—I knew not whether to hope or despair. This state of doubt was dreadful, I would know my fate, would see you in my own person, and hear what you would decide. Therefore I arranged your coming hither, and thus, agitated with many anxious cares, I was awaiting you, when you appeared at the fountain."

"And you, wicked man, could deceive me so and frighten me with the captain?"

"Forgive me, Rosina, for a deception that formed no part of my plan, but which was suggested to me by your own words. Forgive me, if it has caused you an unpleasant moment, but, believe me Rosina, the knowledge it has given me of your true, disinterested, holy love, is worth all the treasures of the earth—oh, Rosina, I am happier than I can tell you—happier than I deserve, or than any mortal can deserve." He pressed her again to his heart, and both felt silently their perfect blessedness.

At length Rosina remembered she must return—"My carriage will soon be ready," answered George. "Let us go for a moment to the house, let me again call you *mine* in the spot where you were so long, so fearfully separated from me!" She followed him. It was furnished simply, but with taste, Rosina leaning on his arm, surveyed, with many sad recollections, each well known spot, until the captain's carriage was announced. He then led her to the handsome equipage that stood in the court yard, placed himself beside her and soon reached Frau Fischer's house.

Her friend was greatly surprised to see Rosina with the officer, and could scarcely believe in a turn of fate that could convert the poor woodcutter, they had so long thought dead, into a captain of hussars. She rejoiced heartily with her happy friend, and was soon very busy in preparing the feast for the wedding, which a fortnight after was celebrated without show or pomp in the presence of a small circle of friends.

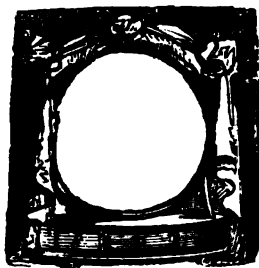
About a year and a half afterward Herr von Z. was persuaded to accompany a friend, whose business led him thither, to the valley he had resolved never again to visit. He had been but an hour in the village, when he was surprised by a visit from an officer he thought to be a perfect stranger, but who soon announced himself as his former guide, poor George, whose miserable death he had so frequently deplored. Z.'s first inquiry was for Rosina, and he could not restrain his joy at finding this faithful pair were at last united. George showed him the travelling case he had so long before presented to him, and insisted that both he and his friend

should take up their abode at his house during their stay in the valley. Rosina, now the mother of a lovely daughter, received him with joy, and both she and her husband did all in their power to render his visit a happy one. But the greatest happiness of the noble and excellent Z. was, in witnessing the perfect union of this long tried pair. He has since visited them frequently, and, from this sanctuary of domestic bliss, and well proved virtue, returns elevated and refreshed to his important duties in the capitol.

For Arthur's Magazine.

TO THE MUSE. AN ODE.

BY JOHN L. CAREY, ESQ



THOU whose secret
touch, refined,
Wraps into bliss the
chastened mind,
Yet shuns the wor-
did soul;
Fair queen of fancy's
realms, whose
away
The feeling few de-
light t' obey,

And own thy soft control:

If lyre untaught, with simple strain
May hope thy willing ear to gain,
And pour unblamed its prayer;
If regions in the distant west,
Where Sol's last beams slow ling'ring rest,
May claim the muse's care;

What notes shall woo thee, Maid divine!
To quit those climes where long thy shrine,
No votary true hath known;
O! what shall win thee here to rest,
In young Columbia's ardent breast,
And make it all thine own

Bold Independence here reclines,
Fair Peace his brow with garlands twines,
And wreaths his spear with flowers;
Here Safety owns her sacred fane,
And Plenty leads her wanton train,
To sport in Ceres' bowers.

Thy sister Freedom, too, hath found
A resting place in this fair ground,
Then hither fly to her;

And in that grove where bright and high
Her temple rises to the sky,
A shrine to thee we'll rear.

Or if thou still delight'st to dwell,
In pensive wood or secret dell,
Or by the murmuring stream:
Here in this western solitude,
Thy ancient haunts shall be renewed,
And more delightful seem.

No more are heard in Grecia's plains,
Those sweetly warbling native strains,
That once allured thy stay;
In Albion's clime those days are gone
When Poet wished as prize alone,
The wreath of sacred bay.

Thy Milton's harp is long unstrung,
Mute is the lay that Shakespeare sung,
And mute is Collins' lyre;
Thy reign is o'er. Lo! in thy stead
Cold criticism rears his head,
To quench thy sacred fire.

O! here are hearts that warmly know
The native wild poetic throe,
And many a well strung lyre,
That with celestial sounds should ring
Would'st thou but touch the trembling string
Would'st thou the strain inspire.

Come then, O Muse, and bring along
Thy maidens fair of classic song,
Pure Taste and Harmony;
And place her by thy side to reign,
The sweetest maid of all thy train,
Neat-clad simplicity.

For *Arthur's Magazine*.

SELF GOVERNMENT.

BY THE EDITOR.

are the consequences that claim the attention of young men at the first of their important, self-governing. With what a emotion of and pleasure words uttered—"I am a man now!" But how few, if, indeed, any who thus exult, can control themselves. They feel a proud consciousness of suddenly acquired power and influence, but, where most needed, over themselves, they have made no accessions of strength. Too often, inclination influences every decision, and passion is allowed to blind the perceptions where correct action is most needed.

To acquire that self-control so much needed, and so much desired by every one, it is necessary, in the beginning, that the thoughts should be turned inwards, in calm, unbiassed, earnest, searching exploration. For a man must know himself before he can govern himself; and only by a process of mental exploration can he possibly know himself. This process, at first, will not be found an easy one. But it will soon begin to exhibit fruits. One discovery of a hidden bias of character, will open the way for new discoveries, and the longer and more frequently the mind is turned inward upon itself, the more will its true elements be perceived in their real forms, character, and relations. And it will also be perceived, how these elements rule the life, and control the external actions.

Such a system of self examination once entered upon, the next thing to be done, is, of course, to use the power thus acquired, in self-government. It is always a great help to the right understanding of any proposition, to illustrate it in some way. It may, therefore, be useful, to detail, more practically, the process of self-exploration, and the manner of applying the knowledge thus gained to life.

We will suppose the case of a young man who

is conscious, that, within his mind, there is a something, which, in spite of his judgment, causes him, while its influence predominates, to feel or act contrary to his sober sense of what is right. He may, for instance, have a feeling of envy at the prosperity of others, ruling in his mind. He becomes aware of the activity of this feeling, from the uneasiness which it produces within him. Its pain makes it apparent, and indicates that it is wrong. Now, how shall he get free from the influence of such an evil emotion? or, in other words, how shall he be enabled to govern himself in such a way as to keep this envious spirit so much under control, as never to be influenced by it to injure one more prosperous, in word or action? To subdue such a troublesome bias of the mind, it will be all-important for him to look it, if we may so speak, full in the face. To perceive, and acknowledge, that he could not feel uneasiness at his neighbor's greater success in business, or the same feeling at his superior reputation for learning or talents, if he had not, in his mind an evil principle of envy. He must let no feeling of self-esteem blind him to the truth that he is really envious. Upon this struggle for an honest self-acknowledgment of the truth, no matter how painful it may be, hangs all important consequences. If the truth be acknowledged, as well as felt, then half the battle is gained. But, if, from a principle of false pride, he refuse to acknowledge the real existence of the evil, then he will pass under its more powerful dominion, and be strangely blinded to its existence. Having sought out, and brought into the light of his own perceptions this moral perversion, and acknowledged that it is an evil, his plain duty, of course is, to struggle against the entertainment of envious feelings; knowing, that to foster such feelings, he must himself be injured. A consideration that would greatly assist him in this struggle, is the fact, that any evil feelings, cherished, must and will gain strength; and, that he cannot tell how soon, from entertaining those of envy, he may be led to attempt secret injury.

But, let us look at another case. A common fault of young men is an impatience of opposition

They cannot bear to have their own opinions called in question, nor to have their inclinations checked by the interposition of reasons offered by those who are older and more experienced. A young man of a certain temperament gets into an argument with one of his own age, or with one his senior by twenty years. They differ in their views, and he becomes at once excited. The opposition of even sounder reasons than any he can possibly offer, only excites an antagonist principle, instead of convincing him. Too soon, his feelings become excited, and he allows himself to indulge in harsh and unbecoming language. If it so happen that he has the best of the argument, and his opponent in the controversy, disregards the weight of his reasoning, or cannot perceive it, the same result follows. He cannot govern himself. He is impatient of opposition. In his moments of sober thought he regrets his weakness, and is ashamed of his conduct. But again and again he is overcome and falls into like mental condemnation.

For such a one, great watchfulness is necessary. He should never forget his weakness. And, as a primary means of self-control, he should explore his own mind, and endeavor to learn why it is that he cannot bear the slightest opposition. In all probability, he will find that he so highly esteems himself, as to be almost unconscious of acting wrong under any circumstances; and this self-esteem is roused whenever there is any opposition to what he does or says. He must endeavor, if he would correct this error, to remember, that others are as honest in their opinions as he is, and that he should have the same respect for their opinions that he desires them to have for his. Thus acknowledging that others have the same consciousness of being right that he has, he will be led to see that he is actually trenching upon their rights when he becomes angry at opposition, instead of their trenching upon his. He demands, for himself, freedom of opinion, but virtually denies it to others, in becoming angry when they insist upon their own views of a contested question.

An all important object of control is inclination. It blinds the judgment, and too often guides our most important decisions, leading to actions that end in consequences highly injurious to ourselves, and frequently to others. This must be ruled, or it will rule us to our cost. When we consider, that our very natures are perverted from good to evil, how can we expect, while these natures remain unchanged, that our inclinations can be other than evil? This fact should be brought right up before the mind, and considered attentively. No false notions of dignity of character, no blind self-esteem should

prevent our seeing distinctly that the natural tendencies of our mind are not towards good. Correcting, thus, our wrong ideas, formed from superficial thought, let us learn to question closely our inclinations, where any important matter is concerned, and seriously to distrust them. If, upon a rational view of all the grounds upon which an action is contemplated, judgment should oppose inclination, there is but one right course, and that is, to decide in favor of judgment. It will require a powerful effort with some, but important considerations demand that the effort should be made. Let every young man decide, in moments of calm reflection, that he will firmly oppose the promptings of inclination, whenever a distinct perception, from reason, cannot be formed in their favor. Such a resolution, kept steadily in the mind, will soon become fixed as a principle, and be ever ready to act when aid is required.

It is hardly requisite to urge the necessity of keeping evil passions and desires, under the most rigid control. They are the wild beasts of the mind, that, when roused, seek to debase and destroy it. The more they are indulged, the more powerful do they become; and the longer they are indulged the harder will it be to subdue them. Who is more to be commiserated, than a man who cannot resist his angry passions? And yet, there was a time when he was not their slave. When he could easily pass from under their brief dominion. But, by a gradual accession of power, from frequent indulgence, these evil passions continued to gain strength, until, at last, he was brought into a bondage from which it is almost impossible to escape. Slight causes only are required to raise a tempest, over the desolating influences of which he often mourns in vain. Whenever they are roused into activity, the better principles of his mind seem to retire, as if conscious that opposition would be vain, or as if fearful of extinguishment; and thus, without pilot or helm, the victim of evil passions is driven about until the storm, from having exhausted itself, subsides. In the calm that ensues, how painful must it be to note the marks of the tempest!

Nor is he less to be pitied, who has allowed himself to indulge in evil desires, until he finds himself no longer able to resist their advances.—Who has delighted in sensual indulgences, until his mind has become brutalized in a degree, painful to contemplate. Once, he possessed the power of controlling these evil affections, and suffered them but rarely to bring him into bondage. But, now, a passing thought will kindle up the slumbering fire within him. He is no longer a free man.

One of the most serious subjects of reflection for a young man, is this of self-control. Every thing depends upon it. Its regular exercise will soon create a habit of submission to the dictates of reason. Its neglect will soon bring him into bondage to evil affections. Without a degree of self-control, there is little chance of success in the world, and no hope of freedom from internal commotion and pain. It would be impossible to point out all the varied and evil inclinations of the mind that require controlling. But there is no one who has not an internal consciousness of some tendencies within him that his judgment does not approve, and who is not, at some time or other, led into acts under their impulse that leave behind them a degree of self-condemnation. It is but a poor compliment to a young man's strength of character for him to say, "I have no command over myself," and yet we hear this uttered almost every day, as a good excuse for conduct that outrages the ordinary courtesies of social intercourse. A man in conversing with a friend, hears sentiments uttered in direct opposition to others which he entertains; he endeavors

to controvert them, and his friend maintains his own opinions. Instantly he is warmed up, and allows himself to throw out some harsh remark or personal allusion. After cooler moments have induced reflection, he sees his error; and in atonement for it, says,

"Indeed you must look over my foolishness, I have no command over myself."

But what security has his friend, that he will not, before the next ten minutes expire, again lose control of himself, and again outrage his feelings? The true answer, in all such cases should be,

"Then, my friend, it is time that you had learned to command yourself."

This admonition, if urged with the utmost mildness, will, in general, produce a salutary effect. But it is needless to pursue this subject farther. Enough has been said to bring serious reflection to the mind of every young man, and to make him resolve to begin now, if he have not already commenced the task, to bring his own mind under the control of right principles.

STILL GUSH THY TREASURES, LIVING SPRING.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

I.

STILL gush thy treasures, living spring!
 Still in the sunlight play
 Thy silvery waters, murmuring
 Along their pleasant way.
 But ah! how soon in darksome glade,
 Or leafy dell, or woodland shade,
 Thy chequered course is seen;
 Whence faintly comes thy wonted song,
 While stealing pensively along
 The changed and darkened scene.

II.

Affection's streamlet! Once I deem'd
 Thy flow would ever be
 Living and bright as first it seem'd,
 As bounding and as free;
 But like the stream I loved when young,
 Joyful the crystal waters sprung,
 And gaily danced away;
 But soon dim shadows o'er thee pass'd,
 High rock and tree thy bosom glass'd,
 And twilight on thee lay.

III.

Yet even though hidden in the shade
 Of valley dark and low,
 Rich treasures of the heart are laid
 Where thy deep waters flow.
 Nor would I now thy course should be
 Where zephyrs wanton playfully,
 O'er gardens of perfume;
 The diamond's sheen and chrysolite
 Make all thy lonely chambers bright,—
 Thy hidden depths illumine.

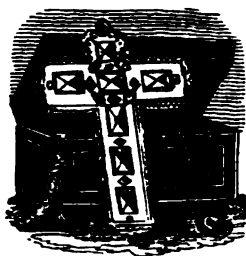
IV.

Thy rippling surface caught no beam
 Of sunlight pleasantly;
 'Twas ever but a broken gleam
 Of quivering rays to thee;
 Now, though the rock hangs beetling high,
 And tall trees lift their branches high
 Above thy gloomier shore,
 Down thy pure crystal depths, afar,
 Shines many a ray from many a star
 That veiled its light before.

For Arthur's Magazine.

THE SEWING SOCIETY.

BY MISS HARRIET KING



HERE 'S a ring at the bell, I do believe!" exclaimed Priscilla Longly to her sister, as they sat at work, one November morning.

"So it is. How provoking. Who in the world can it be

so early? How very disagreeable it is, to be able only to afford one fire;—we are sure to be disturbed here."

By this time the unwelcome visitor was admitted, and, before another minute, a neat dark bonnet appeared at the parlor door.

"Good morning, Sally," said Priscilla, jumping up, and letting her work fall on the floor. "Good morning! Come in, do. You must take us as you find us; all in confusion."

"How are you, Priscilla? how are you, Emeline?" and giving each offered hand a vigorous shake, Miss Sally Thomson took a seat near the fire.

"I hope I don't disturb you."

"Oh no! We are only at our sewing."

"What are you making?"

"I am turning my old cloak. Ma will not let me have a new one, this winter, and I am trying to fix this one up. I think, with a little fur round it, it will be quite smart. As to Emeline there, she is covering a bonnet, see!—is it not pretty?"

"Yes, very. Oh, they wear such gay things now."

"Too gay entirely. Did you see Sarah Lewis in church, last Sunday? Really! such a hat as she had on; orange and blue, and red, and green. I saw Mr. Allen's eyes fixed on her several times, whilst he read prayers. I actually felt ashamed of her. By the way, do you know Mr. Allen?"

"No, we don't. I wish we did, he is very handsome."

"Yes, indeed; we are very fortunate in being able to get him for our church. He had calls to the East, West, and South, he told Pa. Pa called on him when he first came here; it was but civil, you know. He returned the visit last Thursday week, and I can assure you he is a great deal handsomer in a room, than in the pulpit. His eyes are not blue at all, but a lovely hazel."

"Oh, I wish we knew him. We live so very retired, and see so little company."

"But I am forgetting what I came for; it is to ask you to come and join our sewing society in the vestry room. We meet there every Friday, and sew for the poor. Really, it is very pleasant. There are fourteen of us now, and the elder members say that is not half enough. Do join, won't you?"

"I should like to, very much, would not you, Emeline?"

"No," replied Emeline, "I cannot say I would."

"Oh, you foolish thing! why not?"

"She does not know how pleasant it is. Why, child, you will hear more news there, than at any other place in the town."

"That is the very reason why I should decline going. I once heard a sensible and truly pious old lady remark, that every young woman had an obligation to sew for the poor, but that the experience of many years had taught her that this duty could be as well performed, and even better, at her own home, than in a vestry room. I, myself, have never attended any of these meetings, but from all I can gather, I think there is more news stirring than industry. Is it not so?"

"I wonder you can talk so, Emeline! Why, it is really delightful, and they say Mr. Allen intends to visit the Society, once a month, at their sitting."

"Does he? How pleasant! I really want to see him close. Does he always wear that ring on his finger?"

"I think he does; but you will join us, will you not, even if Emeline is so silly?"

"Yes. I will, indeed," returned Priscilla, with animation.

"Put on your bonnet, then, and come with me. I am going round to two or three houses, to get the girls to join."

Priscilla got ready, and the two friends set off, in haste.

"Let us stop here at Seldon's," said Sarah Thompson. "I think Ellen will join. 'She'll make a pleasant member; she's so talkative.'"

Ellen Seldon soon promised to be in the vestry room, at half past ten, the next Friday, and Sarah Thompson enlarged upon the pleasures she was to expect.

"Mrs. Elters will be there, next week; she is very entertaining. She was a mantua maker before she was married, you know, and used to go out to work, by the day; and, of course, she saw a good deal. She knows all the particulars of Mrs. John Smith's case, the one who was separated from her husband three years ago."

"I remember, yes."

"She says she was there one day, sewing, and Mrs. Smith did nothing but cry."

"I should like to see somebody, who knew all about them. One hears such different stories. I want very much to know whether it was *her* family that disapproved of the match, in the first instance, or *his*."

"His, I believe; but I will ask Mrs. Elters, and I know she will tell you all about it, for she was Mrs. Smith's intimate friend at the time."

"And will she speak of it to any one?"

"Oh, yes," replied Sarah, "to any one, at all. But you have agreed to join us; have you not?"

"Yes! I think so. I think from your account, it must be a pleasant place."

"I know nothing about it, except what Sarah has been telling me."

"Oh!" said Sarah, "you will soon both know as much as you please about our proceedings. We do a great amount of work. By the way, did you know that Emily King's step-mother treats her very badly?"

"No. I did not."

"Nor I."

"Oh yes, Jane Foster was telling us about them last Friday; they live next door, you know, and some of Mrs. King's goings on, she says, are really awful!"

"Come, Sarah," said Priscilla, "we are

staying here too long if we are to go any where else."

"So we are! I forgot. Who is there, Ellen, in this neighborhood, that would be likely to join?"

"Let me see;—there is Miss Simpson on the other side of the way, a very active person in Bible Societies, and Sunday Schools; suppose you go over there."

So over to Miss Simpson, Priscilla Longley, and Sarah Thompson went. Being ushered into the parlor, they found Mrs. Simpson, a very old lady, sitting entirely alone. She was so infirm as to be unable to rise to meet them.

"My daughter is out, young ladies, but sit down, if you please. She may be in soon, or she may not. I cannot tell. She went out before I was up to attend a Sunday school meeting. I believe, and I have been very lonely; but so it is, now; young people are always at their societies, and the old and helpless are left alone. They say it is religion: well! may-be it is—in that case, I ought not to complain; but my dear young people, it does seem hard to me, after having brought up my daughter, that her duties should every day call her away from me."

"But do you disapprove of these societies, ma'am?" asked Priscilla Longley.

"Not entirely so; but, moderation in all things is a good rule. God has said that the poor shall never pass from the face of the earth. But our duties to the poor are not our only duties. Now, as to these sewing Societies, let me tell you, that if every one of you, instead of going with your thimble and scissors to a meeting for the purpose of sewing for the poor, would do the same amount of work at home, it would be much better. I am sure in my case it would be much better. My daughter is scarcely ever at home with me, and if I say any thing, the answer is, 'The business of the society must be attended to.'"

At this moment, Miss Simpson entered.

"I am only come home for a minute, mother! How are you, young ladies!" and sitting uneasily down, Miss Simpson panted as if it were July.

After a few minutes general conversation, our young ladies entered upon the object of their visit.

"Oh, yes, to be sure," replied Miss Simpson, "I shall be delighted to attend, although I have my hands full already. Friday at ten o'clock!—I am glad it is not Saturday, for the Sunday school teachers meet then. We are to have a fair for the western missions, and I have been sewing for that for seven weeks. I have cut up four yards of new silk for pincushions

and needlebooks. You may expect me, though. I shall be there. Does Mr. Allen intend visiting the society at their work?"

"It is said he does," and Sarah and Priscilla rose to go. Miss Simpson accompanied them a part of their way, and then left them, to attend a meeting having for its object a mission to the South Sea Islands.

Punctually at half past ten, on the next Friday, the ladies met in the vestry room of — Church. The following is a summary of all that was done :

Fifteen coarse muslin garments cut out, and five ladies at the other end of the town discovered to be very extravagant and careless housekeepers—one of them actually dirty. These facts were proved beyond a doubt by the repetition of conversations held with servants, who had lived in their families.

Eight night caps finished, all but the strings, and a gentleman set down as positively meaning nothing at all by his attentions to Miss Patton, poor thing! who was so delighted with him, she could not keep it to herself.

The question of woollen or cotton stockings was then entered upon with great vehemence, together with the probability of Mr. Allen's choosing a wife out of his own congregation.

An account was given by the visiting department, of the state of destitution existing among a number of families, in the suburbs, and a recital made of the great anxiety occasioned to old Mrs. Lee, by the conduct of her sons, one lady hinting, that, to her certain knowledge, the married one was no better than the rest, as his unfortunate wife was a perfect slave to him.

Eleven yards of hemming done, during which numerous anecdotes were repeated, tending to demonstrate the meanness of Mrs. H.'s dress, the stupidity of Mrs. B.'s husband, the wretched complexions of the whole R. family, and Miss S.'s miserable voice; Miss V.'s cloak was judged not to be in good taste, and Mrs. A.'s coat to have now seen seven winters, which was deemed extraordinary, considering the high rent she paid, and the expense she was at in educating her children, actually potting them to one of the best schools in the place.

"Oh! Emeline," said Priscilla Longly to her sister, upon her return home, "how mistaken you were in not joining us this morning. We really had a very pleasant time."

"I am glad to hear you were pleased."

"It is very well for you to look so grave, and to profess to disapprove; it is an excellent excuse for lazy people, who prefer staying at home and doing nothing."

"I am not lazy, Priscilla. Because I do

not sew at the society, it does not follow that I must do nothing at all for the poor, does it?"

"But will you?"

"To be sure I will. You know mother is in the habit of making up a great deal of clothing, every fall, for several poor families, with whom she has long been acquainted. I am going to assist her, in this, and have already put by a portion of my allowance for the purpose."

During the day, Priscilla could not resist the temptation of repeating some of the amusing anecdotes, related in the morning, until checked by Emeline, asking,

"Did you hear all that, at the society?"

Shortly after, Mr. Allen called upon every family in his congregation. But contrary to the expectations of the sewing society, he never visited them at their weekly meeting—this somewhat decreased the ardor of the members.

A few weeks after the events we have described, Miss Simpson called upon the Longlys to state that a meeting had been held in the Sunday school room for the consideration of a proposition made by her, namely, that the members of the sewing society should assemble, not at the house of the clergyman, because he was a bachelor, but at that of one of the members, for the purpose of making him a new gown, an attentive observer in the front pew having detected several thread-bare places in the one now worn by him.

"I would have liked," said Miss Simpson, "to have it at our house, but mother would not hear of it—old people are so strange. She said she had no objection, if the gown were really wanted, to pay for the making of it, but that she would not have the meeting held at her house."

"I think your mother is perfectly right," said Emeline. "Would it not be much better to give this piece of work to some poor woman, and pay her for it?"

"Oh, no, we cannot afford that; there are too many calls upon the society, already. Come, Priscilla! say, shall we hold our meeting here?"

"I should be very glad, but I do not know what mother will say; I will go up and ask her."

Mrs. Longly yielded to her daughter's entreaties, and the meeting was held at her house, the next day. Thirteen young ladies, with thimbles and scissors, made their appearance, and the work went on fast; so did the conversation, the subject of which was Mr. Allen.

Some wondered why in the world, he was never seen to pay attentions to any body;

others were afraid he never would; and all agreed the coveted post was a very desirable one.

When the labor was nearly completed, a messenger came in haste to notify Miss Simpson that her aged mother had been seized, when alone, with a sudden and violent illness, and her death was hourly expected.

The gown was presented to Mr. Allen, with becoming grace, and received with thanks, deemed by some of the donors inadequate to the occasion; and fears were entertained that he thought the ladies' activity not sufficiently active. Preparations for a fair were immediately set on foot for the benefit of western missions. It was thought, from the amount of work to be done, that it could not be held before six weeks. Great was the search for ribbands, silk, and velvet, gold thread, &c.

"Will not you help us, Emeline?" asked Priscilla. "See how much there is for us to do. I, myself, have ten workbaskets to trim this week. Look! this is the way I do them."

"I really do not think I shall have time. I have a great deal to do, just now, for poor Mrs. Reeves, and her seven little children; they cannot wait much longer for their winter clothing."

"You are always so disobliging, it is too bad. I wonder what in the world, Mr. Allen would say, if he knew that when all the congregation are so industrious, you alone refuse to take the smallest part, in the proceedings."

"I cannot help it, Priscilla; if the missions need money, I shall, of course, consider it a duty to devote a part of my allowance to them; but I cannot find time to make kettle-holders, and knit bags for the fair."

"As you please; but you do not know how much pleasure you miss. One gets so interested in every separate article, and so anxious for every thing to sell well."

For the next six weeks, more than twenty young ladies spent every moment of their time in working for the fair. We do not mean to say, that, during that space of more than a month, they never slept, ate, or drank, but that this was the business of their lives, to which every other duty was sacrificed. On Sundays, hands and eyes rested, but not tongues—coming home from church, what was talked of but the fair? Miss Simpson's mother died in a few days after her attack, so that this indefatigable young lady was precluded from a share in the preparations, precluded even from being a buyer.

At last, the important day came. The Sunday school room was hung with evergreens, and tables covered with varieties of pretty things,

useful and ornamental, were arranged in two lines. A confectioner sent a large cake, and every thing was in a state of readiness. By eleven o'clock the ladies took their stands behind their respective tables, and awaited the approach of customers.

Customers came in crowds—bought a great many things they did not want, for which they paid enormous prices, having neither the satisfaction of getting their money's worth, nor the pleasure of giving.

Mr. Allen had promised to come to the fair, and more than one lady shopwoman for the day watched the door with anxiety, hoping to fix him permanently on this occasion, but twelve, one, two, three o'clock passed, and Mr. Allen did not make his appearance.

"Where can he be?" asked Miss Mason of Priscilla Longly.

"Where in the world? I wonder."

"He certainly said he would be here."

"So he did, what can have happened to keep him away?" said another.

"It is really very surprising! Can he be paying a visit of condolence to Miss Simpson?"

"Perhaps he is. Is not Miss Simpson older than he?"

"Five years at least."

"He could not have such bad taste."

"He may—who knows!"

At this moment Mr. Allen came in, and passing up one line of tables and down another, spoke a few polite words to every lady, and then went away in a very short time. It was remarked by the ladies as they left the scene of their labors, just before night, that Mr. Allen appeared suddenly, and joining Priscilla Longly, walked home with her.

"Have you heard the new engagement," asked Miss Simpson of two or three female friends, who paid her a visit in a darkened chamber, a few days after the fair?"

"No," said they.

"Mr. Allen, to be sure!"

"Mr. Allen!" screamed the visitors.

"Yes, Mr. Allen. I wonder you have not heard it."

"To whom?"

"To Emeline Longly."

"It is impossible. I do n't believe he knows her to speak to."

"Perhaps you mean Priscilla. He walked home with her from the fair."

"I mean Emeline. I had it from her own mother who was here this morning."

"Emeline Longly! it is very extraordinary."

"She that never came to the societies, nor stirred a step in any charitable matter!"

"That would not sew a stitch for the fair, nor even come there to buy any thing."

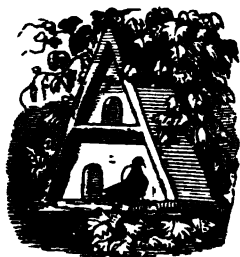
"No other."

"Come," said one visitor, rising to go
"come, I have several visits to pay this morning. Emeline Longly!—Well, I do declare!"

For Arthur's Magazine.

OUR WILLY'S PRAYER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "WILLY AND THE BEGGAR GIRL."



ALL day with the tooth-
ache,
That terrible pest,
Our dear little Willy
Was sadly distressed:
His cheek was all swollen,
His mouth hot and red
When we laid him at
nightfall
To rest on his bed.

We warmed his soft pillow,
And tucked him in snug,
And hoped he'd sleep soundly
As puss on the rug;
But alas! that sad tooth-ache
Came back with a pang,
And loud through the chamber
Our Willy's voice rang.

Poor child! How it grieved us.
"Do n't cry, Willy, dear!"
And mamma from his cheek
Kissed a glittering tear.
"Try to sleep, my sweet darling!"
"I can't for the pain!"
And loudly the sufferer
Cried out again.

"O mother! It hurts so."
"I know it does, love"
"The Good Man can cure it,
The Good Man, above—
Oh, say, can't he mother?"
"Yes dear." "Oh, then pray

To the Good Man to take all
This tooth-ache away."

It melted our feelings
To look in the face
Of our child, with its confident,
Innocent grace,
As he gazed up so earnest,
And asked us to pray
That the Good Man would take all
His tooth-ache away.

Mamma broke the silence—
"You must pray, Willy dear,
And I'm sure if you do so
The Good Man will hear."
"But, mother, I can't pray."
"Say *Our Father* my love"
"*Our Father*"—with hands clasped
And eyes raised above,

Lay our sweet little Willy,
And breathed out his prayer,
While we felt that the Lord
And his angels were there.
Then hushed was his murmur,
Soft closed was his eye—
From his innocent breast
Came a half broken sigh,—

How placid, and holy,
And calmly he lay,
Asleep on his pillow!—
Step softly away,
The angels are keeping
Their watch round his head—
All grief hath departed
All anguish has fled.

For Arthur's Magazine.

WHAT SHALL I DO?

A TEMPERANCE TALE.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"I won't go out
in a stormy even-
ing," Mrs. Merrill
said to her husband,
who had commenced
drinking on his over-
cast.

"If I can do any-
thing, I shall not
be for the rain,"

Mr. Merrill replied, cheerfully, as he buttoned
his coat up close under his chin.

"But the wind drives the rain so. You will
be wet through."

"No matter. I am neither butter nor salt,"
smilingly returned the husband. "Do n't you
remember that it was just such a night as this,
two years ago, that a good Samaritan picked
me up in the street, and took me to Union
Hall?"

The tears were glistening in the eyes of the
wife as she replied,

"Go, Harry, if you think you can do any
good. I should be the last to object."

Mr. Merrill kissed, tenderly, the cheek of
his wife, who was still in the bloom of young
womanhood, and then taking his hat and cane,
went forth. It was indeed a stormy night.
The wind came rushing along with a dismal
howl, and the rain fell heavily. But few per-
sons were in the street, and they were hurrying
homeward, anxious to escape the war of ele-
ments.

"The storm is heavy, sure enough. I shall
not find many at the Hall," Merrill said, half
aloud, as he walked quickly along. His way
was through a part of the town inhabited by
persons of the poorer class. In almost every
block of this section, were to be found one or
two little taverns, with either a glaring red
curtain, or an inviting transparent sign, telling

of the good cheer within. From many of these
was heard the loud laugh, or the bacchanalian
song, and, as they fell upon the ear of Merrill,
he sighed for his infatuated fellow men, who
sought brief and exciting sensual pleasures, at
the expense of health, character, and happiness.
Sometimes he would pause, half tempted to go
in among them, and beseech them to stop in
their career of folly, ere it was too late. But
the recollection of several fruitless efforts of the
kind, caused him to forbear.

Just about the time that Merrill left his
house, a little scene was passing in a humble
tenement, that stood directly in his way to Union
Hall, whither he was going. To a spectator
acquainted with all the circumstances, that scene
would have been a very affecting one. There
was a sick child upon a bed, and the father and
mother standing beside it. The mother looked
anxious and care worn, the father's face had a
troubled expression. All around indicated
poverty.

"Her fever is much higher. It has increased
rapidly during the last hour," said the mother,
looking earnestly into her husband's face.

"Had n't I better go for doctor R——?"

"Hetty is very sick. But we havn't settled
the last bill yet, and I do n't like to see Dr.
R—— until that is paid."

The husband said nothing in reply to this,
but stood looking down upon his sick child,
with something stupid in his gaze. At length
the young sufferer began to toss about, and moan,
and show painful symptoms of internal dis-
tress.

"I'm afraid she's dangerous," murmured
the mother.

"I will go for the doctor. We cannot see
our child die, even if his bill is not paid." As
the father said this, he took up his hat, and
moved towards the door.

"It storms dreadfully, James, and we have no umbrella."

The wife laid her hand upon her husband's arm, and spoke earnestly.

"No matter. I'm not afraid of the rain. I've stood many a worse night than this."

"Suppose you wait awhile, James. Perhaps she will be better." And the wife's hand still rested on her husband's arm. "I do n't like to have you go out."

"O, that 's nothing. I do n't care for the rain. Hetty is very ill, and we ought to call in the doctor by all means."

Seeing that he was in earnest about going, she said, looking with a tender, half imploring expression into his face—

"You 'll come right back again, James?"

"Certainly I will. Do you think I'd remain away, and Hetty so sick?"

"Well, do come home as quick as you can. And don't stop any where,—will you?"

"No—no. Never fear."

And he went out, leaving the mother alone with her sick child.

Without pausing an instant, he pursued his way steadily along, bowing his head to the pelting storm, and sometimes cringing, as the fierce gust drove suddenly against him. In about ten minutes he reached the doctor's office, and found him absent, but expected in momentarily. He sat down, dripping with wet, to await his return; but soon grew restless.

"I'll come back in a few minutes," he at length said, to the attendant, rising and going out. Again on the street, he seemed irresolute. At first he stood thoughtfully, and then moved on a few paces. There was, evidently, a struggle going on in his mind. Some propensity was pleading hard for indulgence, while reason was arguing strongly on the other side. This debate continued for some time, he walking on a short distance, and then stopping to reflect, until he found himself in front of a small tavern, with a tempting display of liquors in the window.

"I'll take just one glass,—and no more," he said, to himself.

"But, you know, if you touch a drop, you will never leave that house sober," spoke a voice within his own bosom.

This made him hesitate. But a depraved appetite urged him on to self-indulgence, and he was about placing his hand upon the door to enter, when the image of his sick child came up before him so vividly that he started back, staggering aloud, in the sad consciousness of his inability to struggle against the fierce thirst that was overpowering him—

"What shall I do?"

As he said this, a hand was laid upon his shoulder, and a voice said—

"Sign the pledge."

The man turned in surprise. Our friend Merrill stood before him.

"Come with me, and I'll tell you what to do," he said, in a cheerful, encouraging voice.

"It's no use. I can't keep it," was despondingly answered.

"But you can keep it. I'll go bond for that. Hundreds, nay, thousands, have done so, and I am sure you will not be the only exception. So come along. I'm just on my way to Union Hall, and have the pledge book here under my arm."

"My child is sick, and I must go for the doctor."

"What doctor?"

"Doctor R——."

"Just in the way. It won't take you three minutes."

"If I thought there was any use in it. But I've tried to reform too many times. I can't do it. I'm afraid I'm too far gone. Heaven help me! What shall I do?"

There was something very desponding in the man's voice as he spoke.

"Do n't listen for a moment to such suggestions," returned Merrill. "They are from an enemy. If you have tried to reform and failed in the attempt, it is because you have not tried in the right way."

He had already drawn his arm within that of the poor desponding drunkard, and they were walking away from the charmed spot that had well nigh proved fatal to a wavering resolution.

"Last Thursday night," Merrill went on to say, "no less than twenty signed the pledge, and at least five of them were more deeply enslaved than I can believe you to be. We found them in the street, and brought them in, and now they are sober men, and will remain so. It appears like a miracle, but we have seen hundreds and hundreds of such miracles. They are occurring every day."

By this time they had reached the Hall, and Merrill, pausing, said,

"This is the place. Come in with me and sign the pledge, and you are safe."

But the man held back. The thought of giving up his liberty—of binding himself down, by a solemn pledge, not even to taste a drop of the pleasant drink that was so sweet to his lips, made him hesitate. The pleadings of appetite for a little more indulgence was strong.

"You are te-to-tallers?" he at length said.

"Certainly. Our pledge covers the whole ground," Merrill replied. "For such as you, there is no hope but in total abstinence. Do you think it possible for you to drink a glass of wine, beer, or cider, without having your desire for stronger liquors so excited as to render your further abstinence impossible? Think! Have you never tried to 'regulate' yourself?"

"O, yes. Many and many a time?"

"You have tried two glasses of beer a day?"

"Yes."

"And before three days were intoxicated?"

"It is, alas! too true. Sometimes, in an hour after I took the first glass of beer."

"Then it must be total abstinence, or nothing.

In this lies your only ground of safety. Come, then, and put your hand to the pledge that makes you a freeman. Come! The rain is drenching us to the skin while we stand here. Come, sign at once, and go home with medicine for your child and joy for the heart of your poor wife. Come, my friend. Now is the great turning point in your life. Health, prosperity, happiness are welcoming you with smiles on one side; sickness, poverty, and wretchedness are on the other. Just two years ago I stood on this very spot, urged as I am now urging you to sign; I yielded at last, and have been prospered ever since. I have plenty at home, and plenty with content. Before, all was wretchedness. Come then, my friend—come with us, and we will do thee good!"

"Yes, come," said a third person, pausing at the door of Union Hall, just at the moment and taking hold of the poor man's arm.

The slight impulse of the hand upon his arm, decided his wavering resolution. He went in with them, and going up between them to the secretary's desk, put his hand to the pledge.

"There is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety-nine just persons that need no repentance," said the president of the meeting in a serious voice. "My friend, you have all Heaven on your side, for Heaven is on the side of good resolutions. Look up and be strong. They that are for you are more than all who are against you."

A thrill of pleasure ran through the soul of the redeemed inebriate, such as he had not known for a long, long time. He left the Hall, feeling more like a man than he had felt for six years, and hurried away to the office of Doctor R—. The doctor was in, but, at first seemed little inclined to go out on so stormy a night, especially to visit the family of a man who drank up his earnings and neglected to pay his bills.

"I will call round in the morning, Simpson. It rains too hard to-night."

"But my little girl is very sick. She might die before morning."

"No danger. I'll be round early."

"But doctor, I wish you would see her to-night. We feel very much troubled."

"No doubt," the doctor returned, a little petulantly. "You are anxious enough to see me when any thing is the matter; but as soon as all is straight again, I'm never thought of."

"But you shall be thought of doctor. I know I have not treated you well, but hereafter you shall not have cause to complain."

"I do n't know, Simpson. Men like you are always full of fair promises. But, a sight of the next tavern makes you forget them all."

"I know—I know. But there'll be nothing more of that. See!" And he drew from his bosom a neatly folded paper and handed it to the doctor, who took it and glanced his eye over its contents.

"Ha! What is this? A pledge?"

"Yes, doctor."

"When was this done?"

"To-night. Not ten minutes ago."

"And are you really in earnest, Simpson?"

"I feel like dying by that pledge. It was hard to take; but now that it is taken, I will never violate it. I feel that I can stand by it like a man."

"Go home, Simpson," replied Doctor R—, in a changed voice, as he handed him back his pledge. "Go home, and tell your wife that I will be there in ten minutes. Good by, and stand by your pledge."

"I will do it, doctor."

On his way home, Simpson did not notice a single one of the tempting red curtains, and bottles of liquor that filled so many windows. He thought only of his wife, and the heart he was about to make happy.

The joy that filled the bosom of the poor wife, who had begun sadly to fear that her husband, whose weakness she too well knew, had been tempted to take a glass on his way to the doctor's office, need not be described. It was deep, trembling, and full of thankfulness to Him, who is the Great Restorer of all things to order from disorder. Even though her child remained ill through the night, she felt a warmth of joy in her heart such as she had not known for many years.

In a few weeks, every thing about the person and dwelling of Simpson became remarkably changed. He was a good workman, and could earn fair wages at his trade. Instead of idling half of his time, and spending more than half of what he earned in drink, he worked all of his time, and placed in the hands of his prudent

wife every dollar he made. This accounted for the change.

Thus matters went on for nearly a year, when, the excitement of experience meetings, and other external means of keeping up an interest among the reformed men, and occupying their minds having subsided, Simpson began to feel restless and lonesome, and was often strongly tempted to drop in to some of his old places of resort, and pass an evening in good fellowship with former associates.

Such thoughts always produced a feverish state; for a contest would arise in his mind between the truth which he had obeyed for a year, and the specious, but false reasonings of inclination and the force of old habits not yet eradicated. The consequence was, that Simpson became unhappy. He wanted something to interest him—some excitement to keep him up. He had told his own experience, and heard others relate theirs, until he was tired. That was well enough for a time; but it would not satisfy always. He had never been very fond of reading, and had not that resource, so elevating and strengthening to the mind, lifting it up into the higher regions of intellectual thought, instead of leaving it to sink down amid the mere allurements of sense.

As this state of dissatisfaction increased, Simpson became really more and more unhappy. He wanted something to sustain him. Something extra to his mere pledge. Deeply conscious of this, and conscious that he was in imminent danger of falling, he became anxious, gloomy, and desponding.

One evening, after sitting at home for an hour, and reading over the newspaper of the day, even to the advertisements, he took his hat and said—

"I believe I'll walk out for a little while. I feel so dull."

His wife looked up at him, and tried to smile. But, she felt troubled; for she had noticed, for some time, that he was not altogether himself. What the cause was, she did not really know. But a wife is never far wrong in her conjectures.

"You won't stay out long?" she merely said.

"O, no. I shall be back in a little while. I only want to take a short walk."

When Simpson left his house, he walked away, with his eyes upon the pavement undetermined where he should go. He had gone out merely because he felt too restless to sit at home. Now that he was in the street, he was as dissatisfied as ever. Moving on with a slow, measured tread, he had gone for the distance of two or three squares, when his ear caught the

sound of music issuing from a noted drinking establishment, but a short distance ahead. Quickening his pace, he was soon in front of the house, when he paused to listen. The music was from a hand organ, the owner of which had been paid a certain sum by the proprietor of the tavern to play him a number of tunes, as a means of drawing in customers. The plan succeeded to his entire satisfaction, and had like to have succeeded in enticing Simpson within the charmed circle of his bar-room. But, just as his hand was on the latch, his better sense came to his aid, and he tore himself away.

Walking on again, with his head down, he felt still more wretched. The danger he had just escaped, made him fearfully aware of the dangers that beset him on every side. So wrought up in mind did he become, under a sense of his condition, that, shuddering from a vivid picture of himself again an abandoned drunkard, which his imagination had conjured up, he stopped suddenly, and said, aloud,

"God help me! What shall I do?"

A hand was laid upon his shoulder, and a voice, that he had heard before, said, in surprised accents—

"Simpson! Is it you? What is the trouble now?"

It was Merrill, who had encountered him again, just at a critical moment. Simpson turned quickly when he felt the hand upon his shoulder, and looked into the face of the intruder half sternly.

"What ails you now, my friend?" resumed Merrill. "A good temperance man should never be in trouble of mind."

"You think so. Well, perhaps not."

"You'r a good temperance man."

"I am not so sure of it."

"What!" In a quick, surprised voice. "You have not broken ——"

"No, no. Not yet! But heaven only knows how soon I may do so. I am beset with temptations that it seems impossible for me to withstand."

"It was not so at first."

"No. The excitement of meetings, and concerts, and the relation of experiences, occupied my mind. But these have died away; and I am thrown back upon myself again—my weak, weak self. If I do not fall, it will be a miracle. I see every tavern I pass in the streets, and think, spite of all my efforts to keep such things out of my mind, of the mixed liquors that would thrill upon my taste like nectar, which are there to be obtained. What shall I do? I feel as if evil spirits were leagued to destroy me, and that, unless I receive

more than human strength, I will inevitably fall."

"And so you will," was the solemnly spoken reply.

"Merrill! Why do you speak so?" Simpson said, quickly. "You will drive me at once to destruction. I want encouragement, not a prophecy of ruin. You saved me once—cannot you do so again?"

"Do you remember what was said to you on the night you signed the pledge by our President?" asked Merrill.

"No. What was it?"

"Look up and be strong! They that are for you are more than all who are against you."

"I had forgotten."

"You have not looked up then."

"How, up?"

"Up to Him who can alone give power to every good resolution. If you have been striving in your own strength, no wonder that you are on the eve of falling. External excitements and reasons of various kinds may sustain a reformed man for a time, but, until he place his cause in the hands of the All-Powerful, he is in imminent danger."

"But how shall I do this? I am not a religious man."

"Why have you refrained from drinking?"

"Because it is a debasing vice; a vice that, if indulged, will beggar my family, as it has once, already, done."

"You must abstain from a higher motive."

"Can there be a higher one?"

"Yes."

"What is it?"

"To refrain from doing an evil act, because it is a sin against God, is a much higher motive, and one that will give a striving spirit power over all its enemies. You acknowledge a God?"

"O yes."

"And that he is ever present?"

"Yes."

"And a rewarder of them that diligently seek him?"

"So the Bible tells us."

"It is all true. Whatever power we have to oppose evil, is from Him. If we look to ourselves, and claim the little strength we possess as our own, we will too soon find that we are weakness itself. But, if we strive to act in all things from a religious principle—that is, in

the acknowledgment that all we have is from the Lord, and, in the endeavor to shun every evil of life because it is a sin against him, we will receive all the strength we need, no matter how deeply we may be tempted. From this hour, then, my friend, resolve to put your trust in Him who careth for you. After all, this is the reformed man's only hope. The pledge is a mere external, temporary safeguard, that must be superseded by a deeply grounded religious principle, or he will be every hour in danger of falling. We must be supported from the centre, and not from the circumference. The pledge is a hoop, that is liable at any time to break, but obedience to God is a strong attraction at the centre, holding in perpetual consistence all things that are arranged in just order around it. Will you not then look up?"

"I feel that it is my only hope."

"Take my solemn assurance that it is. Go home, and carry with you this truth, that if you will strive to act from the higher motive I have given you, all will be right."

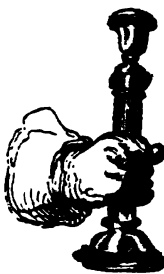
It was, perhaps, half an hour from the time Simpson left his house, that he re-entered it. His wife looked up with some concern in her face as he came in. But a first glance dispelled the fears that had stolen over her spirit. Before going to bed that night, Simpson got the family Bible, and read a chapter aloud. In doing so, he felt a sweet tranquility pervade his mind, such as he had not experienced for a long time. On the next day he tried to elevate his thoughts to the Power above in which he wished to put his trust. He found it much easier to do so than he had expected. It was not long before, in addition to the reading of a chapter in the evening, before retiring, a brief prayer was said. From that time, a deep religious sentiment took possession of the mind of Simpson. Light broke in upon him. He saw clearer the path before him, the dangers that surrounded him, and the way of escape. Some years have passed, and he is still a sober man. He does not think of his pledge, nor of the degradation of drunkenness as a reason for abstinence; but deems it a sin against God to touch, taste, or handle that which would unfit him for those duties in life, which, as a man, he is bound to perform.

Let every reformed man look up to the same All-sustaining Source, and he is safe from all danger

For Arthur's Magazine.

RICHARD THE THIRD.

BY JOHN FROST, L. L. D.



NOT noticing Dr. Morton's *Crania Egyptiaca*, we had occasion to remark on the thorough and searching manner in which historical inquiries are conducted at the present time. Nothing could more forcibly illustrate this fact than the light which has recently been thrown upon the real character of Richard the Third of England. Horace Walpole's veneration for royalty and all that appertains to it, had led him into such a scrutiny of old regal documents as conducted him to his "Historic Doubts" respecting Richard's unmitigated depravity; but his indolence prevented his arriving at the full conviction to which a later, and more industrious and patient inquirer has arrived, viz: that Richard the Third was not a usurper, nor an unnatural monster, but a legitimate sovereign acquiring the throne by means justified by the position in which he was placed, and the political maxims of his age; and exercising his power, when acquired, with justice, public spirit, magnanimity and enlightened devotion to the interests of the kingdom. The author, who has had the courage to defend so remarkable a paradox as this, is Caroline A. Halsted, in a work recently reprinted from the London edition by Messrs. Carey and Hart of this city, entitled "*Richard III. as Duke of Gloucester and King of England.*" By consulting all the chronicles extant which were written in the reign of Richard III. and examining the public archives and private letters of contemporaries, and carefully comparing them with the histories compiled under the direct influence of the Tudor dynasty, whose interest it was to defame the deceased king, she has been enabled to bring forward a mass of evidence which completely exculpates Richard from most of the crimes, laid to his charge;

and establishes his claim to respect and sympathy.

The book, although written in a very diffuse style is intensely interesting; and if the author throughout appears more in the character of a special pleader than a judge, it cannot be denied that she has fairly cited the authorities on both sides, and has sifted the motives of the writers with as much impartiality as shrewdness and discrimination. After showing the state of the kingdom with respect to society, politics and the attitude of parties previous to Richard's time, she takes up the narrative from his birth, and examines every action of his life, so far as exhibited by existing histories, chronicles and documents, heaping authority upon authority and citing chapter and verse to prove every thing which she asserts. She shows conclusively that, up to the moment when he became protector, with the charge of Edward the Fourth's children, no imputation rested upon his character; but that, on the contrary he was not only the ablest statesman but the most popular man in the kingdom; that the revolution which placed him on the throne was with respect to the mode of its accomplishment precisely analogous with that which is called the "glorious revolution" of 1688, which gave the sovereignty to William and Mary; and that his administration of the government was just and enlightened to a degree that was far in advance of the age in which he lived.

If we were to yield implicit belief to the representations of the Tudor historians, we should suppose that Richard was a deformed wretch both physically and morally, and the object of detestation through his whole life; and should recognize the propriety of Shakspeare's assigning this circumstance as his motive for deliberately resolving to "be a villain." But this is all shewn to be pure romance. Richard was not deformed. The portraits taken during his life time all represent him as straight in

figure and of a handsome countenance. He received more numerous and unqualified testimonials of personal affection and public approbation, than any other sovereign of England ever received in the same space of time, not even excepting Elizabeth; and it is undoubtedly true that the introduction of that dynasty which sought to repair its own defective title by systematically calumniating the last of the Plantagenet kings, was one of the greatest misfortunes which England has ever suffered. How much English history may be falsified by political motives we may easily perceive by reading any of their narratives of the revolutionary war in this country, or any of their accounts of the naval contests in which they were so dreadfully beaten during the war of 1812. The same system was practised by Henry VII. and his descendants, with reference to Richard the Third; and it is only by a most laborious, and thorough examination of contemporary records that Mrs. Halsted has been enabled to unravel the tissue of falsehood, and present the world with the unvarnished truth.

We copy the concluding paragraphs of her work as a specimen of her style, and a summary of her views respecting Richard's character.

"This monarch, by striving to suppress the hosts of military retainers, and above all, by his prohibitory enactments against the ancient custom of giving badges, liveries, and family devices to multitudes of armed followers, struck at the root of the evil, which arose from each chieftain having a standing and well disciplined army at command, to overawe the crown and perpetually disturb the peace of the realm. But the odium which attached to this daring measure of abridging a power so dangerous to the throne led to King Richard's ruin; while the merit of carrying out a policy which Richard began, doubtless too precipitately and boldly, has been exclusively apportioned to Henry VII. who, treading in the same steps with his predecessor, although circumspectly and with caution attained the object, and the appellation of the Father of English liberty, from the identical cause, and from pursuing the same measures which laid King Richard in the dust, and procured for him the name and the character of a tyrant!

"How far he merited this epithet must depend upon his acts, and the degree of credit which is due to those who have branded him with it. Many of the greatest, wisest and most powerful monarchs in all countries have been usurpers, or ascended the throne irregularly; and the reason is obvious; without rare talents

and ability for government, they could not have acquired sufficient ascendancy over their fellow-men to break the direct line of succession, and to be invested with the sovereign power.

"But such political changes, when brought about by the voice of the country, and without having recourse to arms, by no means imply the elevation of a tyrant, although it may denote incapacity in the monarch deposed. If Richard erred in yielding to the evil counsels of those who knew that ambition was inherent in his race, and formed the predominant feature in his character he at least proved himself, when called upon to exercise the regal power, a patriotic and enterprising monarch, distinguished for wisdom in the senate and for prowess in the field.

"His reign was signally advantageous to the realm; and he gave earnest of being disposed to make amends for any imputation of injustice that might be laid to his charge, arising from his irregular accession to the throne.

"The nation were indebted to him for provident statutes of lasting good; and he was alike a firm protector of the church, and strict in the administration of justice to the laity. He was a generous enemy, notwithstanding that he was an ill-requited friend; and that this his clemency and forbearance did not arise from personal fear, is evidenced by the intrepid bravery, undaunted courage, and contempt of danger, which even his enemies have perpetuated —

'He did a stately farewell take,
And, in his night of death, set like the sun;
For Richard in his West seem'd greater, than
When Richard shined in his meridian.
Three years he acted ill, these two hours well
And with unmeted resolution strove:
He fought as bravely as he justly fell,
As did the Capitol to Manlius prove,
So Bosworth did to him, the monument
Both of his glory and his punishment.'

"A close examination into the earliest records connected with his career will prove that, among all the heavy and fearful charges which are brought against him, few, if any, originate with his cotemporaries, but that the dark deeds which have rendered his name so odious were first promulgated as rumor, and admitted as such by Fabian, Polydore Virgil, and Sir Thomas More, in the reign of his successor; that they were multiplied in number, and less unhesitatingly fixed upon him by Grafton, Hall, and Hollinshed, during the ensuing reign; and that towards the close of the Tudor dynasty every modification being cast aside, they were recorded as historical truths by Lord Bacon, Sir

Richard Baker, and many others, and rendered yet more appalling by the moral and personal deformity with which King Richard was by that time invested by the aid of the drama. If, however, by a retrograde movement, these calumnies are found gradually to lessen one by one, and that the progress can be traced to no more copious sources than the evil fortune which overwhelmed King Richard at Bosworth, and gave the palm of victory to his rival,—if his administration, though brief, affords evidence of the sound views which influenced his conduct, and if, apart from fear and from jealousy of the baronial power, he resolutely pursued that system of domestic policy which he felt would ameliorate the condition of his people, and contribute to the prosperity of the country at large, then surely, as was observed at the opening of this memoir, it is time that justice was done him as a monarch, and that the strictest inquiry should be made into the measure of his guilt as a man. Time, indeed, as was further remarked, may not have softened the asperity with which a hostile faction delighted to magnify his evil deeds; but time, and the publication of cotemporary documents, have made known many redeeming qualities, have furnished proof of eminent virtue, and certified to such noble exemplary deeds as already suffice to rescue King Richard's memory from at least a portion of the aggravated crimes which have so long rendered his name odious, and inspired great doubts as to the truth of other accusations which rest on no more stable authority.

If Lord Bacon could panegyryze "his wholesome laws," and pronounce him "jealous for the honor of the English nation,"—if Grafton could so far eulogize his proceedings as to admit "that if he had continued lord protector, the realm would have prospered, and he would have been praised and beloved,"—if Polydore Virgil could speak in commendation of his "piety and benevolence," and laud "the good works which his sudden death alone rendered incomplete,"—if cotemporary writers testify to his noble conduct in the field, and the treachery that worked his destruction, and certify that before his accession he was so "loved and praised" that many would have "jeopardied life and goods with him,"—if the universities of Oxford and Cambridge perpetuate his love of letters, his patronage of the arts, and his munificence to these seminaries of learning,—and if the register of his public acts abounds in examples of liberality to the church, of equity, charity, beneficence and piety, surely every impartial mind, with reference to his long im-

puted but unsubstantiated crimes, must respond to the sentiments of the old poet,—

"Here leave his dust incorporate with mould :
He was a king, that challengeth respect."

True it is, that from the great distance of time in which he lived, some parts of his history must still rest upon reasoning and conjecture; and mystery will, probably, ever envelope many portions of his career, the destruction of original documents rendering impossible a close examination into several that rest on report alone; yet if so great an advance has already been made as the admission that the "personal monster whom More and Shakespeare exhibited has vanished," and that the restless habits resulting from a nervous temperament, and which have been made to indicate a Nero or Caligula, are shown to have been, not the result of a demoniacal temper, but the usual accompaniment of those impetuous feelings, and of that vivid rapidity of thought, which, seeing all things clearly, could not brook opposition, or, the unmanly subterfuge of double dealing, it is earnestly to be hoped, for the credit of our national history, for the honor of England and of her monarchs, that further discoveries, by throwing yet more light upon the dark and difficult times in which Richard III. flourished, will add to the proofs which already exist of his innocence as regards the great catalogue of crimes so long and so unjustly laid to his charge: and that thus his moral, equally with his personal, deformity may vanish under the bright influence of that searching examination into historical truth, that firm resolution of separating fact from fiction, which peculiarly characterize the present enlightened period.

"These philosophical views having already rescued his memory from one portion of the fabulous tales which have made him a by-word and reproach, to posterity, fair ground is open for belief that the day is not far distant when truth and justice will prevail over prejudice and long received opinion, and unite in discarding mere rumor and tradition for the recognition of facts that can be fully established, so that, the character and conduct of this prince being displayed in its true light, his actions dispassionately considered, and the verified details of his reign balanced against the unworthy motives attributed to him on no ground but surmise, atonement, however tardy, may at length be made to a monarch who, for three centuries and upwards, has been so unsparingly reviled, so bitterly calumniated, as

RICHARD THE THIRD.

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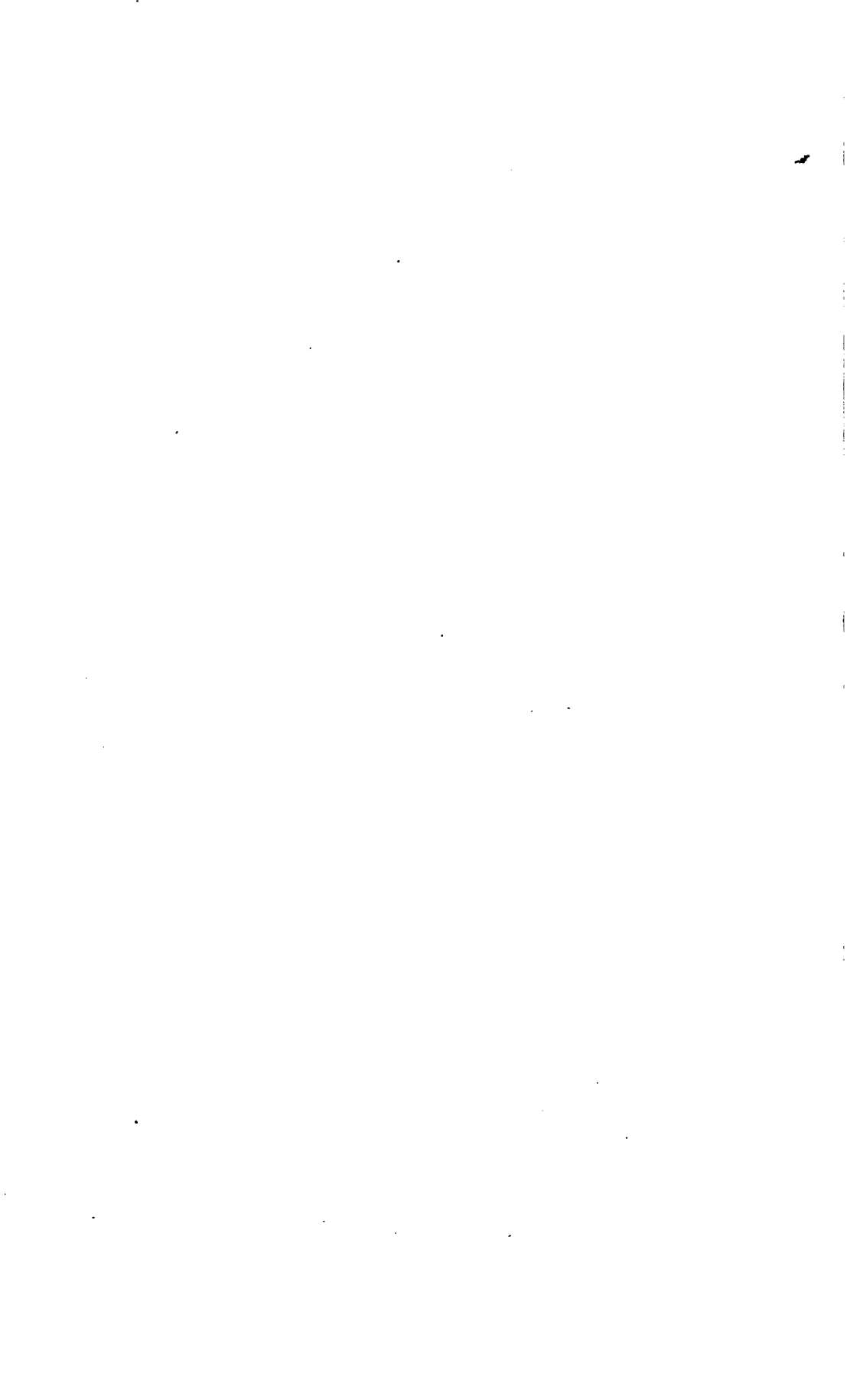
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was foremost, seized his horse's tail at the middle of the bridge, and pulled it off in her efforts to stay him.

"Tam O'Shanter" was the work of a single day. It was composed in a highly excited state of the imagination. The poet walked out to his favorite musing path, which led to the old tower of the Isle along Nithside, and was observed to walk hastily and mutter as he went. His wife knew by these signs that he was engaged in composition, and watched him from the window. At last wearying, and, moreover wondering at the unusual length of his meditations, she took her child with her, and went to meet him; but, as he seemed not to see her, she stepped aside among the broom to allow him to pass, which he did with a flushed brow, and dropping eyes, reciting a portion of the poem aloud.

"He embellished this wild tradition," says one of his biographers, "from fact as well as from fancy: along the road which Tam came on

that eventful night his memory supplied circumstances which prepared him for the strange sight at Alloway. A poor chopman had perished some winters before, in the snow: a murdered child had been found by some early hunters; a tipsy farmer had fallen from his horse at the expense of his neck, beside a "meikle stane:" and a melancholy old woman had hanged herself at the bush above the well, as the poem relates; all these matters the poet pressed into the service of his muse, and used them with a skill which adorns, rather than oppresses the legend. A pert lawyer from Dumfries objected to the language as obscure. 'Obscure, sir!' said Burns, 'you know not the language of that great master of your own art—the devil. If you had a witch for your client, you would not be able to manage her defence.'"

We give a fine cut, representing the ruins of Kirk Alloway, as they now appear. The old window, in which satan sat and piped to the witches, remains unbroken.

For Arthur's Magazine.

"I WILL HOPE CONTINUALLY."

"May the light of my life's day, like that of the morning, be an ascending one! Whether its beam shine through mists or through clear air is all one! if only the day increase, if only life brighten." Miss BAKER.



I WILL hope for ever! will hope on still,

Though the joys of life depart,
And its colder cares, like an ebbing
rill,

Roll back on my fearful heart.

I will say to pleasure—"Farewell awhile!—

O thou of the joy-bright brow,
Thou hast blessed me long with a loving smile,
But thy work is finished now."

And then in the strength of an earnest will,
I will hope for ever—will hope on still.

I will hope for ever, though pain and blight
O'er my pathway ceaseless roll,
For I know that His name is Love and Light
Who ruleth o'er the whole.

And it seemeth but little, in all the count,

What shadows are on our way,
So the light of our being shall only mount
To the pure and perfect day.
The purer and clearer if all be won,
For the clouds that cradled the early sun.

Bring pain and sadness with all their thorns,
I will drink the bitter cup,
So the light of my spirit be like the morn's—
For ever ascending up!
Be it hidden by earth-clouds, and dimmed with
tears,

Be its glory paled awhile,
If it only burst from the gloom at last
In the great All-Father's smile;
And come what may of woe to me,
I will hope through all, that this shall be.

H. M.

THROUGH all life's scenes—through weal and
wo,

Through days of mirth and sadness,
Where'er thy wandering footsteps go—

Oh! think how transient here below

Thy sorrow and thy gladness:
And watch thou ALWAYS, lest thou stray
From Him who points the heavenward way.

SELFISHNESS.

BY AN UTILITARIAN.

SELFISHNESS is the great bar to human excellence—the great impediment in the road of advancing civilization.—The glorious principle

which teaches to "do unto others as" we "would that they should do unto" us, is the only available weapon wherewith to contend successfully against this unhappy bias of our nature.

Selfishness displays itself in different ways. It is one of our most insidious foes—it gradually gains possession of all the outworks, and is ever alert to install itself in the citadel, in the very stronghold of our minds. It is Protean shaped, and comes upon us in every variety of form—appeals to all our foibles—flatters all our vanities, and is one of the most powerful and persevering enemies that poor frail humanity has to contend against. Few, very few there be, who struggle at all against it, and few indeed who have made any approach to victory over it. Selfishness so thoroughly hoodwinks us—makes us so perfectly blind—that the same facts appear different when applied to ourselves or others. That which in ourselves seems perfectly right, shocks our morality if coming from another. We expect concession and consideration, but do not deem it necessary to offer either. In fact, we expect that every one will act towards us as we would have him; but we do not think that it is equally necessary for us to treat others as we would be treated. In all our relations in life we exact too much, and yield too little. We have two pair of eyes, one to see what affects ourselves, the other to note that which appertains to our neighbors—two standards of rectitude. The justice enthroned upon our

minds is not blindfolded, she is troubled with obliquity of vision. Unfortunately, the few who have partially conquered this demon of our nature, are mere victims to their more selfish brethren. A man whose moral vision is sufficiently clear to see equally the mote and the beam, must either be a martyr, or, in self-defence, relapse into selfishness. He is imposed upon in every direction—his better qualities tempt the vicious to do him wrong.

It will be objected, that self-love is not injurious when under proper control; that it produces in man a desire to aggrandize and ennoble himself, that from such a desire spring all great actions, all scientific discoveries, all public benefits. Even granting that such results sometimes flow from such a source—how small, how few, how insignificant they are, compared with the huge mass of misery that is hourly endured through the operation of selfishness. It is to be doubted even whether such an objection is tangible—it is questionable whether any of the great scientific luminaries—any of the benefactors of their species, have thought of their own aggrandizement. Washington, to whom we are so deeply indebted, clearly did not. Sir Isaac Newton was directed in his search after knowledge by a perfect love for it,—Wilberforce struggled to ameliorate the lot of his fellow creatures from pure benevolence; and we cannot but think that all truly great men ever have had, and ever will have, a very considerable disregard of public opinion. They must have a standard of excellence at which they seek to arrive—a general good which they desire to accomplish, totally apart and freed from any personal consideration. Selfishness in its worst degree is the invariable accompaniment of narrowed intellect, while the most enlightened and cultivated minds are ever the most free from worldly mindedness.

Let us struggle, then, to conquer this enemy to our peace. The selfish man is never happy; he is everlastingly in trouble, continually think

ing that he has been injured, or is in danger of being imposed upon. Let us turn this meddling disturber of our happiness out of our homes—out from our minds. Let us not only endeavor to free our own minds from the monster, but strive likewise to remove it from that of others, especially in all those who look up to us for guidance and direction, and who profit from, or suffer by our example. In affecting an object, no individual is so humble as not to have the means of aiding it in his own sphere,—each individual has a circle in which his or her example, will produce good or evil. Females—mothers more especially so. Let them lend their aid to the good object of chastening our selfishness,—let them bear in mind the important fact, that the germs of a child's disposition are formed under their care, that it is in their power to weed the infant garden under their charge, to eradicate the weeds, and tend and cultivate the flowers—to destroy the tares, and nourish the wheat under their fostering care, until it ripen

and spread blessings wherever it is laid. Our characters are formed in our infancy—one of the greatest living philosophers has asserted that a child learns more between the ages of two and five than all the rest of its life. During that period, the child is entirely under the control of its mother, and it is an acknowledged fact that all eminent men have had maternal relatives of no ordinary character and ability.

We must bear in mind one important fact, that in order to check selfishness in others, it is necessary to crush it in ourselves. Like loadstones, our feelings call into existence similar ones in others—anger excites anger—selfishness calls out selfishness—and our benevolence cannot fail to call into existence benevolent feelings in those around us. Let us then cultivate benevolence, aided by the cheering thought that every bad feeling crushed, and every good one nourished, not only tends to enoble our own minds, but will ultimately benefit mankind, and advance the progress of universal civilization.

For Arthur's Magazine.

HEAVENLY MUSIC.

"If the music of earth is so sweet, what must be the music of heaven, when all the heavenly hosts unite their voices—ten thousand upon ten thousand."



FROM the lowly flower to the house
of prayer

The voice of music is every where ;
"T is felt in the breath of the waken'd
rose,—

'T is heard where the deep blue water
flows,—

In the breeze-struck tones of the leafy tree,

In the thronging waves of the swelling sea,—

'T is heard in the grove where the wild birds throng,—

The heart is fill'd with the power of song !

It has made the cell like a forest bower,

And the bed of death has felt its power ;

The human voice hath bid it bless

And the heart responds to its holiness.

Let music speak, and our pride relents,

At the sound of its voice-like instruments ;

And passion is stilled as it floats along,—

The heart is filled with the power of song !

O then, if such music to earth be given,

How sweet to the soul must be that of heaven ;

Where the angels join in a countless throng,

To praise the Glory of God in song !

My soul ! how long will this prison clay

Confine thy longings for flight away,

To tune thy voice in praise with them,

And bathe in the light of His Diadem ?

MARY.

THE CLOUD.

A CLOUD lay cradled near the setting sun,

A gleam of crimson tinged its braided snow :

Long had I watched the glory moving on,

O'er the still radiance of the lake below :

Tranquil its spirit seemed, and floated slow,

E'en in its very motion there was rest,

While every breath of eve that chanced to blow,

Wafted the traveller to the beauteous west.

Emblem, methought, of the departed soul,

To whose white robe the gleam of bliss is given,

And by the breath of mercy made to roll

Right onward to the golden gates of heaven,

While to the eye of faith it peaceful lies,

And tells to man his glorious destinies.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

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some one of the articles included in this number, as he has been compelled to lay over many that he wished to insert, in order to give place to his remarks on literary and other matters; but he was unwilling to leave out any one of the excellent papers that now grace its pages, and preferred saying less himself, believing that his contributors could speak to more purpose. In this, the reader will doubtless agree with him.

In making up the opening number of a new volume, we have studied to present a fair specimen of what our magazine will be throughout the year. We think we may safely say, that not a single number will be inferior in interest; many we are sure will be still more attractive. Our resources are ample, our affections in our work, and our control over its pages entire. These are absolutely necessary in order to attain any degree of excellence; with these, we know that we can fulfil every promise here made.

Of the articles in this number, we would particularly call attention to "The Woodcutter," a fine German story, from that admirable writer Caroline Pichler. Professor Frost's paper on "Richard the Third" will strike almost every reader with surprise. He will hardly credit the fact that Shakespeare's portrait of this king is as unlike the original as can well be imagined. It will be almost impossible for him to realize the fact, that Richard the Third was a man well formed, and elegant in his person, courteous in his bearing, and honorably spoken of by all cotemporary writers. And yet, this seems to be the real truth. "The Sewing Society" is well done. It would be a grave face indeed, that did not open into a smile at the account given of what was done at one of the sittings. The view taken of the subject is the right one. Such hits will do good, even if they are felt, in certain quarters to be rather hard. "What Shall I do?" a temperance sketch from our own hand, is an article that we must be excused for

mentioning. In it, we have endeavored to show what is the true foundation on which the "reformed man" must base his hope of being sustained to the end. Many who have taken the pledge, have, alas! violated their solemn contract with their fellow men, and gone back to their old habits; and many who still hold on faithfully, are, at times sorely tempted, and are led, in very bitterness of spirit, amid these temptations, to exclaim "What shall I do?" The answer to that earnest question, we have endeavored to give. We hope every reformed man will read it. We are sure that it will do him good. Other articles we might specify, but it is needless; all will be found excellent. Our poetical contributors have done well. The number contains many gems. We present it to our readers with confidence.

THE AMERICAN WOMAN.—A weekly paper with this title has recently been started in our city, published and edited by ladies. We have looked through a few numbers, and find that it is conducted with vigor and ability—*masculine* vigor, we might almost have said, notwithstanding its rather low opinion of the masculine mind, as exhibited in the current literary productions, of our country. Certain it is, that "The American Woman" is edited with no mean ability, and it is also certain that it cuts right and left at the "lords of creation" who rule in the literary world, with a keen edged and glittering Damascus blade. Some of its thrusts are well made, and strike home in the right quarters. Fearless and independent it has begun, and fearless and independent may it continue. But, let it not waste too much time in exposing the glaring deficiencies on our side, but, rather strive to develop its own truth, power, and beauty. Let us find in it the sweet odor of the rose and violet, rather than the thistle's sting. Woman's influence upon society is strongest when it comes in gentle and affectionate incentives to virtuous actions—when it shows forth the purity of truth and the beauty of goodness. But, if she chide too strongly, or sneer too bitterly, her end will rarely be attained. We find enough of this among our own sex, and can bear it but ill from them; but when we see beautiful woman's lip disfigured by a sneer, we turn away with regret. She has lost her power over us! The talented ladies who preside over the columns of the "American Woman," will pardon us for these remarks. They truly express the feelings awakened by a perusal of some of their articles, and we utter them with the freedom that we hope they will speak of our work, if they should feel called upon to do so. To the enterprise, we wish the most perfect success

Let American women subscribe for it, and write for it, and stamp upon it the true character of their sex, that it may bear with it wherever it goes, a healthy influence.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The works of the Rev. William Jay, of Argyle Chapel, Bath, comprising matter not heretofore presented to the American public. In three vols. New York, Harper & Brother.

These are bulky volumes, containing sermons, daily reflections, biographical sketches, &c. Mr. Jay is a man of piety, benevolence, and ability; although so eccentric as frequently to appear of widely different character. His writings are of necessity more interesting to those of his own religious persuasion than to the general reader; yet there is much food for thought in them, and many passages wherein striking and original views are displayed that must please and interest all classes of readers. Mr. Jay's mind is analytical, and his analysis of any subject is sure to be rigorously scrutinizing. In a preface to the biography of a friend, Rev. C. Winter, after showing the advantages of biography in general, the author goes on to inquire what particular kind is most useful, and takes occasion to object to distinguished characters as unfitted to excite emulation and imitation from the fact of there being little hope to ordinary personages of getting into similar situations in life. He then adds a truth that we think cannot be too widely spread. "Neither," says he "are eccentric characters the best suited to instruct and impress. These can be easily made to awaken notice, and therefore their lives are often written and greedily read, but, as the former subject cannot be imitated, so these ought not. Eccentricity is sometimes found connected with genius, but it does not coalesce with true wisdom. Hence men of the first order of intellect have never betrayed it; and hence also men of secondary talents drop it as they grow wiser; and are satisfied to found their consequences on real and solid excellency, not on peculiarity and extravagance. They are content to awaken regard, and obtain applause by the rectitude and gratefulness of their going, rather than to make passengers stare and laugh by leaping over the wall, or tumbling along the road. True greatness is serious: trifling is beneath its dignity. We are more indebted to the regular, sober, constant course of the sun, than to the glare of the comet: the one indeed occupies our papers, but the other enriches our fields and gardens; we gaze at the strangeness of the one, but we live by the influence of the other."

We regret that our space will not allow of further extracts from this admirable chapter, which abounds in passages equally clear and forcible. In the present rage for biographical writings, Mr. Jay's essay on that order of composition, may be read with advantage.

"*Tales from the German.*" "*The Natural History of Courtship,*" "*The Physiology of the London Medical Student,*" by Punch; "*Attilla,*" by James, and a troop of other cheap publications may be used for amusement, not unmixed with instruction,

provided the perusing bee can extract the honey. Books to men, should be like flowers to the bee; none so worthless but that some good may be gleaned from them.

"*Littell's Living Age,*" has reached the twenty-seventh number. Its rapidly increasing circulation may be considered the surest proof of its continued excellence. At any rate, it is the most satisfactory proof that can be afforded to the publishers, and we sincerely hope that it may continue to increase in proportion to the merits of the book, feeling sure that in such a case, its circulation will be immense.

Harper's Pictorial Bible, and Howitt's Illustrated Shakespeare, and Tales from Shakespeare are continued in their usual style of elegance and beauty. The same is true of E. Ferrett, & Co.'s fine edition of MRS. S. C. HALL's *Sketches of Irish Character*. Of this last work the New York Tribune says.—"It is one of the finest specimens of printing that we have ever seen. Of the sketches themselves, it is unnecessary to speak, since they are universally acknowledged to be among the most attractive to be found in the language."

A History of Greece, by Right Rev. Connop Thirlwall, Lord Bishop of St. David's. New York, Harper & Brother, 1844.

This work appeared originally in Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia in 8 volumes (cost \$16). It is now printed in 8 numbers at 25 cts. each. It is universally admitted by European critics to be the ablest and most learned history of Greece which has ever appeared. Mitford's was written with tory prejudices. This work is liberal, and does justice to the Grecian republics.

A Treatise on the forces which produce the organization of plants. With an appendix, containing several memoirs on capillary attraction, electricity, and the chemical action of light. By John William Draper, M. D. Professor of Chemistry in the University of New York. Harper & Brothers, 1844.

The title of this work will at once attract the attention of scientific men. It is elegantly printed in quarto form, and contains over two hundred pages of reading matter. It is a valuable addition to that branch of literature to which it belongs.

The Philosophy of Rhetoric, by George Campbell, D. D., F. R. S. Edin. Principal of the Marshall College, Aberdeen. A new edition with the author's last additions and corrections. New York. Harper & Brothers.

This book is worthy the attention of all who desire to improve their style of speaking and writing. The author expresses himself with clearness, and furnishes an abundance of hints to those engaged in literary pursuits. If our writers would study more carefully than they do works of this kind, we should have fewer offences against the English language than now occur. The volume is handsomely got up, as are all books by the Harpers. All the above works for sale by E. Ferrett & Co.

BOOKS FOR CHILDREN.—From Messrs. J. H. Carter & Co. of Boston, we have received several excellent juvenile books in addition to those which were noticed in our November number. All the children's books that are published by this house, are got up under the direct supervision of Mr. Samuel Colman, to whom the little folks have been indebted for the last few years for some of their choicest holiday presents. To know that he has issued a juvenile book, is always a sufficient recommendation. It is sure to be beautiful without and attractive within.

• Those that we have received from Messrs. Carter & Co. are

The Pretty Alphabet for good children, forming No. 4 of Aunt Mary's Library for Little Folks.

This is a neat little affair, and will sell freely:

The Floweret, a Gift of Love. By Anna Maria Wells, is also one of the numbers of Aunt Mary's Library, and is composed of attractive poems for the young:

Little Thomas. By Mrs. Barbauld, forms one of the numbers in the same series. As does also *Little Maria.* By Mrs. Barbauld:

Useful Stories for Little Folks is excellent:

Poems for Little Folks, is also good:

New Stories for Little Girls, edited by Miss Colman, is very neatly embellished, and bound up in fine colored muslin with gilt stamps and gilt edges. The merit of these stories lies in the fact, that they inculcate goodness, and thus aid the earnest efforts of parents to cultivate right affections in the minds of their children.

The Child's Gem for 1845. Edited by Mrs. S. Colman.—The elegant binding of this little volume fitly encloses and decorates the fine-toned stories within. Many of these last are of the true stamp, and teach not only love and obedience to parents, but that filial "fear of the Lord," which "is the beginning of wisdom."

For such juvenile books as the above, every parent must feel deeply indebted to the publishers. Most freely do we recommend them to notice, and endorse them as good. All of them are for sale at E. Ferrett & Co.'s store, 101 Chestnut street, where a fine assortment of annuals, gift books, and juveniles will be found.

Kriss Kringle's Christmas Tree, Philadelphia, E. Ferrett & Co. This is one among the most beautiful gift books for children that have appeared this season. It is full of attractive stories and little poems, just suited for the young folks, and has plenty of pictures and every thing to make it attractive. We have read it through and know it to be a good book, as it is a very handsome one.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

We enter upon our new volume, with a determination not to be surpassed in beauty of typography or artistical embellishment, by any cotemporary. This is our business as publishers, and we shall look well to it. The literary department of our work is in the hands of one who will take care that every article published is good. In this we rest, mainly, our claims to public favor. Pictures and external

attractions are nothing, without food for the mind that is nourishing, piquant, and healthy. Beauty and excellence shall ever be our aim. The commendation our work has received from all quarters, acts as a stimulant to renewed exertions. We shall strive hard to merit the approbation so freely bestowed.

☞ We would refer to the advertisement of Mrs. Hall's admirable SKETCHES OF IRISH CHARACTER, to be found on the cover. It is a work of great beauty. A specimen number will be sent to any one who will write us free of postage.

PREMIUMS.—To any one who will obtain for our magazine three subscribers, with the money (\$6) in advance, we will send Mrs. Hall's beautiful work, now appearing in numbers. Or, the same premium will be given for a club of seven subscribers to the magazine, and \$10. Or, for \$5 sent free of postage, two copies of the magazine will be sent, and one copy of Mrs. Hall's Sketches.

OUR PLATES FOR THE PRESENT MONTH.—This number contains two superb plates—Joan of Arc and the Bridge of Doon, besides one of the most beautiful title pages that has yet appeared in any magazine. "Good wine needs no bush." A bad plate requires a little bolstering up—a few kind words said in its favor, in order that those to whom it is presented may not turn from it with displeasure. But such engravings as this number contains need no formal and apologetic introduction. They carry in their face their own warm welcome.

OTHER EMBELLISHMENTS.—The handsome vignette and ornamental letter with which this number opens, we are sure will please our readers. They are neat and appropriate. The Monument to Joan of Arc at Rouen is well engraved, and forms a very attractive embellishment; the same may be said of the Ruins of Kirk Alloway. Besides these, the number of beautiful initial letters that grace the pages of our work, and will continue to grace them throughout the volume, cannot fail to gratify every reader of taste. All who take this magazine may depend upon the publishers doing every thing to give it all the literary interest, and artistic beauty that lie in their power.

ORIGINAL VIEWS OF WESTERN SCENERY.—We have engaged an artist of much talent to furnish us with a series of pictures of Western Scenery, from which we shall have engravings made for our magazine. These views will be of places interesting in the history of the West, or remarkable for their great beauty.

NEW VIEWS OF NIAGARA.—Besides the views of Western Scenery, we have contracted with the same artist, who spent two months at the Falls of Niagara, and sketched views of it from more than thirty different positions with great accuracy, for three pictures of the Falls, the most spirited of any we have yet seen. These will be speedily engraved for our magazine. Two of them are already finished and ready for the engraver.

ARTHUR'S MAGAZINE.

FEBRUARY, 1845.



For Arthur's Magazine.

THE MONEY DIGGER.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"W^{OULD} you ever see a finer farm than this?" said a man named Harvey, as he leaned upon a fence, and looked over a broad field of wheat, nearly ready for the sickle. He spoke to a neighbor with whom he had been to an adjacent town on business.

"The best in the district, Harvey. If I were worth the money, I'd give Peterson fifty dollars an acre for it to-morrow."

"There are four hundred acres. That would be twenty thousand dollars."

"Yes. And it would be cheap at that."

"Peterson farms it well."

"Yes. But I understand as much about farming as he does, and a little more too. Give me the soil that he has, and I'll make crops at least one third larger, or I'm mistaken."

"I do n't know exactly what I could do in the way of increasing the yield, but I do know, that I would consider myself a rich man if I owned Peterson's farm."

This remark was made by Harvey, as he lifted his arms from the top rail of the fence, half-sighing, involuntarily, as he did so, and stepped back into the road. The neighbors walked along, and talked about the farm they had just been looking over, until their ways separated, and each returned to his own home.

"That's a splendid farm of Peterson's," remarked Harvey to his wife, as he sat balancing his spoon, with a thoughtful air, on the edge of a cup, after finishing his supper that evening. I only wish that I was its owner."

"Won't Peterson sell?"

"Not at a price to suit me."

"What is it worth?"

"Twenty dollars an acre at least."

"Humph!"

"And mine is n't really worth eight dollars. I was taken in most shamefully in the purchase. One half of my meadow land is too wet for any kind of a profitable crop."

Mrs. Harvey seeing that her husband's mind was fretted, did not encourage a continuance of the subject, but sought to change it. In this she was not successful. A musing silence on the part of both was soon the consequence.

Half an hour after tea farmer Peterson dropped in to chat a little. Crops, stock, &c. formed the themes of conversation. Then the subject took a more general range.

"I had a very curious dream last night," remarked Harvey, during an interval of silence.

"Ah! What was it?" asked Peterson, who was a man of lively imagination and sanguine temperament.

"I dreamed that there was a large amount of money buried under an old, half-decayed tree, overhanging a bank. I saw the spot, and the tree in my dream. I know them well enough, but for my life, cannot find the place. I have been all over my farm to day; not that I believe at all in dreams, but because I had n't much to do and felt a little curious; but I can't make out the spot. I think I must have seen it on your farm, or that of friend Elwell's, perhaps."

"Do you remember exactly how the place looked?" asked Peterson, with affected indifference.

"O yes! I see it before me, now, as distinctly as I see that old chair by the fire place. A kind of bank, like a road, ran along the edge of a piece of meadow land; above this there was a considerable hill. Bending over this bank stood a very old chestnut tree, partly decayed above and at the root. It was not a great distance from the river, and seemed in-

deed, a fitting place for some freebooter to hide away his ill-gotten wealth."

"Such things have been done."

"O yes. I remember very well," returned Harvey, "hearing my father relate a money digging adventure in which he was once engaged, and which proved successful. An earthen pot, containing gold coins a century old, was discovered, after a search of several days."

"How much was in it?" asked Peterson, with ill-concealed interest.

"Oh, about ten thousand dollars, I believe; there were three of them to share the booty."

"How do you suppose it came there?"

"Captain Kidd."

"No!"

"So it was thought."

"Was it any where about here?"

"Yes. It was some where on this very farm, which my father owned, and which he was enabled to retain by paying off a heavy mortgage with the cash that came into his hands so opportunely."

"He was certainly very fortunate. But did he not endeavor to discover more buried treasures?"

"Yes. He spent a good deal of time in digging about in various places, but with no more good luck. I, his son, think it more profitable to plough than dig. There are hid treasures in the earth more valuable than gold, and I find them every year at harvest time."

As Peterson went home that evening, he could think of nothing else but his neighbor's dream. That night he dreamed that a dark, fierce looking man came to him, with sword by his side, and pistols in his belt and beckoned him to follow. He did so, and was taken to the very spot which Harvey had described. There his guide, who assumed an air of angry authority, ordered him to dig. He obeyed, and soon his spade was among glittering coin, which he was told he might carry home and use as his own pleasure might dictate. The surprise and joy that this occasioned, awoke him. He could not again sleep.

Early in the morning he got up and walked out. He did not remember any spot on his own farm that answered the description given him by Harvey; but he had a faint recollection of having seen something like it on his neighbor's place. He, therefore, crossed his own fences, and began to explore the land of his neighbor, situated at some distance from his dwelling.

"The very spot!" he ejaculated, pausing, suddenly, as he sprang from a piece of elevated ground upon the bank or artificial road described by Harvey.

His heart beat violently, and for a few moments he felt almost like suffocating. Then he became so weak that he had to sit down close to the root of the old chestnut tree.

"There is money here, just as sure as my name is Peterson!" he said to himself, gazing upon the exact spot he had seen in his dream. It was with difficulty that he could restrain himself from digging down with a stick, or any thing that came first to hand, and securing the golden treasure. Prudence, however, held him back for the present. Some one might come along and discover what he was at. Resolving to wait until night, and then visit the place alone, properly prepared for doing the work of discovery successfully, he hurried home, taking a very circuitous route, lest his neighbor should see him, and suspect the motive that had led him to walk over his premises so early in the morning.

That night, after all were in bed and asleep, Peterson stole quietly from the side of his slumbering wife, and, dressing himself in silence, left his chamber. With a spade in one hand, and a lantern, covered so as to conceal the light within, he took his way, accompanied only by a favorite dog, in whose discretion he had confidence, towards the place where the money he expected to find lay buried. There was a full moon in the sky, though it was now and then concealed by heavy masses of dark clouds, from which came an occasional low peal of thunder, that, spite of his firmness, caused Peterson's heart to shrink with something of fear in his bosom. Heretofore, he had thought but little of the superstitious legends related in connection with money digging. But now, visions of the restless spirits who were said to be the guardians of buried treasures, arose in his mind. One story and another, heard when but a boy, came back vividly upon his mind, and half-unnerved his manly reason that had rejected such silly tales.

At length he arrived at the spot. All was silent as death. Now the whole scene was lit up by the broad white rays of the moon, and now, suddenly, all was dark and obscure, as a swiftly gliding cloud covered the brilliant disk of night's chaste queen. These rapid changes, passing over the face of nature, and as rapidly reflected upon the mind of Peterson, unnerved him to such a degree, that he trembled from head to foot. But his desire for the gold buried beneath his feet was strong, stronger than his supernatural fears.

Searching out, with the aid of his lantern, the exact spot he had marked during the preceding day, he let the edge of his spade fall

upon the ground, and placing his foot upon it, was about driving it, with a strong muscular effort, into the earth, when a loud, unearthly cry, or scream, suddenly filled the air. His spade fell from his hand, and his dog pressed close up to him, giving utterance to a low growl.

"Fool! fool that I am!" he said, regaining his spade, "to be frightened by a screeching owl."

A large stone, thrown into the old tree that bent over the spot, dislodged the night bird, and then the search for gold commenced. Three hours were spent in earnest, but unsuccessful toil. His spade chinked among no rusty coin, nor crushed into fragments no sacred money jar. Wearied and disappointed, he at length abandoned his labor and returned home. It was near day light when nature yielded, and sleep stole over his senses. But his excited imagination represented the money digging scene. He still toiled with spade and pick-axe, but was more successful. Gold in rich abundance glittered at his feet—he was gathering it up joyfully, when the hand of his wife roused him from his prolonged slumber, into real consciousness.

It was towards the middle of the day that Harvey strolled over to that part of his farm which had been the scene of his neighbor's midnight operations. He did not seem very much surprised at what he saw, nor altogether displeased at the evidences of hard labor that were apparent. He kicked over, carelessly, a few clods, muttered something in an under tone, ejaculated "humph! humph!" with something like a self-satisfied chuckle, and then walked away. For about half the distance to his house, his steps were slow, and his face thoughtful. Suddenly something seemed to occur to his mind of a pleasing character, for he struck his hands together, and said, half-aloud—

"I'll do it!"

He reached home in a very few minutes, and went up into his room, where he remained for some time, and then came down, and walked away with a quick, earnest pace.

That night Peterson again visited the spot where he had seen so much gold in his dream, and again commenced digging. He had been thus engaged for about half an hour, when his spade struck something that gave a metallic sound. He was instantly all in a tremor, and dug down more earnestly, examining carefully each spade-full that was thrown up.

Did his eyes deceive him? No! Two or three pieces of gold glittered in the strong moonlight! The treasure was found! The dream was true!

Eagerly, now, he toiled, but nothing more was found that night. Enough, however, had come to light to satisfy him, that he had not been laboring in vain—that buried treasures were there, and would soon be his. Night after night Peterson returned to dig for gold. Every now and then a single old coin would be found, but no money jar had yet come to light—no iron bound chest, concealing millions of treasure. Still, the few coins that he had turned up, satisfied him that immense quantities of money were buried in the vicinity.

It was about the fifth or sixth day after he had commenced his search for gold, that Peterson called in to see the owner of the ground on which he had been digging. After some conversation of a general character, Harvey remarked:

"That 's a very fine farm of your's."

"Yes," was replied. "But it has to be well worked to get any thing out of it."

"No doubt of that; and you are the one to work it well."

"I believe I can manage a farm about as well as any one in these parts," returned Peterson, with a feeling of pride.

"How would you like to exchange with me? What would you ask to boot, acre for acre."

"Well, I do n't know," said Peterson, a little surprised at finding his own thought of exchanging farms, anticipated in expression by Harvey.

"What do you think your land worth?"

"Fifty dollars."

"That is high."

"Not for such land. Forty and fifty bushels of wheat to the acre are easily made on it. I do it every year. What do you ask for your's?"

"It ought to bring as much. It lies contiguous to your land, and the soil is similar in character."

"It is not so good; and cannot be made to produce as large crops."

"I do n't know—I believe it might," said Harvey. "At least I should not be willing to exchange farms, if the thing were seriously proposed, on any other terms than acre for acre."

Nothing more definite passed between the parties at this interview. After Peterson had gone away, a peculiar self-complacent smile settled on the face of Harvey, that had in it an expression of sinister triumph.

Peterson, whose nightly absence could not be concealed from his wife, had fully informed her of its cause, and had even succeeded in inspiring her with the same wild hopes that animated his own bosom, by displaying a number of old fashioned gold coins already found.

"I believe," he remarked to her one day, "that the place where I have been digging is not the only one upon Harvey's farm where gold lies buried. Money has been found upon it before. I am half tempted to make an offer to exchange with him. My farm is worth a great deal more as a producing farm; but his is infinitely more valuable for its buried treasures."

The wife neither assented nor objected to this. Her silence was felt to be an approval by the half crazed husband, who, from that moment, seriously determined to make an effort to get possession of Harvey's farm, even if he had to give his own for it, which was really worth three or four times as much.

That night he dug for five hours without success. He had intended, on the next day, to make a straight forward proposition to Harvey, but this night of lost labor made him hesitate. Harvey threw himself in his way during the morning, in the hope that he would do so, for he had seen enough to satisfy him that matters were verging towards this issue. But Peterson was not as much inclined for the bargain as he had hoped. He talked about it, but would not come to the point.

The work of eight or ten nights showed rather conspicuously, but Peterson was sure that Harvey had not yet discovered what he was about, for no allusion was made by him to an excavation that must have struck him as very singular, had it fallen under his eye—so singular that he could not have helped speaking about it. For three days he had not visited the scene of his labors, in the day time. A few hours after parting with Harvey, his inclinations lead him to go to the spot that had for him more interest than any other spot on the earth. The approach was from above. As he came to the brow of the rising ground that overlooked it, he was surprised to see Harvey digging there with a spade. Instantly his heart sunk in his bosom. All was discovered, and now the owner of the land would claim the treasure as his own. So powerful was the reaction of his feelings, occasioned by this sudden discovery, that he staggered up against a tree, and leaned, panting and weak as a child, against it.

Recovering himself a little, he began to watch the movements of Harvey with an interest all alive. He had done so only a little while, when a change came over him. First his face became flushed—then pale, and then flushed again. Quietly, then, retiring, he left the ground, and returned home, in a thoughtful, sober mood.

Early after tea, Harvey called in to see him.

"Good evening! good evening, neighbor



Peterson," he said, in a lively tone, as he entered.

"Good evening, Mr. Harvey! How do you find yourself?"

"O, very well. I thought I would just drop in to say that I would like to see you to-morrow morning, pretty early. I have had an offer for my farm to-day; and I feel half inclined to take it. But, as you and I have had some talk about an exchange, I thought we had better settle that matter, yea or nay, so that there could be no hard feelings afterward.

"Ah, indeed! you've had an offer! Who from?"

"Mr. Edgar."

"What is he willing to give?"

"He offers forty dollars."

"Does he, indeed. Then take my advice and let him have it."

"But, Mr. Peterson, I thought you would like to exchange farms with me," said Harvey, with a sudden look of disappointment.

"Oh, no. I have no such desire."

"But you certainly spoke of it a few days ago."

"Yes. But——" there was a meaning pause.

"But what, Mr. Peterson?"

"You let the hook show through the bait."

"I do n't understand you."

"You didn't salt your land freely enough with old gold."

"Mr. Peterson!"

"Mr. Harvey!"

"Explain yourself."

"How much gold have you sown under the old chestnut tree?"

Harvey started to his feet, in confusion, looked his interlocutor in the face with a burning cheek for nearly a minute, and then turning away, glided from the house.

To this day, he cannot bear the steady glance of his neighbor's eye. Peterson still retains his fine farm, and makes the best crops in the neighborhood. He is completely cured of money digging, preferring much more to drive the plough, than handle the spade or pick-axe.

For Arthur's Magazine.

CALANTHA.

(See Plate.)



HER lip hath forgotten its
tones of mirth,
'Neath the shade of the
vine, by the fire-lit
hearth,
And a sign of sadness is
on her brow,
Where the light of laugh-
ter hath dwelt till now;

And music, sweet music, hath lost its spell—
Even the lute she loved so well.

Gentle Calantha! thy downcast gaze
Waketh a vision of other days;
Lift up thy speaking eyes to mine,
Let the warmth of thy spirit in love outshine;
Fling off thy vision of shadowy pain,
Be the Calantha of old again.

White-brow'd Calantha! thou bearest a spell,
That words in their weakness may never tell:

The sunshine falleth more rich, more fair.
On the golden mesh of thy clustered hair
And thy forehead weareth the radiance bright,
That springs from the glow of an inward light

Meek-eyed Calantha! thy dreamy grace
Accordeth well with thy thoughtful face;
Lovely—as clouds in the sunset even,
Pure—as a poet's dream of heaven,
Peaceful as thoughts of an infant's sleep,
And gentle as showers the night-dews weep.

Lady Calantha! the streams rejoice
And the valleys echo the well-loved voice,
The sun-light leapeth from hill to hill
And the vine-leaves glow with its kisses still;
Come where they treasure their glorious store,
And thy gentle heart shall be sad no more.

E. M.

For Arthur's Magazine.

THE POETRY OF ELIZA COOK.

BY H. D. C.

ELIZA COOK'S poetry is, for beauty of thought and expression, unsurpassed, perhaps, by that of any female writer in the present day. This has caused her productions to be

universally read and admired both in England and our own country. In her writings, we see none of that unnatural effort to rise into the abstract and intangible, so apparent in not a few of our modern poets, who have become stricken with the mania of transcendentalism. Her themes are selected from real life, and she beautifies them with a graceful ease, and illustrates them with a force of language that captivates the reader from the moment of his first introduction to her.

She takes the most familiar things, and gives them a life and beauty not apparent to the common observer. She wakens up old memories that have slumbered long, and revives thoughts and feelings that make us forget the real present in the long buried and almost forgotten past.

The "Old Arm Chair," has touched many a heart with sympathetic sorrow, and her "Harvest Song," proclaiming the golden abundance of nature, has increased still more the joy of even the rudest husbandman, while reaping the reward of honest toil. She thus addresses herself to the hearts of her readers, by selecting subjects which are familiar and congenial to them, and though these are often taken from amongst the commonest objects, she makes them beautiful from the garland of poesy she entwines around them.

One of her greatest merits consists in collect-

ing together, apparently, the rudest materials and weaving them into the most beautiful textures of thought, while she manifests, at the same time, that *truth* and generous warmth of feeling which always appeals to the heart.

The following extracts from the "Old Farm Gate" will illustrate our meaning :

" 'T was here, where the miller's son paced to and fro,
When the moon was above and the glow-worms
below ;

Now pensively leaning, now twirling his stick,
While the moments grew long and his heart-throbs
grew quick.

Why, why did he linger so restlessly there,
With church-going vestment and sprucely combed
hair ?

He loved, oh ! he loved, and had promised to wait
For the one he adored, at the old farm gate."

" 'T was here where the urchins would gather to
play

In the shadows of twilight or sunny mid day
For the stream running nigh, and the hillocks of sand
Were temptations no dirt-loving rogue could with-
stand.

But to swing on the gate-rails, to clamber and ride,
Was the utmost of pleasure, of glory and pride ;
And the car of the victor or carriage of state
Never carried such hearts as the old farm gate."

" 'T is well to pass portals, where pleasure and fame
May come winging our moments and gilding our name,
But give me the joy and the freshness of mind,
When, away on some sport—the old gate slammed
behind.

I've listened to music, but none that could speak
In such tones to my heart, as the teeth-setting creak
That broke on my ear, when the night had worn late,
And the dear ones came home, through the 'old
farm-gate.'

" Oh ! fair is the barrier taking its place,
But it darkened a picture my soul longed to trace,
I sigh to behold the rough staple and hasp
And the rails that my growing hand scarcely could
clasp.

Oh! how strangely the warm spirit grudges to part
With the commonest relic, once linked to the heart!
And the brightest of fortune—the kindest fate
Would not banish my love for the old farm gate."

But it is not in this species of poetry, alone,
that she excels; although her productions are
oftener, than otherwise, of this character. That
she possesses a keenness of discrimination and
satire which is uncommonly rare even amongst
the best writers, combined, when she chooses,
with almost masculine vigor of language, is
evident from the following lines which we
extract from

"NATURE'S GENTLEMAN."

"Whom do we dub as gentleman? The knave, the
fool, the brute—
If they but own full tithes of gold, and wear a courtly
suit!

The parchment scroll of titled line, the ribband at
the knee,

Can still suffice to ratify and grant such high degree:
But nature, with her matchless hand, sends forth *her*
nobly born,

And laughs the paltry attributes of wealth and rank to
scorn;

She moulds with care a spirit rare, half human, half
divine,

And cries, exulting, 'Who can make a gentleman
like mine?'"

"The orphan child, the friendless one, the luckless or
the poor,

Will never meet his spurning frown, nor leave his
bolted door;

His kindred circles all mankind, his country all the
globe—

An honest name his *jewelled* star, and truth his er-
mine robe!"

"Though few of such may gem the earth, yet such
rare gems there are

Each shining in its hallowed sphere, as virtue's polar
star.

Though human hearts too oft are found all gross,
corrupt, and dark,

Yet, yet some bosoms breathe and burn; lit by Pro-
methean spark,

There are some spirits nobly just, unwarped by pelf
or pride,

Great in the calm, but greater still when dashed by
adverse tide,—

They hold the rank no king can give, no station can
disgrace,

Nature puts forth *her* gentleman, and monarchs must
give place."

The spirit which pervades these extracts is
truly noble. She boldly denies the validity of
all titles which birth or conventional rules
bestow, unless sustained by true mental and
moral worth. In another short effusion she

attacks the selfish avarice of the world
which so often rules even affection, and all
the gentler attributes of our nature,—though
she does this in a different way, holding the
vice which has been called the "prevailing pas-
sion of man," in the light of ridicule. The
story is, that Cupid finding his arrow unavailing,
it being unable to penetrate a single heart,
notwithstanding

"'T was feathered with ringlets which Venus might
wear,

And the barb gleamed with light from young eyes,"

had recourse for aid, to Vulcan, to whom he
made known his difficulty.

"Little Cupid went on with his pitiful tale,

Till Vulcan the weapon restored.

'There, take it, young sir; try it now— if it fail
I will ask neither fee nor reward.'

The urchin shot out and rare havoc he made;

The wounded and dead were untold;

But no wonder the rogue had such slaughtering trade,
For the arrow was laden with *gold*."

The freedom of style which characterises
the following lines, as well as nearly all others
she has ever written, is an index of that liberty
of feeling and of thought which she manifestly
possesses, and of that sympathy which she
always feels for the noble and brave of every
land. In stirring strains she thus speaks of
our own happy confederacy and of its brightest
ornament,

WASHINGTON.

"Land of the West! though passing brief the re-
cord of thine age,

Thou hast a name that darkens all on history's wide
page!

Let all the blasts of fame ring out—thine shall be
loudest far:

Let others boast their satellites—thou hast the planet
star.

Thou hast a name whose characters of light shall
ne'er depart;

'T is stamped upon the dullest brain and warms the
coldest heart;

A war-cry fit for any land, where freedom's to be
won,

Land of the west! it stands alone—it is thy WASH-
INGTON!

"Rome had its Cæsar, great and brave, but stain
was on his wreath;

He lived the heartless conqueror, and died the tyrant's
death.

France had its Eagle; but his wings though lofty they
might soar,

Were spread in false ambition's flight, and dipped in
murder's gore.

Those hero-gods, whose mighty away would fain have
 chained the waves,
 Who fleshed their blades with tiger zeal, to make a
 world of slaves—
 Who, though their kindred barred the path, still
 fiercely waded on—
 Oh, where shall be *their* 'glory,' by the side of
 Washington?"

"England, my heart is truly thine—my loved, my
 native earth!
 The land that holds a mother's grave, and gave that
 mother birth!
 Oh, keenly sad would be the fate that thrust me from
 thy shore,
 And faltering my breath that sighed, 'Farewell for
 ever more!'
 But did I meet such adverse lot, I would not seek to
 dwell
 Where olden heroes wrought the deeds for Homer's
 song to tell;
 'Away! then gallant ship,' I'd cry, and bear me
 swiftly on;
 But bear me from my own fair land to that of
 Washington!"

Yet with all this fervor and spirit of both
 thought and language, there is something
 feminine and graceful about her writings, which
 soothes and tranquilizes. There is a deep vein of

kindly feeling and religious sentiment, too,
 running through her poetry, that seems to sanctify
 it even more than the thought which is some-
 times induced while reading it, that it is the
 emanation of gentle woman; and we cannot but
 feel that she possesses a heart which, as she
 expresses it, is

"A true and bounteous thing,
 As kindly warm, as nobly free,
 As eagle's nestling wing;"

and which,

"Is never all its own;
 No ray of glory lights her breast,
 That shines for self alone."

We might further extend this brief review,
 but the merits of Miss Cook as a true poetess
 of nature, have made her too well known to our
 readers to render this necessary. She has
 taken her rank amongst the first of female
 writers, but modestly and unassumingly; and
 though the star of her genius shines with a mild
 and placid beam, it is still conspicuous amongst
 the noblest planets that studd the literary galaxy
 of the nineteenth century.

For Arthur's Magazine.

TO MY ABSENT SISTER.

BY DUDLEY B. TINKER.

"Oh, for a kiss, a long, long kiss—
 A kiss of youth and love."

Brown.

HE dew-drops kiss
 the rosy lawn,
 The flowrets kiss
 the dew;
 All nature kisses
 morning's dawn
 And sunset's gol-
 den hue.

The zephyrs kiss
 the flow'ry grove,
 Bright sunbeams
 kiss the sea;

And all things kiss whate'er they love—
 Then why not I kiss thee?

Could but the medium of a thought,
 Sent from an anxious brow,
 Convey a boon so richly fraught,
 Thou 'dst feel one burning now.

And bounding back on joyous wing,
 That thought would bring to me
 A kiss as sweet as balmy spring,
 For it would come from thee.

SKETCHES OF ITALY.

NAPLES—FLORENCE—A CONTRAST—THE STUDIO OF POWERS—HIS EVE, AND GREEK SLAVE.



EDI Napoli e poi mori!" See Naples, and then *die*, is the enthusiastic exclamation of the Neapolitans, when they would convey to a stranger their idea of the beauty of the fair city that sits in the shadow of Vesuvius. "*Vedi Firenze e poi vivi!*" See Florence, and then *live*, might with equal propriety be uttered by those whose rare happiness it is to dwell in the delicious capital of Tuscany. The two cities are wholly dissimilar in situation, in appearance, in the habits of the people. The one rises from the margin of the loveliest bay in the world, an amphitheatre of temples, palaces, and towers. Its streets are thronged with every variety of people and costume. The current of life rolls through the Toledo with the rapidity and the roar of a torrent. The stranger is utterly bewildered, when his eye takes in, for the first time, the long stretch of this crowded thoroughfare, and he almost shrinks from trusting himself in such a mass of mingled carriages and people.

The absence of side walks adds greatly to the confused appearance of an Italian street; and I much question if any man ever found himself in the Toledo for the first time, without a nervous apprehension that the verdict of the inquest in his case might be, "squeezed to death by the crowd," or, "run over by a carriage." The roar of the vehicles, and the vociferations of the people, render the noise absolutely deafening. Regent street, or Broadway, are *quiet* in comparison with the narrowest street in Naples.

Each itinerant vender of fish and fruit, lava and pictures, dry goods and stationery, that are carried about upon barrows which they push before them, or upon trays, nicely balanced on their heads, has a cry peculiar to his trade; and

high or low, deep toned or shrill, just as his voice will admit. These street shop-keepers are countless, and the vociferations of each blend into a medley of sounds, such as you must go to Naples to hear. Add to these elements of uproar the clatter of a squadron of cavalry—the heavy tramp of regiment after regiment of infantry—the scolding voice of a Punch—the discord of a hand-organ—the screech of a street singer, and the eternal "*Carita, carita, per l'amore di Dio,*" of the ubiquitous beggar; and you can form some slight idea of the Bedlam in which you will find yourself, as you step out into the Toledo, after having enjoyed your mid-day ice in the Café d'Europe.

Every thing about Naples is active and bustling. You are in a state of hurry and excitement the whole time. You cannot settle down quietly to your book or your segar. You want to go somewhere—to do some thing—a stroll through the Villa Reale—a drive to Pasilipo—an excursion to Vesuvius—something to keep up the excitement—and thus during your whole residence in the city, you *live fast*—body and mind on the stretch the whole time—and as your carriage rolls out of the gateway, and your last look is given to the mountain and the bay, the islands and the city, you long for some place where you can *rest*; and away you speed on your northward route, and when the postillion cracks his whip upon the last swell of the Appenines, and you see stretched out beneath you the beautiful valley of the Arno, and in the midst the Duomo and the Campanile, the palaces and villas of *Florence*, you sink back on the cushions and exclaim, "*Eureka!*"—"I have found it!"

For a long sojourn, or a continued residence, Florence bears the palm from all the cities of Italy. No English adjective suits it so well as "*delicious*"—it is a *delicious city*; an atmosphere of quiet beauty surrounds it; the soft haze hangs over it like a veil of golden tissue. The sky above it is intense in its depth of azure.

The mountains which encircle it, rise upon all sides like the walls of some gigantic collaséo; and like a beautiful pearl in a setting of emeralds, its white walls sleep amid the green fields and groves which embrace them. If at Naples, the current of life flows *torrent-like*, at Florence it glides on as calmly as the stream of the Arno, which steals through its midst. Here is no constant bustle—no crowded thoroughfare—no scolding Punch—and stranger and better than all, no clamorous beggar.

The great characteristic of the city, is quiet gentility. The most striking feature of the people, a happy and contented look. The population is essentially a *singing population*. The business of life goes on to an air from the last opera. The flower girl of the Piazza della Trinità, with her neat dress, her graceful carriage, and her large flat, worn with a coquetry which goes at once to the heart, and who meets you daily, and slips a bouquet in your hand, or pins a rose in your button-hole, trips off with a snatch of song upon her ruddy lips. The pretty sewing girls, who sit out in the open air, grouped around the matron of the establishment, and intent upon robes and head-dresses, lighten their labors with "Casta diva," or "de tante palpiti." The tailor sits cross-legged at his door, alternately stitching and singing. The shoemaker waxes his thread and hammers his sole leather to an accompaniment from "Norma" or "Lucia di Lammermuir;" and at night, when the opera is over, the streets are vocal, with music such as we in this country would *pay* to hear. Every body goes home humming the favourite airs of the evening opera; and here and there, at the corners of the streets, or beneath the balcon of some Florentine belle, a group of young men will gather, and in a language whose every sound is music, blend their full rich voices in some passionate Italian strain.

In "the fair city of the Lilly," the ministering angels, unto all, are Music and Poetry, Painting and Sculpture. To hear the finest opera in the world, costs the poor man but *ten cents*—to see the finest paintings and statues, costs him nothing.

Ever open are the doors of the galleries of Florence, and the "Madonna della Seggiola" brightens with her divine beauty the walls of the "Pitti"—and the Medician Venus glorifies the "Tribune," for all alike. The worshiper of art, when his foot has lingered long enough in the marble halls of the "Uffitya," and his soul is full of the beauty which breathes from the canvass, or radiates from the marble, may, in a few moments, inhale the scented air, and tread the enameled sward of one of the loveliest

garden spots in all Tuscany. For a distance of three miles, skirting the placid Arno, stretch the green fields and broad avenues of the "Cascino;" and when the declining sunlight is purpling the solitudes of Vallambrosa, and the wooded heights of Fiesolè; the scene which is there presented is in the highest degree exciting and beautiful. Thither repair the fashion and loveliness of the city. The shaded drives are crowded with splendid equipages, their rich hammercloths blazing with heraldic devices, and the wide foot-board, bearing the attendant chasseur, proud of his altitude of six feet—his uniform of green and gold—his snow-white plume and velvet-hilted sword. The young nobles dash along the winding avenues upon their blooded steeds. The pedestrians recline upon the rustic seats or stroll through the green fields. The helmet of the cuirassier gleams out from among the trees, and the wail of a solitary trumpet, or the crash of a full military band, adds the charm of music to the other enchantments of the spot. Oh! but these public gardens are luxuries!—luxuries to the fashionable dame, who wants to drive where she can shew her latest liveries and newest bonnet—and lying languidly upon the cushions, smile recognition on the acquaintances who pass. Luxuries to the fop who, decked out in the choice of his attire, saunters along in the consciousness that his tight coat and varnished boots make him the cynosure of all eyes. But more than all are they luxuries to the people—the *people*, who loll in no carriages—bestride no horses—boast no varnished boots—but who come cleanly and neat, from the labors of the day or the toils of the week, to breathe fresh air, and see green woods, and hear birds sing: and with husband or lover, parent or child, to spend a happy hour in innocent amusement and healthful exercise.

If I were offered my choice between the two, as a gift for my native city, I would unhesitatingly reject the "Dardan Shepherd's prize," and, leaving the god-like creation of Cleomenes to the immortality of the Tribune, I should take in preference the "Cascina"—nature before art—a splendid public walk before an incomparable statue.

Such is life in Florence. It is impossible to be in the city and not love it. I could fill pages with the details of its attractions. The Museo D'Istoria—the Pitti Palace—the Boboli Gardens—the operas—the clubs—the cafes—the walks—the drives;—but I have already kept you long enough from one of the places of resort in Florence, in which, as Americans, we should feel a peculiar interest; and I propose that we *pay*, at once, a visit to the studio of Hiram Powers.

An American sculptor! A sculptor, of all things, from a land where there are no models to fill the eye or educate the taste—from a land where *art* is nothing, *business* everything! "The divinity that stirred within" was the teacher of Hiram Powers, and I look back to the time when, a boy in the streets of Cincinnati, he moulded his humble figures in wax for an itinerant museum, as the dawn of a better era in the land's history—an era which will add a new word to our list of occupations—which will give us a race of *American artists*, whose mission it shall be, to elevate the feelings and purify the tastes of the people. But let us go to the studio. Leaving your hotel in the piazza, you cross the Arno by the beautiful Ponte della Trinita, and taking the second street above you keep out some six or seven squares, when on your left hand you will find the residence of Mr. Powers. The ante-room is crowded with huge blocks of unhewn marble. The studio itself presents a singular collection of lay figures, busts and full length in plaster and stone. Here a workman in a long white apron and paper cap, is busily engaged in educing from the rough marble the outline of a statue. There another with delicate chisel is giving the finishing touches to a figure which seems only to need the stolen fire of Prometheus to start from the pedestal in life and beauty. In the centre of the apartment, bending over a magnificent head which he is modeling in clay, is the artist himself. His figure is tall and well proportioned. His long black hair falls over a face, which, although not strikingly handsome, is full of expression. The forehead is fair and high. The eye kindles and flashes, as the yielding material grows beneath his plastic hand into the embodiment of the Sculptor's thought, and his whole expression indicates a man of energy and genius.

Upon broad shelves which run around the room, are ranged a number of busts which evince the wonderful skill of the artist in this department of his profession. The commanding brow, the full, frank face of Preston of South Carolina—the small head, the keen eye, the shrewdly intellectual countenance of John C. Calhoun,—the rounded forehead, the smooth face, the flexible mouth of Martin Van Buren—and the massive head, the overhanging brow, the bristling hair, and the stern lip, of Andrew Jackson, are all there; wonderful in the perfection of their finish, and truthful as Daguerreotypes. In the corner, leaning against the helm of his boat, in an attitude of graceful ease, stands a young Fisher Boy. With one hand he is holding to his ear a conch, and his face is full of curious atten-

tion, as he listens to the sounds which echo from "the convolutions of the smooth-lipped shell."

In subdued tones they recall to the ear the moan of the ocean wave, as it breaks upon the beach, where from its nest of olives, his mother's cot looks out upon the blue Levant. His slight figure, just swelling into earliest manhood, tells rather the delicate care of a sister, than of contact with the rude comrades of the boat, and the hard life of the fisherman: and yet there is something in the expression of face and figure which, despite the deep repose of the attitude, bespeaks a latent energy and strength. Near the centre of the room is a perfectly finished statue, which has added greatly to the reputation of the artist. It is his Eve. Beside the half trunk of a tree, around which the Tempter is twining his serpent folds, stands this beautiful creation. The attitude is one of perfect ease. One hand falls carelessly before her. The other clasps with tapering fingers the fatal apple, which the serpent has just induced her to gather from the forbidden tree. With eyes full of longing and apprehension, she gazes upon the fruit. Her face expresses her anxiety to solve the mystery which is connected with it. The specious argument of Satan, had already induced her to exclaim,

"Here grows the cure of all—this fruit divine,
Fair to the eye, inviting to the taste,
Of virtue to make wise: what hinders then
To reach and feed at once?"

But the air of doubt with which she regards it, shews that the stern warning, "in the day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt die," is still ringing in her ears. The face is one of great loveliness. The figure rounded out to the exquisite proportions of perfect womanhood. The idea of beauty which dwelt in the mind of Milton, when he essayed to paint the great mother of us all, was scarcely more perfect than the conception of our artist.

But if so much can be said in praise of the Eve, how shall I describe the crowning glory of the Studio; the seal set to the genius of the Sculptor—the Greek Slave! If I could but mould language as Powers moulds clay, and shape marble; then might I set before you a perfect image of this lovely work. A slight and girlish form, blending in itself those attributes of rare ethereal beauty, which fancy blesses the mind with in its most unearthly mood, rests in an attitude which is all grace, beside a broken column, over which are flung her jewelled cap, and Grecian robe with its rich bordering of fringe. Upon these reposes

one fairy hand, the other falls, with graceful curve, before her, and from wrist to wrist, hangs a chain so delicately sculptured, that it would seem as if a Zephyr's breath would break its slender links. The features are purely classic in their Grecian beauty.

"The deeply pensive eye has caught
Its lustre from the spirit's gem;
And o'er her brow the light of thought
Shines like an angel's diadem."

But that thought is evidently painful. Around her are gathered the dealers of the slave market. The cold eye of the unfeeling Turk scans her fair proportions, and weighs her beauty against the sequins which are demanded as its price. In the Bazaar, as on the pedestal, she stands a statue; for her heart has flown to the home of her childhood, and her memory is busy amid the fairy bowers of some fair isle that, with eternal summer crowned, sleeps on the *Ægean* wave. In beauty of conception, and perfect finish of execution, this lovely work compares favorably with many of the masterpieces in Italy. I do not hesitate to say that I have found in the galleries of Rome, Naples and Florence, but few female figures in marble, which, when divested of the associations which surround them, and the hallowing influences of antiquity, have more warmly excited my admiration. In place of these adventitious incentives to admiration, this work of art has the charm of being an evidence of *American* genius,

striking out for itself a new path, and working in a new field. Mr. Powers is undoubtedly destined to achieve a brilliant reputation. The works which I have sketched, are the first full lengths which have grown into beauty beneath his chisel; and already he ranks above Bartolini and Persico, and most of the other native artists. He is a man whose strength of character will carry him over all obstacles, and those which he has already surmounted during his residence in Florence, are neither few nor small. Ambitious, hopeful, and energetic, with a fancy prolific of beautiful conceptions, and a chisel prompt to embody them in the enduring marble, it cannot be, but his future labors will give to the world works which taste and appreciation will not willingly let die. Thus far the men of taste in England have been his chief supporters—they throng his studio and purchase his works. It is time that his skill should be called into the service of his country; that he should have an opportunity afforded him of executing some great work for the nation at large. Such a commission would fulfill one of the warmest desires of his heart—it would call into play all the faculties of his nature, and the result would be a work worthy of the artist and worthy of the people!

J. M. H.

Baltimore, Dec. 1844.

[The conclusion of this interesting article will appear in our next number. We feel indebted to the accomplished author for choosing our work as the vehicle of his impressions of things in Italy. Ed.]

For Arthur's Magazine.

AFFECTION.

BY MISS MARY O. DENVER.

AFFECTION to the human heart,
Is what the dew is to the flower,
It strengthens still the weaker part,
And gives to all a nobler power.
If lost amid the wildering light
That lures, astray our hearts may roam,—

A star—amidst the cheerless night,
It leads to happiness and home.

It is a pearl no wealth can buy,

But that which from true honor flows,
Its home is in the deep dark eye,—
Its strength within the bosom glows.
Not all the power that splendor brings
Can tempt its peaceful light aside;
'Neath softer skies it folds its wings—
With life itself, it is allied.

Oh! envied is the lot of him,
Who, wandering in a foreign land,
Can gather fancy's choicest flowers,
And bid them blossom in his hand:
But happier he, who, when he sees
The hopes of other years depart,
Can seek the buds Affection gives,
And bid them blossom 'round his heart.

For Arthur's Magazine.

THE REVOLT OF MASANIELLO.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF ALEXANDRE DUMAS.

BY A. ROLAND.



T the time our history opens, in the year of our Lord, 1647, the Duke of Arcos had been viceroy of Naples for three years, and, since the commencement of his administration, he had taxed every thing to such an extent that, at a loss for something more to tax, he at last laid an impost upon fruits; which, being the principal food of the lazzaroni, had been, hitherto, allowed to enter the city free of duty. This new excise seemed particularly to annoy the inhabitants of the very faithful city, and they began to murmur loudly. The duke of Arcos doubled his guards, strengthened the garrisons of his castles, brought three or four thousand men, who were scattered about the environs, into the city, added to the splendor of his equipages, dinners and balls, and let the people murmur.

The month of July approached. During this month the fête of La Madona del Monta Carmello is celebrated, at Naples, with a pomp and devotion peculiar to that city. It was customary, at this period, on the occasion of this fête, to erect, in the middle of the market place, a fort, which, in commemoration, without doubt, of the different assaults which the holy mountain was compelled to undergo, was defended by a garrison of Christians, and attacked by an army of Saracens. The Christians wore short breeches and red caps, which, at that time, constituted the costume of the Neapolitan fishermen. The Saracens were dressed after the

Turkish fashion, in wide pantaloons, silk vests, and huge turbans. It is not now recollected by whom the expense of the costumes of the infidels was borne. They were preserved, however, with the greatest care, and the combatants handed them down from generation to generation. The arms of the besieged and besiegers were long reed wands, furnished in abundance by the marshy country around Naples, with which, without doing a great deal of harm, they laid lustily about each other's ears. It was customary for those who were to take part in the combat, to assemble occasionally during the month of June for the purpose of training, and friends and enemies, Christians and Saracens, manœuvred together with the most perfect understanding, and, the training over, would enter the city, formed in lines like regular troops, observing the military step, and carrying their reeds at their shoulders, like muskets.

The commander of the Christians, who were to defend the fort of the market-place, on the fête day of La Madona del Carmello, in the year 1647, was a young fisherman of Naples, the son of a poor man, who followed the same occupation at Amalfi. His name was Thomas Aniello, but he was called, for the sake of brevity, Masaniello. A short time before the trainings were to take place, the young fisherman had had cause to complain bitterly of the tax. His wife, whom he had married at the age of nineteen years, and whom he tenderly loved, was detected, by the excise officers, in an attempt to smuggle into the city two or three pounds of meal, hidden in a stocking. She was thrown into prison, where she was condemned to remain until her husband paid one hundred ducats, a greater sum, in all probability, than he would have been enabled to realize, by a life time of labor. The hatred, which Masaniello

openly avowed against the officers after the arrest of his wife, soon became widely known amongst the people. He declared, loudly, in the streets, that he would be avenged in some manner, for the injury he had suffered; and, as the people of his class were discontented, he, doubtless, owed his choice, as leader of the more important of the two bands, to his hostile manifestations. The name of the other leader is now unknown.

Masaniello's first act of hostility against the authority of the viceroy was a strange prank. As he was passing, with his troop before the government palace, upon the balcony of which the duke and duchess of Arcos had assembled all the aristocracy of the city, Masaniello, as if to do honor to these rich lords and beautiful ladies, ordered his troop to halt, formed them into a line, in front of the palace, commanded them to turn their backs to the august spectators, throw their reeds on the ground, and then pick them up again. The double manœuvre was executed with a remarkable unanimity. The ladies uttered loud cries, and the lords spoke of chastising the insolent fellows who had dared to perform this impertinent trick, with such imperturbable seriousness. But, as Masaniello's troop was composed of two hundred gallants, chosen from amongst the most vigorous inhabitants of the Môle, the thing was only talked of, and Masaniello and his companions returned home unmolested.

On the following Sunday, which was set apart for another review, the two chiefs, with their troops, met upon the market-place to continue their training. This was the time when the peasants from the neighborhood of Naples usually brought their fruits to market. Whilst the two bands were exercising, in warm emulation, a dispute arose between a gardener of Portici and a citizen of Naples, with regard to a basket of figs. It related to the newly imposed duty, which neither wished to pay; the seller insisting that the tax should be borne by the purchaser, and the purchaser contending that it was intended to fall upon the seller. As this dispute made some noise, the spectators, who had come to witness the manœuvres of the Turks and Christians, ran to the scene of the discussion, and formed a circle around the disputants. Drawn from their employment by the turmoil which began to grow louder, some of the soldiers deserted their ranks to see what was going on. As the discussion became interesting, they soon made signs to their companions to join them; the latter did not require a second invitation, and the circle increased till it became a formidable crowd. At this crisis,

the magistrate, who had charge of the police, arrived, and, interrogated by the gardeners and citizens, to know upon whom the tax should fall, replied that it was intended to affect the gardeners. Hardly was this decision made, when the gardeners turned over their baskets, filled with fruit, declaring that they would rather give them to the people for nothing than submit to this odious imposition. The spectators immediately rushed forward to seize upon the fruits, and were pressing and scrambling for the prize, when a man thrust himself into the middle of the crowd, which became silent and quiet at his command, and declared to the magistrate, that, from this hour henceforth, the Neapolitan people were determined to pay no more taxes. The magistrate spoke of coercive measures, and threatened to bring down the soldiers upon them. The young man stooped, picked up a handful of the figs, and, mingled as they were with dust, threw them into the magistrate's face. The officer retired, amidst the hootings of the multitude, whilst the young man, placing himself at the head of the two troops, which were about to pursue the fugitive, stopped them, and made his dispositions with the rapidity and energy of a consummate general. He divided them into four bodies, three of which he despatched to different parts of the city, with orders to demolish all the custom houses, burn all the excise records, and announce the abolition of all the imposts; whilst, at the head of the fourth division, the greater part of which consisted of those who had been spectators of the training, he marched directly to the palace of the viceroy. The four divisions set off upon their different duties, to the cry of "Viva Masaniello!"

This young man, who, in an instant of time had resisted the authorities as a tribune, disposed his army as a general, and commanded the people as a dictator, was Masaniello.

The duke of Arcos was already informed of what had taken place; the magistrate, who fled to his palace, had related all. Masaniello and his troop, therefore, found the palace closed. The first impulse of the people was to break open the doors. But Masaniello wished to proceed with, at least, an appearance of legality. He was about to summon the viceroy either to appear before them, himself, or send some one in his name, when the window of the balcony was opened and the magistrate appeared, announcing that the duty upon fruit would be removed. But this was not enough; the multitude, feeling its own power, and seeing that something was yielded, had already become exacting. They demanded, with loud cries, the abolition of the duty upon meal. The

magistrate replied that he would go to the viceroy for an answer; but, after re-entering the palace, did not again make his appearance.

Masaniello raised his voice, and, with all the strength of his lungs, cried out, that he gave the viceroy ten minutes to decide. These ten minutes expired, and, no response having been made, Masaniello, with the gesture of an emperor, extended his hand toward the palace. In an instant the door was broken open, and the multitude rushed into the building, crying, "Down with the taxes," breaking the glass, and throwing the furniture out of the windows. But when they reached the *salle du dais*, this immense and excited crowd stopped, at the command of their leader, before a portrait of the king, uncovered, and made obeisance, whilst Masaniello declared, in a loud voice, that it was not against his sovereign that he had revolted, but against the bad government of his ministers.

The Duke of Arcos had, in the mean time, escaped from the palace, by a secret staircase, leaped into a carriage, and set off at full speed for Castello Nuovo. But he was soon recognised by the populace, pursued, and was upon the point of being seized, when some handsfull of ducats fell from his carriage window. The crowd precipitated itself upon this shower of gold, and allowed the duke to escape. Finding the drawbridge of Castello Nuovo raised, he took refuge in a neighboring convent. From this retreat, he issued two proclamations: one abolishing all taxes, and the other offering to Masaniello an income of six thousand ducats, if he would repress the people, and induce them to return to their allegiance.

Masaniello received these two proclamations, and read them, aloud, to the people, from the balcony of the Duke of Arcos' palace. He tore up that which related to himself, and scattered the pieces to the multitude, crying out, as he did so, that he would not betray his companions for all the gold in the kingdom. From that moment Masaniello was no longer a leader, or a king, to the multitude; he was a god! Then, in his turn, he sent a deputation to the Duke of Arcos, charged to say to him that the revolt was not against the king, but against the taxes; that he had nothing to fear if he fulfilled his promises, and that he might return, in perfect safety, to his palace. Each individual composing the deputation, pledged his life for the safety of that of the Duke of Arcos. The viceroy accepted their protection; but, instead of returning to his devastated palace, asked to be permitted to retire to fort Saint Elmo. The proposition was transmitted to Masaniello, who, after reflecting some seconds, with a smile, as-

sent. The Duke of Arcos retired to the Castle of Saint Elmo. Masaniello was sole master of the city.

All this had been accomplished in five hours. In this short space of time had all the Spanish power been extinguished, all the prerogatives of the viceroy destroyed, and a lazzaroni come to treat, on an equal footing, with the representative of Philippe IV. In abandoning the city, the viceroy had made the poor fisherman king in his stead. This strange revolution was effected, too, without the shedding of one drop of blood.

But now commenced, for Masaniello, an immense task. The fisherman, without education; the lazzarone who could neither read nor write; the fish-merchant who had never done aught else but handle his oars and draw his nets, found himself suddenly charged with all the details of the government of a great kingdom. He was now called upon to issue proclamations; to dispense justice; to organise and command an army; to fight for his head. But nothing of all this affrighted Masaniello; he looked around him, calmly examined his position, and set himself immediately and boldly to work.

The first use he made of his authority, was to set at liberty all those prisoners that were confined for smuggling or for fines imposed by the excise officers. Amongst this number, it will be recollected, was the wife of the Dictator. The liberated prisoners came, immediately, to join him, at the palace of the viceroy. Then, accompanied by them, and escorted by his troop, he marched to the market-place, proclaimed the abolition of the taxes, and ordered all the male Neapolitans, between the ages of eighteen and fifty, to take arms and assemble upon the place. This proclamation was dictated by Masaniello, and written by a public scribe. Masaniello, who, as we have said, was unable to write, placed under the last line of the paper, after the manner of a seal, the impression of an amulet, which he wore about his neck; and which, from that time, became the seal of the new sovereign. Then, as his first troops were divided into four bodies, he appointed chiefs to lead the three which were not under his command. These three leaders were his friends, and lazzaroni like himself; their names were Cataneo, Renna, and Ardizzone. They were each dispatched to an opposite quarter, and ordered to watch over the safety of the city. The three troops took their appointed posts, and Masaniello remained upon the market-place, at the head of his own, waiting the result of the order he had given for the general rising. He did not wait long. In about two hours one hundred and thirty thousand armed men sur-

rounded Masaniello. Every one obeyed the call instantaneously, without, for a moment, questioning the authority of him who gave the command. The association of painters, only, desired to be organized into a particular company under the name of the "Death Troop;" and as this demand was made of Masaniello by an ancient lazzarone, to whom he was warmly attached, the demand was granted. The lazzarone selected to make this request of Masaniello, was Salvator Rosa.

Masaniello then thought, that the first thing to be done in a good government was, to empty the prisons, by setting free the innocent, and punishing the guilty. The leader of the revolt had made himself general, the general made himself legislator, the legislator constituted himself judge.

Masaniello caused a kind of wood scaffold to be erected, seated himself upon it in his fisherman's dress, and with his right hand laying upon a naked sword, caused the prisoners to be brought, one by one, before him. During the whole remaining part of the day he sat in judgment. Those whom he proclaimed innocent were immediately set at liberty, and those whom he pronounced guilty were, in the same moment, executed. And, such was the penetration of this man, that although his decisions were, for the most part, based upon a rapid and searching inspection of the countenance and bearing of the accused, there was a conviction amongst the spectators that this improvisator judge had not condemned a single innocent, nor allowed a single guilty person to escape. The severity of the punishments were not, however, graduated with regard to the enormity of the crimes. Thieves, forgers, and assassins, were alike condemned to die. This severity bore a strong resemblance to the laws of Draco; but Masaniello felt that time pressed, and that he had no leisure to seek out more appropriate methods of punishment for these different degrees of crime. The next morning all was completed; the Neapolitan prisons were empty, and all the sentences executed.

The rapid progress of the revolt, or rather the genius of him who directed it, affrighted the viceroy. He sent the duke de Matalone to Masaniello, to ask what end he proposed to attain by the course he was pursuing; and on what conditions the people would again submit to the authority of their sovereign. Masaniello denied that the inhabitants of the city had revolted against Philip IV. and in proof of this assertion, showed the ambassador portraits of the king of Spain, placed with every show of respect and honor, at the corners of all the

streets. The only condition they desired to impose was, that the viceroy should place in their hands the original draught of the proclamation of Charles V. which, from the date of its execution, prohibited all new impositions of taxes.

The viceroy pretended to accede to the proposition, but caused a copy of the instrument to be made, secretly, and sent this to Masaniello, instead of the original. But Masaniello, who suspected some treachery, called a council, and submitted the proclamation to their examination. They declared it was only a copy, and not the original instrument. Masaniello descended from his scaffold, walked directly to the Duke de Matalone, and reproached him with his treachery. He then dragged the ambassador from his horse, threw him upon the ground, and thrust his naked foot into his face; after which, remounting his throne, he ordered the duke to be conveyed to prison. On the following night, the Duke de Matalone bribed the gaoler, and made his escape.

The viceroy now began to appreciate the character of the man with whom he had to deal, and finding it impossible to deceive him, he determined to try what could be effected by force. He consequently ordered all the troops stationed at Capua, Gaeta, and those at Salerno, to march upon Naples. When Masaniello was apprised of this movement, he despatched one of the divisions of his army, under the command of two of his lieutenants, to meet the troops from Salerno; with the second he opposed the troops from Capua, and the third, under the command of Ardizzone, he left to guard the city.

It is believed that it was during this temporary absence of Masaniello from Naples, that the first propositions to betray his cause, were made to Ardizzone, with authority to communicate them to his two colleagues, Cataneo and Renna.

Masaniello fought the troops of the viceroy, killed a thousand men, and took three thousand prisoners. These he brought, with great pomp, to Naples, and set them at liberty upon the market-place. These three thousand men shouting "*Viva Masaniello*," immediately took their places amongst the Neapolitan militia.

Cataneo and Renna repulsed the troops which they were sent out to meet. The "Death Troop," which made a part of their division, performed miracles of valor.

The Duke of Arcos had no other resources; he had attempted stratagem, and Masaniello had discovered his treachery; he had attempted force, and Masaniello had beaten him. He, therefore, resolved to treat directly with him; making the mental reservation, to betray him at the very

first opportunity which presented itself. This time, in order to give more weight to his negotiation, he chose Cardinal Filomarino as his ambassador. The people, who distrusted the cardinal, opposed this new meeting, but Masaniello acceded to the proposal, and the meeting took place. Masaniello had ordered thirty-six palaces, of thirty-six of the most distinguished Spanish and Neapolitan nobles, to be burned. Cardinal Filomarino begged Masaniello to revoke this order, and, at his request, it was revoked.

When Masaniello left the prelate and was on his way from the place of conference to the market, five shots, from weapons, the muzzles of which were almost in contact with his breast, were fired at him. He escaped, untouched; his hour had not yet come. The assassins were torn to pieces by the people; but, with their dying breaths, they declared that they were paid by the Duke de Matalone, who wished to avenge himself upon Masaniello, for the bad treatment he had received at his hands, to commit this act. The viceroy disavowed any knowledge of the attempt; the cardinal pledged his word of honor that the Duke of Arcos was ignorant of it, and the negotiations were continued.

The police had never been better organized; during these four days of Masaniello's administration, not a theft had been committed in all Naples.

The same day on which Masaniello had so narrowly escaped assassination, Cardinal Filomarino communicated to him the wish of the viceroy to hold a personal interview with him, in relation to affairs of state; stating that the Duke of Arcos would return to his palace the next day, in order to receive him. Masaniello, who distrusted these advances, would have refused, but the cardinal insisted so warmly, that he yielded to his importunities. A new discussion now arose, much more difficult to settle than the other: Masaniello, who did not regard himself as any thing more than a simple fisherman, wished to appear at the palace in his ordinary costume; that is, with naked legs and arms, and with no other clothing than his drawers, shirt, and Phrygian cap. But the cardinal insisted so strenuously upon the unseemliness of his appearing at so brilliant a court, upon business of such high importance, in such a costume, that Masaniello, with a sigh, finally yielded. The same evening he received, as a present from the viceroy, a complete suit of silver cloth, a plumed cap, and a sword with a gold scabbard. He accepted the clothing, but refused the sword, not wishing any other than

that which had served him as a sceptre and an emblem of justice.

Masaniello slept badly that night, and said, the next morning, that his patron saint had appeared to him in a dream, and cautioned him to avoid this interview. But Cardinal Filomarino reminded him of his promise, observing that the viceroy waited for him at the palace, and that he could not fail to keep his engagement without a breach of honor. Masaniello hesitated no longer, but put on his rich dress, mounted his horse, and set out on his way to the palace of the viceroy.

Masaniello was one of those gifted beings who seem, not only in mind, but in person also, to be able to adapt themselves to any circumstances. The Duke of Arcos, when he sent the rich dress to the ex-fisherman, had hoped to render him ridiculous; Masaniello put it on, and Masaniello had the air of a king. He advanced amidst cries of admiration from the multitude, managing his horse with the ease and address of the best cavalier of the viceroy's court: for, when a boy, Masaniello had frequently broken those little horses, the race of which the Saracens have left in Calabria, and which still rove, wild, amongst the mountains. He was followed, too, by an escort such as few sovereigns could boast of possessing; there were an hundred and fifty companies of cavalry and infantry, organised by himself, and more than sixty thousand persons without arms. All this escort was shouting "Viva Masaniello!" so that, in approaching the palace, he seemed like a conqueror returning to his home after some brilliant exploit.

As soon as Masaniello reached the square before the palace, the captain of the guards of the viceroy appeared at the door to receive him; Masaniello then turned toward the crowd which accompanied him.

"My friends," said he, "I do not know what is about to take place between myself and my lord, the duke; but, whatever may happen, I beg you to remember that I never have, and never will propose any thing which will not have in view the public happiness. As soon as this public happiness is assured, and you are all free, I shall again become the poor fisherman you have known, and all the expression of gratitude I ask of you is, that each of you shall say an *Ave Maria* for me at the hour of my death."

The people then perceived that Masaniello dreaded being drawn into some snare, and saw that he entered the palace against his will. Thousands of voices begged permission to accompany him as a guard

"No," said Masaniello, "no—the business between my lord and myself should be discussed in private. Allow me to go in alone; but if I am too long in returning to you, rush into the palace, and leave not one stone upon another until you have found my corpse."

All swore obedience; the soldiers extending menacingly their arms, and the people their clenched hands toward the palace. Masaniello then dismounted, traversed the remaining part of the square on foot, and disappeared from the crowd in the great doorway of the palace. At the moment he passed the doorway, so great a murmur arose from the crowd, that the viceroy trembling with alarm, asked, if a new outbreak was about to take place.

Masaniello found the Duke of Arcos awaiting him at the top of the staircase. On perceiving him, Masaniello bowed. The viceroy said, that he deserved reward for having so well controlled this multitude, so promptly dispensed justice, and so wonderfully organized an army; that he hoped this army would unite with those of Spain against their common enemies; and that, in effecting this, Masaniello would perform the greatest service to Philip IV. that was in the power of a subject to render to his sovereign. Masaniello replied, that neither himself nor the people had ever revolted against Philip IV. as the portraits of the king, put up with great honor, at the corners of the streets, would attest: that he had only wished to lighten the treasury of the burden of the salaries of the excisemen, salaries which (Masaniello had compelled them to give him all information about the matter;) exceeded, at least, one third the duties they received; and that when the city of Naples enjoyed the immunities accorded by the proclamation of Charles V. he would promise that himself and the people would be ready to render perfect obedience to the will of the king. They then entered an apartment where Cardinal Filomarino was waiting, and a profound discussion arose between these three men, so different in profession, character, and station, upon the rights of loyalty, and the interests of the people. Then, as the discussion was prolonged some time, the people without, not seeing their chief reappear, began to shout "Masaniello! Masaniello!" The duke and cardinal grew uneasy as these shouts increased, and Masaniello, smiling at their fears, said,

"I will show you, my lords, how tractable are the Neapolitan people."

He opened a window, and stepped out upon the balcony. When he appeared, the voices burst forth in a single shout, "Viva Masaniello!" But Masaniello had only to place his finger upon

his lip, when all this crowd became so silent that it seemed as if the city of eternal clamors had suddenly become as lifeless as Herculaneum and Pompeii. Then, in his ordinary tone of voice, which, so great was the silence, was heard by all, distinctly:

"It is well," said he; "I have no longer any need of you; let every one retire under penalty of treason."

All immediately left the square without an observation, without a word, and, five minutes after, this place, filled with more than one hundred and twenty thousand souls, was entirely deserted, with the exception of the sentinel and lazzarone who held the bridle of Masaniello's horse. The duke and cardinal gazed upon each other in affright, for at this moment, only, did they comprehend the terrible influence of this man. But this display of power showed plainly to the two politicians with whom Masaniello was treating, that, for the present, at least, they could not refuse any thing which he demanded; and it was agreed before the triumvirate, which had met to decide upon matters which affected the most vital interests of Naples, separated, that the order for the suppression of taxes, should be read, signed, and publicly confirmed, in the presence of all the people who were in revolt, Masaniello repeated, only for the purpose of obtaining their abolition. This point, which was all that had brought Masaniello to the palace, being settled, he demanded of the Duke of Arcos permission to retire. The duke said that he was free to do as he pleased, that he was as much viceroy as himself, that he might regard himself as having a right to visit and leave the palace, in which he had an equal right, whenever he chose. Masaniello bowed again, and accompanied the cardinal to the door of his palace, riding side by side with him, but in such a manner, however, as to allow the cardinal's horse to be a head's length in advance of his own. When the cardinal re-entered his palace, Masaniello took his way to the marketplace, where he found collected the great multitude he had dismissed from before the viceroy's palace. He passed the night in the midst of the crowd, despatching public business, and replying to the petitions which were presented to him. This man seemed to be superior to physical necessities; for, during the five days that his power continued, no one had seen him eat or sleep; from time to time, only, he called for a glass of water, in which were expressed some drops of lemon juice.

The next day was that fixed for the ratification of the treaty, and the conclusion of peace, in the Santa Clara Cathedral. In the morning,

Masaniello found two magnificently caparisoned horses, intended for himself and his brother, in waiting. This was a new attention on the part of the viceroy. The two young men mounted, and set out for the palace. They there found the Duke of Arcos and all the court in waiting for them. A numerous cavalcade joined them: the Duke of Arcos placed Masaniello on his right, and his brother on his left, and, followed by all the people, advanced toward the cathedral, where Cardinal Filomarino, who was Archbishop of Naples, received them at the head of his clergy. Each one placed himself, according to the rank which he had received from heaven, or which he had assumed of himself; the cardinal in the middle of the choir, the Duke of Arcos upon a tribune, and Masaniello with a naked sword in his hand, near the secretary, who read the articles of the treaty, making a pause after having finished reading each. Masaniello would then repeat the article, explaining the bearing to the people, and commenting upon it as the most skilful legist would have done, after which, upon a sign that he had nothing more to say, the secretary would pass on. After all the articles were thus read and commented upon, divine service was commenced, which terminated with the *Te Deum*. A splendid repast awaited the principal actors in this scene, in the palace gardens. Masaniello, his wife and brother had been invited. At first, as usual, Masaniello, who knew very well that he was not the object of all these honors, would have refused, but Cardinal Filomarino interposed, persuaded the young lazzarone to avoid insulting the viceroy by refusing to dine at his table, and succeeded in inducing him to accept the invitation. A dark cloud, however, might have been seen to pass over his brow, usually so frank and open, which, the cries of admiration and love, from the people, that generally had so much influence over him, could not now drive away. It was remarked that, in returning from the cathedral, his head was bent upon his breast, and the sad expression of his countenance was the more easily observed as, out of respect to the viceroy, and notwithstanding his repeated requests to cover himself, Masaniello, regardless of the ardent rays of the sun, which poured down upon him, carried his hat in his hand. On arriving at the palace, he demanded a glass of water, acidulated with lemon juice. It was brought him, and, as he was very warm, he swallowed it at a single draught; in a moment he became so pale that the duchess inquired if he were ill. Masaniello replied that the iced water had, no doubt, affected him, and the duchess, smiling, handed him a nosegay to

smell. Masaniello carried it to his lips, out of respect to the duchess; but, hardly had he done so, when, by a rapid and involuntary movement, he threw it far from him. The duchess pretended not to have observed this action, and took her seat at table, with Masaniello at her right, and his brother at her left. A place was reserved for the wife of Masaniello between the viceroy and Cardinal Filomarino.

Masaniello was silent and moody during the repast, and seemed to be suffering from some internal pain, of which he did not wish to complain. He was abstracted, and when the duke invited him to drink the king's health, he was compelled to repeat the request before Masaniello seemed to hear him. At last he rose: his hand trembled as he took his glass, and, at the moment he was about to carry it to his lips, he fell, fainting, upon the floor.

This occurrence created a great sensation. Masaniello's father rose and cast a terrible glance upon the duke; his wife burst into tears. But the viceroy, with the greatest calmness, remarked, that it was not surprising that the physical force of a man who had neither eaten nor slept for six days and nights, and had passed the greater part of the time engaged in the most violent exercise, under a burning sun, should be exhausted. He gave orders to have Masaniello carried into the palace, accompanied him himself, saw that he needed nothing, and sent for his own physician. The physician came, just as Masaniello recovered his faculties, and declared that his indisposition arose from over exertion, and would soon pass away, if he consented to refrain, for a day or two, from the labor of body and mind to which, for some time, he had given himself up. Masaniello smiled bitterly; then, with a movement like that of Hercules, when he plucked from his shoulders the poisoned tunic of Nessus, he tore away the silver cloth robe, which the viceroy had sent him, and, calling in a loud voice for his fisherman's clothes, which were in his little house in the market-place, he ran, half naked as he was, to the stables, leaped upon the first horse he found, and dashed out of the palace. The viceroy looked after him as he went away, and, when he was out of sight,

"This man's head is turned," said he; "his sudden greatness has made him mad."

And the courtiers repeated, in a chorus, that Masaniello was mad.

During this time, Masaniello rode at full gallop through the streets of Naples, like a madman, overturning all who came in his way, and stopping only to ask for water. His breast was on fire. In the evening he returned to the

market-place; his eyes burned with fury; he was delirious, and in his delirium gave the most strange and contradictory orders. The first were obeyed, but it was soon perceived that he was insane, and they ceased to be executed.

His wife and brother watched by him during the whole night. The next day, as he appeared calmer, the two watchers left him to take some repose; but they had hardly gone out, when Masaniello clothed himself in the fragments of the rich dress he had worn on the previous day, and ordered his horse, in so imperious a voice, that it was brought to him. He leaped upon it, and, without hat or vest, with nothing upon him but his torn shirt and ragged trowsers, dashed off at full gallop for the palace. The sentinel did not recognize Masaniello, and would have stopped him; but he overturned him, leaped from his horse, rushed into the chamber of the viceroy, said he was dying of hunger, and demanded something to eat. Then, in an instant after, he informed the viceroy that he was about to prepare a collation, without the city, and invited him to partake of it. But the viceroy, who did not know what portion of this to credit or disbelieve, and who saw before him an insane man, only, pretended indisposition, and refused to go. Masaniello then, without insisting farther, descended the staircase, leaped upon his horse, dashed out of the city, of which he almost made the circuit, at full gallop, under a burning sun, and returned to his house bathed in perspiration. During his ride, as on the day before, he had frequently demanded drink, and it is supposed that he must have drank as much as sixteen quarts of water. Overcome with fatigue, he retired to his bed.

During these two days of madness, Ardizzone, Renna, and Cataneo, who were eclipsed whilst the dictatorship of Masaniello continued, regained their influence, and made a new division of the city guard.

Masaniello had fallen, when he first threw himself upon his bed, into a deep stupor; but, toward midnight, he woke, and, although his muscular limbs were shaken with a violent tremor, and his eye burned with the remains of fever, he felt better. At this moment his door opened, and, instead of his wife or brother, whom he expected to see, a man, muffled in a large black cloak, his face covered with a mask of the same color, entered and advanced silently to the truckle bed, upon which lay this powerful man, at whose beck were the lives of four hundred thousand of his kind.

"Masaniello, poor Masaniello!" said he, letting fall his cloak, and removing his mask.

"Salvator Rosa!" cried Masaniello, recog-

nizing his friend, of whom for four days he had lost sight, occupied as Salvator had been with the "Death Troop," in repulsing the Spaniards who had attempted to enter Naples from Salerno.

The two friends threw themselves into each other's arms.

"Yes, yes, poor Masaniello!" said the fisherman-king, falling back upon his bed. "Have they not well disposed of me, and have I not done well to confide in them! But I wrong myself to say I trusted them, for I have never believed in their fine speeches; I have never had faith in their grand promises. This infamous Cardinal Filomarino has done all; he has, in the holy name of God, deceived me!"

Salvator Rosa listened to his friend with surprise.

"How!" said he, "what I have been told is not true, then?"

"What have you been told, my Salvator?" asked Masaniello, with a sad expression.

Rosa was silent.

"You have been told that I was mad; is it not so?" continued Masaniello.

Rosa nodded assent.

"Yes, yes; the wretches! Oh! I see their hand too plainly in that report. No, Salvator, no! I am not mad; I have been poisoned."

Rosa uttered a cry of surprise.

"It is all my own fault," said Masaniello; "why did I put my foot in their palace? Was that the place for a poor fisherman? Why did I accept the invitation to their banquet? It was through pride—the demon of pride tempted me, Salvator, and I have been punished."

"What!" cried Rosa, "do you believe that they have had the baseness——"

"They have poisoned me," interrupted Masaniello, in a more decided voice; "they poisoned me twice—*he* and *she*—*he* in a glass of water, *she* in a bouquet. It is indeed difficult to call them noble, to call them duke and duchess; they who could poison a poor fisherman, full of confidence; who believed that what was sworn was binding—who delivered himself into their hands without distrust!"

"No, no! you deceive yourself, Masaniello; the burning sun, to which you have been exposed, the unceasing physical labour which you have undergone, and, above all, the great and continued intellectual effort which you have made, that wears out even those who are accustomed to it, these were sufficient to have produced a temporary insanity."

"That is what they say, I know very well," cried Masaniello; "that is what they say, and that is what generations to come will,

without doubt, say, also; since you, my friend, you, who are here, face to face with me, repeat the same thing when I affirm the contrary. They poisoned me in a glass of water, and in a bouquet; hardly had I smelled the flowers, hardly had I swallowed the water, before I felt my senses deserting me. A cold sweat started out upon my brow, the earth seemed to be sinking under my feet; the city, the sea, Vesuvius, all seemed whirling round me. Oh! the wretches, the wretches!"

And a burning tear coursed down the cheek of the young Neapolitan.

"Yes, yes," said Salvator Rosa; "yes, I see now that it is indeed true. But, thank heaven! their conspiracy has failed; thank heaven! you are no longer insane; the poison, thank heaven! has yielded to the remedies, and you are saved."

"Yes," replied Masaniello, "but Naples is lost."

"Lost! and wherefore?" asked Salvator Rosa.

"Do you not see," replied Masaniello, "that I am not the same now that I was the day before yesterday? When I command, the people hesitate to obey. They have no longer confidence in me, for they have seen me insane. Besides, have they not whispered to this multitude that I desired to become king?"

"It is true," replied Salvator, with a gloomy expression, "for that rumor brought me here."

"And for what purpose? come! speak frankly."

"For what purpose?" replied Salvator Rosa. "I came to satisfy myself that the report was true and, if true, to stab you to the heart!"

"It was well, Salvator, well!" said Masaniello: "with six such men as you, all would not yet be lost."

"But why do you despair thus?" asked Salvator.

"Because, in the present state of things, I, alone, have the power to lead this people to the attainment of that end, which would probably be effected in a day; and to-morrow morning, his night, in an hour, perhaps, I shall be no longer here to lead them."

"Where, then, will you be?"

A smile of the deepest sadness wandered upon his lips of Masaniello; he raised his eyes to heaven, and then turned them upon Salvator Rosa.

"They will kill me, my friend," said he; "four days ago they attempted to assassinate me, and they failed, because my hour had not come. The day before yesterday, they poisoned me, and, if they did not succeed in taking my

life, they made me mad. This is a forewarning from heaven, Salvator! The next attempt they make will be the last."

"But why, forewarned as you are, do you not foil their plots by remaining at home?"

"They will say that I am afraid."

"By retaining a sufficient guard to protect you, then, every time you go out of the city?"

"They will say that I wish to become king."

"But it will not be believed."

"Why, even you have believed it!"

Salvator Rosa bent down his head, and blushed, for there was so much gentleness in Masaniello's reply, that it was not an accusation but a reproach.

"Well, be it so!" replied he; "God's will be done."

Salvator Rosa seated himself on the bed beside his friend.

"What is your intention?" asked Masaniello.

"To remain near you and, good or bad, to share your fortune."

"You are mad, Salvator," replied Masaniello.

"As for me, whom the Lord has chosen for his servant, I await calmly the cup which I must empty; this is well, for I cannot, should not do otherwise, but you, Salvator, pressed onward by no destiny, bound by no oath, for you to remain in this infamous Babylon, would be madness, would be criminal."

"I shall remain, notwithstanding," said Rosa.

"You will sacrifice yourself without saving me, Salvator—and all your devotion will be folly."

"Happen what may!" replied the painter, "this is my will!"

"Your will? And your sisters? Your mother? Your will! The day on which you acknowledged me as your leader, you agreed to make your will subordinate to mine. Well! my will is, Salvator, that you leave Naples, instantly; that you go to Rome, and, throwing yourself at the feet of the holy father, solicit indulgence for me; for these murderers will, in all probability, take my life, without allowing me time to make preparation for death. Do you hear? This is my will. As your chief, I command, as your friend I implore you to obey me."

"It is well," said Salvator Rosa, "I obey."

He then unrolled a canvass, drew forth his pencils from a little bundle attached to his belt, and sketched, with a firm and rapid hand, that fine portrait of Masaniello, which may be seen, at the present day, in the first chamber of the Museum of the Studio at Naples, in which he is

represented in his shirt sleeves, with a dark colored cap and bare neck.

The two friends separated, never to meet again. Salvator Rosa set out on his way to Rome the same night. Masaniello, fatigued with this scene, fell back upon his pillow and slept.

He awoke the next morning at the sound of the bell which called the faithful to their devotions. He rose, offered up a prayer, clothed himself in his simple fisherman's dress, descended, crossed the square, and entered the *Del Carmina* church. It was the fête day of the Virgin of Mount Carmel. Cardinal Filomarino officiated; the church was overflowing with people.

When Masaniello appeared, the crowd opened and made way for him. After the mass was finished, Masaniello went up into the pulpit, and signified that he wished to speak. A profound silence followed, and every one paused to listen to what he had to say.

"My friends," said Masaniello, in a sad, but calm voice, "You were slaves; I have set you free. If you are worthy of that liberty, defend it, for now it affects you only. You have been told that I wished to become king; I swear by Him who died upon the cross to purchase the liberty of all men, that it is not true. All is now at an end between the world and me. Something tells me that I have only a few hours to live. Friends, remember the only thing I have asked of you, and which you have promised me; say an *Ave Maria* for my soul, the moment you hear of my death."

All the audience renewed the promise; Masaniello then made a sign to the crowd to leave the church, which was obeyed. When he was alone, he descended from the pulpit, kneeled before the altar of the virgin, and prayed. When he raised his head, a man came to him to say that Cardinal Filomarino waited at the convent to consult with him on state business. Masaniello signified that he would accede to the cardinal's request. The messenger disappeared. Masaniello said a *pater* and an *ave*, kissed the amulet, which he wore round his neck, three times, and then advanced toward the vestry. When he reached the door, he heard several voices calling him into the cloister; he went toward the side from which the voices came, but at the moment he put his foot upon the threshold, the report of three muskets were heard, and three balls passed through his breast. This time his hour had come; all the balls took effect. He fell, uttering these words, only:

"Ah, traitors! ah! ungrateful wretches!"

He had recognized in the assassins his three friends, Cataneo, Renna and Ardizzone.

Ardizzone approached the corpse, decapitated it, and passing through the whole city with the bleeding head in his hand, laid it at the feet of the viceroy. The viceroy examined it for a moment, to be certain that it was Masaniello's, and then, after having paid the promised recompense to Ardizzone, threw it into the city ditch.

Renna and Cataneo dragged the mutilated corpse through the street, and the people, who, three days before, had torn in pieces those who had attempted the life of their chief, looked, unmoved, upon this terrible spectacle. Passing near the ditch where the head had been thrown, and having become wearied with dragging about and insulting the corpse, they threw it also into the ditch, where it remained till the next day.

On the next day, however, the love of the people for Masaniello regained its influence. Nothing was to be seen or heard throughout the city except tears and groans. They sought out the head and body so much insulted on the previous day. They found them, adjusted them to each other, put the corpse upon a litter, covered it with a royal mantle, crowned it with laurel, placed in the right hand a general's staff, and, in the left, a naked sword, and carried it through all parts of the city. The viceroy, seeing this, sent eight pages, each bearing a white wax candle, to follow the procession, and ordered all the soldiers to salute it as it passed by, presenting arms. It was carried in this manner to the Santa Clara Cathedral, where Cardinal Filomarino said over it the mass for the dead. In the evening it was interred with all the ceremonies usually attendant upon the burial of Neapolitan governors, or princes of the royal family.

Thus died Thomas Aniello, king during eight days, mad during four; assassinated as a tyrant; his remains cast forth like those of a dog; gathered up again as those of a martyr; and his memory, since then, venerated as that of a saint.

The terror which his name caused was so great, that the proclamation of the viceroy, prohibiting infants to be christened Masaniello, still exists in full force throughout the kingdom of Naples.

Thus has this name been guarded from all stain, and preserved, pure, for the veneration of the people.

For Arthur's Magazine.

MY COUNTRY.



Y country! O, my country!
I have heard thy glory long;
And a host of pleasant memories
Thy storied annals throng.
Thy mountains tower in stately pride,
In gorgeous beauty drest;

But thy noble hearts, and happy homes,
Are more than all the rest.

My country! O, my country!
In the morning of thy day,
Dark clouds were gathered o'er thee,
And their shade was on thy way;
But the sunshine of the spirit
Was upon thy children still,
And the storm-clouds might not weaken
The strong and upright will.

In thy valleys—midst thy waters—
A silent spell was wrought.

And thy mountains—forest-garlanded—
A gleam of glory caught;
From every lovely, leafy glade,
From every breeze-rock'd tree,
Came a voice of thrilling majesty,
“We will—we will be free.”

Not the power—not the glory,
Of the mother-land was thine;
Not the castled-rock, the fortress'd steep,
Where glittering armies shine;
But the ardent strength of trustfulness,
And the power that dwells within,
And the love—the faithful—living love,
That never fails to win.

My country! O, my country!
Thy sun is rising yet,
And a crown of glorious jewels
On thy forehead shall be set;
Be thy power the might of goodness,
And the truth thy stainless sword;
“For happy is that people
Whose God shall be the Lord.”

H. M.

For Arthur's Magazine.

“THINGS” WITHOUT “WORDS.”



HERE is a language
of the soul,
Entirely free from
art,
Which speaks in true
simplicity
The feelings of the
heart;
And tho' its whisper
never greets
The most attentive
ear

Yet we its meaning may perceive
Distinctively and clear.

Relic of times, when man stood high
In truthful, simple grace;
When all his inmost loves and thoughts
Beam'd frankly from his face.
Yes, ev'ry thought which mov'd his soul,
Or fill'd it with delight,

Was brought in effigy to view
Before the sense of sight.

Yet, it is only with the good
That we this language find;
Deceit, hypocrisy, and art
Erase it from the mind.
It speaks alone where innocence
Within the bosom dwells,
And by the eye's inspiring glance
Its hidden secrets tells.

Then what are words, but varied sounds;
We make them what we choose;
And tho' we speak them as we mean,
They half our meaning lose.
Yes, there are things more closely
To which fond mem'ry clings—
The soul's expressive speaking looks
I deem more real “things.”

o.

For Arthur's Magazine.
THE TWO MOTHERS.

BY MISS S. A. HUNT.

With gladness at the gift of this fair child?"
"I have wept

IGHTLY Margaret, step more lightly, for mercy's sake! you will awake him," were the low words of a young mother. She was seated at the foot of a handsome, mahogany bedstead, upon which lay her only child; his fair, young limbs, wasted by sickness. She raised her face but a moment, to speak, then buried it again amid the bed-clothes. The child's sleep was troubled; his eyes were only half closed in their sickly languor. With his every movement his mother roused herself, and gazed upon him, with a mingling of hope and fear upon her countenance. At last he awoke, tossed one little arm above his head, and feebly moaned the name of "mother." She started from her seat, and hung over him. She kissed his burning forehead, and offered a cooling drink to his parched lips. "Oh! how is he Margaret; will he get well?" she asked, addressing her cousin; and, at the same time, dashing aside her blinding tears, that she might scan his features more closely. The scarlet fever had taken from his skin all its delicate smoothness; his sweet lip had lost its freshness, and his deep, blue eyes had in them the straining gaze of pain.

"Will he get better?" she repeated, impatiently, grasping her cousin's arm, and watching her countenance with nervous anxiety.

"I surely cannot tell, dear Julia," replied

Mrs. Cushing; "he may. It is wrong for you to be so anxious and impatient. Your agitation may injure him. Come, and sit by the window with me, and leave him to the nurse." Mrs. Cushing put her arm around her waist, and drew her unwillingly to the window.

"You must not grieve so, dear," she said, tenderly, "even if he should be taken from you, he will find better teachers in the angels than he ever could meet with here."

"Do n't speak of his dying," interrupted Mrs. Benton. "I cannot let him go! He is my only child. You have never seen death threaten your little one. You could not speak so calmly if you had."

"I might not speak calmly, it is true," returned her cousin. "Yet would I trust in the overruling Providence of God. It is now but six months since my husband was removed from me by death. I cannot help sorrowing, but I do not forget my duties, and yield to despair. My love for my child is as great as your's; yet, if God should take her to Himself, I would be far less wretched than you. Death is to me but a short passage to a land of light. It is there where my sweetest hopes are garnered. Oh! Julia, if you would but think as I do—if you would but be willing to struggle forward with trials which await every one here, and fix your eyes upon that better world as the place where your dreams of happiness are to be realized, then——"

"Hark! didn't Albert move?" exclaimed Mrs. Benton, starting. She went to the bed, and looked at him a moment, then returned to her seat. "You are trying to comfort me, Margaret," she said; "I feel your kindness,

but while I see him as he is now, I cannot be comforted. Oh!" she continued, shuddering, "to see his little form laid in the cold grave—I cannot listen to you. He will not die—oh! no. He will be spared to me yet; this is but the trial of a mother's love."

Mrs. Cushing looked sadly upon her young face, pale through anxious watching. She wished to soothe her, to raise in her bosom an upward hope, to point her to where she might find a balm for her wrong spirit. But her efforts seemed useless. She pressed her hand silently, then left the room as noiselessly as possible, to prepare herself to return to her own home.

Since the dangerous illness of little Albert, she had spent most of her time in her cousin's family. On reaching her own house, her heart gave a thrill of sudden happiness, as a lovely little creature of about two years ran forward in the hall to meet her. She caught her beautiful treasure in her arms, and kissed her rosy cheek, while the glad, sweet laugh of infancy rang on her delighted ear. Ah! then she felt how strong are the ties that link our hearts to those young, bright beings. Then more sadly she turned her thoughts to her cousin; with no pleasant hopes of a future state to beguile her sorrow—bereavement threatening her, and nothing but despair to meet it with. She raised her heart to heaven in gratitude that her child was spared her, to cheer her in her earthly pathway. Again she pressed her lips to Ella's childish forehead, and watched her dancing eyes, and sweet roguish smile. Her imagination hurried to the far future. She saw her darling, blest with all the kind graces of womanhood—most lovely, and beloved—unselfish and unassuming, yet shedding the warmth of her sunny heart upon all. Whose dream of fancy is pure as a mother's? Early the next morning Mrs. Cushing was sent for by her cousin, whose child had grown worse. She obeyed the summons without hesitation. On entering the sick chamber, she found Mrs. Benton standing by Albert's bed, watching him, with a trembling lip. Occasionally she turned her eyes inquiringly upon the doctor, who was marking the little sufferer's heaving breath, with a serious countenance.

"Oh! help him, doctor," she broke forth, as a stifling sound came from the dying child. "Save him, for God's sake! Is he dying?" she almost screamed, as that fearful sound again struck her ear. "Oh! is he dying?" and she fell back into the arms of her cousin, utterly senseless. She was carried from the room. Mrs. Cushing stayed with her until she was partially restored; then, leaving her to the care

of the nurse, hastened back to little Albert's quiet room. Over his bright eyes a cloud had gathered; the breath that heaved his bosom came once more, and chokingly; then all was over. She laid his sunny hair back upon his forehead, and a tear fell upon it as her prayer went up to the Heaven his innocent spirit was about entering. His limbs were composed into the becoming stillness of death, when his mother again stood by the bedside. She looked upon him, and shudderingly pressed her hands upon her heart, as if to repress its agony.

"Oh! my boy, my child, my only child!" came from her lips, in that thrilling wail death alone seems to claim. "Can he be gone?" she asked, turning to the doctor. "Albert, my child!" and she sunk down upon the bed, and twined her arms around his tiny form. She laid her hand amid the locks of clustering hair, she had so often curled, when he stood at her knee in the playfulness of buoyant health. She kissed the cheek where she had but lately marked the rich glow of health mantling. With a low cry of anguish, her tears burst forth. After a time, Mrs. Cushing attempted to calm her, with all the tenderness of sympathy: her husband, hiding his own deep grief, endeavored to soothe her, but it was all in vain. Her only answer was, "No one loved him as I did."

Three days his body was kept, at his mother's entreaty; then it was placed in the still grave. After he was buried, Mrs. Benton shut herself up in her own apartment, and would see no one, but her husband and Mrs. Cushing, who brought little Ella there, and kindly superintended her cousin's household matters. In vain Mrs. Cushing affectionately remonstrated with her upon her conduct, and showed her its weakness and wickedness. She represented to her the duties she owed her family. She spoke in earnest language, of the superior happiness little Albert must enjoy where he was. She tried to convince her, that the world of spirits is not as far removed from us as we imagine; that there is a deeper and wider sympathy between heaven and earth than we dream of, in our careless moods. She told of the calm, internal happiness which a trust in the Divine Providence brings to the soul, even when it is bowed down beneath the chastening rod that smites, although it is in love. Mrs. Cushing once took little Ella up in Mrs. Benton's room, hoping she might arouse her from her melancholy by her careless prattle. The poor child was received with a burst of passionate tears, and the mother was begged to remove her, as she only reminded her more forcibly of the loss she had sustained.

One dull, rainy morning, Mrs. Cushing had been conversing earnestly with her cousin, and trying to cheer her spirits. She soon found how useless it was, and she left her with a heavy heart, to seek Ella, that the child's gaiety might dispel her sombre feelings. Not finding her in the sitting room or parlour, she descended to the kitchen, to ask the servant about her. The woman was professing her ignorance of the truant's whereabouts, when the sweet, familiar laugh of Ella, herself, caught her mother's ear. She went to the back door, and found her seated contentedly on the damp bricks of the area, her shoes and stockings by her side, and in her lap a pet kitten. Several playthings had been carried out there, and were carelessly strewed around, as if the little owner had been there some time. Mrs. Cushing's heart gave a throb of sudden pain.

"Oh! Ella, I fear you have taken your death-cold," she exclaimed, lifting her in her arms, and feeling the chill her damp clothes gave. She hurried with her up stairs, where a slight fire was kept burning. All day she watched her anxiously; towards evening the color in her cheek grew deep and feverish; her sweet eyes shone with a flashing brilliancy. She was in a high fever, and her little limbs were aching and sore. The doctor was sent for; in answer to the mother's anxious inquiries, he replied cheerfully, that she would soon be well. But weeks and months elapsed, and still that lovely infant languished in sickness. She became emaciated to the last degree; her white arms lost all their roundness, and there was no color in her little, thin cheek. Her once laughing eyes were sunken; and in her pain she turned them upon her mother with the appealing, imploring look so entirely a child's. It was beyond the power of the fondest mother to remove her sufferings. From the commencement of the child's illness, Mrs. Benton aroused herself from her inert melancholy, to sympathise, in her turn, with her cousin, who had been so true a friend to her in her trial. The moment she made the effort, a new spirit seemed to come upon her. She was unwearied in her kindness to the little invalid; night and day she sought to relieve and be of use to the mother. Her voice was low, and tender; she found it a relief to her feelings to smooth Ella's pillow, to fan her gently when a feverish glow was upon her cheek, and to try to ease her hard position. Often she clasped her cousin's hand and wept silently upon her shoulder, in that sympathy which it needs not words to express. She seemed surprised at the calmness of Mrs. Cushing, who hovered quietly around Ella's bed, the tear and smile of love

often in her eye and upon her lip, but resignation was upon her smooth, pale brow.

"You must have a strong hope, indeed," whispered Mrs. Benton one evening, as they sat together, watching Ella, by the dim lamp light, "to support you, while you see that sweet lamb's sufferings. Oh! Margaret, to feel and trust as you do, I would give worlds. You suffer, yet you do not feel that despairing, desolate grief I did, when I saw my darling smitten down with sickness."

"I do suffer, it is true," answered Mrs. Cushing; "natural feelings and ties are strong with us both. But although I cannot always restrain my tears, I feel and know that all is right; that this trial is come upon me for good—that it is given by One whose mercy cannot err. I do feel at times as if it is too heavy for me. I could pray that the cup might pass from my lips, but again the truth comes to my mind, that no other affliction could be so really useful to me, or God in his wisdom would not have ordered this. Oh! how often do we harshly and bitterly dwell upon the troubles which are appointed us, only for our own sakes, in the tenderest love. He seeks by them to guide our souls from a wilderness which contains every evil thing, and to lead us to a garden blossoming in fragrance and ever-living beauty. Can you not feel that it is so, in some degree, Julia?"

"I see it more clearly than I did," was the reply, made in a musing tone; "it appears as if Albert's death had opened in my heart a fountain of love and sympathy for every human creature in suffering. It has given me a yearning desire to lighten the sorrows of any one, no matter how humble in life, or how bad they may be. I sometimes fancy my child's angel-spirit is near me in my dreams, urging me to overcome the selfish grief I so long indulged in, and by a broader love, to fit my soul for entrance to where grief cannot come."

"When our friends die," said Mrs. Cushing, "it must bring the spiritual world nearer to us. Our thoughts, feelings, and holiest sympathies are gone thither. The time has been when I have yearned to lay down this struggling life, and go where all would be in harmony with my own soul. We must associate there with those who are most like ourselves; but I must forget that I am not yet prepared to leave this world, or I would be there. My earthly duties are not finished, and even this world grows more fair to contented eyes." Talking thus, a pensive quiet filled their hearts—the pure quiet of resignation. All was still and hushed in the sick chamber, as if the angels of rest and peace were near. The shaded light fell gently upon

the carpet, and only half revealed the figures of the unwearied watchers. Even Ella's uneasy limbs seemed to have forgotten their accustomed restlessness; her dark, misty eyes dwelt upon her mother's face, in listless apathy. Occasionally she moved her little, wasted hands feebly, but soon ceased the motion. "How quiet Ella is," remarked Mrs. Cushing, rising, and bending over her little one; "have you any pain, darling?"

"No, mamma," murmured the child, holding up her thin hands, caressingly, while a faint, sweet smile flitted a moment over her infant face. Her eyes closed as a slight convulsion passed over her features. "Julia, come and look at her," uttered Mrs. Cushing, in a trembling tone, turning to her cousin quickly, and grasping her hand with a wringing pressure that seemed as if it would crush the very bones.

Mrs. Benton leaned over the bed, with white lips. "Ella, darling!" murmured the mother; "Ella! Ella!" The child opened her eyes a moment, and gazed vacantly into her mother's face.

"She does n't know me," said the mother, chokingly; she stooped and kissed her dying child; a fluttering breath, and the spirit fled. "Oh, God! help me to say thy will be done!" were the low, half-breathed words that came from the mother's heart, and broke the stillness. Though her fair treasure was taken from her, for a time, Mrs. Cushing did not sit down in idle grief. No duties were neglected; others were not forgotten in her selfish, absorbing sorrow. Still her kind heart went forth in its sympathy and sweet charities. Her pure influence was felt by Mrs. Benton, who by degrees became possessed of her calm resignation under trial, and her ever active, useful spirit.

For Arthur's Magazine.

EVENING THOUGHTS.



TARS in the quiet
skies—
And flower-stars
all around;
And a sound like
echoes of para-
dise,
From the gem'd
and dewy
ground;
I look on the worlds
above,
On the earth my
glances fall,

and that pleasant sound, like a song of love,
Is greeting me from all.

o flowers tell their tale
In voices low and kind,
We are pouring our fragrance from out our breasts,
To dower the passing wind;
Joy in a gift so fair,
The gift of sun and rain,
Nigh from them we have soon a share
And we give it forth again."

o the perfumed southern wind
Whispered its greeting too;

Though its wings were clogged with heaviness
Gathered among the dew;
"I will keep awake the live-long night,
Watching when none can see,
For friendly and kindly, O gentle flowers!
Have your tributes been to me."

A sound like a timed sigh
Arose from the weeping earth,
"I am lowly and dark, but I love the stars,
And I give the flowers birth;
Never! Oh never! by day or night,
Do I turn from them away;
They have blessed me long with looks of light
And I give them all I may."

Then a whisper woke within,
From my own delighted being;
In your grateful love, O living things,
I will henceforth bear a part;
A dower more noble than all you boast,
Is the spirit God has given,
And as he in love has made me free,
I will freely turn to Heaven.

H. M.

For Arthur's Magazine.

MUSIC.

BY J. T. S. SULLIVAN.

SACRED MUSIC.

Intention is not to conduct the reader back to the dim cells and gothic gloom of the cloisters of the dark ages, nor to lead him onwards in the steps of the infant art of music, and progress, and then ceasing, when we have arrived at its present existence and advancement. On the contrary, I must leave such learned historical details for others more skilled, and more versed in the records of its annals. Neither do I, intend to deal abstrusely, nor scientifically; much less, technically, of this "language of the gods." No! I shall speak of music as it is, as we have, and enjoy it; pointing out the slaughter of harmonies by the *would-be* musicians, and showing the exquisite beauty of legitimate compositions.

There is as much deception, plagiarism and imposture in music, as can be found in any other science; and all that is necessary to prevent a longer continuance of this state of things is, to point out these instances, and to suffer them no more.

There are different classes of persons, who may be arrayed before the tribunal of this art. First, we find those highly gifted by nature, whose minds are filled with new and beautiful conceptions, and who have also the power to analyze, and communicate these original ideas; while others, who have equally pure inspirations, do not possess the enviable capacity of embodying their creations, but must be contented to recognize in the works of the former the kindred ideas of their own brains. Both of these classes are to be called *geniuses*, and the

former, in addition to this name, may be known as the *great master composers*. We now come to a different set of beings, who, though not endowed with originality, have the knowledge requisite to comprehend these efforts of genius, and are content to become students and listeners; these may be called *connoisseurs*. Another class, and a numerous one too, is composed of these, who enjoy, and, often times, to an exquisite degree, the charms of music, without being able to understand or comprehend them, nor even to define whence their enjoyment is derived. I should call these *amateurs*. And now we come to that army of creatures, who *pretend* to understand and enjoy, either because it is *fashionable*, or because their vanity will not allow them to acknowledge that they are less gifted than their neighbors. These may be termed *would-be amateurs*. And, finally, we would mention that throng of imposters, who aiming at a rank among the *great masters*, steal their ideas, mangle and torture them into different shapes, and then claim homage from an astonished world. Many composers of the present day may be found in the rank and file of this class. But we would tell them that the pulverized rose bud has lost the perfume of the blushing flower. They might as well call upon us to admire, in the broken fragments of a statue, rudely plastered together, all the exquisite beauties of its former perfection, as to embrace in their works any thing but the mangled charms of what we no longer recognise, as the achievement of some master spirit.

There are, also, different kinds of music: one for the soul or spirit, such as we experience in the solemn strains of Handel and Haydn; one for the head, and we find this style in the compositions of Mozart, Beethoven, Rameau, and many others; one for the heart, which includes the crowd of lighter operas, ballads, songs and melodies, among which latter Schubert's and

Moore's with their thousand associates, stand before us; and, lastly, one for the feet; and here Strauss and Herz occur to our minds, at the sound of whose names, we feel an irresistible impulse to jump up and dance.

Then, again, the higher orders of compositions above alluded to, may be divided into different schools, each one possessing characteristics and beauties peculiar to itself. But of these hereafter.

In judging of the works of a master, in order to give them a fair trial, or to feel the whole effect of the composer's conception, we should hear them with all the attending *fillings-up* and the entire back ground seen and enjoyed, which were present at the moment of inspiration. It were as partial to judge of a highly wrought oration, repeated in the absence of an audience, and the feelings which excited at the moment of its delivery, as to judge of one of Handel's great works, when performed in a barn on a flute and a violoncello. Would you judge of Handel impartially?—go to a cathedral—hear the massive chords of the powerful organ swelling along the arched ceiling, and gradually dying away among the vast recesses of the gothic masonry, while the sweet harmony of a well tuned choir pours forth its melodious strains to the overawed ears of a devout congregation. There, and there only, can we judge of the beauty, the power, the strength and the effect of his genius. Who can deny, if he have enjoyed such a privilege, that music like this elevates the soul, and imbues the mind with a spirit of deep devotion? In such a scene, surrounded by such accompaniments, we feel disposed to worship. It may be said, that such sensations are undefined, and only suited to the uneducated mind. We differ. If they be undefined, they are most befitting the worship of that Being, whose majesty we then feel, and whose Almighty power we acknowledge in moments of such overwhelming, limitless, and heavenly influence. In such scenes, all creeds may worship; for amid the vaulted arches and vast, distant objects of these gothic structures of the darker ages, the mind and eye find no resting place, and the soul soars with the dying sounds of the swelling notes, pealing in the combined unison of organ and choir, from the dull earth to the regions above.

The effect of such a scene may be realized in an anecdote, related of the brother of a great German writer, justly praised and esteemed for his valuable translation of Shakespeare. His brother was in Vienna. It was a bright day in autumn, and near its close. He strolled into the Cathedral of St. Mary. It was the hour

of *vespers*. He stood in the broad aisle, directly under the dome. The rays of the setting sun stole dimly through the painted gothic windows, bestowing all the variegated tints of the glass, with mellowing effect, upon the objects around; while in the distance, the deep angles of the recesses were shrouded in darkness. Before him, but far removed, he saw the candle's struggling light, and beneath, the priest, surrounded by a small number of devout worshippers on their knees. The voice of the old father was faintly heard in the vast edifice, and fell on the ear like the tones of some spirit, gentle and mild. Suddenly the swelling chords of the organ burst upon the soothing, gloomy hour, followed by the full melody of the choir. The notes seemed to linger, hovering over that tranquil scene of prayer, until echo ceased to repeat them, and they were lost in the dim vaults above. A feeling of awe came over him; he raised his eyes to the dome through whose windows the setting sun still poured its golden light. It appeared to him like the dazzling glory of another, brighter world. He had been a skeptic, but in that hour he was saved. He fell upon his knees; he acknowledged the majesty of his Maker, and was ever after a Christian.

Nor shall I forget a similar scene at which I was myself present. In a remote part of the Tyrol, lies the secluded valley of Wiesenthal, at the base of the Mutter-berger glacier. Strangers seldom visit these regions. The inhabitants live retired, nor do they know any more of the world beyond, than does the goat who nimbles on the craggy rocks of these mountain barriers. Such ignorance was bliss, for they seemed a happy, honest, contented people. Around a green, sloping towards the old church, of whose antiquity we could gain no certain information, stood a circle of dwellings, built much in the style of Swiss cottages. Two friends accompanied me. We were traveling on foot, and reached the little village, near the setting of the sun. Although day had bid adieu to the deep valleys, the rays of the west still lingered on the roseate mountain tops, as if unwilling to part from such a scene. As we arrived, the hunters and farmers were returning home, to meet the merry faces of their domestic circles; but they all seemed one family. The grotesque costume of the women, and the picturesque dress of the men, added much to the effect of the little landscape. The whole of the quiet village gathered on the green as we drew near. A hearty welcome was extended to us by the landlord of the best house, used as the inn, and amid the staring and wondering of our new

acquaintances, we unloosed our knapsacks, and ordered supper. The old bell of the church now proclaimed the hour of evening prayer, and every head was uncovered, every face turned to the house of worship. We had not intended to participate in the ceremony, not being catholics, but our absence threatened to create remarks, and we entered the time-worn church.

The father of this village flock was an aged man, whose silver hairs demanded and received respect from every one. He stood at the altar, and around him kneeled his children, while he chanted the prayer. We remained at a distance. The light of the church was only sufficient to give us a very vague outline of the scene. Still, we could discern the sturdy forms of the mountaineers bent in devotion, and could, with the aid of the candles burning on the altar, see the placid manner, and feel the fatherly, benevolent tones of the priest, as he occasionally turned towards his little congregation. The church was large, and the number of the villagers small. In that hour, when the extent of the church seemed greatly magnified by the vague light of evening, the worshippers appeared like the forgotten remnant of a larger population, seeking protection at the altar of their God. There was a peculiar sense of dependence awakened by this contrast, which made the little flock more deeply interesting to the looker-on. The organ poured forth its voice, but in so feeble a tone, that its sound came as from a distance, and as it died away, and then returned again, I could realize the feeling which had overcome the skeptic.

The *vespers* were over, and the villagers came forth with cheerful faces and light hearts. After their evening meal, they all assembled on the green, where, after becoming better acquainted with us, they joined in their dances and songs, and seemed the most peaceful, contented people I had ever seen. As they one by one fell off, and retired to their homes, I observed the young girls approach the priest, who was conversing with us, and after receiving his blessing and his smile, kissed his hand, and with an unaffected wish for a good night's rest to the travellers, skipped away like the lambs of their

flocks. Oh! what would I not give, I have often thought, to be as ignorant and as happy, as the dwellers in that lonely vale? What can ambition secure to the bruised spirit, what can learning bestow, that will yield the contentment of that blessed race!

But to our subject:

It might be said, that the tendency of these remarks would go to show that cathedrals alone were places to experience devotion. I do not intend any such thing. I only speak of them as the suitable places, and the only suitable ones, wherein to judge of such music as has been written for them. The sense of devotion awakened there, is quite different from that experienced in our churches. The structure of gothic edifices is vast, and inspires a sense of awe, which is much enhanced by formal ceremonies and powerful music. Such means subdue the uneducated, and elevate the minds of those who can comprehend; while the spirit of devotion in our more simple and less extensive houses of worship, is produced by the general participation of the whole congregation in the ceremony. The former may be said to be the worship of undefined sensations, while our own should be regarded as that of the intellect and soul only.

Should the question be asked, what constitutes that style of music called *sacred*, it would be difficult to tell. Every one knows *sacred* music when he hears it, and can easily distinguish it from all other kinds; but when you would describe its peculiar character, there is no term which will fully comprehend the description, or its distinguishing marks. There are musical sounds and strains which answer to every feeling of the heart. We have gay, plaintive, bacchanal and wild music, all of which at once awaken our corresponding sympathies; and so we have, too, sacred music, alike familiar, and alike affecting our thoughts and feelings. What makes this music *sacred*? Its solemn character, its full harmonies, and our associations. The very notes we sing in a hymn, if sung in different time, or to other words, become no longer solemn. Therefore, it must depend upon association. Let us take as a striking instance the following strain:



This is the commencement of the beautiful hymn of Thomas Moore, set, so says his work, to an Indian air. Every one who knows this piece of sacred music, will at once feel the solemn character of the strain. But let us see

what gives these notes this character; let us test the music, and see whether our own associations have not made them sacred. Here are the same, or very nearly the same notes, with different words:



Lub - ly Ro - sa here I come! Don't you hear the ban - jo, tum, tum, tum!

This difference is manifest, the one being sacred, the other profane, and yet the notes are the same. Our associations, then, and the words must have made the former sacred, for the music is in itself the same with the last mentioned song. And so we shall find it with nearly all sacred music.

Besides, we generally hear sacred music accompanied by the organ, the only instrument capable of giving entire fulness to harmonies, leaving nothing to be desired in this respect. The impracticability of using organs in private dwellings, has made this instrument almost peculiar to churches, and the remembered tones of its varied chords mingle in our minds with the devout language of hymns, and keep the music we thus hear apart from all others, *sacred*.

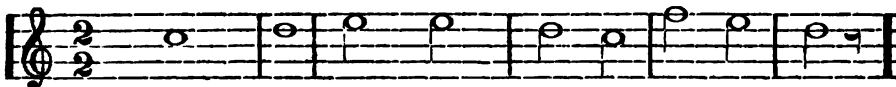
Let any one test this assertion with any psalm tune, playing or singing the music in different time, and he will at once lose the solemn character of the music. The slow method of singing, or the dwelling on certain notes, is for the purpose of enabling the organ to pour forth its full harmony; but take away the organ, change the time, and the psalm-tune has lost its

solemnity. We cannot, therefore, discover any other mark of distinction between *sacred* and *profane* music, than the full harmonies given to the former, and our associations attached to it.

We should not forget here the various kinds of sacred music, namely: *chants*, *anthems*, *psalms* and *hymns*.

Chants are taken from the Catholic service, and were retained in the High Episcopal Church of England, when Henry VIII. severed his church from the church of Rome. The chant of the Cathedral service, as performed in the English churches, bears but little resemblance to the *canto fermo* or *plain-chant* of the Roman Catholics, which is chiefly pronounced, rather than sung, by the priest alone, without bass or accompaniment; whereas our *chants* are short phrases of *melody*, sung antiphonally from side to side, in four parts, accompanied by the choir organ.

The *chant*, as we know it in our churches, is sung without reference to metre, or to rhythm; and consequently, several words are often sung to the same note, the attention being directed more to the language than to the musical sounds, as in the following instance:



Bless - ed be the Lord God of Is - ra - el, for he hath visited and redeemed his people!

Anthems, were originally portions of scripture, as were also chants, set to music. But of late years we find sacred poetry in anthems, as well as sacred prose.

Anthems differ from *chants*, and also from the *metrical psalmody* of our churches. They are set in "*florid counterpoint*," and may be sung by one or more voices. They form a solemn and dignified style of music, unlike hymns inasmuch as their strains are diversified with the sentiment of the language. In hymns, the melody for the first verse is repeated in all the others. In *anthems* there is no returning to,

or repetition of any set melody or air, but the music varies as it proceeds. A *chant* is *never* written to *metre* nor *rhythm*, while an anthem may be in *metre* and *rhythm*. This difference may be discerned in all the collections of church music, and do not, therefore, require any illustration.

Psalms and *hymns*.—In ancient times *hymns* were not necessarily sacred, for the Greeks had their hymns of battle, and hymns of festive occasions; they were *ever* songs of joy; while *psalms* were taken from the Old Testament, and were always in praise of God. At the present day these distinctions are lost, and our hymns

vary from psalms only in name. Of late we have no new psalms. All songs of a sacred nature are called hymns, and are sung, as well as psalms, to metre and rhythm, having always a melody or air, recurring in their verses. They differ from chants and anthems in these charac-

teristics; preserving ever that slow, solemn movement, which admits of the fullest harmonies in all its parts.

In my next, I shall leave the subject of *sacred music*, and may have a word to say upon *the music for the head*.

For Arthur's Magazine.

INVOCATION TO POESY.

BY MISS MARY C. DENVER.



Bright thoughts from the sky, the stars, the flower.

He had gazed on the vault of the deep blue sky,
When the midnight planets were hung on high,
And bright and beautiful did they seem,
Like the fairy world of a Poet's dream;
And his soul drank deep in that happy hour,
Bright thoughts from the sky, the stars, the flower.

He had looked on the violet's robe of blue,
He had seen the rose with its silver dew,
And the pearls that lay in the hare-bell's cup
When the leaves of the lily were folded up,
And the tender gaze and the silent mirth,
Looked bright from the blossoming things of earth.

He heard a voice from the dark green leaf,
'T was low, but it was not a sound of grief;
And he heard a sigh on the passing breeze,
And the wailing moan of the distant seas,
And they came in the smile of the moonlit wave—
In the solemn thoughts of the silent grave.

A thousand voices were breathing 'round,
And there was a spirit in every sound:
The cold, the beautiful, and the dim,
Arose in their various shapes to him;
With the crimson cheek and spotless mind,
Like the rose on the lily's breast reclin'd.

The stern, unbending mind was there,—
The heart of pride and the brow of care,
And the passionate longing for viewless things,
Deep sunk in the spirit's hidden springs,—
Some spoke in gladness, some breathed a sigh,
All! passed in their beauty before his eye.

He felt in his bosom a boundless thirst
For the glory that over his spirit burst;
And he breath'd the words in that magic thrall,
Invoking the spirit that reigned o'er all.
Oh! cold and passionless did they seem
To the eloquent thoughts in his being's dream.

"Come, Poesy, to me,
Thou bright idolatry,
Spirit divine!
Come, with thy quenchless light,
Come, with thy smile so bright,
And rescue, from thy blight,
This heart of mine.

The desolating pain,
The soul enthralling chain,
Around it thrown,—
The heart-felt agony
No other eye may see,—
'T is a fearful thing to be
So long alone.

To hear no kindly word,
To feel no bosom stirr'd,
To see no ray
Across my pathway thrown,
That mis'ry's self would own;
But thus to be alone
On life's dull way!

Come! Spirit! come to me!
Thy bright intensity
Will break the thrall:
Come—to the dew'y flower,
Come—to the moon-lit bower,
Come—to the sunset hour,—
I love them all!

For I have seen them stirr'd
As if thy spirit pour'd
Its vows around;
And the rival roses blush'd,
And the star-lit wave was hush'd,
And the sunset hour was flush'd
At the glad sound.

Long have I turned to thee,
Long have I bowed the knee
Before thy shrine;
Then let thy thrilling tone
Illume this darken'd throne,
That droops so long alone,
Spirit divine!"

RE-MOULDING A DISPOSITION.

BY J. AUSTIN SPERRY.



AID an elderly gentleman, with good natured features, to a young one, of some pretensions to a respectable figure, as they passed a lady on Chestnut st.

whom the latter "tipped" his hat—
"What do you think of that girl?"

"What girl?"

"The one to whom you just bowed," replied the elder, "Mary Jane Jones—eh?"

"She is bold, forward, vain, frivolous," said the young man, striving to hide his bitterness feeling in carelessness of tone.

"Ah! is it so?" pursued the old gentleman, fixing his mild and merry grey eye significantly upon the other's face; "Why love her,?"

The young gentleman "flinched"—barely aptly—yet enough to show that his companion had made a "palpable hit."

"I do n't," he retorted, warmly; "what put an idea into your head?"

Mr. Stiles (the elderly gentleman) laughed heartily, and offered to lay any wager the young man could propose, that, in less than a year, Mary Jane Jones would be the affianced of Mr. Theophilus Bell.

"How absurdly you talk," answered Bell. "Ask you I do not know my own mind. Sir, I tell you candidly, in the whole

circle of my female acquaintance, there is not one whose manners and general conduct I less admire."

"What is there in her manners and conduct that meets with your 'disapproval,'" asked the old man, in that quiet, peremptory tone, which showed that he felt some right to be a confidant of the youth's thoughts.

"What I have already mentioned," answered Bell; "her boldness, her unrestrained language, and unreserved actions. She lacks delicacy and refinement of feeling—and you know I am a little fastidious upon points of female propriety."

"Umph!" said the old man; "a little too fastidious, I think."

"Not a whit—and see! there is confirmation of what I have said," continued Bell, directing his companion's attention to the opposite side of the street—"there is Mary Jane returning with a stranger, to whom I know she was introduced only last evening. She has met him upon the street, and doubtless, with her usual indiscretion, invited him to a promenade."

The subject of their remarks, a lively, graceful creature of nineteen or twenty, passed on with her "new beau," laughing and chatting with as much heedlessness and familiarity as if the stranger had been an acquaintance of years' standing, and the thronged and fashionable thoroughfare her own privileged drawing-room.

"What say you, now?" resumed Bell, "will your benevolent disposition throw the 'mantle of charity' over this impropriety, and term it innocent sportiveness?"

"No," replied Mr. Stiles; "I agree with you, that there is impropriety in the lady's conduct—but I know she is not aware of it. She is an orphan, and has been reared by a vain,

weak-minded, indulgent aunt, who either does not see, or is too fond to show her her errors. Her disposition is cheerful, social, unsuspecting and free, and there are few young men whom chance throws into her society, but will take advantage of her confiding nature. At heart, she is pure, and her inclinations all tend naturally to whatever is good. Gain her love, and you can easily re-mould her disposition to suit your own ideas of propriety. Try it, nephew; she will make you a good wife."

The nephew—for such was the relationship in which Theophilus Bell stood to Mr. Stiles—was silent. He knew that it was useless to attempt further to deceive his uncle with regard to his feelings. He had loved Mary Jane devotedly; but displeased with what he conceived to be frivolity and immodesty in her manners, he had striven to erase the feeling from his breast; and had so far succeeded, he flattered himself, that no circumstances would ever induce him to think of her again, as an object worthy of his affections. The event proved, however, that he did not know his own heart. Accustomed to place implicit reliance in the judgment of his uncle, whom he knew to be a close and penetrating observer of human character, the positive tone in which the old man had excused the young lady's seeming errors, produced in his mind something like a conviction of having wronged her by unjust suspicions. This conviction strengthened with reflection, and by the end of the ensuing week, his stifled passion was resuscitated, and burned in his breast with all its original fervor. He concluded to propose, and, accordingly, did propose, to the no little surprise of the lady, to whom his hitherto distant demeanor had intimated any thing but "serious intentions." Her reply was not, at first, decisive. She had esteemed him, certainly, she said, but had never dreamed of him in the relation he now proposed—she must have time for consideration.

Bell's impatient disposition could not brook delay; and he pressed his suit with all the arguments which ardent love could dictate. And what woman is there, whose heart is not pre-engaged, who can withstand the warm, earnest, eloquent pleadings of an impetuous lover. What woman of ordinary feeling, even though her affections may not have been previously enlisted by the suitor, can say, determinedly, "No," to an unexpected, passionate, but sincere and respectful proposal. Mary Jane, whose mind was easily impressed, and who had not been reared in habits of cautious reflectiveness, was not likely to prove more immovable than most of her sex. She repeated that she had not

hitherto entertained such sentiments toward him as a lady ought, who should answer favorably; yet she thought she could—in short, Miss Jones consented to become Mrs. Bell, and Theophilus was now at that crisis of his mortal career, which is expressed by the term "a happy man." It was a crisis, however, which with him was soon passed; for the expiration of forty-eight hours left him as absolutely *unhappy* as it is possible to conceive a man. The cause of this sudden revolution in the state of his feelings we must here endeavour to account for.

No sooner was a formal betrothal completed, than, feeling his prize to be perfectly secure, and imagining, as men in the vanity of youth are apt to do, that he had more deeply engaged her affections than she chose to allow, he set about the task of correcting those errors in her conduct which had heretofore excited his indignation, or, as Mr. Stiles had expressed it, of "re-moulding her disposition to suit his own ideas of propriety." Upon the evening ensuing that of his sudden proposal and acceptance, as he was seated by her side, toying with her delicate hand, he commenced his reforming and refining process in the following unequivocal and very abrupt manner:

"Will you allow me, Mary Jane, to reprove you for one or two slight foibles, which I have observed in your conduct, and which, I think, spring more from a want of reflectiveness, than a disposition to err?"

Mary Jane's smiling features settled immediately into an expression of serious perplexity; the bright eye, that had been beaming upon her lover with awakening tenderness, was hid by the falling of the graceful lash; the hand that had just returned the warm pressure of his, shrank in his grasp to cold passiveness, and a moment of silent embarrassment, painful, at least to her, ensued. Perhaps, in that moment, there was passing in her mind something like a struggle between doubt and duty. She had evidently been disposed to some interchange of tender thoughts—to listen to the murmured passion of a heart that yearned for unison with her's—to receive and return those sweet blandishments which make up the blissfulness of early love. Words so foreign to those she anticipated, chilled the warm feeling that was beginning to glow in her bosom, and it seemed almost in an instant that an altered heart was throbbing there. She raised her eyes reproachfully, and replied—

"Certainly, you may reprove. I suppose it is now your prerogative to do so." There was a bitterness in the tone with which she said this, which the next instant she repented, and

hastily added, "my wish is to do right, and I will gladly hear your counsel, and try to profit by it."

So she spoke, and so for the moment she felt. But reproof is like a nauseous medicine. We may be fully conscious that it is for our own good, and may affect to swallow it complacently—yet we cannot overcome our distaste for it, and the hand that administers it must be a kind one, indeed, if we do not loathe it afterward. If Bell had sufficiently reflected upon this, he would have been more cautious; but he relied upon the susceptibility of her heart, and the parity of his own motives, and proceeded, with little reserve, to point out those faults in her conduct which justly merited censure.

The actions with which Bell charged her, Mary Jane admitted, but averred she could not conceive wherein their impropriety consisted. She endeavored to explain, and apparently succeeded in convincing her, for she expressed sorrow, and promised in future to be more circumspect. During the rest of that evening's interview, she was dejected and reserved; and he took his leave with the satisfactory belief that the wished-for revolution in her character would be the result of the convictions he had laid upon her. When he was gone, the young man gave way to a fit of weeping. She felt grieved at what she had heard, and dissatisfied with herself—nor was she altogether satisfied with her lover. In fact, she was miserable, and had been the cause of it.

His voice of conscience has but little music for us of "frail humanity;" and when it is silent, in its still, small way, about some of the things we have done wrong, we are but too prone to lend it its unpleasant admonitions, by imputing blame to others. Such was the case with Mary Jane. Her penitence soon turned to reaction.

She had, perhaps, thoughtlessly done wrong," he said, "but for him so soon to presume upon the privilege which our betrothal may give him to control my actions and take me to task for small indiscretions, is ungenerous—is unfeeling and arbitrary."

For Bell! little did he suspect what would be the result of his first well-meant lecture on propriety; and when he started the next day to pay his *devoirs*, it was with a mind fully at ease in the comfortable reflection that the task of "re-moulding" the lady's disposition was accomplished. He had defined his position; he had defined her position. He had

pointed out what he had disapproved in her conduct, and she had promised amendment. He had stated what he wished to be her

future conduct, and she had promised compliance. Nothing could seem more favorable, and he fully expected to find Mrs. Bell, that was to be, as perfectly conformable to his avowed and peculiar notions, as if she were the identical Mrs. Bell who had long existed in his imagination, the embodiment of modesty, refinement, sensibility, and, in short, the whole catalogue of female virtues and accomplishments.

He reached the mansion which contained his bride elect, and paused at the door, just a moment, to catch the tone of that thrilling voice, as it rang out a peal of joyous laughter. His spirit caught the glad tone, and he entered, eager to participate in the gaiety which seemed to reign within. Mary Jane was chatting in a jocund strain with her indulgent aunt. The latter, after having exchanged civilities with the young man, benevolently left the lovers to themselves. Bell seated himself by her side, and made some remark about twilight. He did not intend it to be thought either very witty or very humorous—yet if there had been one chord in her bosom that answered to the feelings of his, she would have smiled, at least. But no; her answer was brief and spiritless, with her eyes demurely downcast. A change, that, from the light-of-heart demeanor, she had been indulging in, the previous moment, and Bell felt it. He made an effort, however, to engage her in animated converse—but to no purpose; she appeared to have grown maliciously monosyllabic. Bell's unreciprocated feelings at length began to grow constrained, and embarrassing pauses intervened, in the course of his remarks, which grew longer and more frequent, until, as a facetious friend of ours would express it, there were *two pauses to one word*. Finally, Bell could endure it no longer:

"Mary Jane," said he, "you act strangely. There is not that sympathy between us that there should be, under the circumstances; and you seem distant, reserved, and unhappy."

"I feel so," she replied.

"And why?" he asked. "You cannot doubt the sincerity of my affection. I love, I adore you."

"I do not doubt that," she returned; "but I doubt whether I can love you as I should. I fear I have acted too hasty in this affair; I should have taken time for reflection."

"Why do you doubt that you can love me as you should?" asked Bell, in a tone of painful solicitude; "what has occurred, since the evening before last, to change your mind? Then you thought, you will remember, that it would not be difficult to do so."

"I will be frank with you," she replied.

"It is easy enough to govern one's own actions—but not so easy to govern one's own feelings. I might be, to outward appearances, what you wish me to be; yet the very restraint which you thus impose upon my conduct, is producing a revulsion in my feelings, which, though I know it to be wrong, I cannot arrest. I wish to be free to do, or think, or say, whatever my weak mind dictates."

"But, dear Mary! I have attempted no compulsion—I have merely suggested what I think would be the most prudent course of conduct for you."

"I know it," she replied, "but in my present position I do not feel at liberty to disregard your suggestions, or to do any thing contrary to your expressed wish—especially," she added, significantly, "when it is so plainly expressed as to assume the form of an injunction."

"And your desire, then, is," quickly rejoined Bell, whose feelings were fast becoming too much excited to admit of his speaking calmly, "to be released from your engagement?"

"No—that is—I hardly know," faltered Mary Jane.

"It is so—you shall be free!" exclaimed Bell, half in sorrow, half in anger. "Let what has passed between us be forgotten. I would not that my affection should prove a source of unhappiness to you, and will no more annoy you with it."

"I do not wish to be understood as rejecting the offer of your hand and heart—but—"

"You are strangely undecided;" interrupted the youth; "but take the time you desire for consideration. When we meet again, perhaps, you may be more favorably disposed."

A rather equivocal pressure of the hand was Mary Jane's only reply, and her agitated lover left her. "She is either false, or very fickle," was his mental exclamation, as he hurried along Chestnut street to his home, "I will cease to think of her." But he did *not* cease to think of her, however; for all that night long, he thought of her, and the incidents of the last two evenings, kept sleep from his eyes. The next day he communicated his grief and perplexity to his uncle, whom he reproached for having misled him.

"I relied upon your judgment," said he, "and have been cruelly deceived."

"Not so!" was Mr. Stiles' calm, but positive answer. "She is all I represented her, and if you fail to win her, you lose a treasure of such value as is rarely to be found."

"Did you not tell me, that I could easily re-mould her disposition to suit myself?"

"And I tell you correctly," replied Mr.

Stiles, with his usual quiet smile, and not at all disconcerted by his nephew's indignant charge.

"I will tell you now why you failed!"

"And advise me to try again?" asked the young man, in a slightly sarcastic tone.

"Just so," returned the uncle.

Theophilus shook his head, with an air that signified he entertained some doubts as to whether he should follow such advice. "In any other matter, uncle," said he, "my faith in the infallibility of your counsels, will be unshaken—in this, excuse me if I, for once, dissent from your judgment. I shall be pleased to hear, however, to what you attribute my ill-success."

"A metaphor is the easiest way of explaining it to you, and here is an admirable one to hand."

Taking Bell's arm, Mr. Stiles led him from the door, where they were standing, to where, a few yards down the street, a ragged newsboy sat upon the curbstone, with his budget of papers thrown carelessly at his side, while in his hands he held a pair of bullet moulds, in the concavity of which he was vigorously pinching an angular lump of lead.

"What are you trying to do, my lad?" Mr. Stiles addressed him.

"Ledges? Times? Daily *Chronicle*?" exclaimed the boy, gathering his papers and springing to his feet.

"Methinks you will have to pay for your metaphor," Bell remarked. "As it is for my benefit, however, allow me to bear the expense," and placing a shilling in the boy's hand, "now tell the gentleman," said he, "what you were doing with the bullet moulds."

"I was trying to mould this here piece of lead into a bullet," responded the urchin; "but I can't squeeze it into shape no how."

"Well, you go the wrong way about it," said Mr. Stiles, "why do you not melt the lead?"

"Oh!" exclaimed the boy, opening his eyes, as if a new light had burst upon his mind—"I did not think of that!"

Mr. Stiles bent a meaning glance upon the young man, and remarked, as they retraced their steps to his own door: "You understand?"

"Perfectly," returned Bell, who was not backward of comprehension, and not the least pleasing features of whose character were his openness to conviction, and his readiness to acknowledge his errors; "I am to infer, I suppose, that I should have *melted* the lady's heart before I attempted to *mould* it. Perhaps you are right, and, like the boy, I must confess that *I did n't think of that!*"

"To be sure, I am right. Your impetuosity, sir, is to blame for your difficulties. Go back to Mary Jane, and by unwearied kindness and gentleness, win her love and esteem. That done, she will seek to conform to your wishes ere they are expressed—she will infer them from a look or a tone. Even though you tried to conceal your sentiments with regard to her actions and conduct, she will study them out with the diligence of a woman's eager feelings, and adopt them for her guide. I repeat, that she is at heart an excellent girl. Go! try once more, and if you are not able to boast, a year hence, of one of the best wives in Philadelphia, you are not the man I hoped to make of my nephew."

"You almost," said Bell, "tempt me to—"

"To what, sir?" asked Mr. Stiles, observing that the other hesitated to finish the sentence.

"To make a fool of myself, again, good uncle."

"No, sir; I will have you make a fool of yourself no more. Curb your impetuosity, and set calmly and kindly about winning the girl's affections, and, my word for it, you will neither make a fool of yourself nor her again."

"Well, I will reflect upon what you say," returned the nephew, and with an affectionate shake of the old man's hand, withdrew to his own home.

As Bell and Mary Jane moved in the same circle, it was not long ere they met. She at first betrayed some uneasiness and restraint whenever he was near; but, by preserving an affable and respectful manner, and refraining from allusion, either by a glance or a tone, to the past, he soon overcame this, and she became as free and cheerful in his presences as ever. He continued his attentions, always expressing by his actions that affectionate regard which his lips had before avowed, but never manifesting any sign of irritability at the little indiscretions which thoughtlessness and the exuberance of her youthful gaiety might lead her into. In the course of a few months, she began to display a decided partiality for his society, and would often leave the amusements of a gay circle to

be near him and listen to his voice. By degrees this partiality increased, until at length she was happy only when he was with her. The hours crept dully and sadly in his absence; evening found her watching for his coming; and the first sound of his footsteps lightened her heart and chased the cloud from her brow. She began to adopt, too, imperceptibly to herself, his sentiments, and to imbibe his feelings, and to regulate her actions by them. She grew more serious and more reflective, and while her manners became more modest and retiring, her disposition lost none of its natural amiability. The forward and boisterous vivacity which had before given to her demeanor the appearance of vanity and frivolity, were, in fact, only the unchecked impulses of a lively heart and giddy fancy; but now, that these impulses were softened by closer thought and deeper feelings, they stood forth in their true light, the natural sweetness of a pure and buoyant spirit.

This change was so gradual that Bell, himself, was scarcely aware of it. Yet of one thing he was conscious—that there was a change in his own feelings. What had before been the mere enthusiasm of passion, was now a stronger, purer, and more absorbing feeling. At first, he had sought in her a companion, who by proper training, might contribute to his happiness in life. In his present feelings self was forgotten, and his only thought was to make her happy, and to guard her from aught that could cast a shade upon her clear brow, or give a moment's pain. As to foibles, he not only now saw none in her to censure, but ceased to remember that he ever had seen them. In the process of melting her heart, his own had become melted and both were moulded into one.

When Bell again proposed, Mary Jane entertained no doubts that she could love him as she ought, and in less than the time which Mr. Stiles had given him to win her, he clasped her to his breast a devoted wife, and his kind uncle delighted in after years to point her out to his particular friends as an illustration of his maxim, "that if one will only take the pains to melt a woman's heart, he may mould it as he pleases."

MY AIN FIRESIDE.

Ma, I hae seen great anes, and sat in great ha's,
lang lords and mang leddies a' cover'd wi' braws;
at a sight sae delightful I trow I ne'er spied,
a the bonnie blythe blink o' my ain fireside;

My ain fireside, my ain fireside—

Oh, sweet is the blink o' ane's ain fireside.

nae mair, Heaven be praised, round my ain heart—
some ingle,

Wi' the friends o' my youth I cordially mingle,
Nae forms to compel me to seem wae or glad,
I may laugh when I'm merry, and sigh when I'm
sad.

Nae falsehood to dread, nae malice to fear,
But truth to delight me, and friendship to cheer;
O' a' roads to pleasure that ever were tried,
There's nae half so sweet as ane's ain fireside.

AMERICAN VIEWS—NO. I.

SOUTH FERRY, BROOKLYN.

(See Plate.)

WE give in this number of our magazine, the first of a series of views in our own country, in which will be included several original pictures of American scenery, painted for us by an artist of talent, and engraved especially for our work. These we have already mentioned in our prospectus; they will appear regularly.

The view from South Ferry, Brooklyn, we have selected from Bartlett's American Scenery. It has been engraved for us by Mr. Dill, a young artist of much promise.

Brooklyn is a rapidly growing city, now numbering over thirty thousand inhabitants, situated on Long Island, directly opposite New York, to which it may almost be called a suburb. The communication is by means of four ferries. One of these, the South Ferry, (represented in our plate,) extends from Whitehall, New

York, to Atlantic Street, Brooklyn, and is thirteen hundred yards wide. In the distance, indicated by a body of trees, may be seen "The Battery," situated at the southern end of New York, at the junction of the Hudson and East rivers. It is in the form of a crescent, and contains about eleven acres of ground, beautifully laid out with grass plats and gravelled walks, and shaded with trees. From this spot, there is a fine view of New York Bay, with its islands, and the adjacent shores of New Jersey, and Long and Staten Islands. "Castle Garden" is built on a mole, and is connected with the Battery by a bridge. It was originally erected as a fortification, but having become unnecessary for this purpose, was ceded by the United States to the Corporation of the city in 1823. Within its walls ten thousand persons can be accommodated in its great amphitheatre, which is frequently used for concerts and public meetings.

The Bay of New York, a portion of which may be seen in the plate, extending south from the Battery, is formed by the junction of the North, or Hudson and East rivers, which widen into one extended sheet of water, ere disgorge themselves through the "Narrows" into the Atlantic Ocean.

TO A MAIDEN.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

BUD just unfolding
In blossom, art thou;
With hope in thy
bosom,
Love's seal on thy
brow—
Pure thoughts gushing
up
From the fountains
that lie
In the depths of thy
soul

To the light of thine eye,
Where, silently blending,
Joy tempers each shade,

Till the rainbow of promise
And beauty is made.

Oh! long may the emblem
Of innocence lie
At rest in thy bosom,
Or beam from thine eye;
And a frown never darken
The snow of thy brow,
But drives from thy presence,
To grovel below,
In the dark vale of evil,
His own native sphere,
The wretch who would whisper
Decent in thine ear!

For Arthur's Magazine.

OLD FASHIONED RHETORIC.

BY PROFESSOR JOHN FROST.



RHETORIC is one of the arts which appears to make little or no progress as the world grows older. All that is essential to the formation of a consummate orator or writer was given to the Greeks by Aristotle, and to the

Romans by Quintilian; and a good translation of the rise of either of these writers would make a better text book on the subject for schools, than any which has been written since. An author in our times spent half his life in writing a treatise. One spends a month in writing and compiling a second. In reading the former one we converse with a master mind, and learn to analyse and reflect; reading the latter, we are bewildered among shreds and patches, odds and ends, brought together without comprehensive system or leading principle. Even the modern writers on rhetoric those who have adopted the methods of the ancients have been unsuccessful.

Truly all that is valuable in Blair and Campbell is found in Quintilian; other recent books on rhetoric are chiefly compilations or abstracts from the former writers. Dr. Wheately's summary, written for the *Encyclopædia Metropolitana*, is the essence of ancient and modern works on native composition, compactly arranged, but harshly expressed. The book is still to be read which shall be entitled to the same degree of respect among modern students of rhetoric which the admirable treatises of Aristotle and Quintilian with the ingenious youth of Greece and Rome. The absence of such a book is to be attributed to the difficulty of the subject, which is rough in itself, nor to the want of minds capable of grasping and systematizing the principles of all the great masters of eloquence, to the general neglect of rhetoric as a systematic study. The book has never been loudly demanded, but the want of it has never been deeply felt. A passion has been suffered to prevail that eloquence, whether it be that of the orator or the writer, is of inspiration; that skill, in the work of convincing and persuading, is acquired by accidental means, or by practice without any forethought.

It is, perhaps, owing, in no small degree, to the prevalence of this notion, that multitudes rush into the wide arena, opened

by the press, and affect to become the instructors of mankind with less preparatory training than is requisite to form a skilful mender of shoes.

The production of a sound treatise of rhetoric from some writer of great eminence, a treatise which should at once become the received text book in all seminaries of learning, would go far towards correcting this evil, if it did not wholly eradicate the false idea in which it originates. To have the laws of composition set forth by an authority which all have learned to respect, would rebuke the presumption of those empty headed pretenders whom flattery and self-esteem have not yet placed beyond the reach of correction.

Until some great master of eloquence shall condescend to perform this office, the age of nonsense will not end; and in the meantime the student of rhetoric, who is really desirous to become skilful in the art, must be content to form his own system, by consulting a variety of ancient and modern treatises and making himself thoroughly conversant with the best models of composition. In so doing, he will perceive that the fundamental principles of the art are as few and simple, as their modes of application are multifarious and extensive; that it is as easy to write with a certain degree of dull correctness, as it is difficult to write with vivacity and effect. He will learn that a conformity to old-fashioned rules, though it hampers the learner, gives energy and alertness to the proficient, as the armour which only encumbered the movements of the stripling shepherd, rendered the warrior king more formidable to his enemies. He will perceive that the natural eloquence so much talked of, which is supposed to come by a sort of inspiration, is only available upon those great occasions which furnish at once its materials and its impulses, while that which applies itself to all occasions is the result of training and art; and that to be a ready speaker or a ready writer, one must familiarize himself with those immutable laws and principles which have governed his predecessors in the art, ever since Pericles spoke and Herodotus wrote.

The student of rhetoric should be the last person in the world to despise what is called book-learning, or to undervalue severe training, under the impression that he may safely trust to his natural powers in the season of emergency. One's natural powers, including, among the rest, any degree of assurance which he may happen to possess, are most likely to desert him precisely at the time when they are most needed, unless they are backed by science and skill. When the emergency comes, feeling and impulse cannot be safely relied on, but skill acquired by diligent training, is always available. The orator

cannot lose this till his "right hand forgets its cunning." We should say therefore to the young, seeking the way to future eminence by the exercise of their speaking or writing faculties, "Study after the old fashioned methods. Begin at the beginning. Hear what the sages of antiquity have said; and do not

despise the learned of modern times; study you art and contemplate your models till you are familiar with both; and do not forget that it takes the same diligence to make a Burke or a Webster in our times, that it took to make a Demosthenes or a Cicero in days of yore."

For Arthur's Magazine.

OUR LITTLE HARRY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "WILL AND THE BEGGAR GIRL."

UR sweet, wee brother, Harry
Say, have you seen him yet?
He has a pair of bright blue eyes,
The darling little pet!
And lips as soft, and rosy red,
As flower-buds in the spring,

And voice as sweet as voice of bird
On upward bounding wing.

Say, have you seen the dear sweet boy,
With his wavy, flaxen hair,
And eyes as full of innocence
As eyes of angels are?
He was twelve months old, last Monday,
But still he does not walk,
And only says a word or two,
Though hard he tries to talk.

But, I'm sure he'll walk right early, now,
For he stands up by a chair,
And steps out bravely, if Mamma
To take his hand is there;
And I'm sure he'll talk, too, very soon,
For he knows, now, all we say,
And calls Papa, so very plain,
When Papa is away.

He's a very cunning little rogue—
Last evening, while at tea,
Nurse brought him in, and sat him down
In a high chair, close by me.
He laughed, and crowed, and clapped his hands,
And tried, just like the rest,
To eat his bread and drink his tea—
And tried his very best.

But his tea went on the table cloth,
And his saucer on the floor,
And his spoon glanced past dear Papa's head,
And struck against the door,
And his little hands flew up and down
Like the swift wings of a bird,
And he laughed and crowed in such a way
As you have never heard.

I laughed 'till I could eat no more,

And little Will was wild,
To see the merry mischief shown
By such a tiny child.
Nurse took him out right quickly,
And I guess we'll take good care,
How Mr. Harry we invite
Again our meals to share.

But he is not always such a rogue,
He is not always wild,
But looks and acts, sometimes, as if
He were an angel-child.
Oh! I wish that you could see him,
On the morning of each day,
When Papa reads the Bible,
And then kneels down to pray,—

As Mamma gets upon her knees,
And we kneel round her chair,
Our dear pet—one drops softly down
To join with us in prayer.
He cannot say "Our Father,"
Though very hard he tries,
And lifts, with such a gentle grace,
His heavenly little eyes.

Our darling little Harry!
He's loved the best of all,—
From mother's calm and thoughtful eyes
I've seen a tear drop fall,
As sleeping sweetly on her breast,
The dear, dear child would lie,
And she has looked long in his face,—
I know the reason why:

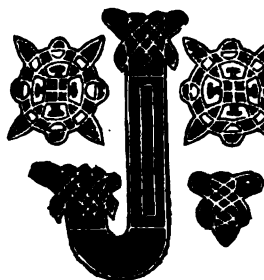
I've heard her say to dear Papa—
"This babe's so sweet and pure:
So all unlike an earth-born child,
He will not live, I'm sure."
But Papa always smiles, and says,
"That's just the reason why,
Of all the dear ones given to us,
Our Harry should not die."

Papa is right—sweet Harry!
He's just the one to stay:
His purity and innocence
Will evil keep away.
If James gets cross, or little Will
And Anna fretful grow—
Bring Harry in the midst, and smiles
On all their faces glow.

THE HEIRESS.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

CHAPTER III.



JUSTICE—simple justice—Mary, requires that it be done at once," said Mr. Markland, as he pushed his chair back from the breakfast table, on the next morning, rather impatiently. Mr. Grant had left a few

minutes before; as he arose to go out, his brother-in-law had called his attention to the executor's advertisement, about which they had been speaking on the previous evening. This had elicited some remarks from Mrs. Grant similar to those already made, which Mr. Markland replied to in the above words.

"But what manner of use is there in it, brother?"

"What manner of objection can there be to it, Mary?"

"A very serious one. I have scarcely slept a wink all night for thinking about it. I do n't see what on earth has lead you to conjure up this matter, that has been sleeping quietly for years."

"But name this serious objection, Mary."

"To advertise for Anna's children, will only be to call the attention of every one to our family, and cause the stigma your sister's conduct fixed upon us years ago, to be seen again in glowing colors. Now, the public have forgotten her, and her relapse from respectability, and we no longer suffer from her folly."

"Nonsense!"

"You can say so, if you choose, brother; but, as I view it, it is a very serious matter. I would n't, for the world, have that whole thing called up again. It will be in every one's mouth, exaggerated in a thousand ways, before a week goes by."

"Suppose it is?"

"Am I not a mother? Have I not two daughters yet coming out?"

Mrs. Grant's voice broke down; covering her face with her hands, she sobbed aloud.

The effect of this upon old Mr. Markland was to cause him to turn quickly away, and leave the breakfast room, and in a little while, the house. In about fifteen minutes he entered the counting-room of Mr. Grant. The merchant seemed very much engaged over some letters, received by the morning's mail, merely nodding to Mr. Markland as he came in, and then resuming his employment of reading them.

The old man took up a newspaper, which occupied him for nearly an hour, when he laid it down, and glanced toward Mr. Grant. The latter was still very much engaged. Markland got up, and with his hands behind him, walked the floor of the counting-room for about twenty minutes. Still the merchant was as much occupied as ever. Not wishing to interrupt him in his business, the old man, who wanted to have the executor's advertisement prepared at once, and who had called in for the express purpose of having it done, left the counting-room, with the intention of walking for half an hour or so, and then returning. As soon as he had gone out, Mr. Grant left the desk at which he had seemed so much engaged, and muttering something in an impatient tone, went out into the store, and gave sundry directions to his clerks and salesmen. He then returned to the counting-room, and filling up three or four checks, to meet notes falling due that day, handed them to one of his clerks, and said—

"If Mr. Markland comes in, and asks for me, say to him that I have gone to auction, and shall not be back before dinner time."

He then went away. Half an hour after, Mr. Markland returned, and received, in answer to his enquiry for Mr. Grant, the information that he had gone to auction, and would be out all the morning.

"Humph!" ejaculated the old man. He paused, with his finger to his lip, for some moments; then turning away, he left the store. On the street, he walked with the air of a man seeking to discover some one. His steps were slow, but his eyes were all about him. He walked up Chestnut street to Sixth, and then bent his steps north. In this direction he continued until he reached Spring Garden District, through many of the streets of which he pursued

his way. Apparently disappointed in something, he went on toward the Northern Liberties, and walked there for nearly an hour.

By this time it was nearly one o'clock. Feeling much fatigued, Mr. Markland went down as far as Second street, and took an omnibus on the way to the Exchange. He had ridden for several squares, and was just passing Vine street, when, glancing back through the door of the omnibus, he saw, at some little distance, a young woman, walking in the opposite direction, whose figure and dress were so similar to those of the individual he had seen on the night before, that he was sure it must be the same person. As soon as possible the vehicle was stopped, and Mr. Markland was again upon the pavement. Though well advanced in years, he was active for an old man, and could walk at a very quick pace. His eye still rested upon the form that attracted his attention, as he gained the side walk.

"It is the very same," he said, half aloud, as he started in pursuit; but the girl walked with a rapid step, and he seemed scarcely to gain upon her at all. He was still some distance behind, when she reached Callowhill street, and turned up. Markland quickened his pace almost into a run; he soon gained the corner, but the girl was no where to be seen. Disappointed, he stopped with his heart beating more rapidly than it had beaten for years. Why was it so? He could not tell; the strange interest he felt in the young girl who had a second time eluded him, was, to him, unaccountable.

"Shall I give her up so?" he asked himself, as he stood, irresolute; after a pause, he answered,

"No—no! I must see her, and know who she is. She must be somewhere close by; somewhere within half a block of the spot on which I now stand, and surrounded by circumstances that may require the instant interposition of a friend. Yes—she needs a friend! A young girl, innocent to all appearance, weeping alone in the streets of a large city at nightfall, needs a friend; and she shall have one if Joseph Markland can find her."

Saying this, the old man walked up Callowhill street, looking intently at every house, and trying to make up his mind, from the appearance of the different dwellings, which of them most probably contained the individual of whom he was in search. At length he stopped before one that, somehow or other, seemed to him most likely to reward with success his search. Knocking at the door, he awaited anxiously an answer to the summons. In a few moments it was opened by an old woman, with a sharp, wrinkled face, from which looked out a pair of small, glittering, black eyes. Her skin was dark and dirty—her dress soiled and in disorder.

"Well, sir?" was the salutation with which she met old Mr. Markland, looking at him, as she spoke, with a kind of defiance in her manner. Something in his appearance did not seem to please her.

"Did not a young woman enter here a minute or two ago?" he asked.

"No, sir;" and the door was instantly shut in his face.

"Humph! She is here, no doubt; but if in the keeping of that old hag, it is the lamb seeking shelter of the wolf."

This was said by Markland as he slowly turned from the closed door, and walked away, disappointed, and undetermined what to do.

"And yet, she may not be there," he added, in a slightly changed voice, pausing, and letting his eye run over several houses near by; another was selected and at this he knocked. The application was answered by a young woman, to whom he put the question—

"Did a young girl enter here, a little while ago?"

"Yes, sir," was the reply, with a look of surprise.

"Can I see her?"

"Yes, sir; walk in." This was said after a slight hesitation.

"Do you know who she is?"

"O yes; she is my sister."

"Your sister!" with surprise and disappointment.

"Yes, sir; have you any thing particular to say to her?" The young woman paused as she asked this question, and looked into the old gentleman's face more intently. They had already entered the passage.

"I should at least like to see her; she may or she may not be the one of whom I am in search."

"I should think she was not. But walk into the parlor, sir, and I will call her down."

In a few minutes light feet were heard descending the stairs. Then a young girl, not over sixteen, entered; Mr. Markland rose, and looked her earnestly in the face; then recollecting himself, he said—

"Pardon the seeming rudeness of an old man; did I not see you going along Second street a little while ago?"

The girl shrunk back at the manner and question of Markland, while her face became suffused.

"Yes, sir," she said; "but why do you ask?"

"Did I not see you last evening, about nightfall, in Seventh street, near Washington Square, standing alone near a lamp?"

"No, sir," was the prompt and indignant reply.

"Then pardon me; I have been mistaken," returned the old man, in a disappointed tone.

No reply was made by the astonished girl, nor was even the low, respectful bow of Mr. Markland returned, as he gained the passage and retired through the door.

CHAPTER IV.

As Mr. Markland left the house he had entered so abruptly, a young woman stood at the window of a humble tenement opposite. His eye did not fall upon her, but she started back as she saw him step forth upon the pavement, saying, as she did so, to an elderly woman, who sat near—

"There! that is the very man of whom I told you. Driven with angry words from the presence of my aunt, as an impostor, I stood weeping on the pavement, when he passed me. Something in my appearance attracted his attention; for he paused, looked at me for a moment, and then was approaching, when, frightened at the thought of being addressed by

a man and a stranger in the street, I ran away as swiftly as my feet would carry me."

The individual addressed by the young girl arose and stepped to the window.

"Where is he?" she asked.

"That is the old man, across the street. He seems looking for some one; he came out of the house opposite."

"Ah! who can he be? There, he has stopped, and is looking all around him and up at the different windows."

As this was said, the younger of the two stepped back instinctively,

"I wonder for whom he is looking. I will step to the door. Perhaps I can direct him."

"No—no—please do n't," was quickly said by the maiden, as she laid her hand upon the arm of her elder companion.

"Why not?"

"He may be looking for me."

"Why for you?" This was said with a glance of inquiry, so earnest, that the blood mounted to the young girl's face.

"You know I have just come in."

"Yes."

"Perhaps he saw me in the street, and remembering me from the glance he had of my face last night, has sought to discover my place of abode."

No reply was made to this, other than a long, searching look into the maiden's face—a look that had in it something of suspicion. The effect produced was a gush of tears.

"Anna, child, what distresses you?"

This was asked in a voice of kindness and sympathy, that seemed to say—"Forgive me if I have wronged you by suspicion."

The girl retired from the window, without replying, and sinking into a chair, covered her face with her hands, and continued to weep bitterly.

The room in which were the two individuals last introduced, was a small front parlor, or sitting room, in a small house situated in Callowhill street. The furniture was poor and scanty, consisting merely of a small old-fashioned mahogany table, placed under a looking glass with a frame as old-fashioned as itself—four wood-seat chairs much worn—a rag carpet—a shovel and pair of tongs beside the fire place, where a few sticks of wood were burning—with a few other trifling articles needless to mention. But every thing was in order, and faultlessly clean. The elderly female who occupied this room was neat in her person, although her garments were of common material. Her face was mild and benevolent, and her voice, when she spoke to her younger companion, gentle, yet firm. No one, at a first glance, could fail to discover that she possessed a good heart, and had, with it, good sense and discrimination.

She did not speak to the weeping girl for some minutes, during which time she stood thoughtful, sometimes with her eyes upon the floor, and sometimes with them resting on her young companion. At length she went up to her, and placing her hand upon her shoulder, said—

"Anna, you are aware that it is not two days since I first knew you. That we met under very singular circumstances, and that it is but right for me to be

well satisfied in regard to you, before I give you my entire confidence. Lay aside all weakness, and think soberly and rationally. Be a woman, even if you are very young, for, hereafter, in life, you will have to act a woman's part, if all you have told me be true, which I cannot really doubt, although your story is a strange one. Think how much falsehood and imposture there is in the world, and how necessary it is for me and every one else to be fully on our guard. If you thus reflect, you will not be too deeply pained should I observe you closely, and notice every look, and tone and word. Your innocence will only become the more apparent, and my regard for you and confidence in you stronger. I am thus frank in the outset, because I see that you are too sensitive for one in the condition you represent yourself to be in. You will meet with much, very much, to wound you sharply, unless you rise above mere natural feeling, into reason, and act from its plain dictates. From my suspicions, if you are all that you say you are, you have nothing to fear. I will be your friend, and the little I have you shall be welcome to share. You shall fill for me the place made vacant by the —"

The woman's voice faltered, and she became silent. The girl looked up into her face, and even though half-blinded by tears, she could see its muscles convulsed by strong emotion. This quickly subsided, and her new found friend resumed.

"You shall fill for me the place of one that I wish it were in my power to forget. Of one who left her mother's side and wandered away into strange and forbidden paths. But no—even if you take her place, it will only be for a time, and then I shall lose you as I lost her—No! no! not as I lost her. God forbid! But your friends, I trust,—those who have a natural right to claim you,—will come forward in time. They cannot turn from you ever thus coldly and cruelly. Nature will and must speak, and its voice be heard.

Anna's tears were by this time dried. Looking with a glance of confidence and new-born affection into the face of the woman who had dealt so plainly with her, she merely said—

"Time, I trust, will give you to know that your good feelings have not been wasted."

"I feel sure that it will, Anna. Forgive me, if a momentary doubt stole over my mind. Truth, it is said, is stranger than fiction. And I believe it. All that you have related of yourself—of what has befallen you since you came to this city—might easily occur, and it, doubtless, has occurred. Life is a theatre on whose stage strange bewildering events are ever transpiring. I have seen enough to make me feel but little surprise at any new change of scenes."

Mrs. Grant, the name of the woman who here appears as the protector of a friendless girl, resumed the chair from which she had risen when Anna called her attention to old Mr. Markland, and taking up some work that had been laid down, commenced sewing upon it. Anna followed her example, after she had retired for a few minutes to wash away the marks of tears from her face. But the heart of the young girl was too full. She had not bent over her work many minutes, before the tears were blinding her and dropping upon the hand that in vain tried to direct her needle. Mrs. Grant saw this.

"Anna, child," she said, soothingly. "It is vain to give up so to your feelings. But, if you cannot yet control them, put by your work, and go up into the chamber. Perhaps an hour alone may restore your mind to a calmer state."

"No, ma'am," was replied. "I do not wish to be alone. I would rather sit with you and sew. I will try to control myself. Though it is very hard, indeed, to think of my mother, whom I so dearly loved, and of my present condition, and yet be perfectly unmoved. Why am I not with her? Why was I left when she was taken away?"

Tears now flowed freely over Anna's face. Her words seemed to trouble Mrs. Grant, who, letting her work fall into her lap, drew her chair close to that of the weeping girl. Taking her hand, she said,—

"My child, be sure of one thing, that, to murmur at events over which we have no control, is to do wrong. There is One who governs and guides in all the affairs of life for His creature's good, with unerring wisdom. Without Him, not a sparrow falls to the ground. He numbers the very hairs of our heads. His love is ever seeking to confer benefits. No event takes place without his permission, and, however seemingly evil an occurrence may be, He surely over-rules it for good. This separation that so deeply distresses you, is no accidental thing—nor has it taken place through an evil agency. The hand of a wise and merciful God is in it, and it will be better for you in the end that you have been so sorely afflicted."

"O no—no! It cannot be a blessing to lose my mother, Mrs. Grant; my mother, who knew me better than any, and loved me better than I shall ever again

be loved. It is not good for a young girl like me to lose her mother."

"And yet, your's has died; has God done wrong to take her?"

There was a long silence.

"Anna, you have been taught to know that God is heaven is our best friend? Is He to whom we are indebted for all the good gifts of life?"

No reply was made to this.

"You have read a great deal in your Bible?"

Anna was silent for a time, and then murmured—"Not a great deal."

"Then you must learn to read it very often; it will lift up your thoughts out of yourself, and cause them to dwell in a calmer region. It will teach you confidence in God, and enable you to see that He not only doeth all things for you, but doeth all things well. Would it not produce an entire change in your state of mind, if you could really believe that your mother's death was the best thing that could have happened to you?"

"Oh, but that cannot be; it cannot be best for a young creature like me to lose her mother; how can it be, Mrs. Grant? Oh, no—no! do not try to make me believe that; my dear, dear mother! oh, that I had died with you!"

Convulsive sobs followed this expression of her feelings; deeply touched by her grief, Mrs. Grant drew the head of the weeping girl down upon her bosom, and more by affectionate caresses than words tried to sooth her troubled spirit into quietness. She lay thus almost motionless for nearly a quarter of an hour, when she gently disengaged herself from the arm that was thrown around her, and rising up, retired, with her hand partly shading her face, to her chamber.

To be Continued.

SOCRATES.

BY RUFUS DAWES.

Earth is full of
as—solid rock
as the central
ous round which
nd and chrysolite
massive bands
the mighty orb;
e's not a gem
by the lapidary,
round the earth
s resplendent in

—winning zone

Of almost fathomless lustre. Now and then,
At intervals, a specimen of each
Shines on the surface like a drop of dew
Fallen from the firmament, and monarchs then

Strive for the great possession. Were it not
For specimens like these, man would not know
Such splendor had existence; seeing them,
He learns to hope, until his spiritual eyes
Are opened and he sees unvalued wealth
Concealed within the bosom of the earth
Beyond the grasp of avarice, beyond
Imagination's utmost range of thought.

So is it in the moral world—there is
Faith at the centre, and exhaustless mines
Of charitable glories circling it,
Beyond the grasp of thought. Thou, Socrates,
Wast thrown upon the surface like a gem
To show the mine below, and not a stone
In Aaron's ephod more celestial shone.

For Arthur's Magazine.

SIR RICHARD STEELE.

BY H. D. C.

The author of the Addisonian school is more eminently characterized by force and ease of style, combined with that keen discrimination, which reads at a glance, the hidden workings of the heart, than Steele. Human nature was,

to him, an open book, on whose pages were legibly written the secrets concealed from others, less discerning. He laughed at the foibles, the eccentricities and peculiarities of those around him, so long as they were harmless, but whenever these degenerated into vices, he laid aside the tone of playful wit, and scourged them with severe and caustic sarcasm.

As the editor of the "Tatler," and subsequently of the "Spectator," and "Guardian," his powers as a critic of men and manners, are most conspicuous.

As an author of distinguished taste and ability, and as a correct judge of literary merit or defect, he was no less capable, and his productions evinced through-

out, that vigor of thought and soundness of judgment, for which he has been justly placed amongst the first writers of his age. Yet, as no gold is without alloy, so, it would seem, there can be no mental excellence without defect. In investigating, or theorizing upon, abstract principles of mental or moral philosophy, his discrimination was truly wonderful, but in the management of the common affairs of life, he was utterly destitute of all calculation, and sense of expediency.

His life was a chequered life—at one time, darkened by adversity,—at another, irradiated with the sunshine of fortune.

In early life, he was a student at Oxford, but leaving the university without attaining a degree, he became a private trooper in the dragoon guards. He was afterwards promoted to an ensigncy in the foot-guards, in which capacity he served some time, publishing, meanwhile, one or two pieces, through which, and upon the recommendation of Addison, he obtained the post of writer to the London Gazette, about the commencement of Queen Anne's reign.

In 1700 he commenced the "Tatler," which in 1711 was succeeded by the "Spectator." In 1713 he began the "Guardian," in conducting which, being

assisted, as in the two former papers, by Addison and others, he met with great success.

Subsequently he was elevated to a seat in Parliament, from which he was soon after expelled, having by some means incurred the resentment of the ministers. But a short time, however, after the accession of George I. he was chosen to represent Boroughbridge in the House of Commons. He was also knighted, appointed Governor of the King's Comedians, and after the rebellion of 1715, he was made one of the commissioners for the forfeited estates in Scotland. Here he again enjoyed the smiles of fortune and the favor of his sovereign, but he did not long remain thus prosperous. He lost his government offices "by his opposition to the Peerage bill," and was reduced to comparative poverty.

In 1721, after having, for some time, suffered the inconveniences of a limited income, the tide of fortune began to change, and the authority over Drury-lane Theatre was again restored to him. In this situation, however, as usual, his want of calculation and foresight, involved him in pecuniary difficulties, and he was obliged in 1723 to retire to Wales, where, seven years after, a paralytic stroke terminated his life.

The cut which heads our article, represents the cottage in which he lived many years, situated about midway between Camden Town and Hampstead, on Haverstock-hill, and not far from London.

A tavern in its immediate vicinity is said to have been much resorted to by the wits of his day.

The whole career of Sir Richard Steele was marked by strange vicissitudes of fortune, mostly attributable to his peculiar disposition of mind. He married twice, and, each time, gained, by the connection, a respectable fortune; yet his circumstances were never unembarrassed, for some visionary and impracticable scheme constantly engrossed his attention. These schemes rarely succeeded, and thus squandering his income in attempts to increase it, he ultimately suffered from absolute want.

"A scheme for bringing fish to market alive, in

particular," says a biographer, "involved him in much embarrassment, which was heightened by the loss of his theatrical patent, in consequence of his opposition to the Peerage Bill."

We have given this brief sketch of Steele's life, because it *illustrates*, if it does not *prove the truth* of the proposition that the same individual may be both simpleton and philosopher,—totally unfit to provide for his necessary wants, yet skilled in the mysteries of science, and rich in the lore of accumulated ages;—a walking contradiction, possessing all the qualities of mind necessary to make him great in the world of philosophy and letters, and at the same time destitute of the requisite judgment to conduct successfully the affairs of every-day life; a giant in theoretical disputation, but a hilipt in practical wisdom.

And while we think that the numerous examples afforded by the lives of eminent scholars and writers justify us in believing this, we further venture,—though deferentially—to assert, upon the ground of observation, that there is an opposite class of men, who, while they possess all the tact and judgment which enables them to grow rich, are yet destitute of all that is essential to make them *intellectually great*.

There are exceptions to this, as to all other rules, yet the distinction between those two classes—between those who strive for material riches, and those who seek for mental wealth—has, in all ages, been clearly defined.

The God of wealth, and the presiding genius of intellectual preferment, are both exacting patrons, and require of their devotees, no slack allegiance. He who would win the favor of the one, or the other, must do full service; if he would wear the honors of the latter, he must first disregard the golden charms of the former; and if he choose rather to luxuriate in sensual splendor, he must bid adieu to higher intellectual delights, and forget, in the absorbing cares of Mammon, the precious wisdom of the scholar, and the glorious visions of the poet and philosopher.

FOREST MUSIC.

BY MISS MARY E. LEE.

O forest! the forest!
Love the deep chiming
That swells from its
 depths in this late
 autumn time;
The music of Art, al-
 though finished it be,
 sought to this anthem
 so wild and so free.
 It is here! it is there!
 Its presence unseen,

It stirs every leaf on those branches of green;
The dark shrouded cypress, the feathery pine,

The wide spreading oak, and the sycamore fine,
All link'd as it were, by electrical wire,
Responsive, take part in the mystical choir.
Oh! sweet is the note of the bird as it springs,
Like a heavenward thought on its rainbow-hued wings,
And pleasant the fall of the rivulet blue,
As its silver thread windeth, the dale valley through;
And oft doth my innermost spirit rejoice,
'Neath the well tutor'd tones of the dear human voice;
Yet stronger than all is the magical spell
That rests on my senses, as in the dark dell,
I list the full chant, which the light-fingered breeze,
Calls forth from these wood-harps, the musical trees.

EDITOR'S TABLE.



WE have, again, only room for a word or two on the contents of the number presented to our readers. Good matter has been crowded in upon us so freely that we have been obliged to fill pages that were intended for our special converse with our friends—we call all our readers friends, for we are sure that none can go with us month after month, without friendly feelings being awakened. In selecting articles from the many received, we aim at the good of our readers, at the same time that we study to interest them.

The leading paper for this month is "*The Revolt of Masaniello*," from Alexander Dumas' recent work, "*The Coriccolo*," yet unpublished in this country. A Parisian bookseller has entered into a contract with this celebrated author, to travel over the whole world and write out, as he progresses, his impressions of each country and people. The result of his sojourn in Naples is a work entitled "*The Coriccolo*," or "*Sketches of Italy*," comprised in four rich and racy volumes. From this we have procured the fine translation just mentioned. The story of the Neapolitan fisherman, one that is widely known, and upon which has been founded the celebrated opera bearing his name. Dumas' version of it has some new points, and throws upon the whole a new, a stronger interest.

"*Sketches of Italy*" is an article from the pen of a gentleman attached to the Baltimore Bar, who has lately made the tour of Europe. His observation accurate, and his style graceful and flowing, while notices of men and things are dictated by clear common sense and good feelings. We are much gratified at being able to furnish for our readers his "impressions" of things abroad. No American reader, without strong emotions of pleasure, his allusions to *Hiram Power, the Sculptor*.

From our fair correspondent, H. M. we have some little poems, and a good sketch, entitled the "*Mothers*," from Miss S. A. Hunt of New York, a very promising magazine writer. PROFESSOR FOSTER also furnishes a good article.

We had like to have forgotten MR. SULLIVAN's "*On Music*," which is the commencement of a series on that subject. We promise our readers in our articles some fine criticisms on music as it is, one who has the ability to make them.

Together, we think the reader will find this one of the best numbers of our magazine that has been

Other articles, not specified, will also repay a perusal; as we trust will every

article that may now or henceforth be found on its pages.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.—We have several articles on hand that we will either publish in our next number, or refer to specially in our notice to correspondents.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Essays on the Nature and Principles of Taste.
By Archibald Alison, LL. B. F. R. S. With corrections and improvements by Abraham Mills, A. M. Professor of Rhetoric and Belles Lettres. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Amongst the numerous theories formed concerning the "nature and principles of taste," the one advocated by the learned author of these essays, is pre-eminent.

The opinion that there is an *original and essential* aptitude to please in particular forms, colors, sounds, and motions is held to be erroneous, and the doctrine advanced, that "the beauty and sublimity which are felt in the various appearances of matter, are finally to be ascribed to their expressions of mind, or to their being directly or indirectly the signs of those qualities of mind, which are fitted by the constitution of our nature, to affect us with pleasing or interesting emotion."

This opinion coincides with a doctrine of the old Platonic school of philosophers, and has since been ably sustained by many eminent writers, among whom are Doctors Ried Akenside, Hutchinson and Spence.

Mr. Alison attributes the effect which the qualities of matter produce, in exciting emotions of sublimity or beauty, to this—that "each of these qualities is either from nature, from experience, or from accident the sign of some quality capable of producing emotion, or the exercise of some moral affection."

These qualities of *matter* may be signs or expressions of mental qualities, in the following ways—

I. "As the immediate signs of the *powers* or capacities of the mind," as in the works of human art, which are significant of the wisdom, invention or tastes of the artist.

II. "As the signs of those *affections* or dispositions of the mind which we love, or with which we are formed to sympathise;" as the notes and motions of animals, which are expressive of their joy, happiness or pain,—the tones of the human voice, which are significant of the various emotions by which the speaker is animated, &c.

These the author calls the *direct* expressions of mind. But there are still other means by which the qualities of matter become significant to us of the

qualities of mind. This is done indirectly, "or by means of less universal and less permanent relations."

1st, "From *experience* when peculiar forms or appearances of matter are considered as the means or instruments by which those feelings or affections of the mind are produced, with which we sympathise, or in which we are interested."

2d, "From analogy or resemblance; from that resemblance which has every where been felt between the qualities of matter and of mind, and by which the former becomes so powerfully expressive of the latter."

3d, "From association in the proper sense of that term, when, by means of education, fortune, or accident, material objects are connected with pleasing or interesting qualities of mind, and from this connection become forever afterwards expressive of them. Thus, the objects which have been devoted to religion, to patriotism, or to honor, affect us with all the emotions of the qualities of which they become significant;" natural scenery is thus, often, rendered more beautiful and pleasing from the events which are connected with it.

4th, "From *individual* association; when certain qualities or appearances of matter are connected with our own private affections, or remembrances, and when they give to these material qualities or appearances, a character of interest which is solely the result of our own memory or affections."

To us, however, the "End or Final Cause" of this constitution of our nature,—to which the author most eloquently adverts, is the strongest evidence of the truth of his theory.

The objects of taste are impartially distributed among mankind. The material combinations which constantly surround us, are capable of imparting to us either pleasure or pain. The *nature* of these combinations must then be the standard by which we judge of the amount of pain or pleasure we receive. If the beauty or sublimity of these material objects existed *originally and independently* in themselves, and if, therefore, *certain* colors, sounds, or forms were *alone* beautiful, there must consequently have been a great disproportion between the happiness of mankind, for then "all men to whom these appearances were unknown, must necessarily have been deprived of all the enjoyment which the scenery of external nature could give:"—and not only would this be the case, but the gratification arising from the infinitely diversified forms and combinations of matter, would have been denied them.

The author, in his general view of the subject, adverts to the stimulus which this love of variety has given to the fine arts in every age: and in conclusion, maintains, that, were objects beautiful, independently of any associations connected with them, and without being the expressions of those qualities of mind which we are formed to love, admire or respect, the emotions of taste would be less refining and ennobling, from the fact that, in this case, the objects which excited them, would in *themselves* be less exalted, while they would, at the same time, be divested of that significance, which makes them the exponents of something higher and purer, existing in the moral and mental world. But give to outer objects the *power of expression*, and

they become, as it were, the alphabet of a high and exalted language—the universe around, impressed as it is, with the evidences of design and contrivance, is then a vocabulary of words and thoughts, which lead the mind up, from its own beauties, to the glorious perfection of its great *Designer*.

The limits assigned to notices of this kind will not allow us to say more, but we cannot conclude this brief review, without acknowledging the benefit which the editor has conferred upon general readers, in so improving and amending this excellent work, as to make it still more improving and useful to them.

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A Philosophical Inquiry into the Origin of our Ideas of the Sublime and Beautiful, With an Introductory Discourse, concerning Taste. By the Right Hon. Edmund Burke. Adapted to Popular Use by Abraham Mills, Teacher of Rhetoric and Belles-Lettres. 12mo. New York, 1844. Harper & Brothers.

The character and merits of Mr. Burke's excellent work, are too well known, to require an extended notice. It has long been considered a valuable aid in that branch of philosophical inquiry, whose province is to search into, and develop the hidden causes of the emotions excited by the contemplation of the terribly grand, or beautiful.

The benefit of such investigations is made most apparent by the author. "Whatever turns the soul inward on itself, tends to concentrate its forces, and to fit it for greater and stronger flights of science. By looking into physical causes, our minds are opened and enlarged, and in this pursuit, whether we take, or whether we lose or gain, the chase is certainly of service If we can direct the lights we derive from these exalted speculations upon the humble field of the imagination, while we investigate the springs and trace the course of our passions, we may not only communicate to the taste a sort of philosophical solidity, but we may reflect on the severer sciences some of the graces and elegancies of taste, without which, the greatest proficiency in these sciences, will always have the appearance of something illiberal."

The editor, Mr. Mills, has materially assisted in making this work, suitable for schools and general use, by expunging those passages in the original text, which violate that delicacy of expression that should peculiarly characterise the language of books designed for schools, and juvenile learners. He has done so, without interrupting the chain of reasoning pursued by the author.

In order further to facilitate the study of the work, he has translated into English all the quotations which occur in Latin and Greek, and has thus greatly assisted to a thorough comprehension of the work, all those who are not familiar with these languages.

He has also appended questions, at the bottom of each page, the answers to which, embrace the substance of the author, and constitute in fact a complete digest of the work. These improvements have given increased value to the original treatise, and furnish ample assistance to students and teachers in schools and colleges, especially. The typography of the work, by the Harpers is, of course, excellent.

A Mirror for Dyspeptics, from the Diary of a Landlord. By J. M. Sanderson, Franklin House. Philadelphia: Zieber & Co.

This little work, which is very well written, is full of practical wisdom and good sense, and though the public seems inclined to treat the subject or "science" (as Mr. S. calls it) of eating, as of no great importance, the writer, from his long experience and observation as *maitre d'hôtel*, has succeeded in making it appear that it is really more worthy of attention than is generally imagined. He maintains the position that carelessness as to what and how we eat ruins more constitutions than intemperance in drinking, and that bad cooks are worse enemies to health, than bad physicians. His advice, in regard to the choice of food is wholesome, and were the thoughtless gourmand to listen to his warning voice, there would doubtless be fewer pale-faced dyspeptics, and croaking invalids.

Milton Harvey and Other Tales. By Miss Sedgwick. Harper & Brothers: New York.

The tales which compose this volume, have heretofore appeared in different magazines and annuals, and we welcome them in their present form, for like all the other productions of Miss Sedgwick, they are too good to be lost and forgotten. We hope she will adhere to her present determination of collecting others, and publishing them together in volumes.

Agincourt. A Romance. By G. P. R. James, Esq. New York: Harper & Brothers.

This is No. 44 of Harpers' Library of Select Novels, and, like the most of those issued in this series, is a work of deserved popularity. Mr. James is won great fame as a novelist, and, notwithstanding the apparent sameness in his plots, we think him one of the first writers of the age. The glances he res at "olden times," are such as to afford his readers a good idea of the customs, habits, and condition of society characterizing them, while by weaving into his stories real events, he clothes history in more attractive garment of romance, and thus res amusement instruction.

Vol. 16 of Harpers' Pictorial Bible, is fully equal to former numbers. It is beautifully embellished, in mechanical execution is unsurpassed by any work of the present day. When completed, the edition will be decidedly the most splendid ever published either in Europe or America.

MRS. HALL'S SKETCHES OF IRISH CHARACTER.—Six or seven numbers of this richly illustrated series have appeared. The sketches, themselves, among the finest in the language, and are so con- sidered by all who have read them. We are glad the press speaking out with so much unanimity in favor of this work.

Man and Womanhood. By Mrs. A. J. Graves. Boston: T. H. Boring & Co.

In this volume we have a series of sketches, in which the authoress portrays the female character, the giddy school-girl, and then as the wise

matron. The characters are well delineated and the lessons of piety and wisdom as drawn from their several lives, are beautiful for their fervor, and valuable for their truth.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

CINCINNATI.—We have appointed Mr. C. M. RAMEDALE our agent for Cincinnati and the West, generally. He is now engaged in canvassing for subscribers to all of our publications, both in Cincinnati and the neighboring towns. We recommend him particularly to our friends in that vicinity, as a gentleman from whom they can obtain promptly, and earlier than through any other source, both the Ladies' Musical Library and Mrs. Hall's beautifully illustrated Sketches of Irish Character, as well as this magazine.

WESTERN VIEWS.—The artist mentioned in our January number, as having been engaged to furnish us with a series of original pictures of western scenery, is MR. GODFREY N. FRANKENSTIEN, of Cincinnati. These will be painted from drawings made by himself on the spot, and be well engraved by good artists. Our magazine for this year will contain several of them.

In the March number, we shall give one of his new views of Niagara, taken from Bellevue Spring, about a mile and a half below the Falls. It is a beautiful picture, and cannot fail to please every subscriber to our magazine.

AMERICAN VIEWS.—One peculiar feature in our work will be its views of American Scenery. No. I. of these we give this month; No. II. will appear in March.

CALANTHA.—The engraving of CALANTHA in this number has been pronounced by persons of taste to be the most exquisitely finished and beautiful steel plate that has ever appeared in any magazine in this country. In our prospectus we promised a series of female figures, "far surpassing, in loveliness of form and face, and exquisite finish, any thing that has yet appeared in any American Magazine." Here is the first of this series, and we are sure that no one will say that we have failed, at least in this instance, to redeem our promise. Let none suppose that we will fail to do so in a single instance. We think before we promise, and promise nothing but what we can and will do.

MUSIC BY MAIL.

LADIES' MUSICAL LIBRARY.—The external appearance of this excellent publication we have considerably improved, in accordance with the prevailing taste for covers printed in colors. The work is still edited by an eminent professor of music in this city. The price is only one dollar and a half per annum, and the quantity of music furnished, over seventy pieces! It appears monthly, and each number contains from six to seven pieces of music at a cost of

but 12½ cents; could any thing be cheaper? It goes by mail, like all other periodicals, and affords to ladies in the country, and in country towns, the very means of receiving piano music, long so much desired.

In the large cities, it is sold by regular agents, every month, at 12½ cents each number.

It has been the custom, we have learned, for a certain class of persons, *interested in the sale of sheet music*, to decry the Musical Library. Now, it is only necessary for us to say, that the work is carefully edited by a well known musical professor, whose standing as a composer and teacher of music is a guarantee that taste and sound judgment must preside over its pages. Let those who have been prejudiced against the "Library," without having seen it, purchase a few numbers, and they will find themselves no longer sceptics in regard to its excellence.

OUR JANUARY NUMBER.—We feel truly gratified at the warm welcome that has been accorded to our January number in all directions. It has been pronounced by a large portion of the press, and by individuals of taste, to be the most perfect specimen of a magazine issued for 1845. We do not ourselves say that this is really so, because none can be more conscious of its defects than we are; but we shall not attempt to gainsay the general voice. One thing, however, is certain, that we see where our work can be improved, and our hands shall be busily engaged in doing the work of improvement. We are determined that "Arthur's Magazine" for 1845 shall be among the most beautiful, as we know that it will stand side by side, unblushingly, with the best periodicals of its class in the country.

The Ladies' Musical Library for January contains the following pieces. We give, also, the contents of the February number, that the character of the music may be seen.

JANUARY.

The Tennessee Galopade, original.
The Heart Bow'd Down, a popular song from the Bohemian Girl.
Egyptian Air.
Opera March, from Masaniello and Norma.
Blue Beard's March.
The Chain and the Ring, a new song. By Lover.

FEBRUARY.

Annen Polka. By John Strauss.
The Fair Land, Poland. Song from the Bohemian Girl. By Balfe.
Take back the Gems you gave me, a favorite song. By G. Linley.
One Struggle More, a New Ballad, words by Lord Byron, the music composed expressly for this work. By C. Jarvis.
The New Year's Galopade, original.
The Philadelphia Polka, arranged expressly for this work.
Barcarolle. By Weber.

✪ A letter addressed to the editor, dated Oswego, N. Y. Dec. 27, and charged \$1 31½ cents, remains in the post office. Reason—Postage not paid.

PITTSBURG.—Mr. James Arthur is our agent in Pittsburg.

MRS. HALL'S SKETCHES OF IRISH CHARACTER.—This elegantly printed and illustrated work, meets with a warm approval in all quarters. The following are a few of the many notices of the press which have been received by the publishers.

We have received the three first numbers of this justly celebrated work. They are issued in a style that would do credit to any English publisher. In these times, when the country has been inundated with trashy literature, under a false idea of cheapness, these beautiful tales will be hailed by every lover of good taste, as the dawning of a better state of things.—*Native American, Boston.*

MRS. HALL'S SKETCHES OF IRISH CHARACTER.—We have received three numbers of this beautifully illustrated and admirable work. It is got up in splendid style—and when complete, will make a book worth a hundred of the flimsy things which have, of late years, flooded the country. Two copies of the work can be had for five dollars.—*Washingtonian, Ohio.*

SKETCHES OF IRISH CHARACTER.—From Messrs. E. Ferrett & Co. Philadelphia, we have received the three first numbers of their serial edition of Mrs. Hall's inimitable Sketches of Irish Character. The work for neatness of typography exceeds any thing ever witnessed by us. Of the sketches themselves we say nothing—their character is already firmly established. The work is published in 24 weekly numbers at 12½ each, making \$3 for the whole, which is hardly an equivalent for the excellent sketches of "Mary Ryan's Daughter" and "Annie Leslie" alone.—*Compiler, Gettysburg, Pa.*

E. Ferrett & Co. have sent us Nos. 1 and 2 of Mrs. Hall's Sketches of Irish Character, illustrated with beautiful engravings. They are printed on fine white paper in the handsomest style of typography; and contain "A Wise Thought," "Ann Leslie," and "Larry Moore," three of those inimitable sketches by Mrs. S. C. Hall.—*People's Advocate, York, Pa.*

MRS. HALL'S SKETCHES.—We have from the publishers, E. Ferrett & Co. Philadelphia, the first five numbers of "Sketches of Irish Character," by Mrs. S. C. Hall. This series fully justifies the description we have given in our prospectus. It is handsomely embellished, and embraces a number of the most interesting Irish tales on record.—*Baltimore Visitor.*


All who are acquainted with the writings of Mrs. Hall, know her striking and faithful delineation of the Irish character. These Sketches are in her happiest vein, and will well repay a perusal.—*Ledger, Pottstown, Pa.*

BOOK 10

NEHA CLARK

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ARTHUR'S MAGAZINE.



seventeen;" a rustic belle as well as a rustic
together. Norah, darlint! that would n't be the way with us. It's *one* we'd be in heart and soul, and an example of love and——"

ARTHUR'S MAGAZINE.

MARCH, 1845.

NORAH CLARY'S WISE THOUGHT.

BY MRS. S. C. MALL.

HE was sitting under the shadow of a fragrant lime tree, that overhung a very ancient well, and, as the water fell into her pail, she was mingling with its music the tones of her "Jew's harp,"—the only instrument upon which Norah Clary had learned to play. She was a merry maiden of "sweet seventeen;" a rustic belle as well as a rustic beauty, and a terrible "coquette;" and as she had what, in Scotland, they call a "tocher,"—in England, a "dowry," and in Ireland, "a pretty penny o' money," it is scarcely necessary to state, in addition, that she had—a bachelor. Whether the tune—which was certainly given *à l'alto*—was, or was not, designed as a summons to her lover, I cannot take upon myself to say; but her lips and fingers had not been long occupied, before her lover was at her side.

"We may as well give it up, Morris Donovan," she said, somewhat abruptly; "look, 't would be as easy to twist the top off the great hill of Howth, as make father and mother agree about any one thing. They've been playing the rule of contrary these twenty years; and it's not likely they'll take a turn now."

"It's mighty hard, so it is," replied handsome Morris, "that married people can't draw together. Norah, darlint! that would n't be the way with us. It's *one* we'd be in heart and soul, and an example of love and—"

"Folly," interrupted the maiden, laughing. "Morris, Morris, we've quarrelled a score o' times already; and a bit of a breeze makes life all the pleasanter. Shall I talk about the merry jig I danced with Phil Kennedy, or repeat what Mark Doolan said of me to Mary Grey?—eh, Morris?"

The long black lashes of Norah Clary's bright brown eyes almost touched her low, but delicately pencilled brows, as she looked archly up at her lover—her lip curled with a half-playful half-malicious smile; but the glance was soon withdrawn, and the maiden's cheek glowed with a deep and eloquent blush, when the young man passed his arm round her waist, and pushing the curls from her forehead, gazed upon her with a loving, but mournful look.

"Leave joking, now, Norry; God only knows how I love you," he said, in a voice broken by emotion; "I'm yer equal, as far as money goes; and no young farmer in the country can tell a better stock to his share than mine; yet I don't pretend to deserve *you*, for all that; only, I can't help saying that, when we love each other (now, don't go to contradict me, Norry, because ye've as good as owned it over and over again), and yer father agreeable, and all, to think that yer mother, just out of *divilment*, should be putting betwixt us, for no reason upon earth, only to 'spite' her lawful husband, is what sets me mad entirely, and shows her to be a good-for—"

"Stop, Mister Morris," exclaimed Norah, laying her hand upon his mouth, so as effectually to prevent a sound escaping; "It's *my* mother ye're talking of and it would be ill-blood, as well as ill-bred, to hear a word said against an own parent. Is that the pattern of yer manners, sir; or did you ever hear me turn my tongue against one belonging to you?"

"I ask yer pardon, my own Norah," he replied, meekly, as in duty bound; "for the sake o' the lamb, we spare the sheep. Why not?—and I'm not going to gainsay but yer mother—"

"The least said's the soonest mended!" again interrupted the impatient girl. "Good even, Morris, and God bless ye; they'll be after missing me within, and it's little mother thinks where I am."

"Norah, above all the girls at wake or pattern, I've been true to you. We have grown together, and, since ye were the height of a rose-bush, ye have been dearer to me than any thing else on earth. Do, Norah, for the sake of our young heart's love, do think if there's no way to win yer mother over. If ye'd take me without her leave, sure it's nothing I'd care for the loss o'

thousands, let alone what ye've got. Dearest Norah, think; since you'll do nothing without her consent, do think—for once be serious, and do n't laugh."

It is a fact, universally known and credited in the good barony of Bargy that Morris Donovan possessed an honest, sincere, and affectionate heart—brave as a lion, and gentle as a dove. He was, moreover, the priest's nephew—understood Latin as well as the priest himself; and, better even than that, he was the beau—the Magnus Apollo, of the parish;—a fine, noble-looking fellow, that all the girls (from the housekeeper's lovely English niece at Lord Gort's, down to little deaf Bess Mortican, the lame dress-maker) were regularly and desperately in love with: still, I must confess, he was, at times, a little stupid;—not exactly stupid either, but slow of invention,—would *fight* his way out of a thousand scrapes, but could never get *peaceably* out of one. No wonder, then, that, where fighting was out of the question, he was puzzled, and looked to the ready wit of the merry Norah for assistance. It was not very extraordinary that he loved the fairy creature—the sweetest, gayest of all Irish girls;—light of heart, light of foot, light of eye;—now weeping like a child over a dead chicken, or a plundered nest; then dancing on the top of a hayrick, to the music of her own cheering voice;—now coaxing her termagant mother, and anon comforting her henpecked father. Let no one suppose that I have overdrawn the sketch of my Bannow lass—for, although her native barony is that of Bargy, the two may be considered as wedded and become one. The portraits appended to this story are, at least, veritable, and "from the life." You will encounter such, and such only, in our district—neatly attired, with their white caps, when the day is too warm for bonnets—in short, altogether "well dressed."

"I'm not going to laugh, Morris," replied the little maid, at last, after a very long pause; "I've got a wise thought in my head for once. His reverence, your uncle, you say, spoke to father—to speak to mother about it? I wonder (and he a priest) that he had n't more sense! Sure! mother was the man;—but I've got a wise thought.—Good night, dear Morris; good night."

The lass sprang lightly over the fence into her own garden, leaving her lover *perdu* at the other side, without possessing an idea of what her "wise thought" might be. When she entered the kitchen, matters were going on as usual—her mother bustling in style, and as cross "as a bag of weasels."

"Jack Clary," said she, addressing herself to

her husband, who sat quietly in the chimney-corner smoking his *dooden*, "it's well ye've got a wife who knows what's what! God help me, I've little good of a husband, *larring* the name! Are ye sure Black Nell's in the stable?" The spouse nodded. "The cow and the calf, had they fresh straw?" Another nod. "Bad cess to ye, can't ye use yer tongue, and answer a civil question!" continued the lady.

"My dear," he replied, "sure one like you has enough talk for ten."

This very just observation was, like most truths, so disagreeable, that a severe storm would have followed, had not Norah stepped up to her father, and whispered in his ear, "I do n't think the stable-door is fastened."—Mrs. Clary caught the sound, and in no gentle terms, ordered her husband to attend to the comforts of Black Nell. "I'll go with father myself and see," said Norah. "That's like my own child, always careful," observed the mother, as the father and daughter closed the door.

"Dear father," began Norah, "it is n't altogether about the stable I wanted ye—but—but—the priest said something to ye to-day about Morris Donovan."

"Yes, darling, and about yerself, my sweet Norry."

"Did ye speak to mother about it?"

"No, darling, she's been so cross all day. Sure, I go through a dale for pace and quietness. If I was like other men, and got drunk and wasted, it might be in reason; but—As to Morris, she was very fond of the boy till she found that I liked him; and then, my jewel, she turned like sour milk all in a minute.—I'm afraid even the priest 'll get no good of her."

"Father, dear father," said Norah, "suppose ye were to say nothing about it, good or bad, and just pretend to take a sudden dislike to Morris, and let the priest speak to her himself, she 'd come round."

"Out of opposition to me, eh?"

"Yes."

"And let her gain the day, then?—that would be cowardly," replied the farmer, drawing himself up. "No, I won't."

"Father, dear, you don't understand," said the cunning lass, "sure, ye're for Morris; and when we are—that is, if—I mean—suppose—father, you know what I mean," she continued, and luckily the twilight concealed her blushes. "if that took place, it's *you* that would have yer own way."

"True for ye, Norry, my girl, true for ye; I never thought of that before!" and, pleased with the idea of "tricking" his wife, the old man fairly capered for joy. "But stay a

while—stay, say, say!" he recommenced; "how am I to manage? Sure the priest himself will be here to-morrow morning early; and he's out upon a station now—so there's no speaking with him:—he's no way quick, either—we 'll be bothered entirely if he comes in on a *sudden*."

"Leave it to me, dear father—leave it all to me," exclaimed the animated girl; "only pluck up a spirit, and, whenever Morris's name is mentioned, abuse him—but not with all yer *heart*, father—only from the teeth out."

When they re-entered, the fresh-boiled potatoes sent a warm, curling steam to the very rafters of the lofty kitchen; they were poured out into a large wicker kish, and, on the top of the pile, rested a plate of coarse white salt; noggins of butter-milk were filled on the dresser; and, on a small round table, a cloth was spread, and some delf plates awaited the more delicate repast which the farmer's wife was herself preparing.

"What's for supper, mother?" inquired Norah, as she drew her wheel towards her, and employed her fairy foot in whirling it round.

"Plaugy *snipeens*," she replied; "bits o' bog chickens, that you've always such a fancy for;—Barney Leary kilt them himself."

"So I did," said Barney, grinning; "and that stick wid a hook, of Morris Donovan's, is the finest thing in the world for knocking 'em down."

"If Morris Donovan's stick touched them, they shan't come here," said the farmer, striking the poor little table such a blow, with his clenched hand, as made not only it, but Mrs. Clary, jump.

"And why so, pray?" asked the dame.

"Because nothing belonging to Morris, let alone Morris himself shall come into this house," replied Clary: "he's not to my liking any how, and there's no good in his bothering here after what he won't get."

"Excellent!" thought Norah.

"Lord save us!" ejaculated Mrs. Clary, as she placed the grilled snipes on the table, "what's come to the man?" without heeding his resolution, she was proceeding to distribute the savoury "birdeens," when, to her astonishment, her usually tame husband threw dish and its contents into the flames; the good woman absolutely stood for a moment, aghast. The calm, however, was not of long duration. She soon rallied, and commenced hostilities; "How dare you, ye spalpeen, throw away any of God's mate after that fashion, and I to the fore? What do you mane, I say?"

"I mane that nothing touched by Morris

Donovan shall come under this roof; and if I catch that girl of mine looking at the same side o' the road he walks on, I'll tear the eyes out of her head, and send her to a nunnery!"

"You will! and dare you to say that to my face, to a child o' mine? You will—will ye?—we'll see, my boy! I'll tell ye what, if I like, Morris Donovan *shall* come into this house, and what's more, be master of this house; and that's what *you* never had the heart to be yet, ye poor old snail!" So saying, Mistress Clary endeavored to rescue from the fire the hissing remains of the burning snipes. Norah attempted to assist her mother; but Clary, lifting her up, somewhat after the fashion of an eagle raising a golden wren with its claw, fairly put her out of the kitchen. This was the signal for fresh hostilities. Mrs. Clary stormed and stamped; and Mr. Clary persisted in abusing, not only Morris, but Morris's uncle, Father Donovan, until, at last, the farmer's help-mate *swore*, ay, and roundly too, by cross and saint, that before the next sunset, Norah Clary should be Norah Donovan. I wish you could have seen Norry's eye, dancing with joy

and exultation, as it peeped through the latch-hole;—it sparkled more brightly than the richest diamond in our monarch's crown, for it was filled with hope and love.

The next morning, before the sun was fully up, he was throwing his early beams over the glowing cheek of Norah Clary; for her "wise thought" had prospered, and she was hastening to the trysting-tree, where "by chance," either morning or evening, she generally met Morris Donovan. I don't know how it is, but the moment the course of true love "runs smooth," it becomes very uninteresting, except to the parties concerned. So it is now left for me only to say, that the maiden, after a due and proper time consumed in teasing and tantalizing her intended, told him her saucy plan and its result. And the lover hastened upon the wings of love (which I beg my readers clearly to understand are swifter and stronger in Ireland than in any other country), to apprise the priest of the arrangement, well knowing that his reverence loved his nephew, and niece that was to be (to say nothing of the wedding supper, and the profits arising therefrom), too well, not to aid their merry jest.

What bustle, what preparation, what feasting, what dancing, gave the country folk enough to talk about during the happy Christmas holidays, I cannot now describe. The bride, of course, looked lovely and "sheepish;" and the bridegroom—but bridegrooms are always uninteresting. One fact, however, is worth recording. When Father Donovan concluded the ceremony, before the bridal kiss had passed, Farmer Clary, without any reason that his wife could discover, most indecorously sprang up, seized a shillelah of stout oak, and whirling it rapidly over his head, shouted, "Carry me out! by the powers, she's beat! we've won the day!—ould Ireland forever! Success, boys! she's beat—she's beat!"—The priest, too, seemed vastly to enjoy this extemporaneous effusion, and even the

bride laughed outright. Whether the good wife discovered the plot or not, I never heard; but of this I am certain, that the joyous Norah never had reason to repent her "wise thought."

[NOTE.—In giving the beautiful plate of Norah Clary this month, we felt that we could accompany it with nothing half so good in the way of description as Mrs. Hall's admirable story which it illustrates. And in giving the story, we thought it but right that the other embellishments that belong to it should not be omitted. These, with the rich initial letter, will give our readers some idea of the style in which the fine edition of "Mrs. Hall's Sketches of Irish Character," now in the course of publication, is got up. The steel plate has been engraved expressly for our magazine, but will make one of the illustrations of Mrs. Hall's work now publishing.—ED.]

For Arthur's Magazine

INVOCATION TO THE DEITY.

BY DUDLEY B. TINKER.



H God! I humbly,
lowly bend
My untaught—trem-
bling knee,
And from thy footstool
upward send
My spirit unto thee.

Oh, Father!—Thou art
light and love,
And I—a wayward
child,

Come, teach me lessons from above,
And make me reconciled.

Omnipotent, and wise, and just,
With tender mercies sure—
Direct my soul to place her trust
In Thee—and rest secure.

In thee alone, a calm repose
Of midnight's holy hour
O'er-shadows every heart that knows
And feels, Thy sovereign power.

Teach me to yield my inmost soul
And every thought to Thee;

9*

That, walking 'neath Thy sweet control
My spirit shall be free.

God of the widow and the weak,
The orphan and oppressed;
Peace to thy troubled spirits speak,
And guide them to Thy rest.

Oh! guide them where green pastures grow
By softly murmuring rill;
Wipe off their burning tears of woe,
And bid them—"Peace, be still."

I feel, oh Father!—that Thy power
Alone can guide me right;
On Thee I lean at noon-day hour
And through the solemn night.

Oh! guard my goings forth each day
That Thou hast given me here;
Light up my path with wisdom's ray,
And make my footsteps clear.

And when on midnight-couch is flung
My weary, toil-worn frame,
Teach Thou my spirit's stammering tongue
To lip Thy holy name.

For Arthur's Magazine.

HELEN RAYMOND:

OR, MARRYING TO BE SUPPORTED.

BY MISS S. A. HUNT.

"You are from an age that will break of your life," said Margaret Kelly, in a sweet tone, young and beautiful girl who loved her.

"Nonsense," replied Helen Raymond; "I'm no believer in broken hearts. In fact, I have no heart to break: you know I have yielded every atom of mine up to my old beau. O, I'll be an old man's darling; yes, I'll be an old man's darling," she half sang, half spoke, rising lightly from her seat and waltzing around the parlor to prevent Margaret from saying things she did not wish to hear.

"Won't you listen to me now, Helen?" asked Margaret, following with her eyes the light figure of her friend; "in another week, perhaps, I dare not be frank with you; oh! Helen, for our friendship's sake hear me now!"

Helen paused in her graceful motions, and looked at her friend, while a shade of tenderness passed over her face. Then she approached her, and bending, passed one arm around her neck and kissed her. Margaret would have drawn her on to the sofa at her side, but Helen slightly shook her head, and withdrew her arm, saying, "No, no, dear! I won't listen to any lectures. I know what you will say. I intend to be perfectly wilful until next Wednesday, when the grave and reverend seigneur, Mr. Holden, Esq. will take me for his better half.

"Oh! I'd be a butterfly, born in a bower,"

she sang again. A keen observer would have

detected in her quick tones and the very slight tremulousness of her voice, that her gaiety was affected. Helen's mother was a widow, and poor also. But, from quite an early period, Helen, who was the eldest child, and extremely beautiful, had found a home with a widower uncle. He lived in affluence, and Helen had been fashionably educated. She was familiar with Italian and French, and played elegantly on both the harp and piano. She was now seventeen, and one of New York's loveliest daughters. For two or three years it had been her charge to oversee her uncle's domestic affairs. The truth is, he had given her a home only for his own sake, that she might minister to his comfort. But a change came to Helen; a change fraught with suffering and bitterness. Like the generality of widowers, Mr. Raymond fell in love again, and the object of his attachment was a widow, with sharp black eyes, a sharp nose, and all the sharp qualities belonging to such a physiognomy. After her engagement to Mr. Raymond, this said widow secretly resolved to have Helen dismissed from her uncle's care. She insinuated, once in a while, in the softest and sweetest manner possible, that she didn't know how it was, but she was so independent. It had been her characteristic from a child; she never allowed any one to interfere with her rights, especially family rights. These pleasant insinuations were not lost upon the enamoured widower. He thought of Helen's position in his family, but did not dream his lady-love referred to her, because they were unacquainted with each other, and, to his knowledge, the widow was unconscious of the existence of his niece. But he was most decidedly mistaken; that bewitching creature knew the state of all his affairs perfectly well; how much money he was worth, how many servants he had, how

much was expended on Helen's accomplishments, for she still took lessons), and the cost of his furniture. Lovely, thoughtful widow, how she reached into the far future! How she saw herself presiding over that splendid mansion, giving elegant parties, and smiling with winning condescension on guests who were her superiors! Oh! how she luxuriated in her reveries. How her imagination she saw Helen Raymond quit forever her uncle's roof, after the bride came. And all this she saw, that pleasant, smiling man; all this she was determined on, and all she accomplished. Oh! what is the heart made of when it bends to things so base—and a man's heart, too! Cold and selfish, how it wraps itself alone in its darkness—how its son is silently but surely doing its work—its air of living death taints the atmosphere, blights young flowers that glow on the r of love!

About a month before Mr. Raymond's marriage, Helen was told that a home could not be had here beneath her uncle's roof, after the wedding-day. No conversation had passed between Mr. Raymond and the widow, in which her name was mentioned, or in which she *directly* referred to; but her uncle seemed to have an intuitive perception that his bride

would not permit the poor girl's stay. Himself needed her no longer, therefore, he took care. So she was to be sent forth, to her bread, or provide for herself, as she wise might. She had been accustomed to

luxury, and this stroke fell upon her with appalling weight. She shrunk from depending on herself—from being alone in the world alone to cheer and protect her. Her affection had been severed from her early home, he did not ask herself if duty demanded she should share the poverty of her little brothers and sisters, or lighten the hard trials of her mother. She had dazzled among the great, and enjoyed the pleasures of refined

life. She had been caressed, and had depended entirely on others. It was a hard task to trust to her single arm, for she did not have force for strength. In her sadness she did not think and feel that all was ordered for her, that even the unkindness of others might soothe her heart, if she were willing to struggle unshrinkingly, and perform the hard duty which that unkindness imposed. Oh! how much easier it is to *know* how to do, than to *do*. Helen Raymond was not in doubt as to what she knew right well that her varied accomplishments might support her comfortably, as her mother. But she had not the courage, the strength of mind to do, and

to do firmly. There was a spice of vanity in her composition, for we cannot call that pride which prefers fashionable dress and dependence to self-relying effort. Two weeks before the wedding was to take place, Helen was alone in her chamber; she was seated on a low stool, at the foot of her bed, with her face half buried in the bedclothes. She was weeping; and with that hopelessness so painful to witness in the young. "I cannot earn my living; I cannot!" she said, and then she wept yet more passionately. "Oh! if something would happen to save me!" She felt the warm color come in her face as she thought of what that *something* must be, and she half scorned herself for her mercenary feelings. She thought of marriage, and, like too many, she thought of it only as a means to rescue her from an unpleasant situation. She was young and inexperienced, and did not dream that a marriage, unless a perfectly happy one, was a thousand times worse than a state of constant toil and single blessedness. She did not think of its holiness, its responsibility, its many trials. While she was wrapt in her reveries, a servant knocked at her door, and informed her that her Italian teacher was waiting for her in the parlor.

"Tell him I will come down as soon as possible," she said, rising quickly, from her seat, and lavng her face in cold water, to remove traces of her tears. Then she stood before her mirror, and after smoothing her hair, carelessly twined a pale rose-bud among her ringlets. Her agitation had given her a color; she dwelt for a moment on her matchless beauty, then sighed heavily, and bent her eyes down in thought. But she raised them again to look in her glass, and train a curl to fall with more negligent grace.

"Yes," she said, half aloud, as if pursuing a train of thought, "I'll have him if he offers again to-day; what can I do that will be better?"

With a faintness at her heart, and a cheek in which the color came and fled again, Helen descended to the parlor. She paused a moment at the door, and the deep dye of shame crimsoned her brow and temples. She covered her face with her hands involuntarily, and half resolved to go back and send word that she could not come—but she heard her uncle's step on the stairs, and she opened the door and entered. A tall man, past fifty, advanced with a gentle manly air, and said, with a kind of dignified playfulness, "Well, Miss Helen, I am here to-day to give you a lesson, spite of your cruel treatment of me the last time."

Helen's eyes drooped, and she made no reply

as she was led to a seat. Mr. Holden was an Englishman by birth; his countenance was mild, although expressive of great determination. He was a man of extensive learning, and there was a certain fascination in his manner when he tried to please. He had been a great traveller, and had devoted many years to study in foreign countries. He was a bachelor, possessed of a competency; but he employed some of his leisure hours in giving lessons in the several languages he understood. He thought himself a great observer of men and things, and, perhaps, in some respects, he was. Above all things, he prided himself on his intricate knowledge of woman's nature, which, like bachelors generally, he knew nothing about. His views were peculiar on the subject. The softer sex were regarded by him as *very soft*—yielding enough to have no will but their husbands'—and no delight but cooking for them from morning till night.

Of these sentiments Helen was not aware. If she had been, perhaps at the close of her lesson she would not have been the betrothed wife of Mr. Holden. She had plighted her faith to a man three times her own age. True, she regarded him as being noble, benevolent in his feelings, and mild in his temper. But when the irrevocable word had passed her lips, a sudden thrill of fearful foreboding shot across her heart—a deeper, sterner sadness settled upon her soul, although it wrought no change in her manner. She felt, that with all her weakness she possessed deep feeling—that if the young heart, now a sacrifice, had been placed in kindlier circumstances, it might have been valued at its worth. For the first time she felt the total uncongeniality existing between herself and Mr. Holden. It came upon her with a vivid suddenness that surprised her. She felt as if there was a gulf between their hearts—that she could never admit him into the sanctuary of her deepest and purest feelings—these thoughts lasted but a moment; they did not cause her to waver in her resolution. How strange the infatuation that leads a person to follow the road to sure unhappiness, when energy and firmness might save from danger. Mr. Holden knew Helen's situation, and he proposed that their marriage should take place on the same day with Mr. Raymond's, which would be in two weeks. Helen consented.

Until the evening that Margaret Kelly called on her, Helen had been very sad. In vain she tried to throw off her depressed feelings; in vain she jested more lightly than ever—to others she appeared gay, but the weight upon her bosom was not lessened. She looked forward to her

marriage with emotions far from pleasurable. Then why not escape while there was yet time? Because she had yielded herself up to discouraging thoughts, in the first place, and now she was their slave. It seemed a greater impossibility than ever to exert herself. She had set idly down, and regarded only the dark side of the picture, without an effort to brighten it, and the effect was, that the little energy she once possessed was gone. Helen was no uncommon character; we see persons of the same cast every day. She was kind and gentle, and warm-hearted, naturally, and had she been guided aright by a *mother*, with a home, and a dear home, to keep sacred her young feelings, what might she not have been? Good principles had not been implanted in her bosom when a child. No fond mother had taken her by the hand, and nightly listened to her evening prayer. Although Helen had apparently paid no heed to the words of Margaret Kelly, yet when she gained her chamber that night, she repeated them over, and they sunk heavily upon her heart. She was alone, and it was near midnight. Oh! what thoughts and memories and remorseful feelings will not the still hours of night bring up? Then there are no external circumstances to busy us; there are none to look into the depths of our souls, save God—and then, no doubt, fervent prayers are often poured forth, which daylight never sees repeated. Alas! that it should be so. Helen, too, knelt and prayed, and wept under the influence of better feelings—then she rose, and with an unsteady hand drew forth from a drawer a sheet of paper, and wrote—a recantation of her promise to Mr. Holden. She laid the note on her table, and, after extinguishing the light, sought her pillow to sleep, and to sleep soundly, after the exhaustion of her feelings.

When she arose in the morning she forgot the note she had written, entirely. After a while, her eyes fell upon it accidentally; she opened it and read it with feelings very different from those which had caused her to pen it. She was a creature of impulse. That wild, fervent glow was now gone. She half wondered that she had been so strangely moved; those strong emotions had swept over her, then they had slowly passed away, leaving her in a state of comparative apathy. She began to view the subject again in its previous light; she thought over all the difficulties and troubles she would meet with, if left to take care of herself. She thought of fashionable friends, who would not recognise her, if she labored for her own support; and, more than all, she thought of the continued and daily toil, which was little in agreement with

her natural love of ease. Once more the letter was read, then it was slowly torn in pieces, and consigned to a corner of her work-basket.

Helen's bridal day came, and it was a day of unclouded beauty. Mr. Raymond and his lady were married early in the morning, and had started for Saratoga, before Helen, who was suffering from a headache, and doubtless a heart-ache, too, had left her room. Margaret Kelly had refused to be her bridesmaid, and Helen knew her decided character too well to suppose she would change. This caused the poor, infatuated girl to weep more than once. Margaret had been her chosen friend from childhood; she was familiar with all her little secrets, and they had loved each other as young girls always love, without reserve. How many times had they sat together in girlish confidence, and pictured the future, *their* future, full of all that was bright and happy—shadowless and clear as their own hearts then were. Oh! is it any wonder that Helen bent her head and shed hot, bitter tears on her bridal day, as she saw her sweet, but imaginary dreams sink beneath the weight of reality—and yet she weakly said, "It is my destiny."

At the appointed hour, Helen stood before the altar, clad in a simple white dress, by the side of Mr. Holden. All was still and solemn as a funeral, when her pale lips pronounced the marriage vow. Not more than a dozen friends had assembled at the church to witness her marriage. Helen's eye glanced towards the little group quickly, to see if Margaret was here. But her friend was absent. Mr. Holden had furnished a comfortable house, and thither the little bridal party proceeded as soon as the ceremony was over. That long day how easily it passed, as acquaintance after acquaintance called in to congratulate the newly married pair. Each time the door opened Helen looked eagerly, in the hope of seeing her *friend's* dear face. But no; each time a shade of disappointment chased away that faint gleam of joy.

"Well, Mr. Holden," asked a gentleman, who sat by his side, "where are you going to take the bride, to-night; to the opera, the theatre, or where?"

"We shall stay at home," replied the groom; "begin my married life as I intend to continue it."

The gentleman was silent, and looked rather embarrassed, after he had glanced at Mr. Holden, who observed his decided expression. Helen's face flashed at this unexpected answer of her husband; it gave her a sudden insight into his character; the conviction that her freedom

would be restrained, broke painfully upon her. But more painful still came the reflection, that she could blame only herself. She had intended after her marriage, to spend the greater part of her time in company; but when she thought of being *alone*, alone in their new house, without the cheerful faces of friends around her, she could hardly restrain her tears. Her thoughts were diverted by being asked to play and sing. She complied readily, and her sweet voice had that low, plaintive tone, which only comes from the heart. The gentleman who had been so abruptly answered by Mr. Holden, stood near. He had regarded Helen with a feeling amounting almost to contempt, for he could not respect her motives in marrying as she did. He had thought her weak, cold, and calculating, but when her young voice trembled in the song, a tear started to his eye. Pity was mingled with his censure; and he wondered the more that one apparently possessed of so much feeling, should have desecrated the holiest emotions of the heart. But good and evil are often strangely blended in our bosoms, and it requires settled principles and a trust in Heaven, to have the good that is within us always guide our actions.

One evening at twilight, after Helen had been married a few months, she was sitting at the piano, singing. Her whole soul was in the music; every thing else was forgotten. She was for the time, perhaps, happy. Her husband had entered the room unnoticed by her, and was looking somewhat sternly out of the window. At length he approached her, and laid his hand upon her shoulder. She started and turned around, saying, "Ah! I did n't hear you when you came in."

"I suppose not," he replied, in a mild tone; "the piano, I believe, prevents both your seeing and hearing. Helen, my dear, I wish you would give up playing; it is very disagreeable to me. I do not like music, and I do n't like to have my wife spend so much time in trifling."

Helen's countenance fell; she attempted to speak once, half angrily, but when she saw his calm look, the words died on her lips. She arose, and closed the lid of the piano, then sunk on a chair, and burst into tears.

"It will be a little trial to you at first, my dear," said Mr. Holden, very gently, "but you will not miss it after you have given it up awhile."

"Won't miss it," repeated Helen, looking up through her tears, "how can I help it, when it has been my dearest pleasure from a very child. I can't give it up, Mr. Holden; you do n't know how much you ask of me—I cannot."

"You do n't understand a wife's duties, yet, my dear. Married women should have nothing to do with music, and books, &c. Their business is to sew and attend to household matters. I presume, at this moment, you do n't know what Betty is doing in the kitchen."

Helen made no reply, but she slowly left the room, and descended to the basement with a heavy heart. The piano was her uncle's gift, when she was a child, and her pleasantest remembrances were mingled with it. It was the only thing that could make her *forget*: her young heart beat as it did of old, when she called forth its sweetest tones. Oh! it was most cruel to ask her to give it up! Mr. Holden was always very gentle, but he was icy cold, and selfish, and moderate. He wished Helen to forget her young, fresh feelings, and be like him. He knew she was most beautiful, and, therefore, it was his secret desire to keep her always at home, that she might not receive the admiration she invariably met with in company. Several of her young female friends had called on her. Helen at first returned a few calls, but Mr. Holden mildly insinuated, that he thought it was not profitable for ladies to visit much. The day after the conversation about the piano, the silence that reigned in Helen's parlor was broken by a knock at the door. She opened it, and Margaret Kelly stood before her. She had not seen her once since her marriage until now.

"Oh! Margaret, dear Margaret," she exclaimed, catching both her hands, and kissing her with almost childish eagerness, "God bless you for coming to see me! I am so lonely."

"Lonely! dear Helen," said Margaret, looking in her young, sad face, with a suddenly touched heart; "forgive me for not coming to see you before; it was wrong in me to stay away because I disapproved of your conduct. Do you forgive me? Oh! Helen, do n't cry!"

Poor Helen had not met with a friend before on whose bosom she might weep; and now she sobbed like a child, and clung to Margaret, whose tears fell as fast as her own. "I am foolish to weep, Margaret," she said, "but I have not seen you in so long a time; I feared you had given me up entirely. O come and see me often; every—" she paused, and leaned her head again upon Margaret's shoulder, without finishing the sentence. She remembered her husband's dislike to her receiving company, and she bent her face to hide the deep indignant flush that crossed it. She thought of her own rights, too, and she raised her head, and said earnestly,

"You will come often, Margaret, won't you?"

"As often as I can; but you must return my visits, for you have time enough to spare, now."

After an earnest conversation, Margaret said, "But come, Helen, play me a right merry tune, to remind us of old times." She rose and opened the piano. Helen hesitated a little, but finally took the seat her friend had made ready for her, and they played and sung for hours the old, familiar songs they had learned together when both were careless and light-hearted. They were performing a duett when Mr. Holden came in.

"Ah! Mr. Holden, how do you do?" exclaimed Margaret, looking around; "you see Helen and I are making your house very musical." She ran her fingers lightly over the keys, then started up and looked out of the window.

"Well, Helen, it is getting dark; I must go. Now, Mr. Holden," she continued, drawing her arm around Helen's waist, and walking deliberately up to him, "I am going to have your lady spend a whole day with me every week. I won't hear any objections, for I *will* have it so, won't I, Helen?"

Helen slightly smiled, but made no reply. Mr. Holden only bowed with a stately air. Margaret saw at a glance how matters stood, and her firm lip, half curved in scorn, as she gave Mr. Holden a look that showed rather too plainly what she thought of him.

"Helen, you know when I am determined on any thing I always accomplish it; so, remember, if you do n't come and see me every week, I shall come after you; good bye, dear," she said, drawing her arm closely around her young friend, and kissing her fondly. "I bid you good evening, Mr. Holden." She bowed with a formal air, then closed the door after her, and left the house.

"That Miss Kelly is your very intimate friend," remarked Mr. Holden, as soon as she had disappeared; "she certainly asks you to visit her with condescending grace; pray tell where she acquired her soft, lady-like manners?" I think I never saw them equalled; or perhaps I never observed her particularly before to-day."

"Her manners are what they should be," replied Helen, with a glowing cheek; "they are the index of her mind, frank and independent, without affectation. I wish I was more like her. I wish—"

"What do you wish?" asked Mr. Holden, quickly.

"No matter—nothing," answered his young

wife, taking up a book, and carelessly turning over the leaves.

"Well, my dear, I have a wish that I must urge you to regard; it will be for your good."

"What is it?" asked Helen, with a nervous start, for she half divined what he was going to say.

"My wish is, that you drop entirely the acquaintance of this Miss Kelly; her influence over you, I am sure, will not be good; it is only for your sake I urge it, my dear."

"Mr. Holden, if you were to urge me to the last day of my life, it would be in vain," answered Helen, with indignant firmness; "other things I have given up, and I can yet give up many pleasures. But Margaret Kelly is my friend, she has been a true friend to me, and our friendship shall be broken only when I die. I am wavering in many things, but in this I will never change."

"As you please," said her husband, inclining his head stiffly.

Weeks and months brought no change to Helen; each day her spirit was more crushed. By degrees, at her husband's desire, she gave up music, friends, and the kind of reading that would have been a recreation to her. All but Margaret. Her health began to fail; a deep melancholy settled upon her, and she scarcely awoke, except when Margaret was with her; on occasionally her once light spirit flashed forth for a moment. And yet her husband was always mild and gentlemanly; he provided for her wants; his tone of voice was always gentle, and he was regarded by his acquaintances as one of the best of men. But he was a tyrant; perhaps unconsciously; still he was one of the worst of tyrants, because his cruelty penetrated the very depths of a young heart. It was hardly tangible, but it sunk deeply as the silent arrow of death. Oh! how hopelessly the light of her young spirit was quenched. Poor Helen had nothing to support her; she could not lean upon the past with confidence; she had irrevocably forsaken the path of right, because it was now full of thorns. But now she found the path she had marked out for herself was yet more thorny, and could not be strewn with a single flower. She had been advised by her father, but that advice had been unheeded. She was perhaps too timid and dependent; her young heart shrunk within itself, and hope abandoned her.

Two years had gone. It was a clear, mild day in autumn, and every thing without was so peaceful. In a dimly lighted chamber, two persons were alone. Margaret Kelly, with her pale but calm face, was gazing on the wasted

features of Helen. One hand clasped the thin fingers of the invalid, and she half bent over to listen to her low breathings. At length Helen turned towards her, and fixed her eyes listlessly upon her face. "Are you better now, dear?" asked Margaret, gently kissing her, and laying her hand upon her cold forehead.

"I do n't know," replied Helen, faintly; "where am I? How did you come here, Margaret?"

"You are sick, dear Helen, very sick, and I came to take care of you."

"How kind you are, Margaret; I dreamed an angel was with me; I will not live long, I feel it. See, how cold my hands are."

"Oh! do n't say so, Helen, do n't," begged Margaret, leaning her head upon the pillow, to hide her tears. "You may yet get well."

"If it is God's will that I shall die, I am willing, too willing. I have heard you say yourself, dear Margaret, that we are never removed to the other world until it is best for us and others. Oh! I am far from being good, but God knows in my sufferings I have tried to look to Him. If we can but meet in Heaven, Margaret; will we not?" Helen stretched forth her feeble hand to her friend, and over her dying face there beamed a spiritual light.

"How long it was before I turned to God for strength," she whispered again, in a fainter tone; "but He has heard my prayers. Oh! if I could live my life over again; but no——"

Margaret raised her face, and said, tremulously, "Do n't talk any more, now, dear, you will soon be stronger, and then we——" she stopped, and covering her face with both hands, sobbed aloud, for she saw her words were vain.

"Do n't grieve for me, dear Margaret," said her dying friend, "but think of me often." There was a long silence, broken only by Helen's faint, faint breathing; the film of death began to gather over her dark, loving eyes. Margaret bent over her, still and breathless; she felt that no sound should disturb that holiness. Helen tried to raise her hand; "Margaret," broke low from her lips.

"I am here, dearest, and now my cheek is pressed to yours. God is with you, Helen. Oh! my friend." Again there was a silence—the silence of death. A calm, holy and beautiful, pervaded that quiet chamber. No sound of weeping escaped from Margaret. No superstitious images came before her, as she felt she was alone. She pressed her lips upon Helen's white, cold brow, and thin cheek. She smoothed back her dark hair, and gazed long upon that form, from which the dear spirit had just de-

parted. Then she sunk upon her knees in prayer, deep, holy, prayer. While she was yet kneeling, there was a knock at the door. She arose, and gave admittance to Mr. Holden.

"How is Helen?" he asked. "Miss Kelly, I think she had better have a nurse—you will be worn out."

"Look at her," said Margaret; "she is gone!"

"Dead, is she?" he replied, in a quick, whispering tone, approaching the bed. He

looked at her, and over his stern face there rolled a tear.

"Poor Helen!" he muttered, and he sank upon a chair, and buried his face in his hands, lost in thoughts which stung him with self-reproach. Whether the death of that young, fair creature produced a change in him, God only knows.

The story I have related is not drawn from imagination. It is not many years since Helen Raymond was laid in the churchyard.

For Arthur's Magazine.

MORNING.

THE light of early morn-
ing fell
On mossy hill and quiet
dell,
And, in the ardor of the
day,
The dew-gleams all
were kissed away—
And sprang the stream-
lets forth, to meet
The glory of the
kindling morn;

And sweetly rose the flowers, to greet
The freshness on the breezes borne;
Nor voice nor footfall echoed there,
To break the spell so softly fair.

Up rose the sun, with fervent glow,
And smiled upon the world below,
And poured his loving presence forth,
In blessings to the fruitful earth;
The waters flashed his greeting back,
The forest brighten'd in his track,
While, softly bow'd in modest grace,
The valleys caught his wide embrace,
And, from their bosoms, starred with dew,
Sent up a welcome, warm and true.

No sound of sorrow floated there,
Where only gladness dwelt,
But love and peace were in the air,
And joy that might be felt:

And glooms, which on my spirit lay,
Passed, like the early mists, away;
The joyless words we mortals say,
Of weariness and doubt;
Ah! what, in all their strength, are they?
One sparkling of the God-sent day,
Nay—but one dew-drop rainbow play,
Can flash their dimness out.

Who said that earth is full of woe,
That "shadows" only dwell below?
Who called the gift our Father gave,
"Grave-riven," "full of sepulchres"?
Ah! for the good—the purely true,
No shadow rests upon the grave;
The smile of Heaven breaks warmly through
And God's own light in love confers.

Where rests the shadow? dreamers-pale,
Among the works of God;
The breeze—awand'ring down the vale,
Whispers a pleasure-freighted tale,
O'er every daisied sod;
Not on the young rejoicing hills,
Not with the music of the rills,
The shadow beareth part:
But where the guilt of man hath been,
There darkness, hand in hand with sin,
Makes shadows in the heart.

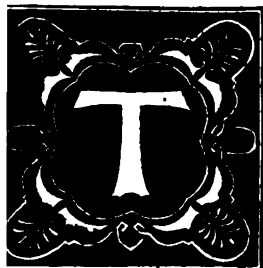
For Arthur's Magazine.

THE HAPPIEST MOMENT OF MY LIFE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF MARMONTÉL.

BY A. ROLAND.

[The following beautiful story is represented as being told by one of a circle of friends who had fled to the country, from Paris, during the troubles of the Revolution and who, to beguile the time, had agreed to relate, in turn, the combination of circumstances which had produced the most happy moment in each of their lives.—TRANS.]



HERE lives in this neighborhood a gentleman, who, after having served his king and country with distinction, has retired to the bosom of his family, decorated with that fine

ze of valor, which, like himself, two of his children have already received.

"M. de l'Ormon?" said Olympia.

"Yes, madame, it is of him I am about to speak."

Left without fortune by a father, as brave and estimable as himself, who had been ruined in the service of his country, his only hope was in an uncle who had always showed a warm affection for him. This uncle was a good man but, like good hearts generally, was rash and choleric; his name was de Glancy. He had had two nephews Ormon and Orambré, one of whom was an end-thrifty, the other a miser. Each left a

Ormon's, as I have indicated, was destitute of fortune, whilst Orambré's was opulent. Being himself more savage than he was gentle, it is true, he was a little so, the nephew had preferred celibacy to marriage and passed his life in the country, where his father, as he advanced in age, continued to inhabit.

His and childless uncles are rarely neglected by their nephews; but de Glancy believed him-

self disregarded by young Ormon. He often complained to me about him and I made use of every means to mollify him.

"Discipline, in time of war, is so severe," said I, "and so confining, to young men, that it is only just, by way of indemnity, that they should be allowed a little freedom in time of peace. Ormon comes to see you rarely, it is true, but when he is here, he always appears gay, contented and happy in consequence of your goodness to him; he has often spoken to me of your kindness with expressions of the deepest gratitude."

"Fine words," replied the uncle, "but I have more faith in actions. See my nephew Orambré, he is rich, he has no need of any assistance from me and receives none, yet with what assiduity does he fulfil those duties which Ormon neglects!"

"Ah, well! I'll engage, nevertheless," said I, "that your heart, more frequently, inclines toward Ormon."

"Doubtless," replied he; "it is more natural for us to love those who most need our love; but this is what renders him more inexcusable in my eyes."

Once when he complained with still greater bitterness of Ormon's conduct toward him:

"Sir," said I. "I may appear singular to you in consequence of what I am about to say, but I have never been able to disguise my true sentiments. Heaven knows I have no desire to lessen, in your estimation, the value of Orambré's attentions, nor to throw the slightest shadow

upon his professed affection for you; which I regard as so much the more praiseworthy because it is disinterested. But if I had a poor nephew it would not please me to see him too assiduous in his attentions to me. A frank, unrestrained air would remove from my mind any suspicion of unworthy motives. I should love to see him receive kindnesses from me without appearing to seek them with too much avidity. What Orambré may do, with propriety, would appear unseemly in Ormon, whom, I am satisfied, has forced himself to refrain from that marked attention, the absence of which you imagine to be a consequence of his want of a proper affection for you. His noble soul has a repugnance to every thing which looks like adulation, and he loves better, in his condition, to merit your favor by an honorable course of conduct, than to appear to cultivate it with that impatience which looks forward to the fruits only which are to be gathered."

He replied to this that he knew my weakness for Ormon, that I pleaded his cause admirably, but that the judge, in this instance, was not to be, easily, misled. I perceived, however, that I gratified him in furnishing reasons for pardoning the culprit. Thus, for some time, at least, his anger was removed, and his nephew again in favor with him. But one day, on which he had invited me to dine with him, I found him more gloomy and depressed than I had ever before seen him. I asked the cause.

"Let us begin," said he, "by dining at our ease, and we will talk of this matter afterwards."

We ate in silence and, after the meal was over and we were shut up together in his closet:

"You will soon learn," said he, "to what a degree I am respected by this nephew, whom you have praised and justified so many times. He married, six months ago, without asking my consent; without, indeed, my knowledge."

"If that be true, it is, indeed, culpable," replied I.

"Yes, sir, it is true!" exclaimed he, in a voice of thunder, his eyes flashing with anger.

"How did you learn it?"

"His cousin has appeared for a long time much dejected and concealed from me the cause of his affliction, till I insisted upon knowing, when he avowed all: Ormon had married secretly, but, seeing himself about to become a father, had been compelled, openly, to avow his union."

"This was, undoubtedly, a foolish act," said I, "but I dare to say, at least, that he has not made a choice which will cause you to blush."

"Oh no," replied he, "on the contrary, I should have reason to be proud of her. A very noble, excellent woman, doubtless, and very beautiful too, but, like himself, having, thanks to heaven! nothing in the world; not even in any corner of the globe, an uncle, forgotten and despised, whose fortune she expects to inherit."

"This," said I, "is the rock upon which the most happy dispositions, goodness, honesty itself, and all the hopes of youth are too often wrecked. Man is weak, at all ages, but how fragile at twenty years!"

"Monsieur le Curé," replied he, "I perceive, very plainly, the course your insinuating eloquence is taking; but I shall speak without circumlocution. Ormon is shamelessly ungrateful; I have uttered his name for the last time, and I charge you to speak to me of him no more, or, notwithstanding the high respect I entertain for you, our acquaintance shall cease."

"Sir," said I, throwing myself at his feet, "grant me one last favor. He is, perhaps, in spite of appearances, more unfortunate than culpable. Hear, before you condemn him."

"Never!" cried he, "never shall he, again, appear before me; I know of him all I wish to know—I know him but too well!"

Then all his anger seemed suddenly smothered; he became calm and cold as ice, his mind retook its freedom, and what appeared still more terrible, he conversed with me, in a gay tone. I saw that his resolution was taken and that he believed himself unmoveable. But time, nature and religion may shake him, thought I; we must let them act.

The young man lived in Alsatia, and it was too true that he was married. I learned this from himself. He wrote me that, unchangeably determined to form this tie and, convinced that the consent of M. de Glancy, his uncle, could not be obtained, he was reduced to the cruel alternative of marrying without his knowledge or without his consent; of these two wrongs, he had chosen that which he thought might be the more easily effaced. He submitted his cause into my hands, and implored me, in the name of the most holy love, to intercede for him and to use all my efforts to remove the anger of a justly irritated, but ever loved, uncle, for whom, even in his disgrace, he entertained the most tender regard. He had written to him and transmitted to me a copy of his letter, without hope, he said, of receiving the severe and afflictive reply which it merited.

This information enabled me to examine, in silence, the impression which Ormon's humble and touching acknowledgment of his fault would make upon his uncle. I observed him, closely;

but the calm, into which he had fallen, after the first outbreak of his anger, remained unchanged. He seemed impassible; nothing appeared to affect him.

Orambré came to see him and I hoped that he would exhibit to him, some evidence of resentment toward Ormon, for my greatest anxiety was to see him thus apparently insensible. I would much rather have had him show the most bitter resentment than this severe forgetfulness. But Orambré was received, as usual, without any greater or less appearance of friendship; but profound silence, which was, no doubt prescribed, was observed with regard to the existence of his cousin. Otherwise the same freedom of intercourse and the same nonchalance was observable in all our interviews. Ormon seemed to be annihilated in the memory of his uncle. Three years rolled by without his having given the slightest evidence that he was aware of his existence.

What became, however, of the unfortunate young man and his two children?—for he had now become a father the second time. From the fragments of a ruined estate, there remained to him a miserable little farm near Corail, situated between two forests, exposed to attacks of wild beasts. He asked, as a favor, and obtained permission to enclose it with a quick hedge and ditches, and took refuge with his wife and children under the roof of an old house adjoining the farm.

We wrote to each other frequently and his letters, so far from complaining of his adverse fortune, were all I had to console me. His salary from his company, a moderate pension,

he received for an action which distinguished him, and the produce of the little spot of land, which he had been enabled to render fertile, placed him above want, so that, thanks to heaven! it was only from the most disinterested regards that he regretted the loss of his uncle's favor. He wrote to his uncle twice a year, in accordance with my advice, but his letters expressed the sentiments of an independent man, affectionate nephew only, and spoke of no misfortune than that of having excited the jealousy of so kind a relative.

Having learned, finally, that some duties of profession would make it necessary for me to go to Paris, he wrote that he hoped I would whilst on my route, refuse to cross the Alps and visit him in his retreat; I would not, my account have failed to do so.

When I arrived, Ormon was out in the field, and was received by a woman whose air and manner would have embellished a hut. It could be more simple than her clothing,

nothing more touching than the style of her beauty. On learning my name, a slight cloud of sadness, which shaded her brow, was dissipated, and her countenance became radiant with joy.

"Sir," said she, "I feel, at this moment, that nothing in the world, is more delightful to the sight, than the presence of a true friend whom we see for the first time; Ormon, himself, cannot be more happy than I am in receiving M. le Curé de Verval."

"My delight, madame," said I, sighing, "is far from being as lively as yours; it is not in such a situation as this, I confess, that I desired to see you."

"Why not?" said she, with charming grace. "Am I not, here, in a desirable situation; am I not beside my husband and in the midst of my children? What we lack here is necessary to effeminacy and vanity, only, and we can dispense with those vices; besides, when a step in our lives has been duly considered, the consequences well ascertained, and we take the step, freely, we should be prepared to bear results, which have been anticipated, with fortitude. Ormon did not conceal, from me, the state of poverty in which he had been left by his father, nor the danger of displeasing his uncle and his disinheritor by him if he contracted a marriage without his consent; but this consent he said, could never be obtained."

"You would have obtained it," replied I, "if he had only known you, and I could have procured for you that good fortune. You would have had the goodness to pass for my niece; he would have seen you at my house, and beautiful as you are, without ornament, you would have enchanted him. That judgment, that modesty, that soul so noble and gentle, could not have failed to make an impression. You would soon have compelled him to say to me, 'Why have not I such a niece!' and I should have replied: 'It only remains for you to say the word to possess her!'"

"Your pretty romance greatly flatters me, my good Curé," said she; "but you, alone, could have conceived it. For us, we were reduced to the alternative either to marry without his knowledge, which we regarded as a simple offence, or, after having asked it, without his consent, which would have been an insult. 'The one,' said Ormon, 'may be pardoned, the other never will.' 'Let us not deceive ourselves,' said I; 'in the eyes of a man as susceptible and passionate as M. de Glancy, not only the fault of having married without his consent, but perhaps, that of marrying without his knowledge, may be regarded as an unpardon-

summation of my wishes. I wrote, immediately, to Ormon to come and he did not keep us waiting long. The reconciliation of his uncle with him was sincere and affecting. Madame de l'Ormon, with her children in her arms, presented, as you may well suppose, a still more touching picture, and I enjoyed the spectacle with the greatest delight. But some strange bitterness still seemed to remain at the heart of M. de Glancy. Ormon perceived it, and, careful to avoid any indiscretion begged permission, a few days after, to go, with his wife, to attend to the cares of his harvest.

This simplicity of manner did not displease M. de Glancy, but their departure, instead of disturbing him as I had hoped, appeared to relieve him and to act as a solace to some secret cause of inquietude. On the next day after their departure came Orambré. He did not stay long and went away less contented than usual. I attributed the uneasiness which I thought I perceived in his manner, to the return of the poor exile.

The uncle, however, without informing us of it, felt his health giving way. He became more solitary and morose, daily, and saw no one but myself.

Toward the end of autumn he experienced some of those too infallible warnings of his approaching decease.

"My friend," said he, to me, one day, "my blood is becoming decomposed, my chest is oppressed, and I breathe with difficulty; it is time to make preparation for death. You have seen me deeply wounded by the conduct of one of my nephews. In my anger I made a will and in that will disinherited him. I instituted the other nephew my sole heir. I sent for him, and, after exacting from him the promise that my will should remain unknown until after my death, made him the depository. My anger has been appeased and nature, or if you please, justice, has reclaimed her rights. I again sent for Orambré and have demanded of him the testament deposited in his hands. 'Ah my uncle,' said he, 'can you suppose that I would have allowed an act dictated by your anger to remain in existence? I have respected your resentment, but it would have been cruel in me to have abused it. I am rich, Ormon is poor, and his only hope is in what he expects to inherit from you. Your will deprived him of this hope and I have burned it. I beg that my uncle will pardon the act.' My friend, if it be true that he has burned the will, it is a fine action, and I believe him capable of it, for I have never seen any thing in this young man which has not been praiseworthy. But I am,

naturally, suspicious, and if he should have deceived me!—"

With these words he fixed his eyes upon mine, to consult me; but mine were cast down and my silence was the only response he received. The next day we had another conversation; but he made me promise to keep the secret, then imparted, to the last extremity. I promised him to do so and desire to keep my word.

After this time, all his gloomy thoughts seemed to be dissipated. He sent for his two nephews, treated them both with an equal degree of affection, recommended them to live in harmony with each other, prayed Madame de l'Ormon to forget the past, caressed the children and whilst he had them in his arms often turned his eyes upon me as if to commend them to my care. God knows whether this was needed. Just before he died, whilst exhorting Orambré to choose, as Ormon had done, a virtuous companion:

"Alas!" said he, "I deprived myself of the only prize of life; I lost its charm when I condemned myself to this cold and empty void of celibacy."

His character, naturally good, had now lost all its asperities, his soul was softened and the gentle and tender manner in which he had received Ormon, his wife and children into his bosom, had deeply touched them. They deplored him as a good father, but their grief was without ostentation; that of Orambré was more violent. Thus some days passed after his funeral, during which we mingled our tears and interchanged our regrets.

I perceived, however, that Orambré insensibly assumed, in the house, the air and tone of a master; he had an eye to every thing, and had seized upon the keys. I thought, then, that I perceived something equivocal in his manner and desired to ascertain fully his intentions. I asked the two nephews if they intended to put a seal upon the house until an inventory could be taken.

"That is useless," said Orambré; coldly, "we cannot have any point of difference;" and, when he was alone with me: "M. le Curé," continued he, "you have made me feel very badly. I do not wish to give Ormon pain. It is necessary, however, that he should be made acquainted with our respective situations. You are aware of the esteem and friendship which M. de Glancy entertained for me. I was a bachelor; he knew there was little probability that I would marry, and he regarded my wealth as assured to Ormon and his children. He desired to join his property to mine and to make me

the depositary. He has instituted me his sole heir and his last will and testament is now in my hands. It is an unpleasant thing to impart this to Ormon, personally; you are our mutual friend, it remains with you to make it known to him."

"Sir," said I, to him, "it is possible, that, in a moment of anger, the natural goodness of M. de Glancy may have suffered some change. But it is one of those hasty actions which ought to be forgotten; the law disavows them, and a delicate probity would never take advantage of them."

"I do not know why," said he, drily, "you should attribute to cholera, a constant, invincible predilection, which was known to every body, and of which you yourself have been a witness."

"I presume," replied I, "that this predilection, of which all the appearances are in your favor, has been able to render a man, naturally and sincerely virtuous, cruel, unjust and pitiless even to his last sigh? Have you been able to believe it? Dare you say it? Dare you indeed affirm it?"

"M. le Curé," said he, "your zeal oversteps all bounds. I am moderate, imitate me."

"Pardon me," sir, replied I, "and permit me to say only a few words more. Nature and the law calls for a just division of M. de Glancy's property. Rich as you already are, is not the half of it enough for you? Do you envy M. de Ormon the other half. You will do homage, believe me, to the memory of your uncle, by facing every trace of an act which he has disavowed by the most signal reconciliation."

"Let every one do right in the manner he thinks most proper, M. le Curé; my way of rendering homage to the memory of my uncle is to fulfil exactly his expressed desires."

"I shall not insist," I replied, "and give you time to change your determination. But, sir, am reduced to the necessity of contending M. de l'Ormon's rights, I shall contest your moderate pretensions and, perhaps, you will cease to repent them."

A bitter and disdainful smile was his only answer to this menace, and praying me to inform M. de l'Ormon of the state of affairs, quietly he retired to his room. From this moment I despaired of any change. I determined to wait till the next day, however, to see if reflection would produce some sentiment of shame. The next day I asked one of his servants how his master had slept during the past night. He answered that his master had slept so very soundly that he had been compelled to awaken

him at the hour for rising. Indignation seized me, and, armed with all my courage, I went down to breakfast. He came in with greater calmness of demeanor than I had ever observed in him.

"M. de Grambré," said I, on seeing him, "appears to have slept, during the past night, the sleep of the just."

"As yourself, M. le Curé," replied he.

This "as yourself," appeared to me excessively insolent. He caressed Ormon's children, spoke in an affectionate tone to their mother, declaring that the children were his own, that he would never have any others and that to them, alone, would pass all his wealth; then addressing Ormon:

"Do not feel aggrieved," said he, "that your uncle has desired that my hands should receive his property; it is a deposit which I shall preserve for these dear children with the greatest care."

The astonished Ormon begged him to explain his meaning.

"What?" said he, coldly, "has not M. le Curé informed you that our uncle has left me sole heir to his wealth, and that the title is in my possession?"

"I have not," replied I, "made this communication to M. de l'Ormon, and you know the reason. I wished to leave your conscience time to speak, but since it remains silent, I will speak myself."

Then addressing Ormon and his wife, who, struck with astonishment, were gazing, silently, upon each other:

"Do not accuse that uncle who, whilst dying, held you in his arms, of having deceived you," said I. "No, do not believe that he was capable of insulting the misfortune of your children by pretended benevolence and faithless caresses. Irritable and hasty, he determined, when angry, to disinherit a nephew, whom he loved; but he did not then, for a moment, impose upon him by a seeming, treacherous kindness. He pardoned you and, in doing so, desired that you should receive your natural rights. He did not wish that this testament which was dictated whilst his anger endured, should become known to you. He desired to destroy it, and demanded of him in whose possession it had been placed, that every trace of it might be annihilated. He was told that it was burned."

"Who told him so?" asked the knave.

"You, sir."

"I!"

"Yourself; I affirm it upon my honor."

"Eloquence has fine room for display, M. le

Curé," said he, "when the dead are concerned; there is no danger of the detection of falsehood."

"It is not I, sir," replied I, "but your uncle who would be guilty of falsehood, if his voice could be heard from his grave. Tremble! lest his ashes become re-animated and heaven, to confound you, permit his voice to break the silence of death!"

As these words were uttered he gazed upon me with a sneering expression.

"Well," continued I, "since you dare to brave it, his voice shall be heard."

And I drew from my pocket a second will which had been left by the deceased—

"Read it aloud, sir," said I, to M. de l'Ormon, "this is his last will and testament."

Ormon read, and found that by this new act he had been declared sole heir to the property of M. de Glancy. To Ormonbré this was like a clap of thunder; for a moment he remained silent, but then, recovering his audacity,

"This instrument," he said, "it is easy to perceive, has been drawn forth by the seductions of a priest; I shall not hesitate to make it known and we shall see whether it is thus permitted to abuse the weakness of the dying."

With these words he rushed out of the room in a fury and, a few moments after, we heard the sound of his departing carriage.

The effect of this revolution was apparent in the countenances of Madame de l'Ormon and her husband; but I did not perceive, thank heaven! the least sign of indecent joy. Suddenly I perceived Ormon fall into an incomprehensible state of dejection.

"My friend," said he, "at this moment you believe me very happy, but I am less so, now, than ever, for I feel myself culpable. Within a few moments I have experienced the most frightful movements of passion; when I sup-

posed myself disinherited, I was capable, for the first time, of insulting, in my heart, the memory of the best of men, my benefactor, my second father, whom I had offended, who had pardoned and heaped kindnesses upon me."

The good young man seemed hardly able to articulate these words; abashed another his voice.

"Come," said he, "let us go to his tomb at least and ask pardon of his shade. Alas! I have more need now than ever of his pity."

It was at this moment, in witnessing these tears of repentance and gratitude shed upon the tomb which enclosed the remains of M. de Glancy, and in seeing this virtuous pair incline their children to kiss this revered marble, that I experienced the most voluptuous delight. Oh! it was indeed a touching picture! They were not ignorant that they owed me a great deal, but at this moment I was forgotten. Their hearts were entirely filled with the true object of their gratitude. But, this first duty fulfilled, simple friendship had its turn, and I found an opportunity of observing how a heartfelt acknowledgement of benefits received elevates and ennobles pure souls.

"To us," said they, "the greatest source of delight, and to which none other is comparable, is the consciousness that this generous man loved us to the last; but, after this precious reflection, that which is most dear to us, is the remembrance, in comparison to which all the gold of the earth would be vile, that we owe this return of his goodness to us, to the zeal of such a friend as yourself."

"If I have contributed to the reconciliation of a good relation," replied I, "do not attribute any merit to me; when you have acknowledged one hundredth part of *his* merit what will remain to me! Ah! there will no longer be any virtue in doing good if we find, every where, hearts as grateful as yours!"

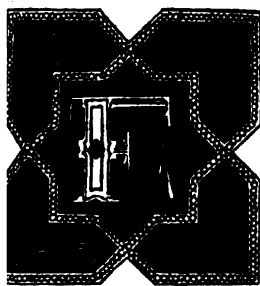
FROM THOMAS CAREW.

Ask me no more where Jove bestows
When June is past, the fading rose?
For in your beauties, orient deep,
These flowers, as in their causes, sleep.

Ask me no more whither do stray
The golden atoms of the Day?
For, in pure love, Heaven did prepare
These powders to enrich your hair.

SKETCHES OF ITALY.—CONTINUED.

THE MANNERS OF THE PEOPLE—THEIR AMUSEMENTS—CLIMATE AND SCENERY.



ROM a consideration of these evidences of the talent of a fellow countryman, the transition is easy to that unbounded admiration for the arts, which forms one of the distinguishing characteristics of the

European, and, more especially, of the Italian people.

This love of the beautiful is at once intelligent and excessive. It is confined to no class. The courtier, whose life glides away in the arms of royalty, is no warmer in his enthusiasm than the man whose lot has been cast in the humbler sphere. At the opera all classes are present; and when the prima donna pours forth the wealth of harmony, the deep silence that ensues—the fixed and earnest looks—the bending bodies—the kindling eyes—the half-suppressed bravos—and, as the last notes of the nocturne float in lingering sweetness through the air, the burst of irrepressible applause which is her effort, all testify the fervent love for which marks the Italian character.

In the Galleries, where are collected the great works of art, you will find the representatives of the lowest as well as the highest classes of the population; and often have I seen the sun-burnt peasant, in his rude attire, standing before some master-piece of Raphael or of Claude, his gaze as rapt, and an enjoyment apparently not less than that of the most refined spectator. The universal appreciation of the arts, results, in a great measure, from the liberal policy

which prevails in reference to the treasures of art in which Italy is so inestimably rich. The saloons of the prince, and the galleries of the noble, are ever open: the passport to all is simply *good behaviour*, and the conduct of the people is an evidence not only of their taste, but of its humanising and refining tendency. That softness of manner—that polished politeness—that most agreeable suavity, which renders the communion of a stranger with the people of France and Italy so easy and delightful, is attributable in a great measure to this taste for the arts; and the tourist, who, after a sojourn in Rome and Florence, Naples and Paris, crosses the narrow channel which rolls between the two rival sovereignties of the world, and going to bed at *Calais*, wakes up in *London*, will be very apt to sigh for the courtesies of the Continent, and to wish that a love of the arts, or some other cause had exercised its needed influence upon the manners of the people who surround him in the "Great Metropolis."

A stronger contrast could not possibly be presented than that which will meet him at every turn, and shock him in each moment of his intercourse with them; and, if the unfortunate traveller happens to be an *American*, whose perusal of the luminous and impartial volumes of a Hall or a Marryat, a Trollope or a Dickens, has well nigh shaken his belief in the existence of any thing approximating to the decencies of life in his own uncivilised land, how vast will be his surprise, how overwhelming his astonishment, when he discovers the fearful pitch to which refinement and decency have reached in the home of the censors themselves. The evidences of their superior politeness and fastidious elegance, are not hidden under bushels.

He has no trouble whatever in finding them

Does he wish to test their *politeness*? Let him accost that well dressed man, who has just crossed the street, and, with a bow, (a trick which he has learned on the continent,) say: "Excuse me, if you please, sir, but I am a stranger in London, and I will be obliged if you will give me the direction to St. Paul's Cathedral." The individual addressed, if he be in a hurry, will not stop at all. If not so much pressed for time, he will straighten himself up, and look fierce at the idea of being addressed, under any circumstances, by an individual *to whom he has never been introduced*. If he be in a tolerably good humor, however, and has just come from the chop house, and the softening influences of his rump steak and mug of "alf and alf" have not entirely worn off, he will, perhaps, deign to give the required information; but in a manner as curt as possible, and with a growling tone, such as a bear might be excusable in using, if aroused from his siesta to answer an impertinent question. Does he desire proof of the superior *elegance* of the people, and their strict attention to those requirements of *decorum* which, according to English writers, are so shockingly violated among us? Let him, some evening, as he strolls up the Strand, drop into one of the theatres, and fix his eyes for a few moments upon the occupants of the upper parts of the house; and when he has sufficiently regarded the strange spectacle which is there presented, of dozens of men in their *shirt sleeves* and filthy faces, regaling themselves "with 'am Sandviches hand hale hin the hintervalls hof the bacts," let him honestly ask himself if it has ever been his misfortune to see such sights in any similar assemblage in his own country; and if he can say *yes* to the interrogation, why I will admit that he has seen more than I have, and as a punishment for the doubt with which I should receive his answer, I will give him leave to call me a "John Bull" for ever after.

The truth is, that the great mass of the English people are not near so civil or well bred as the same classes in the United States. There is a rudeness about them which clings to some extent even to the skirts of the gentleman, whose position should teach him better. In his case, perhaps, it should be called *hautour*; but, whether in the stiff reserve of the *upper*, or the insufferable boorishness of the *lower* classes, there seems to run through the whole nation the same feeling of *proud, self-sufficiency*, which gives to their intercourse with strangers a character of unpleasant brusqueness.

If, therefore, a comparison could be insti-

tuted with favorable results between the English and ourselves, how much more striking is the contrast when they are compared with the French and Italians. It must be borne in mind, that in what I say in the premises, *I make no allusion whatever* to qualities of *head and heart*. The social and manly virtues of the English people every one knows—no one can honor them for such attributes more than I do. The vices which deform the French and Italian character, are equally notorious: no one can hold such deformities in greater contempt. I speak only of the *outward manners* of the people, and I should regret to be misunderstood.

Now to illustrate the difference in this respect between the two people, let me mention an instance which arose in my own experience. Bear in mind the conversation just held with the Englishman, in the streets of London, and then step over with me to the queer and Dutch looking city of Strasbourg. I had just left the great cathedral, and the next lion which I desired to see was the celebrated arsenal. I was on my way to the quarters of the general in command, from whom I had been told it was necessary to have a permission to enter, and being in some doubt as to the direction, I addressed a French officer who passed me, and asked him for definite information. With ready politeness he gave me the address of the commanding officer, but remarked, at the same time, that it was a long walk, and that if I had a card with me, he would save me the trouble of taking it, by giving me a note to a brother officer at the arsenal. I handed him a slip of paper, and he pencilled thereon a neat little note, introducing me to his friend, Captain O——, and begging him to do the honors for me; and then, with an air which seemed to say, "My dear sir, you have done me a great kindness in giving me an opportunity of serving you," and with a *bow* such as a Frenchman only can make; he went his way, and I went mine.

My way, however, lead, unfortunately through divers narrow and crooked streets, and, before long, I was completely at a loss. Near the gate of the citadel I accosted a soldier of the line, who was lounging near, and *his* reply to my question as to the whereabouts of the arsenal, was an offer to go with me. Thinking that we were in the immediate vicinity, I accepted his kindness, and away we went. The walk was nearly *three quarters of an hour long*, and, as if taking it was not doing a sufficient kindness, my friend, when I suggested the nature of my permission to enter, feared that, from the informality of the order, I might have some trouble, should Captain O—— be absent, ac-

accompanied me into the arsenal itself, to assist me in case of difficulty.

This is a fair sample of French politeness. It may not always be carried to the same extent. That depends upon circumstances, but the incident is only one of a thousand in which I have seen this genuine, impulsive politeness of the French display itself.

In this respect the Italians closely resemble their mercurial neighbors. The "bon homie" of the people is general and striking. Their kindness is not limited by sectional feelings. There is a *humanity* about it, which we do not find to the same extent in other nations. They are not polite so much in their character of Frenchmen or Italians, as in the larger relation which they bear to you of *fellow men*.

The kindness with which they treat you has a warmth and *heartiness* about it which renders it doubly acceptable.

I have spoken of the love of the arts which characterises the people of Southern Europe, as one of the causes of this softness of manner. I will now allude to two other influences which serve to produce this result. One of these is to be found in the "Amusements of the people," matter about which we, in this country, know little or nothing. This results, partly from climate, partly from education, and a variety of causes. We are essentially a *nation of workers*. Labor, constant, and assiduous labor, is the great basis of our existence, and the idea of providing the amusement of the people, by the interference of government, would be hooted at as monstrous and absurd. In Europe, however, the case is entirely different. The bright sun warms with eternal summer the "Garden of the World," produces an enervation which calls for relaxation and repose. The cheapness of the necessaries of life, lessens the necessity for continuous labor. The soil produces with seeming spontaneousness.

The Catholic church, with its constantly recurring festas and holidays, gives to the people a great amount of idle time. The pomp of her processions, and the pageantry of her processions, fosters a taste for shows.

The existence of monarchical governments is the presence of the *soldier*, and the people are enlivened with all the pomp and circumstance of military life. The tastes thus fostered are ministered to. It is highly essential to the existence of government that the attention of the people should not be too closely to its acts. The contract between the rulers and the ruled seem, in substance, "let us alone, and we will amuse you; make no attempt to pry into the opera-

tions of government, and you shall have fireworks and processions to fill the eye, and the stirring tones of military music to delight the ear. Let us lay taxes, and levy imposts, and we will take care that your love of display shall be gratified.

But without investigating, further, the causes which produce the generality and prevalence of popular amusements in Europe, the results, as far as the people are concerned, are undoubtedly beneficial. They are brought into constant and kindly contact with each other; good feelings are generated; opportunities for little acts of courtesy and kindness are constantly occurring. A similarity of tastes, and a consequent community of feelings are thus created. The beautiful gardens and promenades which are thrown open to them, not only educate them into that good behaviour, which is their title to admission, but they minister largely to physical health. There they are brought into contact with their superiors in social position, and the elegance of the upper classes is diffused among the lower. It is impossible to witness the good effects which spring from this system in Europe, and not wish that some attention was paid to such things in our own country. Take, for instance, the gardens and delightful promenades to which I have referred; and who can deny that such places of popular resort among us would be both useful and agreeable.

What would not the fair belles and love-sick beaux of our own city give for the green lawns and shaded walks which abound in every petty town abroad. Those who advocate the wisdom of matrimonial alliances, and are eloquent about the delights of married life, should bestir themselves in this matter; for certain is it, that if we had but a "Villa Reale," or a "Cascina" in our city of monuments, the quiver of Cupid would soon need replenishing; and the flame upon the altar of Hymen would never be allowed to grow dim. Where is the merchant who would not rejoice to retire for a time from the harassing cares of his business, and refresh body and mind in such a place of resort?

How delightful would it be for the mechanic, after the hard toil of the day, to repair with his family to some such spot, and spend an hour in relaxation and enjoyment. But it will be urged, we have no festas and holidays—we have no *idle time*. From the rising of the sun until the going down of the same, for six long days we labor, and the seventh we rest, and go to church. True—and therein lies the very evil which this system would correct. We *over* work ourselves. We are, as a nation, the veriest slaves

in existence. The Alpha and Omega of our creed is *work—work*.

That it is absolutely necessary that we should work, and work *hard*, too, is undoubted. We live in a stirring age, and an active country. The race is to the swift, and he who loiters and lags by the way-side will soon be distanced by his more active competitors. But although it is necessary that we should labor, *we were also created to enjoy*. It was not meant that the brain should be unceasingly active upon a law-point—the skilful fingers for ever guiding a pen—or the strong arm wielding a sledge hammer. There are laws of our *social nature* to which we owe obedience—impulses of our *hearts*, which should have *their* seasons of sway. Under our present system, how is it?—*where is our social life?*

Tell me, you who run from the breakfast table, as if a dun were at your heels, and write letters and sell goods until mid-day, and then, swallowing a hasty meal, go back, locomotive fashion, to your store, until the hour arrives which allows you to go home—jaded and wearied—body and mind, fagged out—what relish can *you* have for the kindly volume, or the society of wife and children? Tell me, you who have driven a plane or plied a needle, from sun to sun, what time or what disposition can *you* have for social intercourse? *None!* The system strikes at the purest sources of happiness in the world. The warm intercourse of friendship is broken in upon—the sweet communion of the family circle is robbed of half its wealth—the brain of man becomes a mere calculating machine for the enlargement of business, and the getting of gold; and the loftiest feelings, and purest impulses of his better nature, are stifled and starved.

But, even admitting that the present amount of labor must be performed, needful relaxation and proper exercise would enable us to perform

it all in a *shorter time*. A glance at the constitution of mind and body will justify the assertion. I cannot but think that we should be great gainers by a change in this respect. Would that the experiment could be tried!

The other great causes which operate to soften the manners of the people, are *climate* and *scenery*. The influence which they exercise is universal and undoubted. Nowhere can they be more potent than in Italy. The climate is as delicious as a genial sun, a salubrious atmosphere, a clear sky, a balmy air, and an even temperature, can combine to make it.

The *scenery* of Italy, who shall describe it? The soft beauty of its valleys, and the unutterable hues of its evening skies, glow in the pictures of Claude. The wild recesses of its forest-depths frown upon you from the startling canvass of Salvator Rosa. The domes and spires of her stately cities start into form beneath the pencil of Canaletti; and the *beauty* of Italy has ever been *best* illustrated by the *genius* of her children.

The land is *full* of loveliness!—all the elements of natural beauty are there concentrated. The mountains sweep up, in graceful undulations, green with the ilex and the olive, until their summits fade in the regions of haze, which settles upon them as a crown of gold. The valleys are musical with the murmur of gliding rivers; and their soft verdure is preserved in perennial freshness by the spray of glancing cascates. The wide plains are waving with grain, and graceful with the rich festoonery of vines; and villas and peasant homes look out from groves and gardens. The lakes are mirrors of silver, worthy to reflect the skies which bend over them, and the mountains which swell up from their embrace. Beauty and poetry were wedded in the dawn of time, and the child of the angel pair is ITALY.

J. M. H.

Baltimore, Md.

MUSIC.

Oh! music! gentle music!
There's magic in thy strain;
Come where thou wilt—in lady's bower,
Or on the battle plain.
The mild harp hath a witching spell
About its silver strings;

Can aught on earth excel the charm
Its pensive breathing flings?
'T is music's, gentle music's power
That steals the list'ning soul away,
'Till man, entranced in rapture's dream,
Forgets he wears a form of clay.

For Arthur's Magazine.

MODERN POETRY.—NO. II.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

BY HENRY D. COOKE.



N the condition of society in which it exists, depends almost entirely the development and character of poetic genius. Indeed, poets are frequently but the organs of the spirit of poetry, existing amongst the people to whom they belong. The rude and uncultivated taste of the earlier ages of Greece, was most gratified by the *great and exciting*. To please, it was necessary to *rise*—to fill the imagination with pictures of superhuman existence, and to hold before the mind images of the terrible and grand. Hence, compliance with the popular taste, the father of Grecian poetry, seizing upon some of the few striking events of early history, connected them with the superstitious creeds of heathen theology, the fabulous tales of strifes between former deities and the Gods, and, with his inventive imagination, either combined anew these crude, popular vagaries, or embellished them with additional attractions. Subsequently, as society advanced in refinement, boldness of language and thought became softened, and greater attention was paid to correctness and smoothness of expression, and in a still later age, the outward body of poetry, by degrees, the importance of the soul of poetry, which seemingly expired in neglect. It slept the sleep of death, until the chivalric spirit of the crusades exhumed it, when it rose in a new and brighter shape. It awoke to new beauty, and found the age of its resurrec-

tion full of the right spirit to appreciate, and abounding in the elements with which to form and beautify its productions. The battle and adventure,—the exaltation of woman,—the proud daring of her knighted champion in the tournament and upon the martial field, and the deep devotion of his love poured forth to her in festive hall;—the glorious visions of ambition, and the still more glorious conquests of valor, fighting in a noble cause;—the enthusiasm of religion and the inspiring faith of a gilded creed;—all these influences awoke the soul of both knight and troubadour to melody, and rapturously they struck the long silent lyre. The gorgeous images of eastern magnificence, brought home by the returning warrior, gave additional brilliancy to the rapid notes; and reverential lore for almost deified woman, mingling with the inspiring awe of religious feeling, gave that depth of tone and sentiment to the poetry of this age, which has distinguished it from all other poetry, and which has entitled it to the name of *romantic*.

From this is derived most of the poetry of modern times, and though it has lost much of the fervor and warmth which characterized the former, it is more exclusively the production of art and a highly cultivated taste.

There exists, however, at present, many causes which discourage poetic effort, and which prevent a correct and ready appreciation of excellence, in this art. Amongst these is the difficulty of attaining to any great degree of originality in thought, at least when confined to themes drawn from the past, for these have already been nearly exhausted. Hence modern poetry has, by some, been considered but the expression of old ideas, in a new and striking language.

The worm-eaten lumber of the past has been repeatedly modeled and re-modeled into different shapes, and glossed over with modern varnish, until a new historical epic or drama is condemned as soon as it appears, as a piece of patched furniture—a mere re-combination of rotten materials. The heroic of modern poetry is regarded as but a faint echo of the Homeric strains of olden times, and the deep toned romance of chivalry has been imitated again and again, until we have, as a result, in too many instances, but the feeble, piping notes of sickly sentimentality.

Such insipidity has already palled upon the popular taste, and therefore, poets, being the organs of its expression, though they may sometimes direct it—have been obliged to conform to the prevailing will, by drawing materials from new sources. Hence, most poets of the present day, either confine themselves to the ordinary occurrences and affairs of real life, imparting to them the charm of their own genius, or have recourse to the vast field which modern philosophy has opened. Availing themselves of this last source, they draw extensively from it, and the character of their poetry is less sensual than ethereal;—more expressive of the qualities of mind, than of those of matter. The mysteries of the soul and mind of man are examined, as is also the spiritual organization of the universe he inhabits;—the subtleties of metaphysics are made comparatively plain, and the enchanting beauties of the true spirit-land, are revealed to the admiring gaze, for they lift the veil which separates it from every-day reality; the door which shuts from the furtive glance the secrets of human nature, widely opens, turning upon the hinges of their poetry. Thus they look through the outer crust of humanity and nature, in upon the soul—the life giving principle—the spiritual tenant. This class of writers are what we beg leave to call *rational* transcendentalists.

There is still another class who carry this to too great an extreme. They continue “etherealizing and refining” until they have entirely passed the bounds of real existences, and are lost—at least from the view of many of their less comprehensive readers—whilst wandering amidst the dreamy shadows of their *imaginary* spirit-land. They never speak of *things*, but always—and without properly discriminating the nature of their subject—of their *essences*. They take no cognisance of flesh and blood, and hold no communion with matter, reversing, in a measure, the order of nature, by slighting the actual world, as if it possessed no real existence, and by exalting the abstractions

of their own imaginations, as if they were alone tangible, or worthy the contemplative energies of thought. Hence, however pleasant such speculations may be to intellectual *voyageurs*, whose minds are able to pursue without weariness this labyrinth of subtleties, or to contemplate at ease the finely woven tissue of their dreamy philosophy, we believe that this extreme of transcendentalism is the farthest removed from the taste of the mass, who, occupying the opposite extreme, are so busily engaged in the pursuit of the real that they care but little even for the more rational and beautiful ideal. This kind of poetry is not, therefore, calculated to interest general readers, of the present day, with all its educated refinement, for this is emphatically the iron age of utility; and while man is thus daily growing more closely wedded to the real, dreamy abstractions can have but few charms for him.

If the poet would cure the prevalent mania of the mass;—if he would exercise his occasional prerogative, of directing the current of public feeling, he must first consent to be directed by it—to become, in a great measure the organ of its expression, exerting his genius upon subjects allied to popular taste. Thus, his own decorative power, when exercised upon objects of this nature, will be brought favorably before the notice not of the few select alone, but of the *many*; and he may thus infuse into this latter class a love of poetry, almost universal, which will in turn beget, not only the capability to judge of poetic excellence, and the refinement of those who read, but the encouragement of him who writes, and the promotion of his glorious art.

Many authors, as we have already seen, have taken the opposite course, and, for reasons which we have endeavored to explain, have failed to secure general popularity; while others have confined themselves to subjects more nearly approximating,—and according with, the public taste. Tennyson, though he belongs exclusively to neither the one nor the other of these two classes, yet possesses many characteristics of both. It is, perhaps, owing to the peculiar ideality of many of his earlier characters, that his first productions were not more generally popular, although competent judges have long since accorded to him the highest order of poetic genius. His earlier characters have been called, “generalizations or refined abstractions, developing certain thoughts, feelings and forms,” and his loves have been pronounced, creatures, not of flesh and blood, but formed from poetic elements,—“transcendentalisms of the senses.” This being the almost uniform charac-

ter of his first efforts, the cause of his indifferent reception by the great mass of general readers, is apparent, though the high esteem in which he is held by a smaller, but choice audience, is evidence that his merits have not been altogether unappreciated.

We extract a few stanzas from his "Ode to Memory," which we believe to be a fair specimen of the style of thought characterising his first published poems.

"Thou who steal'st fire,
From the fountains of the past,
To glorify the present; oh haste
Visit my low desire.

—
Come not as thou camest of late,
Flinging the gloom of yesternight
On the white day; but robed in softened light
Of orient state,
Whiloms thou camest with the morning mist
Even as a maid, whose stately brow
The dew-impearled winds of dawn have kissed,
When she, as thou,
Stays on her floating locks the lovely freight
Of overflowing blooms, and earliest shoots
Of orient green, giving safe pledge of fruits,
Which in the winter-tide shall star
The black earth with brilliance rare."

We cannot forbear also inserting here the conclusion of his "Isabel," as being an example of the ethereal character of his early loves.

"The mellow'd reflex of a winter moon—
A clear stream, flowing with a muddy one,
Till in its onward current it absorbs
With swifter movement, and in purer light,
The vexed eddies of its wayward brother—
A leaning, and upbearing parasite,
Clothing the stem, which else had fallen quite,
With clustered flower-bells, and ambrosial orbs,
Of rich fruit-bunches leaning on each other—
Shadow forth thee—the world hath not another,
(Though all her fairest forms are types of thee,
And thou of God in thy great charity)
Of such a finished, chasten'd purity."

In the poems which appeared in 1832, two years afterwards, a change in his female characters is discernable. There is more of reality about them—more "active practical character," while they are equally beautiful. The same remark is applicable to nearly all his other productions which appeared at the same time, or have since appeared. Hence, the public have, for the last years, been gradually awakening to a sense of his merits, and are beginning more correctly to appreciate him as a poet. The meek patience of *Dora*, and the touching tale of her quiet

grief are told with a scriptural simplicity. The "Miller's Daughter," and the "Gardener's Daughter," are unsurpassed in sweetness of tone and depth of sentiment, and we regret that our limits prevent us from inserting both, at length. We can only extract a few lines from the latter, in which his merit as a pastoral poet and one too, of deep sentiment, is conspicuous—

—"From the woods
Came voices of the well-contented doves,
The lark could scarce get out his notes for joy,
But shook his song together as he near'd
His happy home, the ground. To left and right,
The cuckoo told his name to all the hills;
The mellow ouzel fluted in the elm;
The red-cap whistled, and the nightingale
Sang loud, as though he were the bird of day.
And Eustace turned, and smiling, said to me,
'Hear how the bushes echo! by my life,
These birds have joyful thoughts. Think you they
sing
Like poets, from the vanity of song?
Or have they any sense of why they sing?
And would they praise the heavens for what they
have?'
And I made answer, 'Were there nothing else
For which to praise the heavens but only love
That only love, were cause enough for praise.'"

The above extracts illustrate some of the most prominent characteristics of Tennyson's writings. We have space here to allude to one or two more only, which will strike every reader upon first opening one of his volumes,—we mean the peculiar ease and grace of his flowing measures;—and the captivating harmony produced by his nice arrangement of words and rhyme. Another is, the finished delicacy of his descriptions, and the absence of gross allusions or thoughts, as in the following description of the lovely "Godiva," in the legend of that name.

"Then fled she to her inmost bower, and there
Unclasped the wedded eagles of her belt,
The grim earl's gift; but ever at a breath
She lingered, looking like a summer moon
Half-dipt in cloud; anon she shook her head,
And showered the rippled ringlets to her knee;
Unclad herself in haste; adown the stair
Stole on; and like a creeping sunbeam, slid
From pillar unto pillar, until she reached
The gateway."

There are few poets who would have treated with as much delicacy the "dangerous loveliness" of the fair heroine.

The distinctive characteristics of Tennyson, are found in his pastoral paintings;—in the depth of sentiment and affection breathing from his lines; in his delineations of tragic emotions and

individual passions, and occasionally in his poems of fairy-land and mystery. In all of these he excels, and though there may be discovered, in these separate qualities, a resemblance to Keats, Wordsworth, and to some of the prose

pastorals of Miss Mitford, he is yet entitled to the credit of being an original and genuine poet of great genius, who, if not properly appreciated now, will receive full justice at the hands of a succeeding age.

For Arthur's Magazine.

HOPE, TRUTH, AND LIFE.

Rmine! keep hopeful heart,
In the storm be raging;
In lullness, all the smart,
A smile assuaging:
A heart in hope is strong,
In flows the life-tide wrong:
Inough trouble, deeply felt,
Thy brow with sorrow,
Must melt,

In the bright to-morrow.

Brother mine! be true of soul,
Though the moments fleeting,
Shadow-laden o'er thee roll,
Timeless measures beating:
Not in cloudless azure skies,

Shall the light of life arise:

Like the misty vaporous dawn,
Leaping into glory,
So shall rise the spirit-morn,
As a blessing o'er thee.

Brother mine! be pure of life,
Though the earth be dreary,
And its ceaseless toil and strife,
Make thee much sweary:
From the earth's dull slumbering,
Sun-robed flowers in beauty spring:
Upward—(like their fragrance) send
Every meek endeavor;
Then thy hope and life shall blend,
Into one—for ever. H. M.

LOVE.

BY W. HENRY CARPENTER.

LOVE is a strange and
wayward child,
And never was won with
a golden lure;
His brow is bright and
undefiled,
For his thoughts are of
heaven, and heaven is
pure.
He tarrieth not for regal
beck,

Buts cannot keep him, chains cannot check;
His are the free steps, unconfined
As the flowing wave, or the rushing wind!
He roams on the land, he sails on the seas,
He hides in the flower, he speaks in the breeze,

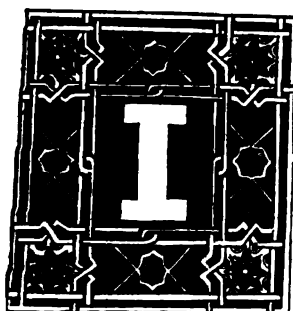
In the lowly hut, and the lordly hall,
He dwells in the whispers that soft lips let fall,—
Or lurks with a face demure and aly,
In the roguish glance of a laughing eye.
As the bird that sings to a royal ear,
Will sing to a peasant's as wild and clear,
Even so will Love carol his serenade,
To the loftiest lady, or humblest maid:
Nothing he cares for the ways of earth,
Nothing he cares for the pride of birth,
Wealth, has no charm to win him to stay,
Want, hath no power to drive him away,
Mid sorrow and wrong, mid care and crime,
Untouched by grief, unchanged by time,
'Round the heart he hath won his arms he flings,
As the vine encircles the tree with its rings.

For Arthur's Magazine.

APOLOGUES.

BY THE REV. CHARLES A. SMITH.

THE STREAMLET AND THE RIVER.



I HAD a dream last night, father, and want an interpreter. I thought I stood upon the border of a beautiful rivulet, at the point where it mingles with the stately Hudson, and as it came laughing and dancing along, I heard the river say, just as a cloud, passing over the bright, full moon, cast a deep shade upon its surface, like a dark frown upon the brow of a young man, 'Why so boisterous in thy merriment? A little more modesty in thy bearing would better agree with thy humble origin.'

" 'I rejoice,' said the rivulet, 'because I make others happy. A short time ago my waters were confined to supply the old mill that stood for many years near the spot where I have always paid tribute to thee; and then I gave place to the monotonous tones of grief at being subjected to the service of man, when I felt that I could minister more fully and usefully to his enjoyment, if left as free as I was created, to leap over my rocky bed, and roll as I pleased among the pebbles which were intended as my playmates. But at length I have been sacrificed to beauty; a becoming sacrifice for the hand of taste to lay upon the face of nature. And to compensate for my imprisonment, Taste and Nature held a conference, at which it was determined that I should be furnished with some simple and beautiful decorations, which would add to my own pleasure, by contributing to the happiness of

others. Nature agreed to supply the models, and Taste to perform the labor. And now you see, I am spanned by rustic bridges, from which the children of men gaze upon me with admiration as the handiwork of Him who formed us both; and how can I restrain the emotions of gladness, or help leaping for joy, when I am thus made the humble instrument of lifting the soul of man to his God? And I am told that on the bank above me, the mignonette and other flowers are blooming sweetly, and that very soon some of the loveliest children of nature, both indigenous and exotic, will be transplanted by the hand of Taste very near me, and I shall thus be permitted to reflect the glory of that Great Being, whose hand imparts brightness to the sunbeam, and adorns the lily of the field with its inimitable beauty.

" 'And, besides, it is said there are other streams like myself by which thy depths are supplied, and to which thou art indebted for thy majesty; and that thou art admired, not for thyself alone, but also because thou art skirted by the towering mountains, and because verdant islands sleep upon thy bosom. And I have heard, too, that there is an ocean mightier than thou, and more majestic still, whose depths have never yet been fathomed; and then there is above all a Being, in the hollow of whose hand thy waters are contained.'

" Just then the cloud passed away, the moon shone out brightly, and upon the face of the river seemed to rest the smile of approbation."

" Nature addresses us," said the father, "in the language of emblems, and they who listen to her voice are ever receiving instruction. The conversation which you heard in your dream teaches us that there is no source of self-approbation, save the consciousness of honoring the

Almighty, and contributing to the happiness of our fellow men. As the stream reflects the flower that blooms upon its border, so should we reflect, in our conduct, the principles of holiness; and when we remember that we receive the power to do this from that Being who is the centre of all perfection: that if we possess any moral beauty, we derive it all from him, and that there are beings far above us, and One who is mightier and more excellent than all; we should feel our own nothingness, and walk humbly before the Lord our God.

THE WILD FLOWER.*

A wild flower bloomed sweetly and alone near the path that led through a thickly wooded forest. The sunbeams shone through the opening that had been made for the traveler, and reflected beautifully upon its chalice, and the long stem on which it was suspended rose gracefully from the earth, and yielded with a gentle curve to the weight of its lovely burden. As the angel who has charge of the flowers passed along, one day, he thus addressed the lonely one: "Sweet child, I have long been charmed by thy modest and retiring loveliness, and I have thought of thy solitary hours: dost thou not wish to be transplanted from the spot which nature has assigned thee, and to mingle in the society of others of thy kind?"

"Ah, no!" replied the flower; "I would rather bloom where I first saw the light, and where I have been placed by maternal nature."

* This apologue was published some time since; but several typographical errors then occurred, which are now corrected.

I am not alone, for I hear the singing of the birds; and the lofty forest trees whose branches are entwined above me, seem like guardian spirits sent to protect me from the rude blast, whose voice I hear far above me, but whose touch I have never yet felt."

The angel resumed: "But why should thy loveliness be concealed, and why should not thy modest and retiring beauty be contrasted with the more showy, but less attractive and enduring charms of thy blooming sisters? Thus thy gentle virtues might be reflected upon others."

The lovely flower again replied: "I find that I can be useful, even here. I cheer the lonely way of the traveler, who ever greets me with a smile; and as he passes by, I hear him say, 'Lovely stranger, bloom as thou hast done to beautify the solitary path;' and when he departs I feel happy in the consciousness of having made others so. I have no wish that is not already gratified. But should I be transplanted to another soil, and be removed from these forest shades, I would not repine if I could only enjoy the refreshing dew, and the light and warmth of the sun."

And as the angel vanished, he said, "Sweet contentment! offspring of a pure and gentle spirit, may thy dwelling be among the children of men."

Very soon the wild flower of the forest was discovered, and transplanted among the flowers of the garden; and it was valued more highly for its simple and unpretending loveliness, than the rarest and costliest exotics.

And when the angel again saw this sweet child of nature, he said: "It is right that true merit should be brought out of retirement. Modesty adds to the fascination of the most illustrious talents, and is itself a virtue which all are compelled to admire."

TO A STREAM.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

BEAUTIFUL stream! O tell me
why
Thou murmurest all the day?
Thy silver breast is a pillow
Where the joyous sunbeams
play;
And the stars that shine in the
glorious night,
down on thy bosom to lie,
mingle their rays in thy fountain's
—
why dost thou murmur—why?

Oh! oft in the twilight I've o'er thee hung,
And felt that a Naiad's care

Was feeding thy fount, and her spirit-love
Tending thee every where.
And I have called in my softest tone,
And wooed her to come to me;
But too well she loved thee, pining stream!
To be for a moment free.

Then, beautiful stream! O tell me why
Thou murmurest all the day?
Thy silver breast is a pillow, where
The joyous sunbeams play;
And the stars that shine in the glorious night
Come down on thy bosom to lie,
And mingle their rays in thy fountain's gush—
Then why dost thou murmur—why?

For Arthur's Magazine.

EXTRACT FROM A NEW WORK, NOW IN PRESS, CALLED,

THE MAIDEN.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

[Messrs. E. Ferrett & Co. have in press a volume, by the editor of this magazine, entitled "*The Maiden*." It is intended as the first of a series of three books, by the same author, to be called "*The Maiden*," "*The Wife*," "*The Mother*," written with the view of exhibiting woman in these three conditions, under the trials and temptations that surround her, and showing how a love of truth and virtue makes for her a protecting sphere, guarding her safely through every danger. The writer of these volumes feels conscious that the task he has undertaken, is a difficult one, but he hopes, from an earnest desire to present leading principles of action for his countrywomen, that, in the execution of his design, he will not fail to interest, as well as elevate the minds of his readers. In the following extract, he has endeavored to contrast the different results of two modes of action—one, the exclusion of young people from public amusements of a certain kind; and the other, the accompanying of them to such exhibitions by their parents, with the design of drawing for them, clearly, the distinction between what is good and true, and evil and false, thus enabling them to see so clearly what are perversions of right principles, as to give them strength, in their own minds, to oppose and shun them. He may not have made this sufficiently clear. But every calm and unprejudiced thinker will, he is sure, see that the course pursued by the parents of Anna Lee was best.—Ed.]



HAT in the world kept you away from Mrs. Leslie's," said a young friend and companion, about her own age, who called in to see Anna Lee, on the next day. Her name was Florence

mitage. "We had a most delightful time. Every body was asking for you; and every body disappointed at your absence. I was afraid we were sick, and called in to see. What *did* you away?"

"Mother was not well, and I did n't think it to go and leave her."

"Was she very ill?"

"She had one of her violent attacks of headache, and was in bed nearly all day."

"I'm sorry. But did that keep you?"

"Yes. The children were to look after, and w, if I were out of the way, and mother

not able to attend to them, that there would be trouble. Something, I was afraid, might occur to disturb her mind, and bring back her headache; and then she would have been sick all night. I would rather have missed a dozen parties than that should have happened."

Florence did not seem altogether satisfied that the mere fact of her mother's not being well, was a sufficient reason why Anna should forego the pleasure of company. But she did not say this; she only remained silent for a moment or two, and then began to speak of the delightful time they had had.

"I do n't know when I have spent a more pleasant evening," she said. "We missed you very much. And that is n't all. Your absence deprived us of the company of another, whose presence all would have welcomed; or, at least, it was the opinion of some of us that such was the case."

"Of whom do you speak?" asked Anna.

"Of a certain young man."

The eyes of Anna fell to the floor for an instant. Then raising them to the face of her friend, she said,

"Speak out, Florence. Who do you mean?"

I know of no one who was absent on my account."

"O, yes you do."

"No, Florence."

"Mr. Gardiner was not there;" and as Florence said this, she looked at Anna with an arch smile.

The latter could not prevent a soft blush from stealing over her face, and her eyes were again cast upon the floor. Lifting them, however, after a thoughtful pause, she said to her friend, in a serious voice,

"Florence, are you sure that Mr. Gardiner was not there?"

"He came, it is true; but only staid a little while. It was almost as good as if he had not been there at all."

"But you ought not to say that my absence kept him away."

"No. Only that your absence caused him to go away." This was laughingly said.

"You have no right to draw such an inference, Florence. I would much rather it should not be done. I am yet too young to have my name associated with that of any young man."

"What harm can it do, Anna? I am sure you need not be ashamed to have your name mentioned with that of Herbert Gardiner. I certainly should not. I only wish he would take a fancy to me. Mother would have to have something worse than a sick headache to cause me to decline going to a party with him. Such a prize do not go a begging every day."

"Why do you call him a prize?"

"Why?" And Florence looked really surprised at the question. "Why? Is not he rich? Is not he one of the most elegant and agreeable young men you have ever seen? I do not think you can point out his equal. Try, now, and see if you can?"

"As to that, my acquaintance with young men is not very extensive. I am not prepared to make any comparisons. As I before said, I am yet too young to suffer my mind to become interested in these matters."

"How old are you, pray? Perhaps I have mistaken your age; are you fifteen, yet?" This was said laughingly.

"I believe I am about eighteen."

"It is not possible! And too young to make comparisons between young men, or have a lover. Why, I'm not quite your age, and I have had two or three lovers. It's delightful!"

Anna shook her head.

"I know you like young Gardiner," continued the friend. "You can't help it. And

all I blame you for is, that you did not go to Mrs. Leslie's with him, through thick and thin."

"And neglect a sick mother?"

"It was not any serious matter, that you know. Only a sick headache. You could have gone well enough."

"Not with a clear conscience, Florence; and without that, I could not have been happy any where. External circumstances are nothing in the scale of happiness, if all be not right within. I can say from my heart, that I enjoyed myself far more at home than I could possibly have done at Mrs. Leslie's, no matter who was or was not there."

"You do not deny, then, that you like young Gardiner?"

"I said nothing in regard to him. Why should I deny or affirm on the subject? I do not know any thing about him. I have only seen him a few times in company; and I would be a weak one, indeed, either to think or wish myself beloved by a man who is almost a total stranger."

"He is no stranger. Does not every one in the city know his family and standing?"

"But what do you or I know about him? Of his feelings, character, or principles?"

"You are a strange girl to talk, Anna."

"I think not. Is not it of importance to know something of the governing principles of the man whose attentions we receive?—who is admitted, as you intimate, in the character of a lover?"

"Certainly. But, then, it is easy enough for any one to see, at a glance, what a young man is. I can do so. There is young Hartley, who tries to be so gracious with me. It is no hard matter to see what he is."

"How do you estimate him?"

"As a very narrow-minded person. I do not like him at all."

"Why?"

"I have just said. Because he is narrow-minded."

"That is, you think so. Now, I differ in opinion, judging from the few opportunities I have had of observing him. I should call him a young man of strong, good sense; and one who could never stoop to a mean action."

"You do not know him as well as I do."

"Perhaps not. As before intimated, I do not think much about the characters of young men."

"It seems you have thought about Hartley's character."

"My opinion of him is only one of those first impressions which are usually received by

us all. I have met him some three or four times, and in every conversation I have had with him, I have been pleased to remark a strong regard for truth and honor; and a generous feeling towards every one, except those who deliberately do wrong."

"But he is mean, I am sure."

"How?"

"Narrow minded, as I have said. Penurious, if you please."

"As to the latter, I have no means of judging. How do you know it?"

Florence thought a moment, and then said—

"I will tell you. Fanny Ellsler, you remember, was here three or four weeks ago. A few of us girls were dying to see her, and we hatched up a plot among ourselves, that we would make some of our gentlemen acquaintances take us to the theatre."

"Why Florence?" ejaculated Anna, in grave astonishment.

"To be sure we did! You needn't look moon struck about it. Where is the harm, I wonder? Well! I talked at Hartley until I was downright ashamed of myself, but the mean fellow wouldn't take. Sarah Miller had no trouble at all with Mr. Granger. She had only to turn the conversation upon Ellsler, and then express a strong desire to see her, to be invited at once. Harriet Jones did the same with young Erskin, and all was settled to her heart's content. But I tried my best, and Hartley would n't understand me."

"What did he say?" asked Anna, curious to learn how the young man had received such a strange application—for such it really was.

"Oh!" tossing her head, "he affected to disapprove the attendance of young ladies at the theatre—at least while these public dancers were exhibiting themselves."

"My father thinks very much as he does."

"As to that, so does mine. But I don't agree with him in all his opinions. He's like great many other old people; old fashioned in notions, and full of prejudice against modern improvements."

"But, would you have gone to see Fanny Ellsler dance against your father's wishes?"

"Would I? Certainly I would, and did."

"Florence!"

"Certainly. If I were to do only as he thought and said, I would have to give up all for sure. Hartley would n't take me, and so I left Mr. Archer, who did n't need a second hint."

"Not William Archer?"

"Yes."

"Did you really go to the theatre with William Archer?"

"I did."

"My dear friend," said Anna Lee, with a look of deep regret, laying her hand upon the arm of her young and thoughtless companion, "how could you be so unguarded?—how could you be so imprudent? I need not tell you that his character is very bad."

"With that, you know, I have nothing to do. I merely went to see Fanny Ellsler with him, and was much obliged to him for taking me. His character, good or bad, can have no effect upon me."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes; very sure. What effect could it have?"

"Apart from the friendly feelings you may have entertained for a bad man, which are always more or less injurious to an innocent minded woman, you have placed yourself in a position which may cause you to be lightly spoken about by those who do not know you. Whenever a woman appears at any place of public amusement with a man of notoriously bad character, she becomes, in a degree, tainted. Light things are said about her, and she no longer holds that position in the minds of truly virtuous persons that she did before."

"You speak from the book. How do you know all this?"

"I have heard my mother say as much, and in her judgment I have great confidence. Besides, it is a truth that must be apparent on the least reflection."

"Oh, as to that, I have heard my mother say such things a hundred times over. But I let them go in at one ear and out at the other. These old people think it necessary to give line upon line and precept upon precept, here a little and there a good deal, to us giddy young things, as if we had no more sense than little children, and were blind as bats."

"I think you are wrong to talk so. I am very careful never to do any thing against my mother's opinion of right."

"Does your mother approve of the theatre?"

"Not in its present state."

"Have you never been there?"

"O yes. Several times."

"Indeed! And against your father and mother's opinion as to its being a proper place for young ladies."

"No—for I was not made fully acquainted with their views on the subject, until after I had been for a few times."

"Who went with you?"

"My father and mother."

Florence lifted her hands in astonishment.

"Your father and mother take you to the

theatre! Goodness! Mine would as soon take me to my grave."

"Are they not aware of the fact that you went to see Fanny Ellsler?"

"They? No indeed! And I would not have them find it out for the world. It would almost kill them. They would think I was ruined completely."

"Such being the case, Florence, I cannot but say, that I think you have done a double wrong—first, in deceiving your excellent father and mother, and next in going to the theatre with a man whom every pure minded woman should shun with horror."

"In that we may differ in opinion. But, there is one thing that I do not exactly understand," replied Florence Armitage; "and that is, how your father and mother could take you to the theatre when they disapprove of theatrical representations."

"No—do not misunderstand them. They do not disapprove of scenic representations, in the abstract, but of theatres as now conducted. If the stage, I have heard my father say, were only made an accessory to virtue, it would be all-powerful for good, because principles are seen and felt more clearly and distinctly when in ultimates, that is, when brought out into their lowest and fullest plane of activity; or, in other words, personified."

"But still I do not understand how your father could take you to the theatre as it is, when he disapproves of it."

"I can explain that. He knew that I must hear the stage alluded to—he knew that my imagination must be excited by glowing representations of its attractions, and he feared that, possibly, I might be tempted to do as you have done."

"How?"

"Go without a parent's knowledge."

"Well, never mind that. Go on."

"He, therefore, determined to go with me himself, to guard me from evil. To go with me himself, and point out the perversions of the drama so clearly, that I might see them myself, and from a rational conviction shun their false allurements."

"And did he succeed? Could you see the evil he was so anxious to point out?"

"Clearly. It was as plain to my eyes as a dark spot in the beautiful azure of heaven."

"Indeed! I must have been blind then, for I could never see it."

"And my vision might have been obscured, had not there been one by my side to take the mist from my eyes."

"What great evil did you discover?"

"I saw that vice and crime were too often made attractive, instead of being condemned. Let me give an instance. On one occasion my father took me to see the opera of Fra Diavolo."

"Were you not delighted?"

"I was very much pleased. The music of the piece is exquisite. Some of the choruses have haunted me ever since."

"And were you not struck with the bold bearing, the nobility, if I may so speak, of Fra Diavolo himself?"

"I must confess that my sympathies were too much with him, and that, when he was circumvented and killed at last, I was disappointed. On returning home, my father said—'How were you pleased, Anna?'"

"'Oh, I was delighted,' I replied."

"'Do you think that representation, aided by such noble music, calculated to inspire any heart with a love of virtue?'"

"This was putting a new face upon the matter. Such a thought had not once occurred to me."

"'The Brigand's song was *encored*, were you pleased to hear it again?'"

"'Yes,' I replied."

"'Did your mind revolt at the sentiments?'"

"'No,' I answered."

"'Why?' he continued."

"'It was the music, I suppose, that made even cruel words, and a boast of evil deeds, pleasant.'"

"'Yes, that was it, aided by the external attractions of beautiful scenery, and a gay company apparently filled with delight at the brigand's rehearsal of his valiant achievements.'"

"'Do you think it good to feel such pleasure at witnessing the representation of evil?' asked my father."

"I could not but answer, 'no.'"

"'Suppose,' he continued, 'that the spirited air just alluded to, had been sung to true and elevating sentiments—to a national song, for instance, inspiring the heart with a love of country—would not every one who heard it, and in whose memory it fixed itself, as a familiar friend, feel a deeper love of his country than he had ever known before? Extend it farther. You, doubtless, felt an emotion of pain when the brigand lost his life. That is; you regretted to see a robber and murderer receive the just reward of his deeds, for all the charms of music, scenery, and inspiring circumstances, had led your mind away into an over-mastering sympathy with a bold brigand. How much better, had the hero of the opera been a true nobleman of nature; one who sought the good of his fellows; one who could perform

deeds of daring—could be bold and brave and noble in the cause of virtue. No harm, but great good would result from such representations. The stage would be the handmaid of morality and religion, if pledged to virtue, as it now, alas! seems pledged to vice. You understand, my child, I hope, why I think it is of good for young persons to visit the theatre, is it now is?"

"I could not but approve all my father had said. His remarks opened up to my mind a new view. He had given me a standard by which to estimate the stage, and I could now estimate its quality for myself. And I do determine it, and pronounce its tendency to be downward, and its effects injurious to young minds." "Really! you meet the whole matter in the simplest manner. Then, you think, there is no harm whatever in the stage as it now is?"

If there were no good at all—if all were in scenic representations as they are now acted—my father says, and it seems reasonable—they would no longer be permitted to exist in the order of Providence. There cannot be a thing, he says, as mere gratuitous evil; no evil which is not permitted, in order to prevent some from lower degrees of depravity, prevent them sinking into deeper morality. In all the representations of real life that we see upon the stage, we find something that is good; something that impresses us with the beauty of truth and virtue—something that makes us think of God as a guide and protector. Take, for instance, the opera just alluded to, that portion of the first scene in which Zerlina murmurs a word in her sleep, and the hand of the assassin, raised to strike her innocent breast, is arrested, and the wretch shrinks away in trembling consciousness that He to whom that prayer earnestly breathed, even in sleep, was

That was good. It was a boldly good point, and could not fail to make a deep impression on every mind. Have you seen any more?"

"Remember the scene?"

It is more distinctly impressed upon my mind than any other."

Were you affected by it?"

Pleasantly."

?"

Used me to recollect, too distinctly, at that very moment acting directly against the wishes of my father and mother, that I could not now pray, as I had done in earlier years, that God would bless me while in sleep."

"You can now understand, I am sure, what I mean by the balancing good yet to be found on the stage."

"Yes, Anna, I do," Florence said, after a silence of nearly a minute. She spoke in a voice that was slightly touched with sadness. "And from my heart, I wish that my parents had laid aside a portion of their prejudice, and taken me to the theatre as yours did you, and then as carefully lifted my mind up and enabled me to see the good and evil so intimately blended, as they doubtless are. You have been often, you say?"

"Yes. That is a half a dozen times, perhaps?"

"Did you see Ellsler?"

"No."

"I think you would have been delighted with her dancing. It was truly, the poetry of motion."

"I did not wish to see her."

"Why?"

"I have witnessed stage dancing."

"Who did you see?"

"Celeste."

"Ah! I wanted to see her badly. But no one invited me to go. How did you like her?"

"There was a charming grace and ease in all her motions; and some of her pantomimic performances were admirable. But, my cheek burned the whole time. Could a modest woman expose her person as she did? No.—Nor could a truly modest woman look upon such an exposure without a feeling of deep shame and humiliation."

"But crowds of the most respectable women went to see her night after night. She could not have exposed her person more than Fanny Ellsler did, and yet I saw present Mrs. L——, and Miss T——, and Mrs. S—— and dozens of virtuous women, and no cheek was covered with blushes of shame. Indeed, every body was delighted with the creature's airy and sylph-like motions. No one thought of the exposure you allude to?"

"Did not you think of it?"

"Yes, perhaps I did."

"And so did others. Would you be willing to expose yourself as she did, in a drawing room filled with gentlemen and ladies?"

"No."

"Why?"

"I should not be willing to exhibit myself under any circumstances."

"Suppose your friend Mary Gaston, were to dress herself in short clothes, and flourish about in a company of men and women after the

fashion of Fanny Elleler, would you approve of it? Would n't you blush with shame?"

"I think I should."

"Is the fact of the exposure any different because it is made under the different circumstances now presented? I think you will not say so. Depend upon it, the way in which stage dancing is now conducted, is but a tribute to an imoure and perverted taste, and no woman,

in my opinion, can look upon it with pleasure, without parting with a portion of woman's purest and most holy feelings."

"If you were to say so to some persons that I know, you would offend them," Florence said, in a more subdued tone than any in which she had yet spoken.

"I could not help that. I believe all I say, from my heart."

For Arthur's Magazine.

A VIRGINIA FOX-HUNT.

(See Plate.)

NOT as the sun setting, one
1, November
noon, I drove
during a short
pleasant so-
n in the Old
nition, to the
se of my fox-
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of my ride,

facing a keen north-wester, and, at the aspect of the kind old man's hospitable mansion, experienced something of what one might suppose to be the feelings of a tempest-driven mariner as a smooth and comfortable harbor heaves up before him. A warmly clad, round-faced, happy looking negro boy, whose white teeth, in strong contrast with his ebony skin, shone like pearls, opened the gate for me. When I passed through, the ponderous machine fell back, against its heavy posts, with a crash that brought forth from their kennels about a dozen wretched looking hounds, which set up a horrible barking and yelping about my tired horse, very much, apparently, to his dissatisfaction. In an instant the door of the house was open, and a stout, jolly, rubicund visaged old man, made his appearance, and the voice of a Stentor was added to the din.

"Hab! will you, Blucher! off with you, Minoes! Never mind the brutes, Roland; they would n't bark in this manner, if they intended

to bite. Here, Cesar! take this horse; give him a good rubbing down, d' ye hear, and plenty of corn, you young rascal! How are you, Roland, my boy?" he continued, seizing me by the hand as soon as he came within reach, with a grasp that made my fingers tingle again. "Come, get down—you're the man of all others I wanted to see just at this particular moment—Tom, bring in some more wood and make that fire burn, boy, as if old Nick were at your back."

Before I could utter half a dozen sentences, I found myself in a capacious arm chair, before a blazing hickory fire, divested of hat, cloak and boots, with my half-frozen feet encased in a pair of comfortable cloth slippers.

"Roland, my lad, I have just been thinking of you; just wishing you would make your appearance and here you are. Crampton came down, to-day, with his fine pack of dogs, and to-morrow, all things propitious, we are going to have a royal chase. We hunted a red fox last week for two days in succession, but he gave us the slip. I know the rascal's present location, though, and if we don't have his brush, before to-morrow night, my name's not Wilson. You have never been on a fox-hunt you say?"

"Never."

"Well, then, we'll show you a new phase in life. Cesar, how does Charley look to-night; think he'll stand a hard ride to-morrow?"

"Ah! dat he will, master—Charley's true blue, sar."

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"That's the animal for you, Roland. It will take no great stretch of imagination to believe yourself in a cradle when you are on his back; and, when he hears the pack open, you needn't give yourself any trouble about spurs."

My friend was a bachelor, but his household affairs were superintended by a clean, tidy, bustling old negress who had busied herself, whilst we were talking, in drawing out into the middle of the room, a capacious table, upon which a snow white cloth was laid, and soon covered with luxuries, in the way of smoking after cakes and hot coffee, that would have tempted an anchorite. My appetite, after the old ride I had just taken, needed no additional rousing, I assure you, reader, and the viands disappeared under the action of my efficient riders with a rapidity sufficient to have riven Mrs. Trollope into hysterics. An hour or two spent in pleasant chat brought nine o'clock and, as we were to turn out, at the first step of the coming day, we concluded to do the rest of our talking, after we had robbed old Dan Russell of his caudal appendage.

It seemed to me as if I had just pulled the life sheets over my head when I was galloping away, over hedges, ditches and fences, after a dour pack of yelling hounds with a little red-tailed animal just in advance of them. He moved, however, always to preserve, without any apparent effort, the same distance between himself and pursuers, turning toward them, at times to time, his bewinked visage, upon which played a most contemptuous expression. At last, in perfect despair of overtaking him in pursuit, and seeing a favorable opportunity sending him off, I resorted to the ignoble expedient of cutting across a field as he doubled, in a few minutes, had him almost under horse's feet. I was just exulting over my recent success when I felt myself seized, behind, by a powerful hand, and dragged forward from the saddle, whilst a hoarse voice ed in my ear with rising emphasis: "Mass' Roland! mass' Roland! Cum sar, up, sar; de hosses is ready and it's arter reack sar."

"Hands of Cæsar, I obey."

When I came down, I found my worthy host in the yard, scattering some dry corn meal to the dogs, which devoured this scanty fare with dexterity that seemed to indicate a half starved condition. As this was so little in accordance with the character of my friend, who was provided for the abundant supply of provisions which he furnished every living thing on his estate, I could not help asking in surprise why

it was he fed the animals, from whom he expected such a hard day's work, so sparingly."

"Ah! Roland," said he, "you are little acquainted, I perceive, with the 'habits' of the fox hound. Give these shivering, lazy looking fellows a good breakfast now, and our hunt would be over for the day. Like a Scotchman, and unlike an Englishman, a hound is in best condition for service, when his stomach is empty."

The feeding was soon over, and the dogs slunk off in different directions, some actually leaning against the house for support and all looking as if it would take some coaxing, with a good whip, to start them out of a walk. As I gazed upon these lifeless, sluggish, miserable looking animals, one of which I had just observed, lying before the hot fire, in the dining room, howling with pain as the increasing blaze singed his hair and scorched his hide, but too lazy to move till he was kicked out of his uncomfortable situation, I must confess I felt little surprise that our friend Reynard had laughed at their two days' exertions, and I had sundry misgivings that we should make our way back in the evening, as trophiless as we were about to set out.

Our preparations were speedily made and we were soon on our way to the place of rendezvous, which we reached before any of the rest of our company. A white frost covered the ground, fences, and house tops, the strong wind of the previous evening had died away and it was perfectly calm. The air was still quite sharp, and the ground stiffly frozen, but there was every indication of a slight thaw when the sun rose. This state of the weather seemed to be very satisfactory to my friend, who declared, from time to time, that such a day for sport had never dawned. We did not wait long before we saw Mr. Crampton, to whom my friend had alluded on the previous evening, accompanied by five or six other gentlemen, all well mounted, coming down the road at a brisk trot. They had about twenty dogs with them, most of which presented an appearance about as promising as those which composed my friend's pack; a combined force, it struck me, sufficient, especially in their present half-starved condition, to have eaten up a score or two of foxes, hide, hair and all. As soon as greetings were interchanged we set off for the place where it was supposed we should find the fox. This cover, as it was called by my companions, was a plain, containing about nine square miles, and was covered with a thick growth of pines, some four or five feet in height. This, a few years before, had been a cornfield, but, owing to a bad system of cultivation, had lain waste till the latent germs

of the pine, which fill every inch of soil in this country, had come into activity and taken undisturbed possession. Several horse paths intersected the thicket, which was otherwise almost inaccessible to any animal larger than a dog.

It was the duty of two or three of our party to urge the dogs into the cover and, by a variety of indescribable shouts, halloos, and ejaculations, to excite them to some kind of exertion. The remainder of the company, amongst which was Mr. Wilson, near whom, as I was a novice in the sport, I determined to keep as closely as possible, took their stand in the road, on the side of which, opposite to the cover, was a forest of pine trees growing tolerably close together, but with little under growth. The dogs, in a short time, pushed on by their persevering drivers, had scattered themselves about in the thicket, and I watched the proceedings with much interest. The whole of our party remained silent and in listening attitudes; even the horses we rode, as if they were aware of what was going on, stood motionless. From time to time a short, careless bark which seemed to excite but little interest in my companions, would break forth from some one of the dogs. Suddenly as one of these sounds reached us, in which the rest seemed to distinguish some peculiarity not perceptible to myself, a hurried whispering took place and then all again became silent. A few minutes passed, when Crampton cried out:

"There goes Music again, Wilson and that dog never sings without some reason, I tell you. There! listen! he has struck a cold trail, as sure as a gun; we'll hear from him again before long, or I'm much mistaken."

I thought, at that moment, I distinguished a sound which might be imperfectly described as between a half bark and anxious whine, differing from the short, careless bark of the other dogs. This was soon repeated more frequently, gradually growing more distant; now, it neared again, and, suddenly, changed into a full, deep, continuous, metallic baying.

"He's up—there he goes!" cried Wilson, listening with breathless attention.

As he spoke, a dozen similar sounds were added to that which we first heard, and the rest of the pack appeared to be drawing near to one point; at which, in a few minutes, the whole number of dogs joined in full chorus. Then, for the first time, I heard the indescribable cry of a pack of hounds in full chase; no words can give any idea to the mind of one who has never experienced it, of the almost uncontrollable excitement it produces. The noble animal I

was riding, shared the infection which pervaded our whole company, and struggled sorely to free himself from my firm grasp.

"There he is, boys!" cried Wilson.

Turning toward the spot he indicated, I saw the fox issue from the cover and pass across the road. He was not running, but moved along at a quick, stealthy trot. I was just about dashing forward after him, when Wilson detained me.

"Stop one moment," said he, "and you will witness a sight, such as has never fallen under your eyes before; besides, you had better spare your horse now, as we'll have enough for him to do before sundown."

Judging from the cry of the hounds, and the time which elapsed from the moment we saw the fox, till they crossed the road, they must have been more than a mile distant from him when they first came upon his trail. They drew near very rapidly, and, about twenty yards distant from the path taken by the fox, three dogs, with their noses close to the ground, swept across the road, giving mouth at each jump.

"There go Music and Whistler," shouted Crampton.

"And Minoes, too?" cried Wilson; "go it my old fellow!"

About twenty yards behind these three leaders came the whole of the rest of the pack, together, yelling in full chorus. I could scarcely believe it possible that the dogs which were now rushing onward, at the top of their speed, full of life, activity and beauty, could be the same beggarly animals which composed the pack that drooped about my friend's yard, in the morning. It was spirit-stirring to see these animals, now dashing on, without any visible object of pursuit, regardless of all obstacles. I could no longer withstand the flood of excitement which was carrying me away, in spite of all my efforts; and, giving free rein to the willing animal under me, was soon dashing at full speed through the wood, dodging, as if by instinct, projecting limbs, which threatened to dash out my brains, and clinging with convulsive grasp to the sides of my horse, to maintain my seat, as he scraped me through thickets of scrub pines. I looked back for a moment when I reached an open field, and trembled at the risks of that mad ride; yet I did no more than the rest of my companions, and no more than is done every day, by hundreds who engage in the same sport. As soon as I got out into the field, the hounds were again in full view, but the fox was not to be seen. The three dogs we first saw still kept in advance of

the rest of the pack; they all drew near another thicket, which bounded the open plain, and disappeared. I drew up to take breath, and my companions were soon at my side. We stopped here, and determined to wait the return of the fugitive, as the red fox rarely ever runs more than nine or ten miles in a straight direction. This indeed, is a long stretch. The gray fox, which is more abundant in some parts of Eastern Virginia, never runs so far. Suddenly the cry of the dogs ceased; they seemed to be separated at intervals, only, an angry, impatient bark was heard.

"At fault!" cried Wilson; "I'll bet my life the fellow has taken the back track, and thrown them off."

"What do you mean," I asked, "by his ring taken the back track?"

"These foxes, Roland, have no undeserved reputation for cunning. This fellow, after having run straight forward for several miles, has turned short about, and performed what would be a very perilous manoeuvre; that of running toward the dogs. But old Reynard knows what he is doing; when he came back about a quarter of a mile, he turned short off at right angles, made a circuit, and is now, I have no doubt, on his way to his starting place. The dogs dash right on, without discovering the new trail, and, suddenly, at the place where he first turned, they find that they have no scent. When this occurs, a well trained fox will scatter themselves in every direction, and may now perceive that our dogs have as soon as one falls upon the new trail, a mouth to that peculiar note which indicates a fresh scent, upon which the rest of the pack simultaneously join him, and they are off. I have known this manoeuvre to be repeated several times by the same fox in one day. But on this occasion they will soon get him again; for, listen! there goes old Roland and when he utters that cry you may be sure he's near a fresh trail."

"How do you know that the dog we now hear is Mynos? I am unable to discover any difference between his note and that of the other

"me, Roland, I can just as readily tell the name of each one of my dogs, if he utters a single note. When a whole pack is in full cry, no man can tell the voice of his own wife or dozen females, all talking at the same time. But come, the dogs are all in, and let us go off again."

"Yes, did the fox carry us over very much the same route, and the dogs and horses were running very much jaded. Several of

the puppies had left the pack, and were now skulking about our horses' heels. We caught a glimpse of the fox about three o'clock; he still seemed to move without much effort, but his stealthy trot of the morning was somewhat quickened. The dogs had gained upon him, and the indefatigable Music, Minos, and Whistler, had increased the distance between themselves and the rest of the pack, the greater portion of which continued, however, to run steadily. I could not but look with astonishment on the power of endurance exhibited both by pursued and pursuers. This time the fox took a longer stretch, and carried us to the shores of a river in the neighborhood, near which he doubled several times, a sure indication that he was becoming fatigued. About an hour after, as we reached the top of the river bank, extending from which, toward a forest, was a wide plain. Just at the edge of the wood we caught sight of the little animal, now running with all his force, and the three leading dogs almost upon him. Both the dogs and the fugitive seemed making a last desperate effort, and I felt sure that the fox could not hold out a moment longer; but, worn out as he was, he succeeded in reaching the thick undergrowth of the forest and, gaining a little on his pursuers, made a circuit toward the mouth of a deep ravine, which, a little in advance of the place where he entered the wood, ran up from the river. Here he was completely caught in a trap, for the banks, at the head of the ravine, were almost perpendicular, and at least forty feet in height. By this time a number of the other dogs had gained upon the three leaders, and I reached the top of the bank at the head of the ravine just as they entered. The poor little animal succeeded in reaching the place just below where I was standing, and made a desperate attempt to rush up the bank toward me, seeming to regard me with less apprehension than his ruthless pursuers. But his little remaining strength failed; and I shall never forget the agonizing, imploring look he cast up to me, as if for succor, when he felt the soft clay yielding under his feet. I would gladly have rescued him, then, but it was almost out of human power to have saved him from the maddened animals below. He made another desperate struggle, succeeded in getting up seven or eight feet, and then fell—before he reached the ground, he was torn into a hundred pieces. I turned away with a sickening sensation. At this moment, it seemed a sport unworthy of men, to set such great odds upon a little animal, furnished by nature with no means of defence.

fell swoop" deprived of every thing and left a beggar,—then there is the man in middle life whose career has been one long struggle with hard fortune, who never could succeed, but has lived on, day after day, in the vain hope of doing so, until even his hope fails.

Oh! how we weary of the affected cant with which many of the affluent speak of the comparative degrees of happiness enjoyed by themselves and their poorer neighbors,—how can the really and absolutely poor be happy? Can a man, who sees his family want, know happiness?

Can an honest man, who is unable to pay his debts, be happy? Does not poverty wear out the spirit—destroy the energy—blight the affections—almost eradicate the better feeling of our nature? and can happiness exist in such an atmosphere? There is enough wealth in the

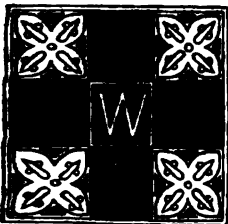
world for all its inhabitants, were it only more equally divided, though an equal distribution of property is inconsistent with the nature of man, for were it to be made one day, it would not remain in the same state an hour. But a more equal distribution than that which now exists is by no means an impossible achievement. If the wealthy would only bear in mind, that they will have to render up a strict account of all that has been entrusted to their care, that the worm of conscious wrong doing will, one day, perpetually torture them for their selfish indifference to the destitution of others, then distress and famine would be arrested in their gaunt progress, the starving wretch would obtain food for his body and rest for his mind, and nine tenths of the misery which now runs riot in the world, would be driven from it forever.

For Arthur's Magazine.

THE BIRTHDAYS.

BY MISS MARION M. RAND.

"There are no more birthdays for us to keep now."



WHEN the blight of death
on our fairest flower,
Nourished with tenderest
care,
Falls with its chill, resist-
less power,
And shrouds us in grief
from that very hour;
In darkness, almost de-
spair;

How we miss the voice like a music tone,
The smiles, in the grave all perished,
And, fain in our anguish, would prostrate fall
Mourning in bitterness, past recall,
The dreams we had vainly cherished.

Oh! we never knew what a real grief was,

12*

"Till our angel-one was taken;
When we felt that our hearts' best love was lost
On the wild waves of the dark world tost,
For the first time, all forsaken.

But we will miss her more sadly still,
As the year brings round its store,
Of the glad anniversaries she would be
The first to greet—oh! how tenderly,
Those sweet remembrancers we must see
No more—alas! no more.

"There are no more birthdays for us to keep,"
As we older and wiser grow;
She is gone whose love was their brightest gem;
She can no more remember them,
How can we keep them now?

For Arthur's Magazine.

THE HEIRESS.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

CHAPTER V.

ABOUT one year previous to the opening of our story, on a stormy night in November, Doctor Milnor, a physician of some eminence, residing in Nashville, Tennessee, who had

drawn up before a comfortable fire, in the midst of his family, was told that a young girl wanted to see him in his office.

"Oh, I hope you won't have to go out, father," said a bright eyed little maiden, not over twelve, "you hardly ever spend a whole evening with us."

"And it storms so," added a younger child, looking serious.

"If you should not have a very urgent call, put off the visit until to-morrow morning," remarked Mrs. Milnor.

"O yes, do, father," said one of the children.

"I'll tell you all what I will do," returned the doctor, smiling as he arose, "after I have seen by whom and for what I am wanted."

Doctor Milnor left the room and went into his office. There he found a slender, timid looking girl, who seemed not over fifteen or sixteen years of age. She arose from a chair as he entered; and, as she did so, turned her face to the light, and he saw that her features were soft and delicate, and that her face was pale, and its expression anxious. He did not remember that he had ever met her before.

"Well, my dear," the kind physician said, in a mild, encouraging voice; "do you wish to see me for any thing very particular?"

The stranger hesitated a moment, and said, timidly,

"My father is very sick."

And then looked earnestly in his face, as if half afraid to prefer a request that he would visit him.

"Who is your father?"

"Mr. Gray."

"Where does he live?"

"In — street, not far from here."

"Mr Gray? I do n't remember him. But, is there any thing serious the matter? How long has he been sick?"

"He has n't been well for a great while. But he has been so much worse for a week past, that mother is afraid, unless something is done for him, that he will not——"

The girl's voice trembled, so that she did not venture to utter the word that was on her tongue.

"Do n't you know the nature of the disease of which he is suffering?"

"He has a bad cough, and gets thinner, and paler, and weaker every day."

"Is he much worse, just now?"

"O yes, sir. A great deal worse."

"Worse since when?"

"Since yesterday. He got very wet in the rain, and has had fever and pains all over him. To-night he coughs all the while, and can hardly get his breath. You will come to see him, doctor, to-night, won't you?"

A man even less feeling and less conscientious in the discharge of his duty than Dr. Milnor, could not have hesitated a moment to comply with the almost imploring request of that young girl to visit her father.

"Yes, I will go with you at once," he replied. "Sit down for a few moments, until I get myself ready."

"You won't have to go out to-night, father?" said Mrs. Milnor, looking up into her husband's face, as he entered the family sitting-room, bright with happy countenances. The children's faces all expressed their hope that he would not be obliged to leave them.

"Yes," he replied. "Duty calls me, and I must go."

"But is the call an urgent one? The night is cold and stormy."

"Not too cold nor stormy to prevent a poor young girl from braving the rain and wind for the sake of her sick father."

"Who is she?" asked one of the children, her sympathies at once aroused.

"I do not know. But she has a sweet young

face, and from its paleness and anxiety, I should say that trouble has visited her heart too early. But, she is waiting for me, and I must n't linger here."

So, taking a light, Doctor Milnor went up to his room, and prepared himself to go out. It was but a short time before he joined the waiting girl in his office.

"My dear child," he said to her, now contrasting his own warm and heavy cloak with the thin shawl that was wrapped around her shoulders, "you have come out too thinly clad for so cold and stormy a night."

The girl did not reply, but moved towards the door, as if thinking, not of herself and the storm, but of her sick father. Doctor Milnor followed her, and they were soon moving down the street in the driving rain. They went on in silence, the girl all the way a few steps in advance of the doctor, notwithstanding he kept quickening his pace, to keep up with her. In about five minutes they stopped at one of a half dozen mean looking houses, in which none but the very poor lived. A rap quickly brought a middle aged woman to the door. The doctor and his compassion entered.

"This is my mother, doctor," said the latter, as soon as the door was closed, speaking with a graceful ease that surprised the physician. Nor was he less surprised to find in the mother a lady-like manner, that bespoke one of polished education.

"I have sent for you, doctor," she said, "to see my husband, who is, I fear, dangerously ill. He ought to have had medical aid earlier; but we are——"

The woman's voice choked, and she turned away her head to hide her feelings.

The doctor remained silent until she recovered herself, and said,

"We have not felt able to call in a physician, and from that cause, I fear, my husband's complaint has been allowed to go on too long."

"How long has he been sick," asked the doctor.

"His health has been failing for some years. But, he has taken cold, and is now very ill, indeed."

"Shall I see him?"

"If you please, doctor. Walk up stairs."

Doctor Milnor ascended a narrow pair of uncarpeted stairs, and entered a small chamber. Its furniture was of the poorest kind; yet all was neat. A faint light showed him a man lying upon a bed, with but a thin sheet over him, although there was no fire in the room, and the air was chilly. His breathing was very labored, for, with each inhalation of air, there was a strong motion of the whole body. His large eyes glistened as he turned them upon the doctor, who at once approached the bedside, and taking a chair, placed his fingers upon the pulse of his patient.

"Have you any pain?" he asked, after about a minute.

"Yes."

"Where?"

"In all my limbs, but particularly in my chest."

"You are oppressed in breathing?"

"O yes. I draw every breath with difficulty."

The doctor sat silent for some time, with his eyes fixed intently upon the man's emaciated countenance. He was about to ask some further questions, when the patient began to cough violently. The paroxysm continued for nearly a minute, and left him completely exhausted, and panting as if he would suffocate.

The hoarse voice of the sick man, his deep, hollow sounding cough, the pearly lustre of his large eyes, the cadaverous paleness of his whole visage, with the exception of circumscribed red spots on his cheeks, the thinness of his hair, which had evidently been falling for some time, and the violence of the fever, with deep-seated pains and oppressed breathing, spoke to the physician a too distinct language. The sick man, as he grew calm after the fit of coughing, looked intently into his face. He understood the meaning of his look, and turned his head, with a feeling of sadness, away. In his mind there was no hope for the invalid. The disease, exacerbated by the violent cold which had been taken on the day before, was rapidly advancing towards a fatal termination. He might arrest it, temporarily, by medicine; though even of this he was doubtful.

After sitting for a short time longer, he wrote a prescription.

"This will give you relief," he said; "take one of the powders every hour until you are better. In the morning I will see you again."

The prescription was a mere palliative.

"Doctor," said Mrs. Gray, after the physician had left the sick room, looking anxiously at him, as she spoke. "what do you think of him?"

"He is a sick man, madam. But I think, after he takes the medicine I have ordered, he will become easier and have a good night's rest."

"Do you think it is——?"

"I will see your husband to-morrow morning, madam," said Doctor Milnor, interrupting the woman. "I can judge of his case much better than than I can now. The cold he has taken has increased all the ordinary symptoms of his disease."

And with this he bowed and withdrew.

CHAPTER VI.

"LET me go at once for the medicine," said the daughter, the moment Doctor Milnor had closed the door after him.

"Yes, dear. But——"

And the mother paused and looked troubled. Then she went to some drawers and searched them carefully.

"I do n't believe there is a cent in the house, Anna. How are we to get the medicine?" she at length whispered.

The girl's countenance, that had been brighter since the doctor came in, fell, and her eyes were dimmed with tears. She stood thoughtful a moment, and then said, in a low, answering whisper,

"We must have the medicine."

"Yes—yes. But how are we to get it without money?"

"I will beg it, if I can do no better. Where is the prescription? If Mr. Martin will not put it up,

and wait for us to pay him, I will go to Doctor Milnor."

"We must have it, my child. Get it if you possibly can," returned the mother, looking away from her daughter's face.

Anna put on her bonnet, drew her thin shawl about her shoulders, and again went forth into the stormy night. It was some distance to the nearest drug store—only a few dim lights were here and there seen struggling with darkness, and the rain was falling heavily. A sense of fear took, momentarily, possession of her; but a strong anxiety on account of her father, and her desire to get for him the medicine that was to relieve the violence of his present symptoms, quickly dispelled this weakness. She moved on in the direction of the drug store with rapid steps.

"Heh! stop! look here? Where are you going?" cried a man, suddenly, whom she had not before noticed, as he started towards her from the opposite side of the street.

Anna stood instantly still, from fright; her heart ceasing to beat, as if she had suddenly become inanimate. The man continued to advance, and was within a few paces of her, when her heart's returning pulsations sent the blood again throughout her body, and restored self-consciousness. Bounding away like a frightened deer, she was soon beyond the reach of harm, if harm were intended her.

"Will you put this up for me?" she asked, timidly advancing to the counter, on entering the drug store, and presenting the prescription that had been left by Doctor Milnor. There were two or three men sitting by.

The owner of the shop took the small slip of paper from her hand, and ran his eye over it.

"How much will it be?" Anna asked, in a low tone, leaning over the counter.

"A 'bit,'" was replied.

The compounder of medicines then began to put up the prescription. He had nearly completed it, when Anna, who felt sensibly her embarrassing position, especially as there were others present, bent over the counter again, and said in a faltering voice, but so low that no ear but his took in her words—

"I have no money to pay for the medicine. Won't you trust us for a little while?"

The pestle with which the apothecary was triturating one of the articles in the prescription, dropped from his hand, and he looked into the girl's face with surprise.

"Trust! Humph! Pay to-day and I'll trust you to-morrow." And so saying, he pushed the mortar from him, petulently, and, walking from behind the counter, came around by the stove, and joined the little group who were discussing some grave political question.

Completely driven back into herself by the man's decided manner, Anna turned away and glided from the shop.

"Pretty cool, that!" remarked the apothecary, as the girl closed the door after her.

"What?"

"That young lady brought me a prescription, and when it was half put up, asked if I would n't trust her."

"Ah!"

"Yes. And that is what I call pretty cool."

"I should think it was. You buy your medicines, I suppose?" remarked one, jocosely.

"I do: and pay for them into the bargain."

"What did her prescription call for?" asked a second person.

"An anodyne."

"The girl looked poor. I noticed her as she came in. Who is she?"

"I do n't know, although I have seen her in here occasionally."

"Whose prescription is it?"

"Doctor Milnor's."

"And was intended to allay the pain of some poor suffering creature. I thought you had more of the milk of human kindness in your breast, Martin. You are the last person I should have suspected of refusing a little medicine to the sick."

Martin was a hasty man, but not deliberately unkind. This remark made him sensible that he had done wrong, and he confessed his error. But, it was too late to retrieve it. The applicant had departed.

On leaving the drug store, Anna Gray took a wide circuit to avoid passing the particular place where she had been accosted by a stranger who, to her mind, evidently intended no good. In doing so, she had to pass another drug store. She was about to enter this one, and had her hand upon the door, when she recollected to have left the prescription at Martin's. Nothing now remained but to call again upon Doctor Milnor. Much as her sensitive, and naturally independent feelings shrunk from doing this, love and duty urged her forward. Resolutely she bent her steps in the direction of his office.

The doctor had returned home, and was again enjoying the society of his family, when the servant opened the door and announced another call.

"You must not go out again. Indeed you must not!" said Mrs. Milnor.

The doctor smiled, and then arose and went into his office.

"Why, what is the matter, my good girl?" he said, in surprise, seeing that it was Anna Gray again.

"Is your father worse?"

"No sir. But—"

"But what, child? Speak out. What more can I do for you?"

"We have no money to get the medicine." This was said with an effort and a burning cheek.

"Why did n't you say so when I was at your house? I would have sent it to you."

"Mother did n't like to do so. But I knew you would let us have it, and so I have come to you again."

"Certainly, I will, child. There, sit down, until I prepare it for you."

And the doctor took down his bottles and in a few minutes had the medicine ready.

"Have you really no money at all?" he said, as he put it in the hands of the girl.

"Not now," she said, with an evident wish to avoid being closely questioned.

"Do you expect to receive a supply soon?" pursued the doctor.

"Yes—no—when father gets better, he can earn something, and then we will pay you."

"Do n't talk about paying me," returned Doctor Milnor, a good deal moved. "But if you have no money, now, how are you going to live?"

"We do n't want much, and we've still got a little flour and meat in the house. Father will be better soon, I hope, and mother and I will take in sewing."

"Have you ever taken in sewing, as you call it?"

"O yes. But we hav'n't been here a great while. And we do n't yet know any body from whom we can obtain it."

Doctor Milnor thought a moment, and then said—

"Run home quickly and give your father that medicine. In the morning I will call in again."

Thanking the kind physician with a mute, but expressive look, Anna turned away and left his office.

CHAPTER VII.

"HAVE you got it?" eagerly asked the mother of Anna, as she came in after an absence of over half an hour.

"Yes. Here it is. Martin refused to trust me, and I had to go to Doctor Milnor."

Mrs. Gray waited to hear no more, but took the medicine quickly from her daughter's hand, and hurried with it up to the chamber of her sick husband. As she did so, Anna heard her father's deep sounding, convulsive cough, that to her ear was more than ever distressing.

After one of the powders had been given the sick man seemed to feel some relief. Before half an hour had passed he was sleeping quietly.

"Now Anna, do you go to bed, dear," said Mrs. Gray, "I will set up with your father to-night."

"No, mother: you were up the whole of last night, and hav'n't lain down once to-day. You must go to bed and let me sit up. I can do it very well. The doctor said that he would sleep well after the medicine. Oh; I hope he will be a great deal better in the morning. I am sure he will, for the medicine acted so quickly."

Her mother was by no means so sanguine; for she understood that it was nothing more than an anodyne that her husband had taken. But she did not wish to destroy the lively hope that had sprung up in her daughter's mind, and therefore said nothing to the contrary.

Earnestly urged by Anna, she at length consented to lie down, though without taking off her clothes. Overwearied by long watching, and from want of natural rest and sleep, Mrs. Gray soon fell into a deep slumber, and Anna was left the only conscious being in that sick chamber. At first an indescribable feeling of loneliness stole over her. There was a pause in nature. Even her own heart's pulsations seemed hushed into rest. This feeling passed away

after a time, as her thoughts became more active. These not being pleasant, she took up a book, and sought forgetfulness of herself in its pages. For several hours she read, with only the interruptions occasioned by the utterance of a heavy groan now and then, that struggled up from the breast of the sleeping invalid. At last, even these were intermitted, and her father slept more quietly.

About one o'clock, she laid aside her book. It had ceased longer to interest her. Rising from her chair, she took the lamp, and going to the bed upon which her father slept, held it so that the light would fall clearly on his face. Its expression caused her to start, and sent the blood flowing back upon her heart.

But, she recovered herself in a moment. He was breathing easily—nay, as gently as a sleeping infant. Turning from the bed side, she replaced the lamp, shading it so that its light would not fall upon the sick man's face, and then retired to a chair in the shadow of the room. The storm had increased instead of abating with the progress of the night. It rushed and roared along the streets, and drove against the frail tenement which they occupied, with a force that made it shake to the foundation. None will wonder that the young watcher, now that her mind had ceased to be occupied as it had been during the former part of the night, should feel a dark, superstitious, and undefinable fear stealing over it. Every deeper sigh of the storm, every mysterious moan of the wind, every strange sound by night made audible, fell with a chilling sensation upon her heart. At last she arose, and went to the bed upon which her mother lay sleeping soundly, and crouched down close beside her. Here she reclined for nearly an hour, until sleep began to steal over her senses.

A moaning sound startled her just as she had become unconscious of external things. Rising to her feet, she stood bewildered for a moment. The sound came to her ear again. It was from her father. Stepping quickly to the bed upon which he lay, she bent over him anxiously. He still slept; and still breathed easily—but every few minutes moaned as if in pain.

Sighing heavily, she turned away, and again shrunk near to her mother. But she felt no more inclination to sleep. Superstitious thoughts were again thrown into her mind. She felt as if some fearful vision would every moment rise up, and drive her mad. Images of more real things, after awhile, impressed her imagination. These were taking new forms every moment, when a deeper groan from her father again startled her. In a little while a strange distinct rattle thrilled her ear, causing her to spring to his bed side with a quivering heart.

Her father lay motionless. She bent her ear down, but felt no breath upon her cheek. Turning to the light, she removed the object that shaded it from the bed, and then glided back. One look sufficed. Death's angel had set his seal upon the sick man's face. A long wailing cry filled the chamber, and the poor girl fell senseless upon the couch that supported her father's corpse.

(To be continued.)

EDITOR'S TABLE.

OUR COUNTRY
IS TEEMING
WITH YOUNG
GENIUS." —

This sentence, with what four prospectus, has a communications member of young writers, with worth's modesty, offer-ly their thought-impositions, and

others claiming our attention on the score of being the veritable young geniuses to which we have alluded. With one or two exceptions, we have not found in the productions of the latter class any evidence of real merit. Some of them write smoothly, and can rhyme words with a good deal of facility, but scarcely a single one has given evidence of possessing the power to go up into the higher regions of his own mind, and bring down thence new, and true, and beautiful ideas. Things stored in the external memory are merely re-arranged, and presented in forms slightly modified, or clothed in some new and badly fitting garments.

But, in the productions of the other class, there is a heart-warmth that communicates itself at once, and a freshness of thought and an original force of language, rough though it may sometimes be, that charms and elevates, and causes the reader to forget himself, the writer, and all but the images that have been called up in his own mind. As face answereth to face in water, so with these, heart answereth to heart. We welcome all such with a hearty good will. We offer them the right hand of fellowship; we open our pages to them, and say, "Let your light shine," for it will be as a lamp to the feet of thousands.

And this brings us to what we wish particularly to say. It is this:—True genius, or to speak more correctly, one who possesses true genius; that is, has the ability to see in his own mind new and abstract truths, and the power to bring them forth to view, is always modest. He is the last one to discover that he is a remarkable man. Those who think themselves geniuses, see only reflected images resting on the mirror of self-esteem. But the man of true genius has no such mirror obstructing his way into the higher regions of his thoughts, where the world of mind (or the spiritual world, in which alone all ideas exist) is resting, and pressing for admittance

to the world of nature. He it is, alone, who becomes a messenger of new revelations from this world of mind; and he is humble in his mission, for he is deeply conscious, that he is acting only as a medium of truth to the lower world of nature. If, weak man, he should become vain, he will lose his power. Self esteem will obstruct his way to the source of truth, and in that, as a mirror, he will see reflected what is below him, and weakly imagine that he is still looking into that world where had been revealed to him such wonderful things.

Here we see the cause why vain men are never original thinkers,—but only the reproducers, in modified forms, of other men's ideas;—and why even original thinkers lose their power when they begin to imagine that they are in reality the wonderful geniuses that the world declares them to be.

"But why should this take from them their power? Is not their mental organization still the same?—their intellectual difference from other men a radical one?" some may ask. We can give but one reason in reply, and we believe it to be the true reason. Let all who feel like rejecting it, think well before they do so. We answer the question thus:

Man is a creature and, as such, cannot have life in himself, but is only a spiritually organized being, with a form receptive of life. The appearance to himself is, that he has life in himself; but, that this is only an appearance, any reflecting mind can easily see. If, then, he have not life in himself, he cannot originate ideas, for, how can a being who receives his very life from a higher Being, originate any thing. He can remodel what is given to him, and reproduce it in various seemingly new forms, but he must, first, have the material with which to work. The truth, then is, that men of original minds, so called, do not as before intimated, really originate ideas, but only have the faculty above other men, given for specific uses in the world, of perceiving them in the more interior regions of their minds, where the spiritual world, in which are all ideas, acts upon the sensorium. Now, to be able to go up into this high or interior region, man's mind should be in just order. He should not think of himself as any thing more than a recipient of life, for that turns his eyes downward, and thus inverts his mind; because in so doing he really believes that he has life in himself, and that ideas are innate. With such a false notion ruling in his mind, how can he approach the source of truth? While puffed up with pride and self consequence, in the vain imagination that what has been given to him has been created by him, how can he again come near, in thought, that Being

in whom alone are all truths, and who can only communicate new truths to such as are willing to receive them?—But he is not willing to receive them, because he believes that he has the power to create them.

All this may not be clear to some minds. We are conscious of not having made it as clear in expression as it is in our own thoughts. Still, our view may be vaguely seen, and if calmly reflected upon, will be seen more and more clearly, and its great importance as a practical doctrine felt.

Taking this standard, it is not hard to determine where true genius lies. Observation, as well as theory, proves, that we rarely if ever find it in those who think they possess it, while in the shrinking and ever modest we often discover the rarest mental excellences and the highest endowments.

THE AMERICAN WOMAN.—In our January number we mentioned in terms of commendation a new weekly paper that had been started in our city (it has now reached its twenty-fourth number), called "*The American Woman*," published by Mrs. Probasco, 119 North Fourth St. and edited by ladies; and at the same time spoke of what seemed to us a severity in the tone of some of its articles that alluded more particularly to the existing state of things in the literary world,—that is, the American literary world. We did not object to the truth of the allegations made—we fear they are, in the main, too true—but only to the fact of their being made by our fair friends, from whom we never like to hear the harsh tones of censure. Perhaps we were a little hypercritical in this; but no matter,—we are glad that our remarks have been taken in a good spirit; and in order that full justice may be done all around, we copy the following reply of the American Woman.

AMERICAN WOMAN—ARTHUR'S MAGAZINE.—The January number of Arthur's Magazine did not reach *us* until within a few days, indeed, not until after we had received that of February. It is a good number, contains two beautiful engravings and much interesting matter, set in a most beautiful typography. Amongst a variety, we find a notice of ourselves, which we do not hesitate to transfer to our columns, notwithstanding the strictures upon some of our editorials, for which Mr. Arthur bespeaks from us a pardon. It must appear evident to all, that our editorials are from different pens, and display different tones of feeling and various ability for composition. But the writer of this is not aware of any one editorial, that is liable to the objection which Mr. Arthur gently intimates against us. We commend his independence, and think the better of him for the freedom with which he has remarked upon our paper. At the same time, we would have preferred that he had designated those articles to the spirit of which, he so delicately takes exception. Our editorials, most of them, are the productions of the moment, as the editresses have engagements of such a character as to preclude them from that devotion to the paper which ought to be given to it. We have, therefore, generally written in great haste, and in earnest;—and having been taught, in our youth, that perspicuity was the first great requisite of good writing, we have endeavored to make ourselves understood. When we had any thing to say, we spoke right out. Testing our literature by what we deemed sound canons of criticism, we found it a *baby* literature and we thus denominated it. Our own we found writing like little misses, and we told

them so. Their writings were chaffy, of the passions, which destroy and enfeeble, and not of the understanding which illumines, preserves, and ennobles, and we expressed our opinion to that effect. The age appeared to us to be a selfish, sensual age, and whilst we announced our convictions of that fact, we have steadily and constantly referred to and enforced the mighty fundamental principles, which in the end, will revolutionize and chasten it. In a word, whether we have spoken of literature, politics, religion, or of the social or civil state, we have endeavored always to speak forth the "words of truth and soberness," and to embody, in our brief editorials, a saving, conservative and ennobling principle. If Mr. Arthur, or any one else, will point out to us in our editorials a false fact or a principle philosophically, morally or religiously unsound, we will deem it our highest duty, at once, to renounce it. Nor have we been inattentive to the tone or spirit of our articles. Aware that it is this which influences, we have ever endeavored to pervade our sheet with the spirit which lifts up. But, it may be, that our feelings have been so revolted by the weak effeminacy around us, that we have been driven unconsciously into the opposite extreme.

The real truth, we think, is expressed in the closing sentence. And that covers all the objections we intended to make. Our readers will see from the above, that the "*American Woman*" has about it a spice of independence, with tact, taste, and ability. And who can object to these? For one, we should like to see the talent now at work on that unpretending little sheet, have a wider scope. We should like to see the "*American Woman*" with broader wings, floating over the length and breadth of our land. American women every where should take it and read it. The price per year is only one dollar.

HOME POEMS, BY AUGUSTINE J. H. DUGANNE.—A very modest little book, with this modest title has been laid on our table. In introducing himself to the public, the author says:—"In ushering into the world this little book, I ask for it no favor which it may not deserve. It is not the offspring of an imagination nursed amid the wild and the wonderful of nature, nor of a mind moulded in the haunts of classic life. It has sprung up amid the noise of the great city, the toils of the life-task; and if it should possess any merit, it is that of the wild plant that shoots up from the city's roofs, unnurtured save by the showers of heaven. Thus I send it forth. It remains for others to cultivate and encourage the simple plant. If they do so, it may yet give forth a sweeter fragrance than the hot-bed flowers that bask in fortune's sunshine. If they do not, let it fruitfully alone!"

The book is made up of two well written poems, one called "*Massachusetts*," delivered before the Mechanic Apprentices' Library Association, July 4, 1842, and the other, "*The Nations*," delivered before the Mechanic Apprentices' Library Association, at Bromfield Church, July 4, 1843—besides a number of shorter pieces. The two larger poems contain many striking and beautiful passages. We make a single extract from "*Massachusetts*," descriptive of a scene that all will recognise:—

"On the foamy wave,—
Now sinking in the gulf that seems her grave,
Now rising on the billows ohill and dark,—

Lo! tremblingly careens a sea-worn bark;
 The breakers dash around her; on her lee
 The cliffs upheave their forms; the dashing sea
 Each moment threatens wreck; and sable night,
 And stormy skies, and all the forms that fright
 The soul of man, are round her;—yet she rides
 In safety—proudly stems the whirling tides;—
 Till moored at last within the sheltering bay,
 Her weary crew behold the welcome day.
 The laboring boat thro' stormy billows cleaves,
 Where, on the beetling Rock, the surge upheaves;
 And, springing lightly on the yielding sod,
 They consecrate the soil to Freedom and to God.
 High hearts were there—the aged and the young;
 Around the gray-haired sire the infant clung;
 The lofty form of manhood, and the fair
 And shrinking maiden—all were clustered there!
 And there was ONE,—the noblest one, where all
 Were noble,—she who left her father's hall,
 To dare the terrors of the untrod wild
 With him, the chosen of her undefiled,
 And trusting heart. And there, in faith and love,
 They stood—that noble band—until, above
 The breakers' roar, the tempest's din, the song
 Of Freedom's gladness burst, and rolled along
 The arching skies,—till hill, and vale, and plain,
 And every forest-aisle, gave back an answering strain."

Among the minor pieces are a number that show the author to possess a fine vein of poetry. We marked several, but have room only for the following:—

EVENING.

EVENING has come! the distant hills grow dim
 In lengthened shadows, and the vespers-hymn
 Of flute-voiced warblers falls upon mine ear
 In thrilling melody;—yet, lingering here,
 I meditate. The setting sun's last ray
 Falls mildly-brilliant over wood and stream;
 'T is gone! but mark the day-god's golden way.
 Heavens! can Italia's boasted sunsets beam
 With richer glories? All the western sky
 Seems lit by flame! with living fire each cloud
 Is suffused! the glorious brilliancy
 Of Iris shines in all, and lights the proud,
 Majestic city's domes that rise below,—
 Till spire and turret high with equal splendor glow.

SONNET.

AFTER A THUNDER-STORM.

Soft blows the fresher'd air! the gloomy clouds
 That hung above the misty mount are breaking;
 The birds are bursting from their leafy shrouds,
 And hill and vale with minstrelsy are waking,
 With gushing riviulets sweet music making.
 Earth breathes again! for she has cast away
 The nightmare Tempest, and in sunlight basks,
 To drink its warmth, while kindly Nature tasks
 Her art, to bring, beneath her gentle sway,
 Our late-complaining souls to smile in gladness.
 Thus, gladd'ning every bosom with his rays,
 And bidding every tongue to shout his praise,
 And drying Nature's tear-drops in his blaze,
 The happy sun can wake mankind from sadness.

There is much more of the genuine stuff of which a true poet is made, in Mr. Duganne, than is pos-

sessed by many that we could name, who happen to be favorites in certain quarters, and are thus made the subjects of an undeserved reputation. But let him not be ambitious of fame. He has faults that must be corrected—thoughts that need maturing—and perceptions that must grow clearer, before he will be appreciated, and his productions loved by men and women of taste, who read poetry for *itself*, and not for the sake of the author. We say *loved*—yes, this is the only true standard by which poetic excellence should be determined. Poetry must be loved so entirely, that its author becomes, for the time, forgotten—and no poetry ever lives that is not the product of a man who has, while writing it, *forgotten himself*. If he thinks of himself, the reader will think of him, and, at the same time, think, perhaps, that the production is very good for the author. But what *true poet* is ambitious to be so read?

LOVERS AND HUSBANDS, *a Story of Married Life*.
 By T. S. Arthur. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1845.

This little volume is the second in a series of three practical stories on the subject of marriage, of which "Sweethearts and Wives," was the first. Like that, the object is to present right views on the subject, in order, that all who enter its holy bonds, may secure the happiness that should ever be found therein.

MARRIED AND SINGLE: *or Marriage and Celibacy Contrasted, in a Series of Domestic Pictures*.
 By T. S. Arthur. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1845.

This volume completes the series just mentioned. Like the preceding ones, its aim is to give true principles, and also to show, in a series of domestic pictures drawn from real life, how marriage elevates, purifies and refines the mind, while *voluntary* celibacy debases it—that is, celibacy maintained from views opposed to marriage.

A number of works, in pamphlet editions, are on our table, but we cannot find room for notices of them this month. One of these, the proceedings of the court in the trial of *Bishop Onderdonk*, of New York, is a disgrace to all concerned in its publication. Why were reporters employed to write down the disgusting details and cross-examinations with a view to their being given to the public, except that money might be made by a sale of the copyright? Again, we repeat, that the fact and manner of this whole publication is deeply disgraceful to all concerned.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—"Alvina, or the Fright," we will endeavor to make room for, soon. Its great length has prevented our publishing it before this. We thank the author of "Truth and Integrity," and "Ye are Going," for his contributions. They shall have a place next month. The following articles will not suit us. "He Survived not His Kindred," "The Overthrow of Jerusalem," and "The Dying Hymn of a Blind Girl."

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the poet, and then
harmoniously combined, producing by the union,
a perfect incarnation of all graces of mind, heart

banishment of her chosen husband cannot tear
from her constant heart his fond remembrance;
nor yet can his jealous belief in her faithlessness.



ARTHUR'S MAGAZINE.

APRIL, 1845.

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For Arthur's Magazine.

SHAKESPEARE GALLERY OF BEAUTY.—NO. II.

IMOGEN.

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None of Shakespear's characters is there a greater exhibition of female virtues than in Imogen. Every element of loveliness and goodness seem to have been first refined by the poet, and then harmoniously combined, producing by the union, a perfect incarnation of all graces of mind, heart, and person. The scene of the drama of Cymbeline, restricted, for the most part to the secluded dells and forest-shaded uplands of ancient Britain the comparative rudeness of the age, and the perils of her varying fortunes, form a kind of dark back-ground to the picture, from which the portrait of Imogen's character, skilfully drawn, stands forth in bright and beautiful relief, and however this back-ground of season, place, or events may change, she is still the same. The banishment of her chosen husband cannot tear from her constant heart his fond remembrance; nor yet can his jealous belief in her faithlessness,

make her cease to love him who wrongfully gives credence to the false tale of her dishonor. The portraiture of her character is, throughout, perfect. She has been compared to Desdemona, and the comparison will certainly hold good in many points, although the circumstances surrounding these two characters, are widely different. Their constancy, firmness, and loveliness are the same. A resemblance has also been traced between their husbands,—Posthumus and the Moor,—which resemblance is equally apparent in the fondness of their attachments, in their jealousy, and in their passionate grief and anger, when aroused by suspicious fears amounting to belief.

The beautiful plate which we give in this number represents Imogen, as she is described in Act II. Scene 2 of the play, while reading at night in her bed-chamber, as if striving to banish the gloomy thoughts occasioned by her cruel separation from Posthumus. The artist has delineated, with admirable precision, the expression of sad reverie as she turns listlessly from the book, which fails to interest her wandering thoughts—thoughts which are with *another* in a distant land.

“Schlegel pronounces CYMBELINE to be ‘one of Shakespeare’s most wonderful compositions, in which the poet has contrived to blend together, into one harmonious whole, the social manners of the latest times with heroic deeds, and even with appearances of the Gods. In the character of Imogen, not a feature of female excellence is forgotten. Her chaste tenderness, her softness, and her virgin pride; her boundless resignation, and her magnanimity towards her mistaken husband, by whom she is unjustly persecuted; her adventures in disguise and her apparent death and her recovery,—form altogether a picture equally tender and affecting.

“The two princes Giuderius and Arviragus, both educated in the wilds, form a noble contrast to Miranda and Perdita. In these two young men, to whom the chase has imparted vigor and hardihood, but who are unacquainted with their high destination, and have always been kept far from human society, we are enchanted by a *naïve* heroism, which leads them to anticipate and to dream of deeds of valor, till an occasion is offered, which they are irresistibly impelled to embrace. When Imogen comes in disguise to their cave; when Giuderius and Arviragus form an impassioned friendship with all the innocence of childhood, for the tender boy, (in whom they neither suspect a female, nor their own sister); when, on returning from the chase, they find her dead, sing her to the ground, and cover the grave with flowers;—these scenes might give a new life for poetry to the most deadened imagination.’”—*Hewitt's Illustrated Shakespeares.*

The play of Cymbeline has been attacked by critics more violently, perhaps, than any other of Shakespeare’s dramatic pieces.

Malone has charged the poet with “peopleing Rome with modern Italians,” by introducing the characters of Philario, Iachimo, &c.; Doct. Johnson, with his too common arrogance, has so severely censured the play as to almost absolutely condemn “the improbability of the plot, the folly of the fiction, the confusion of names and manners of different periods.” Douce has quarrelled with the use of the word “pound,” as being “a modern computation” of money.

But these, and other quibbling fault-finders, have been fully answered by other commentators, such as Knight, Schlegel, T. Campbell, and many more of equal note and authority; and if they have not entirely vindicated the poet, they have explained many of his apparent errors, and have so excused his anachronisms, as to make them cease to be defects. Campbell pronounces this play “the fittest in Shakespeare’s whole theatre to illustrate the principle, that great dramatic genius can occasionally venture on bold improbabilities, and yet not only shrive the offence, but leave us enchanted with the offender. The wager of Posthumus in Cymbeline, is a very unlikely one. But let us deal honestly with this objection, and admit the wager to be improbable: still we have enough in the play to make us forget it, and more than forgive it. Shakespeare foresaw, that from this license he could deduce delightful scenes, and situations, and he scrupled not to hazard it. The faulty incident may be compared to a little fountain, which, though impregnated with some unpalatable mineral, gives birth to a large stream, and that stream as it proceeds loses its taint of taste in the sweet and many waters that join its course. Be the wager what it may, it gives birth to charming incidents. It introduces us to a feast of the chastest luxury, in the sleeping scene, when we gaze on the shut eye-lids of Imogen; and that scene (how ineffably rich, as well as modest!) is followed by others that swell our interest to enchantment. Imogen hallows to the imagination every thing that loves her, and that she loves in return; and when she forgives Posthumus, who may dare to refuse him pardon? Then, in her friendship with her unconscious brothers of the mountain-cave, what delicious touches of romance! I think I exaggerate not in saying that Shakespeare has no where breathed more pleasurable feelings over the mind, as an antidote to tragic pain, than in Cymbeline.” We could not forbear inserting this short passage because it expresses for us our own opinion in more clear and beautiful language than we could use ourselves, and shows, moreover, the spirit in

which the defenders of this play have conducted the discussion of its merits and defects. It has long been a "bone of contention" amongst critics, and though it is perhaps one of those plays which are least read and admired by general readers, we think it one of the finest of Shakespeare's dramatic efforts. True, there is less depth and philosophy of thought—less subtlety of reasoning—less of fiery and absorbing passion, than in some others, more deeply studied, but to make amends for this, there is an interesting intricacy of plot, without confusion,—a romance of incident and character, heightened by the distance of time, and by the rudeness of the age; an admirable portraiture of totally dissimilar individuals, which are yet all true to nature, and finally an engrossing interest is thrown over the whole, which leads the reader eagerly on from point to point in the development of events, until he arrives at a happy termination to them all.

The constant Imogen is a twin conception with the devoted Desdemona; Posthumus and Othello are the same jealous heroes; Iachimo and Iago are both polished traitors; and yet there is a difference between these similar characters. Imogen's attachment was that which had grown with her years from infancy, whereas Desdemona loved from some strange wild impulse; her devotion was flamed by suddenly kindled admiration; the love of Posthumus was milder than that of Othello, and the current of his grief at the supposed dishonor of his wife, was less boisterous and rapid, but not less deep and passionate; Iachimo was treacherous from impulsive vanity, and from mere thoughtlessness, while Iago was a villain of fixed and premeditated purpose. In the Queen of Cymbeline, and in Gertrude, Hamlet's mother, may be traced a strong resemblance. Both possess

that wicked cunning which deeply plans, and scruples not as to the means, by which these plans are consummated; yet here also there is a difference; one acts with a settled purpose—the other has already stained her robes with murderous guilt, and works out her horrid schemes, impelled by a base remorse which fears the discovery of her former crimes.

From these comparisons we see that the characters in Cymbeline are not less perfect than those in his deeply wrought tragedies. Their delineation is as correct, but in lighter colors, than in his more admired portraits.

The plot of this play is almost entirely of the poet's own invention. He found the name of Cymbeline as a king of ancient Britain in an old history, (Hollingshed's) and drew the character of Imogen from an almost forgotten tale of the fifteenth century, which he embellished and introduced into his plot as one of the principle (and as we think one of his most perfect) female characters.

In the introduction of real events, he has in some instances been said to have made "history conform to the play, more than to have conformed his play to history," yet he has been excused for this on the ground of obscurity in the chronicles of those times, and on account of their general *unimportance*. Although, as has already been observed, he was indebted to history and tradition for one or two incidents, these are but a portion of the outline, which he has perfected, and embellished with his own genius.

This introduction of real names and events imparts an appearance of reality which increases the interest of the play, and this reality is in turn more enhanced from the charm which his own imagination sheds around it.

For Arthur's Magazine.

A PRAYER.

SLEEP visits her unweeded, as to the leaves
Come willing night-dews; and my knees are bent
Beside her, while my heart's bliss interweaves
Itself with the deep breathings of a prayer:—
Rejoice her life! O Source of love, who sent
The soft low music of her lips to win
My being from the curse of self-despair,
And teach me life's true use; O ever shield

Her gentle spirit from the shock of ill!
How many springs of joy and hope within
This breast her love and converse have unscaled
Thou knowest. My bosom's yearning has its
fill.

O grant her but the seeds of bliss thus sown
In me, and Heaven is now and aye our own
N. K.

For Arthur's Magazine.

AMERICAN VIEWS.—NO. II.

NIAGARA FALLS.

[Description of the plate engraved for this number of Arthur's Magazine, from an original painting by Mr G. N. Frankenstein of Cincinnati.]

NIAGARA Falls are situated eight miles above Lewiston, on Niagara river, about equidistant from Lake Erie and Lake Ontario. Navy, and Grand Islands divide the river about a mile above the falls, between which points, the water gradually descends fifty-seven feet, in rapids. The banks, in some places, are one hundred feet in height, but, generally preserve the level of the country. The river is three-quarters of a mile in breadth, at the grand falls, which forms a semi-circular curve, extending to the greatest length on the American side.

The appearance of the land between the two lakes has convinced many that the falls have greatly receded from their former position; and this opinion is sustained by the following ascertained facts: The level of Lake Erie is two hundred and thirty-four feet above that of Lake Ontario. This descent to the northward is not made by a gradual *slope* of the land, but by steep and sudden precipices at different intervals, between which stretch broad and level plains. The greatest of these declivities is at Lewiston, eight miles below the present situation of the falls. The appearance and general formation of the banks, indicate that here must have been the original site of this mighty cataract; although we believe that observation has failed to determine how long it has taken to cut this rocky channel, or what length of time will be required to extend it on to Lake Erie. These specula-

tions, however, we leave to those who will be more likely to arrive at satisfactory conclusions.

The plate given in the present number, represents the falls, as they appear from Robinson's "Chinese Pagoda," which is one of the best, if not the best point from which to view them. The spectator is elevated seventy-five feet above the cataract, from which position the eye takes in all the landscape, and the general appearance of the falls, as admirably copied by the artist. The most prominent features, embraced in the picture, we shall briefly describe.

The ground immediately below the spectator.—supposing him to look from the "Pagoda"—contains the Ferry-house, from which the ferry stairs descend the perpendicular precipice. Various trees and vines flourish on the verge of the precipice in front of the ferry-house, which partially conceal from view the river and falls. The rocks in the lower part of the picture, up which the spray is dashing, are at the bottom of the American fall, which is the nearest in this view, and consequently the largest in perspective. Its actual height, is, however, greater than that of the other—the Horse-shoe or British fall—the first being one hundred and sixty-four feet, and the latter being but one hundred and fifty-eight feet in depth.

The platform at the edge of the fall, has been recently built, by S. L. Ware, Esq. It projects ten feet over the edge of the precipice, and, while leaning over its side and gazing upon the fearful abyss below one is made sensibly to feel and appreciate the grandeur and majesty of the place.

The rapids above the falls, are, as may be seen in the picture, interspersed with numerous small islands; the most distant of which, called

Handwritten text, possibly a signature or date, located near the bottom left of the page.

Handwritten text, possibly a signature or date, located near the bottom center of the page.

"Luna Island," divides the American fall, leaving on the other side a narrow strip of water, which has been named "Centre Fall." The larger one immediately beyond is "Goat,"—(or as it is more appropriately called by some) "Iris," Island. From Centre Fall, a path may be seen winding up its bank, which has received the appellation of "Hog's Back"—a rather inappropriate name for such a grand and beautiful spot! The ferry stairs at this place, are about to be taken down, as a road through the rocks is being cut, to enable carriages to cross the river.

Beyond Iris Island is the grand "Horse-Shoe" or British Fall, from which a vast cloud of spray is continually ascending. This cloud is particularly dense in the morning, the time of day, when the sketch was taken. The tower among the rocks, projecting above the surface of the water, at this portion of the fall, was built by the proprietors of Iris Island, Augustus and Peter B. Porter,—the latter of whom is now deceased. The view from its summit is fine.

On the Canadian side is "Table Rock," the cavity below which, forms the entrance through which visitors pass behind the falls. A short distance below, are the buildings, in which are furnished dresses necessary for this purpose. The precipice is descended by means of excellent spiral stairs, winding down, in front of the buildings. None ever regret this excursion;—one thing is certain,—none ever *ought*. The British Rapids are seen beyond this fall, and the

high, wooded banks of Canada, bound the river in the distance.

Iris Island, than which there are few more beautiful spots upon the globe, together with the other islands, and the surrounding river banks, have been left, as far as possible, in a state of nature. This speaks highly for the good taste and judgment of the proprietors, and it is to be hoped that this spot will ever remain in such hands.

We have thus given an enumeration of the principal and most interesting features in this most sublime of all scenes. We confess that it is nothing *but* an enumeration;—a cold catalogue of the separate and distinguishing beauties of this pre-eminently beautiful spot;—but this is all we *can* do. Description, when measuring with such a subject, its feeble powers, becomes yet weaker from its useless exertion, and praise degenerates into disparagement. The Falls of Niagara must be *seen*; otherwise all ideas of their appearance or grandeur are inadequate.

The engraving accompanying this present number, expresses with great accuracy the outlines and general appearance of the Falls, though it is exceedingly difficult,—and we might suppose impossible—to preserve distinctness, when so many objects, scattered over so large a space, are brought within such small compass. The difficulty however which has been thus thoroughly overcome, only speaks the louder in praise of the talented young artist,—Mr. Godfrey N. Frankenstein,—of Cincinnati, Ohio, who took on the spot the sketch from which the plate is engraved.

For Arthur's Magazine.

OUR LITTLE KATE.



HE soft blue eyes of a
Poet's child,"
I could weep o'er
their beauty deep,
But the merry glance
of our little Kate,
Brings never a thought
—to weep;
It is dancing forever
in sunny gleams,

Though it breaks through beaded tears,
And one may learn from its happy light,
Of her spirit's riper years.

In the dull, dull cares, our earth-life bears,
Her child-smiles have no part,
So closely and deeply she nestles down
To her mother's beating heart;
She knows not yet of world-desires,
But rocks it her noblest state,

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When she only claspeth her Father's hand,
The loving little Kate.

We call her "our star" for her beauty bright,
And "our bird" for her chainless glee;
And our "bud of promise," that springs in light,
And a flower of life shall be:
How little she thinks of the cares and joys
Her tears and smiles create,
But she sorrows the less for the lack of thought,
The merry little Kate.

She is young—too young to speak of Heaven,
And its spirit-joys intense,
But its beauty is woven through all her life,
In holy innocence:
Oh! never murmur—with Heaven so near,
Our hopes are sure as great;
While their life springs up from a fount so pure
As the soul of our little Kate. H. M.

For Arthur's Magazine.

BARBAJA AND ROSSINI.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF DUMAS.

BY A. ROLAND.

[The following sketch is from the same work from which was taken the "Revolt of Masaniello," presented in the February number of Arthur's Magazine. To those not already familiar with the celebrated Barbaja the sketch will be an ample and entertaining introduction, and any thing connected with Rossini must be interesting to every one who has felt (and who in some degree has not?) the power of his transcendent genius.]

DOMENICO BARBAJA

JA was a true type of the Italian *impresario*. In France, connected with the theatre, we have the director, the manager, the king's commissary, the cashier, the superintendent,

but we have not the *impresario*. The *impresario* is not only a complex of all these; he is still more. Our theatres are managed constitutionally; our directors, according to the celebrated parliamentary maxim, reign but do not govern. The Italian *impresario* is a despot, a czar, a sultan, reigning by divine right in his theatre, moved, as the most legitimate king, by no will except his own, rendering account of his administration but to heaven, and his conscience. He is, at once, for his artistes a skilful projector and an indulgent father; an absolute master and a faithful friend; a clear-seeing guide and an incorruptible judge. He deals in the white slave trade, disposing of his merchandise at will; recognizing the right of no one to step upon his deck; pursuing his traffic under his flag and defending his flag with American intrepidity.

The *impresario* has, however, not only right, he has power also. Under his orders are a piquet of cavalry, and a platoon of infantry, a commissary of police and a *capitaine de place*; *sbirri* carabinières and gend'armes, to send instantly to prison, the singers who take it in their heads to be capricious and the public who dare to hiss without reason.

Domenico Barbaja I. reigned in this perfect and absolute manner during a period of forty years. He was about the middle height, with a herculean frame, large breast, square shoulders and an iron fist. There was nothing striking about his head, and his features could claim no great regularity; but his eyes sparkled with mind, intelligence and roguishness. Gerdina foresaw him when he wrote the "*Bourru Bienfaisant*." With an excellent heart, his manner was of the roughest character. It would be impossible to translate into any language, the abuse with which Barbaja would overwhelm the artistes attached to his theatre. But not one of them harbored any malice against him, on this account, knowing that, at their slightest success, Barbaja would be the first to congratulate them; if unsuccessful, would console them with the utmost delicacy; and if the least ill, would watch over them, night and day, with paternal devotion.

From a coffee house of Milan, where he served in the capacity of waiter, he rose to be director at the same time, of the Saint Charles, La Scala and Vienna Theatres. Reigning without opposition and without control over the Italian and German communities, of which one bore the reputation of being the most capricious and the other the most difficult in the universe. The fortune which he had amassed little by little he dispensed with royal prodigality and generous benevolence. He had a palace to receive his artistes; a villa to entertain his friends and public games to amuse every body.

His genius was, truly, of an extraordinary and instructive character. Unable to write a letter or

decipher a note, he dictated to the poets plans for their librettos, with admirable skill, and gave the most valuable hints to the composers in the selection of their morceaux. His voice was harsh and dissonant, yet he formed by his instructions and advice, the first singers of Italy. Speaking his Milanese patois, only, he made himself wonderfully well understood by kings and emperors, with whom he treated on a footing of perfect equality.

He made his engagements verbally and without accepting any conditions. It was necessary to yield up at discretion to Barbaja. He had, always, within his reach, the means to recompense handsomely or to punish severely. If a city showed itself indulgent with regard to the stage decorations; if the public encouraged the debutants with that good will, which triples the powers of an artist; if a government were not niggardly in its supplies; such city, public or government was in the good graces of the impresario; he would send them Rubini, La Pasta and Lablache; the *élite* of his troupe. But if an another city, on the contrary, showed itself too exacting; if another public abused the right to him, which they had purchased at the *décor* of the theatre, if another government assumed excessive pretensions, Barbaja let loose upon them the refuse of his company; his *dogs* as he energetically expressed it. Their ears were flayed during the whole season, and he would listen to the groans and hisses of the sufferers with as much coolness as a Roman Emperor witnessing his Circus exhibitions.

It was a great treat to see the noble impresario seated in his handsome box, opposite to the King of Naples, at the first representation of a new opera,—with his grave impartial countenance, now turned toward the actors—now toward the audience. If a singer blundered, Barbaja was the first to immolate him, with a severity worthy of Brutus; saluting him with a *Can de Dio* which shook the theatre. If, on the contrary, the public were wrong, Barbaja would stand up like a viper, and cry out: "*Figli d'una vacca*, will you be silent! you do not deserve good singers." If, by chance, the king failed to applaud, at a proper time, Barbaja would shrug his shoulders and go grumbling out of his box.

Barbaja trusted to no one the business of forming his troupe; and he held it as a principle to engage the fewest possible number of known artistes. Nothing he argued remains for a reputation which has reached its apogee but to decline, and, with the most distinguished talent, more is to be lost than gained. He liked much better to create singers himself, and commenced usually his experiments in *anima vili*, after the

following manner: He would start out, some fine morning in May or September and direct his coachman to drive toward the environs of Naples. When he had reached the country, he would descend from his carriage, dismiss his people and take his way alone and on foot, in search of his *ut de postrine*. If he encountered a peasant sufficiently handsome and lazy to make a tenor he would approach him socially, lay his hand on his shoulder and engage him in conversation something after this fashion:

"Well, my friend, labor is a little fatiguing, is it not? We have scarcely strength to use the spade."

"I was resting, your excellency."

"That is perfectly understood—the Neapolitan peasant always rests."

"The heat is so suffocating; and, then, the ground is so hard."

"I'll wager, now, that you have a good voice; I know nothing so comforting and strength-giving as a little music. Would you sing a song for me?"

"I, Sir! I never sang in all my life!"

"The greater reason that your voice should be fresh and vigorous."

"You jest, excellency!"

"No, I wish to hear you."

"And what advantage shall I reap by singing for you?"

"Perhaps, if your voice pleases me, I will take you with me."

"As a servant?"

"Better than that."

"As a cook?"

"Better than that I tell you."

"For what, then?" asked the peasant, with an air of distrust.

"Never mind that—sing away."

"Very loud?"

"With all your lungs, and, above all, be particular to open your mouth."

If the unfortunate man should have nothing more than a baritone or counter-tenor voice, the impresario turns slowly upon his heel, uttering some very consoling adage, about the love of labor and the happiness of a rural life. But if, on the contrary, he is so fortunate as to fall upon a tenor, during the day, he takes him with him, making him get up—behind his carriage.

Barbaja never spoiled artistes. If he were about to make an engagement with a man:

"What do you desire, my young friend?" he would say, in his gruff voice and surly manner. "You shall have fifty francs a month to begin with. This will procure shoes for your feet, a coat for your back, and macaroni to feast upon; and what more can you desire? Become a great artist first and then it will be in your

power to make the law for me as I now do for you. That time alas! will come too soon; you have a fine voice, the proof of which is, that I have engaged you; you have intelligence, the proof of which is, that you would like to rob me. Await patiently, then, my friend, the fortune that must eventually be yours. If I were to give you much money at once, you would become too vain, you would get tipsy every day and would lose your voice in about three weeks."

With females his reasoning was much more laconic and simple.

"My dear child, I will not give you a sou; on the contrary, you ought to recompense me. I afford you an opportunity of displaying to the public all natural charms you possess. You are pretty; and if you have talents, you will soon meet with brilliant success. Believe me, when I say that after you get a little experience, you will thank me for this. If you were rich at your debut, you would marry some chorister, who would beat you, or some prince who would reduce you to misery."

Convinced, by such winning logic, artistes would enter into an engagement for fifty francs a month and probably, before the end of the first quarter, would be some six thousand francs in debt to an usurer. Barbaja would pay the debt to save them from prison, and the compact was then sealed.

During my stay at Naples several anecdotes of the great impresario were related to me, which displayed his character fully and gave an exact demonstration of the extent of his musical knowledge. A Neapolitan marquis, of great influence at court, recommended a young girl as having a decided talent for the stage and as giving promise, of a most brilliant career. Barbaja pouted, very significantly, and buried his hands in the pockets of his nankeen vest, an attitude which he usually took when he was unable to give free course to his choler.

"You will find, my dear sir," said the marquis, with an air of self-sufficiency, which heightened the rage of the terrible impresario, "that she is a prodigy."

"Well, well, let her come to-morrow at noon."

The next day, at the hour appointed, the debutante, clad in her finest dress, took her music and, flanked by her mother, presented herself at the palace of Barbaja. The director of the orchestra was, already, at the piano, and Barbaja was walking up and down his saloon.

"Signor impresario," said the old woman, after a profound curtesy, "it is the duty of a mother, a religious and sacred duty, to inform

you that this poor child, being as pure as crystal and timid as a dove——"

"We begin badly," interrupted Barbaja, gruffly, "it is necessary, at the theatre, to be bold."

"Not however that I mean to say," replied the mother, in her most honied tones——

But the impresario turned his back upon her, went up to the young girl and said, in a somewhat fretful tone:

"Come, my dear, will you sing for me?"

He would have been familiar with the queen in person.

"Sir," said the debutante, blushing to the whites of her eyes, "I have the prayer of 'Norma——'"

"What!" cried Barbaja, in a voice of thunder, "do you dare attempt the prayer of Norma, after La Ronzi? What audacity!"

"I will try, if you prefer it, the cavatina of the 'Barber.'"

"The cavatina of the 'Barber!' after La Fodor? What enormity!"

"Padon, sir," said the young girl, trembling;

"I will attempt the romance of 'Saul.'"

"The romance of 'Saul!' after Malibran! What profanation!"

"Nothing remains then, but *solfeggios*," said the poor girl, almost sobbing.

"Very well; try the *solfeggios*."

The young girl dried her tears; the mother whispered a word of consolation in her ear, the pianist encouraged her; she sang and never were *solfeggios* executed in a more excellent manner. The countenance of Barbaja lightened up; his brow unbent and a smile of satisfaction flitted upon his lips.

"Well, your excellency," cried the mother, with the greatest anxiety, "what do you think of my daughter?"

"Her voice is not bad, madame, but, the devil take me, if I have been able to understand a single word she has uttered."

Once in the depth of winter a new opera was in rehearsal and the singers to whom had been assigned the principal parts, reluctant to leave their downy beds, were always late. Barbaja was furious and swore, one evening, that he would fine as an example the first one who was not punctual to the moment, were it the tenor or the prima donna herself. The rehearsal, the next day, commenced. Barbaja separated himself a little from the company and went down toward the depth of a scene to grumble at the machineist; suddenly the voices ceased, the orchestra stopped,—they were waiting for some one.

"What is the matter?" cried the impresario, precipitating himself toward the foot-lights.

"Nothing, sir," replied the first violin.
 "What is the matter? I wish to know."
 "A *ré* is absent."
 "Fine it."

Notwithstanding all this, Dominico Barbaja brought forward Lablache, Tamburini, Rubini, Donzelli, La Colbron, La Pasta, La Fodor, Donizetti, Bellini, and Rossini, himself; yes, the great Rossini.

The greatest of the chefs-d'œuvre of this sovereign master were composed for Barbaja, and heaven only, can tell the prayers, and stratagems which it cost the poor impresario to force into labor this genius, the boldest, the most listless and the most happy that ever soared over Italy.

I will relate an instance which perfectly characterizes the impresario and the composer.

Rossini reached Naples, preceded by a great reputation. The first person he encountered, when he stepped out of the stage was the impresario of San Carlos. Barbaja received the maestro with open arms and heart and, without giving him time to take a step, or to say a single word:

"I come to make you three offers," said he, "and I hope you will not reject any of them."

"Well?" replied Rossini with his shrewd smile.

"I offer my palace for your use and that of your people."

"I accept your offer."

"I offer my table to you and your friends."

"I accept."

"I make you an offer for a new opera."

"I do not accept."

"What! do you refuse to work for me?"

"For you and every body else. I do not intend to compose any more music."

"You are mad, my dear sir."

"It is as I have the honor to say."

"And for what have you come to Naples?"

"I have come to eat macaroni and take ices. It is my passion."

"I will have ices prepared for you by my confectioner who is the first in Toledo Street; I will prepare macaroni, myself, such as has never passed your lips."

"The devil! the affair becomes serious."

"But you must give me an opera in exchange."

"We shall see."

"Take one month, two months, six months, any time you may desire."

"Say six months."

"Agreed."

"Let us go to supper."

On the same evening the palace of the impresario was placed at the disposal of Rossini. The proprietor completely eclipsed himself, and the celebrated maestro made himself at home, in the

strictest sense of the word. All the friends, or even simple acquaintances whom he encountered, were without ceremony invited to Barbaja's table, of which Rossini did the honors with perfect freedom. He sometimes complained that he was unable to find a sufficient number of friends to invite to his host's entertainments; and if, notwithstanding all his efforts, not more than twelve or fifteen were assembled, he regarded it as a dull time.

Barbaja, faithful to the part of cook, which he had imposed upon himself, invented new dishes every day. Emptied the oldest bottles in his cellar and feasted all the adventurers, whom Rossini was pleased to bring with him, as if they were his father's oldest friends. Toward the end of the repast, however, with an easy air, and a smile upon his lip, he would slip in a word with regard to the promised opera and the brilliant success which must follow its production. But, notwithstanding the address and delicacy with which the honest impresario reminded his guest of the debt he had contracted, the terrible words produced an exceedingly unpleasant effect upon the maestro, and Barbaja, whose presence had, until then, been tolerated, was politely desired by Rossini to absent himself from the dessert.

Months rolled by; the libretto had been completed for some time and still the composer gave no evidence of any intention to enter upon his work. To dinners, succeeded promenades, to promenades, champagne parties. Hunting, fishing; and riding divided the time of the noble master, but nothing was said about a single note. Barbaja fell furious a dozen times, daily, and was tempted to break out into open rupture; but he controlled himself for no one had greater confidence in the incomparable genius of Rossini. He kept silent for the space of five months, with the most exemplary resignation. But on the morning of the first day of the sixth month, perceiving that he had no more time to lose, he drew the maestro aside and began the following conversation:

"Do you know, my dear friend, that twenty-nine days, only, of the time fixed, are remaining?"

"What time?" said Rossini with an expression of countenance like that of a man to whom some incomprehensible question has been addressed, by mistake.

"The thirtieth of May."

"The thirtieth of May?"

Same pantomime.

"Have you not promised me a new opera to be performed on that day?"

"Ah! I have promised, have I?"

"It is unnecessary to appear surprised!" exclaimed the impresario whose patience was com-

Pletely exhausted. "I have waited patiently, counting upon the extreme facility of production with which heaven has gifted you; but it is impossible to wait any longer, I must have my opera."

"Could not some old opera be re-arranged with a new title?"

"Can you think of such a thing? What will become of the artistes engaged expressly, to perform in a new opera?"

"Fine them."

"And the public?"

"Close the theatre."

"And the King?"

"Hand in your resignation."

"All that is true up to a certain point. But though neither the artistes, the public nor the king, himself, could force me to keep even my promise, yet I have given my word, sir, and Dominico Barbaja has never been known to violate his word of honor."

"That makes a difference."

"You will promise me, then, to commence your work to-morrow?"

"To-morrow, impossible! I am engaged upon a fishing excursion at Fusaro."

"Very well," said Barbaja, burying his hands in his pockets; "let us say no more about it. I see the course which remains for me to pursue."

And he went away without another word.

In the evening Rossini supped with a fine appetite and did honor to the good things of the impresario, as if he had entirely forgotten the warm words of the morning. On retiring he directed his servant to rouse him at day-break and have in readiness a boat, to take him to Fusaro; after which he slept the sleep of the just.

On the next day the hour of twelve struck, upon the five hundred clocks of the happy city of Naples, and Rossini's servant had not yet gone up to his master's chamber. The sun rays pierced through the blinds. Rossini woke with a start and, sitting up in bed, rubbed his eyes, seized the bell-chord and pulled; the chord broke away and remained in his hand. He called from the window, which looked down upon the court, but the palace was as silent as the tomb. He tried the door of his chamber, but the door resisted his efforts it was fastened on the outside! Rossini then returned to the window and shouted, "help, treachery, murder!" and had the satisfaction of hearing echo reply to his cries. There remained but one resource, which was to jump from the fourth story to the ground. To the credit of Rossini it must be said, however, that this idea never, for a moment, entered his head.

After a short time Barbaja showed his cotton

cap at a window of the third story. Rossini, who had not left his window, was tempted to launch a tile at him, but he contented himself with pouring down the most bitter imprecations upon his head.

"Do you wish anything?" asked the impresario in a tantalizing tone.

"I wish to leave my room instantly."

"You can come out when your opera is completed."

"But this is an arbitrary sequestration."

"You may call it arbitrary if you choose, but I must have my opera."

"I will complain to all the artistes and we shall see the result."

"I will fine them."

"I will inform the public."

"I will close the theatre."

"I will go to the king, himself."

"I will hand in my resignation."

Rossini perceived that he was taken in his own nets, and, suddenly changing his tone and manner, said, in a calm voice:

"I take the jest and am not angry; but since your pleasantry has had its course, may I ask when I am to be liberated?"

"When I shall have received the last scene of the opera," replied Barbaja, raising his cap.

"Very well; send this evening for the overture."

In the evening Barbaja punctually received some sheets of music upon which were written in large characters: "*Overture to Othello*." His saloon at the moment when the first parcel from the prisoner was delivered, was filled with performers of celebrity. The new chef-d'œuvre was deciphered and performed on the piano. It was concluded that the composer was not a man but some supernatural being who created at will. Barbaja, whom happiness rendered almost mad, tore the morceau from the hands of the admirers and sent it at once to the copyists. The next day a new parcel was received, labeled, "*First Act of Othello*." This, also, was sent, immediately, to the copyists, who performed their duty with that mute and passive obedience to which Barbaja had accustomed them. In three days the whole of *Othello* had been delivered and copied.

The impresario was overwhelmed with delight. He threw himself upon Rossini's neck, made a thousand sincere and touching excuses, for the stratagem he had been compelled to employ, and begged him to complete his work by attending the rehearsals.

"I will hear the singers repeat their parts at their own houses," said Rossini, with a careless air. "As to the members of the orchestra I

will do them the honor to receive them at my room."

"Very well; my presence is not necessary and I will admire your chef-d'œuvre at the general rehearsal. Once more, I pray you to pardon me for the course I have pursued."

"Not a word more of that or I shall be offended."

"We shall meet at the general rehearsal?"

"Yes; at the general rehearsal."

The day of the general rehearsal arrived, at last; it was the one before the notable thirtieth of May, which had been the cause of such a panic to Barbaja. The singers were at their posts, the musicians took their places in the orchestra, and Rossini seated himself at the piano. A few ladies of rank and some privileged gentlemen occupied the boxes. The triumphant Barbaja, radiant with joy, walked up and down the boards of his theatre, whistling with delight.

The overture was played. Applause, almost frantic, shook the roof of Saint-Charles. Rossini rose and bowed.

"Bravo!" cried Barbaja. "Let us pass to the cavatina of the tenor."

Rossini reseated himself at the piano; every one was silent; the leader of the orchestra raised his bow, and they re-commenced the overture. Plaudits, more enthusiastic than before, if it were possible, greeted the conclusion of this morceau. Rossini rose and bowed.

"Bravo! bravo!" repeated Barbaja; "but let us now pass to the cavatina."

The orchestra again commenced and played the overture for the third time.

"All this is very charming," cried Barbaja, becoming exasperated, "but we have not time to remain here till to-morrow. Come, to the cavatina."

But in spite of the injunction of the impresario the orchestra again commenced playing the overture. Barbaja rushed toward the leader, and seizing him by the collar, cried out:

"What the devil is the matter with you?" "You have played the same thing for an hour?"

"Dame!" cried the leader, with a phlegm which would have done honor to a German, "we play what has been given us."

"But, turn the leaves, simpleton!"

"We have turned them all over—there is nothing but the overture."

"What! nothing but the overture?" cried the impresario, growing pale; "there is then, some atrocious mystery?"

Rossini rose and bowed. Barbaja fell motionless into a chair. The prima donna, the tenor and every body, pressed around him. For a

moment he seemed to have suffered a stroke of apoplexy. Rossini grieved that his pleasantry had taken such a serious turn, approached him with much uneasiness. But, at the sight of him, Barbaja bounded up like a lion, and shouted out in his loudest voice:

"Get away, traitor! or I shall be tempted to commit some excess!"

"Stop! stop!" said Rossini, smiling, "is there no remedy?"

"What remedy, heartless wretch! Is not to-morrow evening the time for the first representation?"

"Could not the prima donna be taken ill?" murmured Rossini in the ear of the impresario.

"Impossible!" replied the latter, in the same tone; she will not consent to draw down upon herself the displeasure of the public."

"If you were to coax her a little?"

"It would be useless. You do not know La Colbron."

"I thought you were on the best terms with her."

"The greater reason why such an application would not succeed."

"Will you permit me to make the attempt?"

"Do as you like; but I forewarn you that it will be lost time."

"Perhaps."

"On the following day a notice appeared, stating that the first representation of the opera of Othello, at the Saint Charles theatre, was postponed on account of the indisposition of the prima donna.

Eight days after, the opera of Othello was performed; the whole world is now acquainted with it, and with regard to it, we have nothing more to add. Eight days had been sufficient to enable Rossini to cast the chef-d'œuvre of Shakspeare into oblivion.

After the fall of the curtain, Barbaja, weeping with emotion, sought the master everywhere, to press him to his heart. But Rossini yielding, doubtless, to that modesty which is so becoming in those who have distinguished themselves, had disappeared from the observation of the crowd.

On the next day, Domenico Barbaja rang for his prompter who performed for him the functions of valet-de-chambre, so impatient was the worthy impresario to felicitate his guest upon his triumph. The prompter entered.

"Go and invite Rossini to come down into my apartment," said Barbaja.

"Rossini is gone," replied the prompter.

"What! gone?"

"He left for Boulogne at day-break."

"Gone; without saying any thing to me!"

"I beg your pardon, sir; he left you his adieu."

"Go, then, and ask La Colbron if she will permit me to call upon her."

"La Colbron?"

"Yes, La Colbron. Are you deaf this morning?"

"Excuse me, but La Colbron is gone, too."

"Impossible!"

"They left in the same carriage."

"Unfortunate being! she has become the mistress of Rossini."

"Pardon, your excellency, she is his wife."

"I am avenged!" said Barbaja.

For Arthur's Magazine.

SLIGHTED LOVE.

BY MARY G. WELLS.

H, basely had he played
his part,
With sighs and vows he
won her heart,
And then the priceless
gift disdained,
And cast away as soon
as gained.
She gave the first fond
love of youth,
In all its tender trust
and truth,

And constant as the turtle dove
She dreamed not falsity to prove;
But he of weak and fickle mind,
As changeful as the wavering wind,
No sooner saw his own the prize,
Than it was worthless in his eyes.
His fondness slowly passed away,
He sulk grew colder, day by day,
Till coldness to indifference changed,
And he was totally estranged.
She marked his altered mien with grief,
And sought in silent tears relief;
No anger in her soul was stirred,
She never said one bitter word,
But when her mind the truth confessed,
That love was dead within his breast,
She scorned to keep the *hand* alone,
When all that made it dear had flown,
So bade her heart's fond throbbings cease,

And gave him from his vows release.
Although she sorrowed all the while,
She hid her grief beneath a smile,
And joined the gay ones of the earth,
But, shared not in their careless mirth.
When once 'mid fashion's giddy whirl
She met him with a fair young girl,
Yes, saw him lingering at the side
Of her whom he had made his bride,
The tumult in her bosom told
She loved him fondly as of old.
She knew the world must never see
Her soul's convulsive agony,
So turned away her lovely face
That curious gazers might not trace,
The anguish and the deep despair,
The restless sorrow written there;
And that she might the struggle hide
She summoned all her maiden pride,
And none could ever guess or know
The depth of her bewildering wo.
Long will her stricken spirit mourn,
But silent will her grief be borne,
And time will bring a healing balm
And make her weary bosom calm.
She can forgive, but not forget,
She 'll still look back with fond regret,
And she will go thro' life alone,
Her trust in human faith is gone,
And tho' her heart wear not his chain,
Yet she will never love again.

For Arthur's Magazine.

THE JOY OF EARTH.

BY JAMES HUNGERFORD.

The joy of earth is like the light,
Reflected on a tranquil lake;
A breath of wind however slight,
May serve that imaged beam to break.

A cloud that floats afar in air,
Beyond our very hope to sway;
May cast its gloomy shadow there,
And sweep the brightness all away.

For Arthur's Magazine.

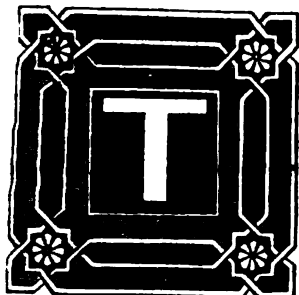
MUSIC—NO. II.

MUSIC FOR THE HEAD.

BY J. T. S. SULLIVAN.

The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus:
Let no such man be trusted.—*Mark the music!*

Shaks. Mer. of Ven. Act V. Sc. I.



THESE were the opinions of the greatest of dramatic poets, to which we most cheerfully subscribe at this day. All enjoyments of natural life are derived from the har-

mony of thought, action, sound or form. What excites pleasure in looking upon the temples of Greece and Rome? The harmony of form, the perfection of proportion. What awakens our admiration in the great orator? The harmony of thought and action; and this harmony of action claims our applause in the beautiful dancer. What arouses our sympathies and the sense of delight when listening to music? The harmony of sound. Words are means used to express thought, but what created the use of such means? When language was in its element, sounds were invented to represent things, and these sounds varied with the thing intended to be described. As society progressed, and the ramifications of communities increased, conventional sounds were created upon to answer the demands of society, and thus language grew up. But these conventional rules have not obliterated the original simplicity of the primeval language. For instance a crash of thunder is a sound representative of the thing itself, and if the savage had his

mind directed to the subject referred to, he would understand the word *crash* from its resemblance to the explosion. This cannot be denied in language, nor will it be denied in music.

Why are we sad when listening to plaintive music? Because the strains resemble the intonations which nature prompts us to use in such a mood. The like may be said of gay, bacchanal, warlike, and sentimental music. So that music is a compound of sounds, whose origin may be traced to the feelings, and to the intonations of voice used to express them. Instruments have been invented to imitate these intonations, as well as to aid in the creation of full harmonies; and the *violincello* is regarded the highest of instruments by many, while others prefer the violin, because its tones approach nearer to human tones than those of any other instrument. These sounds or tones, have been classified and arranged under certain rules, which have been erected into a science, universally esteemed and cherished by all civilized nations.

If music, however, be but a series of sound in imitation of human intonations, why study such a simple art? What good can it do? How can it benefit the mind? We know, when we hear a voice, whether its tones are sweet or harsh, and if sweet, we at once delight in hearing them; if harsh, they produce any thing but pleasurable sensations. There is an answer to this, which I hope to make a convincing one, and which, I trust, will induce many to reverence the science as I do.

If it be granted, that the enjoyments of life depend upon *harmony* in its broadest sense, every thing which tends to sharpen our perceptions of harmony must increase our enjoyments. It is this very perception of harmony which creates the *artist*; it is this very perception which gives to the cultivated mind those stores of pleasures, that tend to rob idleness of tedium, and elevate while they delight. Why do we admire a poem which is perfect? Its parts are harmonious; the thoughts are expressed in appropriate language, and the music of the verse corresponds to the character of feelings awakened. Is it not equally true with all writings, whether of prose or of verse, whether in the dry study of history, or the light reading of a novel? Whether in the sermon, in the oration, or in the conversation of an intelligent mind? Is it not equally true with painting, sculpture, dancing, mechanics and the detail of every day life? Is a face beautiful when the features, though perfect in themselves, are out of proportion to each other? Is a lady well formed whose various proportions, although without fault when examined singly, are at great variance with each other? Is a room well decorated, when the furniture is too heavy for its capacity? Is a man happy when his feelings lack the harmony of contentment? Are not these things all subjects essential to life; on which our happiness is based; and from which, however unimportant they may seem, we derive either pleasure or pain? Why not, then, acknowledge, that the perception of harmony enables one to arrive at it, and, therefore, that every thing we can do which sharpens this perception, is proper to be pursued and studied? Music is not the only science, or study, which can produce this effect; but it is one; and it is to prove this, that I have ventured to take my pen in hand.

Painting and sculpture, oratory, dancing, and writing, whether in prose or verse, as well as music, all require certain natural gifts, which are essential in any one, desirous of arriving at distinction in any of these arts; and so do the various branches of mechanics. Yet it is not necessary to become an artist in order to appreciate the works of art; nor is it essential to be a mechanic to appreciate the full value of mechanical inventions. If we study *harmony*, we shall find at once a power within us, to awaken sympathy with any thing which is the result of *harmony*. The more the mind acquires in this respect, the greater its ability to discover sources of enjoyment; and the more exquisite its pleasure when such sources have been discovered.

There are very few human beings so constituted, but they find pleasure in music. If there be those who do not,

"Let no such man be trusted!"

And why? He has no perception of the beauty of moral consistency. He cannot sympathise with the harmony of the gentler feelings of the heart. He owns no vibrating soul to answer the inspirations of our better natures. He is ignorant of the difference between a "concord of sweet sounds" and a discord, and therefore must be himself a discord of the human family. He owns no responsive spirit to the promptings of our high virtues, and is likely, therefore, to lack principle.

This may sound harsh, but I believe it to be true. It is not necessary to be able to play, sing, nor write music; no! nor even to know any thing of music itself as a science, to escape this ban. The heart must be alive to sweet sounds, must respond to *harmony*, and all is well. It is all that is required for a beginning.

In this respect, music should be cultivated by every one; the minister, the physician, the lawyer, the mechanic, the daily laborer. A love for it leads us to places where music may be heard, and thus secures the mind from indulging in pleasures, not innocent in themselves. The habit of listening to music softens the feelings; makes us familiar with gentle impulses, which always tends to allay the violent passions of our natures; it guides us to a sense of mildness, which smooths the path of every day toil, and soothes the mind in affliction. Music has saved the soul of the murderer, and has hushed the anger of the domestic circle. It is used as a suitable means of worship when we address the Almighty, who is *harmony* and *love*. It is the means used to stir the heart of the wearied soldier, and to win the heart of the blushing maiden. Its strains incite us to merry dances, and call forth the tears of grief in the hour of affliction. If it be useful in nothing else, but in awakening the milder sensations of the heart, then, for this alone should it be cherished, cultivated, and impressed upon our minds, even from infancy.

But there is another use to be made of this fascinating art or science, and one quite as important to the more cultivated, as its first influences are to the rude and ignorant. We have always been told, that the study of mathematics and logic give a system to the mind; they regulate its action; they are the *fly-wheel* of thought, controlling the desire to arrive at a result, by forcing it into a gradual and well balanced progress, and a steady mode of action. For this purpose children are taught geometry and logic. To this end, we learn the higher branches of mathematics. To achieve this object, we are schooled to systems, because it is absolutely necessary to govern the mind. It is the aim of

education. And this very study of mathematics is a study of harmonies, and this *harmony* is the charm of numbers. Now if mathematics are what I have just stated, and their results are desirable, on account of this harmony which balances the mind, then, I also say, that music, as an assistant, is equally valuable. Its construction is mathematical. Its combinations affect the mind in a healthy manner, because they have a greater hold upon our sympathies, than the dry solutions of mathematical problems, which are only interesting after we can appreciate the *harmony* of the science. Music is a good introductory study to mathematics, and I will venture to say, that you cannot find an elevated mathematician who is not fond of music; I do not mean the ballad singing of a self taught school-girl, or of an affected dandy, but music as understood by *connoisseurs*.

To the lawyer music is beneficial. Its influence produces good spirits and a calm, unruffled temper. Anger, pain, and contention, are harsh in their intonations, and require discordant sounds to express them; to these the gentle muse but seldom, and then unwillingly, resorts in descriptive scenes of these passions. The pathos of gentler feelings is her favorite food, and we are, therefore, but rarely forced to listen to these discordant passages; and when they do occur, their contrast but enhances the pleasure of the rest. As these milder and more soothing strains, produce a corresponding result upon the mind and feelings, an habitual familiarity with these soon gives a sympathetic result. This state of the mind and heart enables the counsellor to judge with mildness and mercy, the very essence of justice, and to contemplate dispassionately the rights of persons and things. To the orator it supplies that sensitive ear, which gives a musical, and therefore, a pleasing roundness to his sentences, and a proper, harmonious action to accompany the substance of his thoughts.

To the minister of the gospel how essential is such a condition, when enacting that golden rule of: "doing unto others as you would that they should do unto you?" To him we look for an example of resignation under the ills and evils of our existence; to him we turn for solace, and look for that evenness of temper, that calm of spirit, which religion should produce, and in acquiring which, music cannot fail to lend a most efficient aid. Christian serenity is but the harmony of human passions.

To the physician, whose manners, and whose tones oftentimes have as much influence upon the anxious mind of his patient as his medicines, these soothing influences are alike necessary.

Nor do we assert the importance of music

without high authority to sustain us. Music was held in high estimation by many nations of antiquity, but principally the Greeks. This esteem was proportioned to the power and to the influence ascribed to this art. Their authors exalted it to heaven, and believed it to be the amusement of the gods, and the reward of the blessed.

Plato even went so far as to say, that no change could be made in music, without affecting the constitution of the state. Aristotle, who seemed ever striving to oppose the sentiments of Plato in all things else, agreed with him in this respect, Polybius affirmed, that music was necessary to soften the manners of the Arcadians, whose climate was cold, and whose soil sterile. The people of Cynethia neglected music, and surpassed all the Greeks in cruelty. All exhortations to virtue, divine and human laws, and every thing pertaining to the knowledge of the gods and heroes, and to the lives and histories of illustrious men, were written in verse and sung publicly "in chorus to the sounds of many instruments." We learn, also, from our sacred books, that such, from the earliest times, were the usages among the Israelites, as none more efficacious had been found for impressing on the mind the principles of morality and love of virtue. The ancients regarded music as a language of sound alone capable of expressing such elevated sentiments, and worthy of the exalted subjects they dwelt upon and described.

The Pythagoreans used music as a part of their study, to inspire the heart with laudable actions, and to inflame it with the love of virtue. According to these philosophers, "our soul was in a manner composed of harmony; and they believed they could establish by means of the harmony of sense, the intellectual harmony, and primitive faculties of the soul; that is to say, that which, according to them, subsisted in its pre-existent state before it animated our bodies, and when it inhabited the heavens."

Music, of late, has fallen from this high degree; has lost much of its majesty and power; and we are often forced to doubt the truth of those wonders which it worked, gravely attested by judicious historians and wise philosophers. Yet, this is but natural; for music itself has been abused; it has been degraded to such vile uses, and applied to such trivial ends, that it has become a familiar sound to all ears. Notwithstanding, the art itself in its higher walks, has lost nothing, can lose nothing, of that inspiring influence, which is its essence and its substance, born in the purest feelings of the soul, and reared under the fostering care of refinement, virtue and cultivation.

Some of these wonders of more modern date

may suffice to give an idea of the effects produced by music. Eric, king of Denmark, it is said, was raised to such a fury by music, that he killed some of his best domestics. We beg leave to doubt this, until the superior sensibility of the king over that of his domestics has been proved, else the domestics, if equally susceptible, must have slain Eric. Another anecdote is related by D'Aubigny, who says, that in the reign of Henry III. of France, the famous musician Claude le Jeune, playing at the nuptials of the Duke de Joyeuse, so excited a courtier that he forgot himself so far as to place his hand upon his sword in the presence of his sovereign; but Claude le Jeune, on perceiving this, immediately soothed him again by changing the method of his performance. There are many other anecdotes of such extraordinary effects of music, which are probably familiar to all who may peruse these pages. One of them I will here relate illustrative of a remark herein contained, respecting the rescue of the murderer's soul.

In a remote village of Germany, dwelt a smith, whose skill at the anvil had given him great celebrity. On some occasion he was called to the city for the purpose of testing his strength with a rival. He was accompanied by his daughter, a beautiful peasant girl, whose charms attracted the attention, and elicited the admiration of many of the young butterflies, ever hovering about the court. One of these unworthy scions of a noble house, succeeded in gaining the affections of this girl, and actually ran off

with her. The father resolved upon revenge. He had laid a deep plot for satisfying his bloody purpose. His determination was to slay the young noble, and then to destroy his child. His whole manner had changed after the discovery of the loss of his child, and he was forced, in order to evade discovery, to keep his own council, to mingle with his associates, and calmly await the moment, when he might execute his designed plan. The moment was near at hand. He heard that this young noble was to visit the opera on a certain night. Hither he went, fully bent upon taking his life. Unused to the sounds of such music, and too deeply engaged with his own ends, he turned a deaf ear to the strains of harmony. He searched in vain for the object of his hatred. He saw him not. He now heard some full toned chorus, now the combined notes of the orchestra. The *prima donna* and the first *tenors* came forward to sing a duett. The subject was the loss of a child, which the mother claimed from the hands of her betrayer. The music softened him, the sweet harmony overcame the rude heart of the athletic countryman; his purpose was abandoned, and he fled to his home, unhappy, but saved from the crime of murder.

These remarks have already been extended beyond the limits I had prescribed, and I will now close. Having endeavored to prove the usefulness of music upon the mind and heart, I will in my next, speak of music as understood by masters in the art, and endeavor to show, also, the benefits resulting from its cultivation.

For Arthur's Magazine

YE ARE GOING.

BY D. C. COLESWORTHY.

Ye are going—ye are
going
To the grave;
One and all—the
prince and beggar,
High and low,
Weak and brave,
Fast ye go
To the grave, the
grave, the grave.

Time is flying—time is flying;
O, prepare

For the grave that now is yawning,
Hale in years,
Young and fair,
Fools and seers,
For the grave, prepare, prepare.

Do not linger—do not linger,
By the way,
For apace the Tyrant cometh—
List! his tread,
Night and day,
With the dead
To hurry you away, away.

THE IMPORTANCE OF CHILDHOOD.*

"Childhood! happiest stage of life,
Free from care, and free from strife."



WHEN a little girl, I can remember having two kind hands placed upon my head, and hearing the above lines repeated to me in a sad, regretful tone, by a gentleman who was at that

time unhappy. I half started in surprise, for I had looked forward to maturity, as the period when my various trials were to be ended—when I could do as I pleased without reproof—when unalloyed happiness would be my portion. I thought grown people did not think half enough of trying to make children happy. Such were my thoughts at that time. But after a good romp, when I went into the house and peeped into the parlor, where mother had company, the idea of being obliged to sit up straight in a chair, and do nothing but talk the whole afternoon, made womanhood seem a very unfortunate state.

When we leave childhood in the distance, and become absorbed in the busy game of life, with its pleasures and cares, we are apt to look back upon our earliest and strongest impressions, with a light laugh at their nonsensical simplicity. It

[* Here is another admirable paper from the pen of the author of "School Reminiscences," which appeared in our December number. Let no mother who loves her children, no father who regards the offspring with which he has been blessed, no teacher or governess, fail to read it with thoughtful attention. It is written with graceful ease and artlessness, and comes, evidently from the heart, warm with its liveliest affections.—Ed.]

assists us in the study of character, to cast a glance behind, upon circumstances that occurred when we were incapable of forming a judgment upon them. We can frequently trace out hidden motives in others, of which, at the time, we did not dream. We saw effects, and seldom thought of causes. In remembering how we were generally treated, by those, under whose care we fell at different periods, some knowledge of the world is opened to us. In treasuring up memories of our own impressions, we gain a knowledge of our natural dispositions, unrestrained, and uninfluenced by present circumstances, passions or prejudices.

The only use such knowledge can be, is to induce us to make stronger efforts to curb, and put away the faults that caused us unhappiness, and in our intercourse with children never to excite the evil feelings which were carelessly tampered with in our own case.

Childhood is generally regarded as of too little importance. We seek to know the characters of those with whom we associate, then why should not the turn of a child's mind be heeded by those who have the important duty of directing it as they will? It is the time when man's noblest feelings should be quietly but continually called forth, when we should learn to grow mighty in moral strength. The circumstances which then occur, exert a powerful, although it may be, an imperceptible influence. Through life, the dreams of early days linger unconsciously around us—well would it be, if they always clung to us, with a softening power—if to turn back, were only to remember the mild, yet steadfast eyes, that lit us forward in our heedless path.

I can vividly recall the first morning I went to a regular school. Whips, and frowning faces, were never thought of—all was to be perfectly

delightful. I was about five years old, when these erroneous ideas were indulged in. It was a clear, sunshiny day; and from six o'clock until nine, brother C—and I, were in a frenzy of joyful anticipation. The hour at last arrived. C— put his cap on, and my little pink bonnet, was carefully tied under my chin. We left the house, and walked nearly a block, very demurely, each of us, holding a hand of mother's. But our ecstasy could not long be repressed. We drew our hands away, and bounding forward, ran a race to the school house. We peeped in the windows at a scene, which was intensely interesting to us, until mother came, reproved us for our rudeness, and knocked at the door. Mr. B— opened it to us, and bowed to mother. We went in, and C— and I cast down our eyes, utterly abashed as the great man smiled upon us, patted C—'s head, and took me upon his knee. I was immediately transferred to the female department and fell to the care of Miss B—. She was in no way peculiar, as a teacher. I believe she was kind hearted, but she had no sympathies with children. She never attempted to interest them; to touch in their hearts a chord that would vibrate willingly to love. This was not from want of goodness in herself, but from incapacity to perceive, and adapt her thoughts and feelings to the states of children. If she felt an interest in us, as probably she did, she checked the expression of it. She never treated us as if she were preparing us to become reasonable, and reasoning beings. If she caught a child in the act of telling a falsehood the child was of course, severely punished, and she held forth to us all, the evils of lying. But she never acted towards us, as if she felt implicit faith in our uprightness, as if she thought us *incapable* of telling a falsehood.

We cannot know how far such confidence in our integrity, goes towards really elevating us. Many, many perhaps bitterly remember, how distrust has ground into the very heart, awakening intense anger, and chilling every feeling of goodness and hope. Miss B— gave me one such bitter lesson, which I never forgot, and I turn to it now with feelings of regret. When I was about seven or eight years old, I began to study Olney's Geography. I was thought too young to use a map, and all the first part of the book was skipped over, except a few pages, I was plunged into hard names, which conveyed to my mind no meaning whatever, as my lesson was never explained. Almost every day I had a crying spell over it. I finally wrought my courage up to the highest pitch, after I had missed every word one morning, and asked Miss B— if I could not give up the unconquerable study. I was answered in

a decided negative; and to punish me for the presumption of making such a request, my lesson was extended beyond its usual length. If it was not perfectly learned, the next day I was to submit to a severe punishment. I felt that I was treated unjustly, and it instantly awoke in me a spirit of anger, and determined opposition. We were obliged to recite separately, and our lessons were studied at home. I can recall the far-back, stubborn, unhappy feeling with which I returned from school. A sort of vague plan was formed in my mind. I resolved to study late in the evening, and early in the morning, as long as could possibly be expected of any scholar, and yet I had a secret hope, that in spite of all my labor, I should miss my lesson, and convince Miss B— that it was useless to force me. I had a malicious desire, which sprung from her treatment of me, to disappoint her. At times the thought of the forthcoming chastisement produced a strong effect, and stirred some quivering fears, but combativeness triumphed. The moment tea was over, I took my geography in one hand, my doll in the other, and went by myself, to study. I took the precaution to sit by a window, that I might not lack for amusement. I read my lesson over, fast then slow, sung it to every tune I could think of, read it backwards, then picked out the words beginning with capital letters, at random, and repeated them mechanically, while I gazed out of the window, and took note of every little thing that occurred. When it became dark, I went out of my solitude, and by the light of a lamp, pored over my book. Until nine o'clock, the time I had appointed to give up, I kept my eyes open. How slowly and wearily the minutes passed. And what a feeling of relief it was, when I was once more in freedom.

In the morning I studied an hour or two, then marched to school, in the pleasing consciousness that I was as dumb as ever. I exulted in the thought of telling Miss B— how long I had studied.

"Ah!" thought I, with a glow of triumph, "now my good madame will consent to my giving up geography—to-day will see the end of hard lessons." I felt some misgiveness as Miss B—'s eye fell upon me, when I entered, but the moment she looked away, I tossed my book into my desk. While I was down on the floor, picking up some beads, she approached, unseen by me, and struck her ominous ruler upon the desk, with a loud noise.

"Do you know that lesson, Adela!" she inquired, sternly. I jumped up from my recumbent position, and my heart beat like the ticking of a clock, as I opened the lid of my desk, and drew

forth my book. Before I commenced reciting, I told her very impressively how long I had studied. After listening to the first few words of my lesson and finding I had nothing more to say on the subject, she threw the book aside.

"You have not studied this lesson, as long as you say you have!" she said, eyeing me steadily.

"Oh! Miss B—," I began.

"Hush! not a word," she answered, rising.

"I hav' n't told a story, Miss B—," I implored eagerly. "You can ask my mother."

"Did n't I tell you to be quiet! You have not looked at this lesson more than ten minutes. Don't speak! I know you have not," and she turned away.

I burst into tears; angry feelings rushed like a torrent over me. It was her injustice, that aroused in my childish heart something like a desire for revenge. She walked slowly out of the door, and through the yard, to the boys' department, in order to call Mr. B—. Oh! to have been in freedom then, to have spurned her threats, and to have rushed from that hateful school room, with a laugh of derision—how sweet it would have been to my excited feelings. But I knew if I did so, my passionate whims would not be indulged at home, and the thought of being walked back to school the next day, had a restraining effect. Mr. B— came back with his sister, and they both looked down at me a moment, in solemn silence. Finally Miss B— said,

"Brother, this little girl must be taken into the boys' school, and stay there all day, as a punishment for two things,—first she told me a falsehood, then missed her whole lesson."

I burst into a fresh flood of tears as these cruel words were spoken.

"Yes," she continued, "every boy in school will know how bad she is!"

Mr. B— led me into the male department, and that ridicule might add a sting to what I already suffered, he placed me, with an ill-suppressed smile, between two of the largest boys, and bade them see that I studied all the time.

Ridicule is an ungenerous engine of punishment towards a child; it withers up every warm, frank feeling, and takes away all confidence in the motives by which a teacher may be actuated. It awakens feelings, which can never be indulged in, even by a child, without injury to the deep, kind affections within. A gall and bitterness is imparted, which after actions cannot easily cause to be forgotten.

When I caught the expression of Mr. B—'s face, I suddenly resolved not to look at my lesson, to be perfectly obstinate. For some time, I was so; but then came the tender, relenting state of mind, peculiar to childhood, after every

wrong action and design. I reflected that I was sent to school, by my parents, only for my own good. I thought how much was done for me, which I could never repay, except by being obedient and grateful. I remembered how kindly my mother smiled upon me, when I had done well in any thing, and how much oftener her face was saddened, by my yielding to my temper, heedless of all consequences. These thoughts came, and through my blinding tears, I bent over my book, and attempted to study.

Mr. B— came along, and began to hear me recite, before I had committed one-fourth to memory. He rebuked me sternly, and then placed a high stool in the centre of the room, which he seated me upon, for my old feelings had come back again, and I would not mount it myself. Again I resolved, not to gratify him, by studying. I forced back the thoughts of my late repentance. I tried to forget the gush of regretful feeling that poured upon me, when I thought how my father and mother would be grieved if they could look into my heart. I endeavored to banish every thing from my mind, but the idea that I was treated cruelly and unjustly. The morning passed away, and part of the afternoon. Mr. B— then took pity on me, and sent me back to my own school room, no wiser in regard to my lesson, then when I left it. That wretched day closed, and I hurried home, feeling utterly miserable. My sky of happiness was overcast, I was saddened and exhausted by what I had gone through, and the thought of going back to school, the next day, I dreaded more than can be conceived of. I could have knelt, and prayed with all the warm but simple fervor of a child's unhappiness for a release. I could have given away all my play-things—I could have consented, to have been confined in the house, all day. Any thing would have been preferable, to being again a prisoner, in the school room, under the sharp eyes of Miss B—. I felt as if no one loved me, there!

Affection towards children is never wasted. In after years, it steals upon them, when the cares of life have worn upon the spirit,—when grief has softened it,—from the very depths of our being, there well up, innocent, blessed memories, of earlier times, that chasten our hearts, that reprove us for unkind words, spoken heedlessly to some gentle being. With spirits made better and kinder from such remembrances, we go forth into the field of duty, and more earnestly try to quell all that is unholy within us. Oh! if we could but realize the power that lies in childhood! Its unseen influences wake up in our souls, the angel voices that were well-nigh mute.

Who, that in childhood, has had the tearful eye of a mother, bent for a moment reproachfully upon him, then silently averted, can forget it, when in manhood he enters into the chamber of his own soul and stirs up its by-gone memories! His bosom seems again to quicken its remorseful throb; the repentant tear springs to his eye, as hastily as if the long past scene were present to him—with a keenness of regretful feeling that amounts almost to agony, he bows himself, and the haughty, careless man of the world, weeps alone over his childish days—over the innocence, the kindness, the love that have fled from him. He thinks of hopes, which his wasted years have blighted,—of affection, which his selfishness has ill repaid. He resolves, and re-resolves to be a better man,—his proud heart pours itself forth in silence, and in prayer—the hallowed prayer, which a mother had taught his infant lips to murmur. Such feelings, transitory though they be, exert a holy influence. They prevent man from becoming entirely debased. but they are not to be trifled with, and sinned against, as an idle freak of fancy, in a lighter mood, or they bring a weight of guilt, greater than if they had never been awakened. They are wild, sad, yet rich harmonies, which never descend into the thoughts, except the soul has been softened by sorrow, by sympathy, or perhaps only by a sudden tone of affection. It sometimes requires but little, to touch a chord in the heart, the thrill of which, may last for ever.

Who can recall a kind act, done for him when a child, without a feeling of tenderness, without a desire, to be kind himself to others! How many guilty beings have been arrested in an evil course, by having an apparently slight circumstance, recall his purer years! When this is considered, the importance of always feeling kindly and tenderly towards children, seems to be increased. In the sternest reproofs, they should never see passion or petulance—then remembered tenderness will exert all the restraining power it should.

Once a little incident occurred, which I can never think of now, without a sudden thrill of deep, and tender feeling. It was but a slight thing, and yet the earnest recollection of it, can start a tear in the gayest mood. One afternoon, on returning from school, I found mother upon a sick bed; but her illness was more of the mind than body. She was very, very sad. I began to play alone, in one corner of the room with my doll, and was totally absorbed in my domestic arrangements, when mother called me to her, in a low voice.

"Kiss me, my child," she said, as I stood by

the bed, and her eyes filled with tears. At that moment, I became a woman in feeling, I comprehended for the first time, her sadness and depression—a sadness that sought affection as a relief. I could not define my thoughts, but I felt as if my heart would break, with its sudden weight of emotion. I had my doll on my arm; after a pause she took it, and examined my efforts to dress it.

"You may go to the bureau, dear," she said, "and bring me that blue satin you wanted. I'll help you to make a dress for your doll."

My heart gave a bound of childish gratitude and delight. Her tone seemed to say,

"The power of *conferring* happiness is not taken from me."

The impressions of children are transitory and changeable. My sadness departed as suddenly as it came. As I sat by mother's bedside, and watched her efforts to gratify me, by taking an interest in my little affairs, I was filled with happiness to overflowing. Was it wasting time thus to amuse a child, when no duties interfered? Oh! no. A kind remembrance was to be stored up, which could never be recalled, when childhood's visions had passed away, without a deeper power to soften and benefit.

These things are generally too little thought of by parents; tenderness and playfulness, at the proper season, are no barriers to a firm and judicious government. No dignity is lost by sympathising in the gay, simple feelings of a child—to the worn bosom it brings back its once delightful freshness; it awakens the innocent joyfulness, which care had made to slumber. That heart must be cold, indeed, which cannot be made sunny for a moment, by the glad ringing laugh of a happy child. I cannot believe that a person, who possesses a right warm heart, ever dislikes children. It is out of the nature of things.

I was once under the temporary care of a teacher, who must have had a positive antipathy to children. Not a scholar was young enough to escape a whipping for the slightest misdemeanor. Mrs. N—once sent for her husband to come in the school room, and chastise her little sister for a trifling fault. While she had charge of the school, I begged mother to let me take my brother Willie, who was about three years old, to spend an afternoon. He was delighted, and his bright little face was in a perfect sunshine. When I entered the school room, I felt extremely proud of my precious charge. After taking off his cap, and brushing up his hair, I lifted him on the seat next me, with a great appearance of display. I had finished fidgetting, and had just taken up my spelling book to study quietly, when Mrs. N—came towards me. I did not

suppose it could be in her heart to do any thing but to smile upon him, or to kiss his happy face.

"Here, little boy," she said, taking his hand, and jerking him off the bench, "you must sit with the little children. No, no," she continued as he looked up at me, with a frightened countenance, and then burst into tears, "you can't sit by your sister; come along!"

She led him away, but how different was his low cry, stifled by fear, from the pleasant laugh with which he entered. He was naturally a brave little fellow, and his hearty, independent laugh, as well as his proud self-will, when angry, had always seemed to scorn every thing like submission. His young face was now wet with tears, and I watched with pain its sad, quelled expression, as he followed, with his eyes, all Mrs. N——'s motions. Occasionally he looked over to me imploringly, but I could only try to smile upon him. It was not long, however, before he became accustomed to his situation. I soon heard his voice in a whisper, then, in a moment, he forgot himself, and his shouting laugh broke forth as free as ever. The sound startled us all. He sprang from his seat with a loud "hurra," and chased after a marble, as it rolled on before him.

"Willie, Willie!" I whispered, half starting from my seat, and glancing deprecatingly at Mrs. N——. He looked at me with a gay laugh, but when he saw me point at the teacher, he hurried back to his seat, with a sobered countenance. While he was endeavoring to get up on the bench, Mrs. N—— approached him, and struck him twice with her ruler, then lifted him up on the seat, in a harsh manner. He burst into tears, and put out his little hand to come to me. But Mrs. N—— would not permit such an indulgence. The scholars looked first at him, then at me, with pity and sympathy on their faces. There could not have been a child present, who did not feel an awakened hatred towards Mrs. N——, which must have destroyed all the influence she might have exerted for good.

I felt the hot, indignant color mount to my forehead, and I could almost hear the beating of my heart, as I turned away, and leaned over my book, upon which the tears fell fast. And yet Mrs. N—— was universally regarded as a very excellent woman; she was a pattern of neatness, and, out of school, her manners were quiet and dignified. She was not passionate, but, spite of her commendations I have heard pronounced upon her by other people, I cannot change the conviction forced upon me when a child, which was, that she was very cold-hearted. Her severity seemed systematic, like every thing else that concerned her. I cannot think of a person, as

much respected as she was, who ever appeared to me to possess less feeling, and more cold, quiet, selfishness.

Johnson has made the remark, that we cannot judge impartially of any thing in which we may ourselves have been concerned. I do not entirely agree with this. But it may be, that the aversion Mrs. N—— excited in me towards herself, caused me to exaggerate her faults in my imagination, and to blind me to the good qualities she *might* have possessed. I have spoken of her conduct as a teacher, and the impression it made upon my childish mind. The lasting remembrance I have of it, and the strong evil feeling it excited at the time, convince me of what every day's experience verifies, that the manner in which children are treated, produces an abiding effect upon them, for good or for evil. Many are the philanthropic institutions springing up around us, to elevate the debased, and to give society a more healthy, moral tone. Vigorous efforts are being made, by some, to raise our light literature to a standard of high moral worth. Woman has stepped out from her seclusion, and, taking the polluted drunkard by the hand, she bids him hope; and, by kindness, she warms his heart to humanity. The destitute beggar child is led to a home. All this is right, and useful. But we can never see society in the beautiful and perfect form it was designed to be by the Creator, unless we begin at the root of the matter, which is, to place our hopes on the influences of childhood.

Let children live in a healthy mental atmosphere, let them only see kindness, love, and uprightness, and they will go forth in the world, blessing, and making better.

Should wealth, or the rich gifts of intellect cause a mother to commit her children to the care of hirelings? Surely not. She should ever be near, to overshadow their tender spirits with her love, her pure thoughts, her untiring devotion. Simple it may seem, and perhaps many, on whom God has bestowed the noblest powers, may curve the lip in scorn, at the idea of wasting brilliant talents in the nursery. Is it a trifling thing to lay a foundation for every thing that is noble in humanity?—Is it a trifling thing for a mother so to direct the hearts of her children, that, after her earnest cares are done, their influence may be elevating, yet innocent and grateful as the breath of spring's earliest and sweetest flowers? Is it a trifling thing to point a human soul forever onward and upward? No earthly task is so heaven-born in its greatness.

The influences of childhood cannot be what they should, unless a regenerating work is going on in the hearts of those whose office it is to instruct and guide. Children must see, in their

parents and teachers, earnest efforts to do right, spite of every obstacle. Otherwise, precepts are of little avail. They must see no shrinking feelings yielded to, when the stern voice of *duty* speaks. Little matters have more effect upon children, than is generally supposed. Few, very few are the parents who always act a consistent part towards their little ones, in slight matters as well as greater ones. A command is often more rigidly enforced, when it concerns the *convenience* of parents, than when disobedience would be of comparatively little consequence to them. Every time a child is permitted to do what he knows to be wrong, a serious injury is inflicted. Tenderness should not excuse or palliate the evil. Many a deadly blow has been aimed at the well being of a child, by the false tenderness of a kind but misjudging parent. A wavering father or mother very soon becomes the submissive instrument of a child's wishes. Doating love is too often repaid with disrespect and contempt. It

seems most cruel, yet why is it so? Let such parents recall the childhood of their ungrateful offspring. In their own conduct they read their sentence of misery. With bitterness they may say,

"Oh! that I had not yielded to my child, when reason urged me to be firm, and withstand. Oh! that I had looked up to God to strengthen my heart against the blind fondness that destroyed my child."

There is little fear of loving a child too much, or manifesting too much affection, if it be of the right kind. If it be the true, spiritual love, that seeks for ever the soul's best good, through pain, and care, and worn-out feeling, that holy love will struggle on. Heed not the trials that are in the way, the clouds will often break, and the glorious sunlight will stream in from heaven itself upon your own hearts and those of your children.

ADELA.

For Arthur's Magazine.

THE MESSENGER ROSE.*

BY MISS MARY C. DENVER.

O forth as a stranger, my
beautiful rose,
To die in a far distant
land,
I would hasten thee forth
where the dark water
flows,
To one of our own kin-
dred band.
With the language of
beauty and purity fraught,
From the home of his heart thou shalt go,
To breathe in his ear every beautiful thought;
Such thoughts as thou only canst know.
"I have come from the home of my youth," thou
shalt say;
"Where the blue skies are smiling above,
I have left all my own sister roses to-day,
To bring thee a message of love.
Affection's embassy I faithful fulfil,
For this have I hitherward flown;
Affection's memento! ah, cherish me still
When my beauty is scattered and gone.
"I have seen the broad prairie stretch wide from my
sight,
As I gazed on its glory the while,
And a shadow of darkness—a whisper of light,
Passed by like a frown and a smile.
Each voice from the flowery desert seem'd stern
To the music from whence I have come,—
A stranger—uncertain—I long to return
And bathe in the sunlight of home.
"I have come to thee now,—I have come from afar,
From the home of my kindred away,—

I have come from the spot which thy boyhood's proud
star
Has lighted full many a day.
And well do I know what my welcome will be,
Though the exile thou shouldst not retain;
Though broken and lost, I'll remain still to thee,
One link in thy memory's chain.
"The wild prairie flower may gladden thy gaze,
Yet a void will remain in thy heart;
It cannot recall thee thy childhood's proud lays,
Nor voices to memory impart.
That power is mine, and my power 't will be
While the past with the present shall blend,—
Whilst a hope of the past clings in beauty to thee—
To bid each new impulse ascend.
"A mirror of memory in me thou shalt see,
Whence visions of beauty shall start,
And a voice from my pale leaves will whisper to thee,
'I have come from thy kindred in heart.'
O think of them kindly! and let not a thought
Of darkness o'ershadow in gloom;
O think of them kindly! and all unforget
Be the magical music of home.
"And when its sweet influence wins back thy mind,
Where the bright stream of memory flows,—
When her evergreen wreath round thy temples is
twin'd,
Forget not the Messenger Rose.
I have come from the home of thy kindred to-day,
A message of love to impart,
Ah! think of me still, for the blight of decay
Has smitten the bloom of my heart."

* Sent to an absent brother.

For Arthur's Magazine.

THE VISION OF THE ENTHUSIAST.

BY HENRY D. COOKE.



REYMED was an orphan. He had inherited wealth, which brought him friends and the means of intellectual culture. He travelled, observed, and read much. History, science,

philosophy and poetry, yielded him their treasures, and he became not only rich in knowledge, but enthusiastic in his love for it.

Misfortune came, and left him destitute of the means of support, and deserted by the friends who smiled only while fortune smiled. His taste for intellectual pursuits and his love for books, alone remained, and since all else was denied him, he clung to these with increased fondness. Adversity taught him that his *wealth*, and not *himself*, had been the object of respect, and in bitterness he cursed the artificial distinction which society has placed between the rich and the poor. Despising the sycophantic crowd, who, while they had professed to kneel at the altar of friendship, were basely bowing at the shrine of Mammon, he learned also to despise the object of their adoration—wealth.

Books became his only companions, for he found in them that communion of thought which was elsewhere denied him. His love for them became, by degrees, enthusiasm, and, absorbed in this one ruling passion, he looked upon all else as valueless and contemptible.

The labors of the day, from which he obtained a *meagre* support, had long since been closed. The night was far advanced. The dimly burning lamp, gave forth a dying light, while he, gazing from the open casement of his humble apartment, upon the moonlit objects below, unconsciously nurtured his troubled thoughts.

"I am the same moral and intellectual being I was but a year ago. I possess the same energies—the same capacities—the same heart and mind I possessed then; I, *myself*, am unaltered;—but my *fortunes* have changed, and love changed with them;—my friends fled, with my riches, and their contempt came with adversity;—gold purchased that, which the immortal part of me is now too poor to buy! This is the omnipotence of wealth, which rears the gilded castle of modern aristocracy, whose upstart lords, scarcely cleansed from the odor of their shops, look down upon their intellectual superiors! The pride of wealth! contrast it with the pride of intellect! compare the great man of this day, the wealth blown insect of speculating avarice, with the classic nobility of a Cato and an Atticus!—as well compare the mole hill with the mountain!"

Dreymed stood thus, absorbed in gloomy revery, when suddenly the moonbeams entering his casement, converged to a focus of mild light, which, gradually expanding, assumed the outlines of a human form, standing immediately before him. The figure was that of an old man. His locks were grey, his form bending with years, and his voice sepulchral, as if speaking only in the language of the grave.

"I am the GENIUS OF THE PAST," said the strange visitant. "I was born with creation, and know all events of by gone time, even to this silent hour. The history of every nation and individual is recorded upon the wrinkles of this brow, each one of which marks a century gone. Young man, you prize but one blessing, whilst you despise all others. In loving knowledge, you hate wealth; in admiring intellectual greatness, you condemn physical comfort and social enjoyment. Know that no one thing can alone make man happy. Learn that curses are but misused blessings, and that blessings are blessings only, when unperverted. Look with me upon the past."

As the genius ceased, the young man, bewildered, looked around him. He was no longer in his humble chamber, but found himself in magnificent apartments, furnished with all the splendor of wealth. Every appliance of luxury and ornament of taste had been lavishly expended in completing and decorating them.

"This was the home of a rich man," said the mysterious guide. "He toiled from youth to old age, through long years of care, to gain this;—bartering for riches, all other enjoyments;—ease, the companionship of friends, and the pure delights of mind. He gave the vigor of youth and manhood, and all the noble energies of his nature, for gold. He became its possessor; but old age cut off all the means of its enjoyment. his trembling, outstretched arms, cannot woo the embrace of Pleasure—she is for the young,—nor can his riches allure her, for the hand that holds them is withered. Pride alone has come, and he has reared for her this temple"—Groans from an adjoining apartment interrupted the sentence, "Come," he continued, and the next moment they stood at the death-bed of the rich man. They were too late to witness his dying struggles, but they heard him, with his last sigh curse the death that stole him from his wealth.

"You have seen the abuse of wealth, by making it the object, when it was designed only to be the means of happiness, and the misery it brings, when thus perverted from its legitimate use. Now look upon the reverse." The scene changed, as his companion spoke, and Dreyed stood by his side in a commodious and well furnished apartment. It was winter, and a bright fire blazed cheerfully in the grate. The inmates—all members of the same family—were engaged in animated conversation, and the tones of their voices indicated that they were happy. They possessed a competence, and their means of reasonable enjoyment were ample; but the secret of their happiness was,—they appreciated the value of their possessions, and, knowing how best to enjoy them, they were contented, while they forgot not in their own prosperity, the adversity of others. To the poor, they freely gave from their own abundance. The prayers of the lowly children of poverty ascended from many a cot, invoking blessings upon them—and they were answered, too, for the ministering angel of heaven delights to visit the abode of charity, and is never deaf to the invocation of gratitude.

"You now see," said the monitor, "that whether wealth become a curse or a blessing, depends upon the manner of its estimation and use by its possessor. Take an extended view, and you will see it exerting both good and evil

influences, and all depending upon the way in which it is applied. You will find it assisting knowledge in its upward flight towards the regions of truth, its native home; and restraining it to earth by its golden weight. You will see it supporting institutions of learning and of art,—patronizing and encouraging the philosopher, the poet, the painter and the sculptor, by affording them, in part, the means of attaining excellence; you will see it assisting to civilize and convert from paganism hitherto barbarous nations; and in your own country, you will behold it the incentive and reward of industry, and the main spring of enterprize; but look again around you, and observe its influence when turned from these noble objects. It becomes the companion of pride,—the parent of vice,—the fruitful source of a thousand evils—corrupting by its pleasures, and offering its vicious indulgences to gratify youthful passion, which riots, in the accumulations of ancestral avarice, thus often ruining noble minds, and alluring genius, and even sober judgment from their proper sphere. It is not thus with wealth alone. Every blessing may be misused and in turn become a curse, affecting not only individuals, but society and nations. Talent may be prostituted;—political wisdom and power, may become intrigue and tyranny; a democracy may degenerate into anarchy; and thus it is with every element of individual and social happiness;—for happiness, like honey, is composed of sweets gathered from many flowers, and, when exposed to the heat of passion, the compound sours. Even knowledge may be made an instrument of both good and evil. It may refine and elevate individuals and increase the general intelligence, and promote the advancement of society;—but when turned from its proper channels, and when but partially diffused, as in the age of the Inquisition, it often affords the means of gratifying ambition, and of supporting wrong over right through the superior intelligence of its possessor, and the ignorance of others. If you need examples of these truths, the past will furnish them." Thus speaking, he bade the young man look around him. He obeyed, and found himself standing upon one of the seven hills of ancient Rome. On every side he beheld magnificence and splendor,—the trophies of conquests. Upon the Palatine summit proudly sat the imperial palace of the Cæsars, surrounding the sacred shrines of Vesta and Apollo. Opposite was the Saturnine Hill, crowned by the great Capitol, and stretching from base to base of each, lay the Forum Magnum, surrounded by porticoes and galleries. Temples of the Gods, the palaces of the patricians, amphitheatres and triumphal arches rose in con-

fused magnificence, while far above these towered the Coliseum, reared by the compulsory labor of captive Jews and Christians. The Tiber was discernable, winding through the labyrinth of splendid structures, and at intervals were seen the massive bridges which spanned it. Dreyfuss stood absorbed in the view when his companion thus addressed him.

"Nearly fifteen centuries have rolled backward in their course, and you behold Rome—though in her fading glory. Military prowess has made her even more than you see her now. Five centuries ago, she received the homage of every monarch and dictated the laws of every people. But the spoils of conquest have begun to corrupt her. Ambition is supplanting patriotism, and the love of power, is stronger than the love of country. Jealousy has arisen between the governing and the governed, and in her civil strifes, Rome has more than once turned her strength against herself. Learn from her declining glory, that power, wielded by wisdom, is a weapon of defence, but when directed by factious folly, it becomes the instrument which destroys its possessor.—But a cloud darkens the horizon beyond the Ionian Sea. Let us cross," and in a moment they stood upon one of the templed hills of Greece. Darkness rested upon the land.

"Look," said the Genius of the Past, pointing with trembling finger to the white columns of a ruined temple, whose broken masses relieved the dark brow of night. "Look, and read upon those crumbling chronicles of former greatness, the impress of luxury! Twelve hundred years ago commenced the era of this country's glory, when her commerce was perpetually expanding, and her institutions guarded by her free and invincible sons, resisted the assaults of the ambitious Persian, while science, philosophy and poetry found here, amid the varied productions of genius, knowledge and wealth, a congenial home.

"There is a controlling principle," he continued, after a brief pause, "which governs the affairs of men and nations;—that principle is intellectual power. Here in Greece, society, governed by its influence, even though searching for truth amid the unsatisfactory and improbable theories of a fanciful theology, marched with triumph amidst its classic vales and along the banks of its clear streams, adorned with the graces of letters, and embellished with the works of art. Thus Greece became the elysium of intellectual and sensual enjoyments, and all that could gratify the taste, the beautiful and the grand in external nature, and in thought, were developed in their highest perfection. But

Asiatic luxury corrupted her by degrees, and being thus rendered weak, she alternately became the conquest of the Macedonian,—then of the Roman, and now, she calls the Byzantine master. But think not that refinement or wealth, were, in themselves, the cause of the ruin you behold; but rather attribute it to the excess of the one, and the perversion of the other, by which the pleasures of society degenerated into vices, and its elegancies and conveniences into luxury. But let us travel still farther back into the past."

Thus speaking, he again changed the scene, and the two stood upon the broad landing of commercial Tyre. Ships were departing, laden with the richest dyes and fabrics, and returning with precious burthens from every land. The breezes stole fragrance from the spicy cargoes which they wafted towards their destined port, and the blue Mediterranean gently heaved, as if rejoicing in the treasures which floated upon its bosom. The city stretched proudly forth into the sea, mistress of its waves, while from its busy marts arose the bustle of commercial enterprize, and from its thousand palaces were heard the harp and song.

"You behold here," said the guide, "the use, and not the abuse of wealth. Prosperity here holds her court, made rich by commerce, adorned with the fruits of enterprize, and refined by the arts. All classes partake of her favor—not the rich and great alone, but the humble artisan and the hardy mariner, who here find employment, which honestly and amply supplies all their wants. Prize, then, that wealth which you now despise, as not only supporting the magnificence of the rich, but as supplying through them, the wants of the poor.

"Power misused, as you have already seen, assisted to destroy Rome,—refinement, running into excess, enervated Greece; from these two examples, you have learned how the *abuse* of blessings generates curses—now learn, in the scene around you, how the right *use* of them begets prosperity and happiness.

"Behold still another scene of an earlier age."

The young man looked around him. He stood upon the fragrant plains of Asia. No city lifted its gilded spires or architectural domes to reflect the rays of the setting sun, but the gently waving palm, caught upon its spreading top the golden tints, and blushed beneath the caress of the playful zephyrs. The tents of patriarchs and their tribes appeared from the midst of leafy groves. The flocks, which daily fed upon the undulating landscape, were gathered to their folds. The low murmuring of pure streamlets mingled with the soft strains of the evening

hymn, while the smoke from sacrificial altars, rose from each valley and hill top.

The youth gazed, entranced, upon the scene, and then turned towards his companion, who replied to his inquiring look—

"You behold this fair land, as it was in the age of the patriarchs. Learn hence this lesson;—they had neither enough of wealth, to corrupt them, nor of knowledge, to know how to abuse it,—and they were happy."

"Man's first heritage," continued the spirit, "was good, and only good. I saw him when he lost it—I was young then. I beheld him cast forth from his fair possession;—'t was then, that human misery first sprung into life. It has ever since lived upon perverted blessings, and breathed the atmosphere of misused good. All the evils which have afflicted individuals and society are but the offspring of abuse; all the elements of misery were once elements of happiness, the existence of each of which, in certain proportions, was necessary to the perfection of the whole; and hence, all harmonizing together, they produced, in their glorious combination, man's highest bliss. This combination he has destroyed. Selecting certain of its component parts as more worthy of regard than others, he has torn them from their consanguinity, and thus has made them, through long enstrangement, aliens to one another. Their influence and tendency is therefore often antagonistic, when they were designed to co-operate in accomplishing the same great end. Is it strange, then, that man should fail to attain satisfactory happiness, when he makes those means conflict, which should harmoniously unite? or when, despising one, he over-estimates another, and, in pursuing this, neglects the rest?"

"Apply this test to what are conceived to be two of man's greatest blessings,—wealth, and knowledge. The former is useless without the mental and moral culture, which gives the capacity to appreciate, use, and enjoy it properly; knowledge alone, will not feed the starving philosopher, nor will genius warm to life the poet, dying from want; but combine wealth and knowledge, unite physical with mental and moral good, and, harmonizing together, they produce the great result. Assign then, to these and to subordinate means, their appropriate place and value:—use all, for your own good, and the benefit of others, but abuse none,—be contented, if poor, yet not indifferent;—be benevolent, if rich, making your own abundance supply the scanty measures of the unfortunate;—whatever be your sphere in life, strive to discharge its appropriate duties, and you shall gain that which cannot otherwise be obtained—a worthy name,

an upright heart, and a happy lot. Were all mankind to do this, misery would die for want of food,—but look!—the past is a mirror, from which the future is reflected with prophetic truth. Look steadily, and you shall have a glimpse of coming events." The young man was bewildered as the scene gradually changed. The sunshine seemed to grow brighter, and the streams purer;—the trees were greener, and the birds chanted from the leafy boughs, a more joyous song. The zephyrs, laden with melody, were winged with fragrant purity;—nature seemed young, and joyous in her youth. He saw men, too, but he scarcely recognised their semblance to once fallen humanity. They walked with a firmer and lighter step;—their countenances had lost their sad and anxious hue, and joy sat smiling on the brows which care so long had wrinkled. He beheld cities also, in the mellow distance, and lovely villages, and herds and flocks, o'er hill and dale. Nature was before him in all her charms, art in all its perfection, and man, in the plenitude of both, and perfect happiness.

"You behold the dawning glory of the millennium," said the guide, "all blessings are universally and equally diffused, and the only inequality, therefore, between the conditions of men, originates from their mental difference, for all possess the same refined moral feelings. This distinction ever will exist so long as minds are differently constituted. Hence you even now see grades in society. These, however, countenance neither pride in the more elevated, nor abject abasement in the humbler. The members of each, are happy in their own sphere, enjoying, for the present, the highest perfection it allows, and looking forward to a still more glorious destiny where all distinctions are merged in love."

As he finished these words, the scene again changed; the appearance of all around became familiar to the young man, and he recognized several features in the landscape. Many marks of improvement were every where evident.

"You discover," said the spirit, "from this view, that society by a gradual progression, is approximating the happy state which you have witnessed. Civilization is rapidly extending to those nations who have heretofore been farthest removed from its influence,—true religion, knowledge, science and art are becoming more widely diffused;—disputes between nations are no longer settled by the sword, but reconciled by mutual concessions and adjustments; individuals and society, enlightened by all these influences, are beginning correctly to estimate and employ the means of happiness and further advancement; while each class fulfil properly their re-

spective duties, knowing that their different grades are but so many different links in the great chain, and hence that all are equally important to the perfection of the whole.

"This period is in advance of your present existence, yet it is not too early for you to assist in hastening its approach, as far as your own influence extends, by directing the energies you already possess, towards securing your own higher good, and through this, benefiting others. What nobler employment or rank can you desire?"

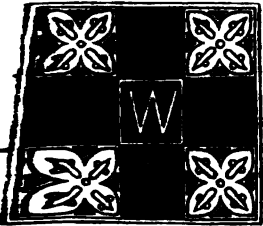
Thus speaking, the spirit moved slowly away. The young man stretched forth his arms, to retain him, but clasped only air. The exertion awoke him. The moonbeams were fading before the gray dawn, and as he looked out upon the misty landscape, he could scarcely believe he had been dreaming.

"Henceforth," he exclaimed, as he threw himself upon his humble couch, "I have an object to strive for, which is worthy of my nature and my destiny—to elevate myself by benefiting others."

For Arthur's Magazine.

LINES.

ADDRESSED TO AN OLD SOLDIER OF NAPOLEON, ON SEEING HIM WEEP WHILE LISTENING TO BUONAPARTE'S "MARCH OF RETREAT."



HAT vision of the past is
thine,
In bleeding Memory's
cup
That thus one simple strain
should call
Its bitterness all up,
In form as palpable as
light
Upon the eastern sky,—

As well defined as pencil lines,
Unto the artist's eye?

Think'st thou of Him! the idolized,
That thus the tear-drops start?
Think'st thou of Him! the worshiped one,
The chieftain of your heart?
One throne he built, dissolved as ice
Before a fiery flame,—
One throne he built endureth, aye,
While France repeats his name!

One throne he built, but built of clay,
It sunk beneath his weight,
And kings and emperors looked on,
With mingled fear and hate.
But one he built of adamant
Within each Frenchman's heart,—
France, he was thine! and thou wert his,—
Ye 'll ne'er be named apart.

"Vive l'Empereur—Français!"
Hath often met thine ear,
To be reverberated back
By hearts that held him dear.
"Vive l'Empereur!" the cry
Hath now a sound of woe;
Thou think'st of what he was and then
Thy burning eyes o'erflow.

Once more Marengo's battle plain
Is ranged before thine eye,
There bloody Austerlitz her bands
Pour forth again to die.
And Jena's crimson eye is red
With slaughter thou hast done,—
The victor's thrilling shouts proclaim
"Napoleon's star hath won."

Thou think'st of him! now wears thy cheek
A proud and happy smile,—
Thou turn'st away! with bursting heart
To think of Helen's isle.
Old soldier! well thine eye at once
Wears mingled shade and gloom,
Thy chieftain's glory 's in thy breast
Bleat with the exile's tomb.

J. C. D.

RUFUS STONE, IN THE NEW FOREST.

WILLIAM the II. usually called William Rufus, it is well known, met with his death from an arrow shot at a deer, by his favorite, Sir Walter De Tyrrel, which struck a tree, and glancing off pierced the king's breast. This tree was long known as the "memorial tree." An account of the laying desolate, by William the Conqueror, of that large tract of country in the western part of Hampshire, now known as the New Forest, and the death of his son, William Rufus, while engaged in hunting on these very grounds, we gave in the first volume of our Magazine, under the title of "The Desolation of Ytchtene; a remarkable passage in the Romance of History."

A celebrated oak in the New Forest was long believed to be the very tree against which the arrow glanced that caused the king's death.

It stood near Strong Cross, at a short distance north of Castle Malwood. Charles the Second commanded this tree to be enclosed with pales; and, formerly, there was a chapel near the spot. At present, neither chapel nor tree remains. In place of the tree, Lord Delaware, about seventy years since, erected a triangular stone, five feet high, and bearing the following inscription:—

"Here stood the tree on which an arrow, shot by Sir Walter Tyrrel, at a stag, glanced and struck King William II. surnamed Rufus, on the breast, of which stroke he died instantly, on the 2d of August, 1100.

"King William II. surnamed Rufus, being slain, as before related, was laid in a cart, belonging to one Purkes, and drawn from hence to Winchester, and buried in the cathedral church of that city.

"That where an event so memorable had happened, might not hereafter be unknown, this stone was set up by John, Lord Delaware, who had seen the tree growing in this place, Anno 1745."

We give a cut of this memorial stone, known as the "Rufus Stone."

For Arthur's Magazine.

FASHIONS OF THE PHILIPINOS.

BY THE POOR SCHOLAR.



HERE is perhaps no colony of European natives about which less is known by the modern civilized world, than the settlements of Spain upon the Philippine Islands. The remote

position of these islands, together with the jealous monopoly of their commerce by the Spanish government renders information concerning them exceedingly scarce, and to the Anglo-Saxon reader, out of the question.

Previous to the final revolution in Mexico (1821), by which Spain lost possession of the country, most of the commerce of the Philippines was carried across the Mexican territory from Acapulco to Vera Cruz and thence to Spain, and was subject to the same general restrictions as the commerce of the New World itself. Indeed it was the seizure of a million of dollars (on the road between Mexico and Acapulco) belonging to the Manila merchants, that enabled Iturbide to act with so much independence in his proclamation of the plan of Iquala. This event occurred so lately as the year 1821. Since that time the commerce of the Philippines has been carried through the Indian Ocean by the Cape of Good Hope, and around Cape Horn. Still however the country remains, like the far famed Japan upon its north, an all but *terra incognita*.

From Spaniards who have visited Manila the chief city of the Philippines, and the head-quarters of the colonial government, we have gained some information about the manners and customs of the natives; some of which to the European and American reader will perhaps appear not only interesting but incredible.

The Philippine Islands lie to the south-east of China Proper, extending on a meridian line from the fifth to the eighteenth degree of north lati-

tude, and forming the eastern boundary of what has been called the China Sea. Although they lie considerably within the tropics, yet their climate is not quite so hot as that of many of the West India Islands. This can be accounted for by the frequent and refreshing showers, which they experience, as well as cool winds that are almost constantly blowing in that part of the Pacific Ocean. Their climate is in short one of the most delightful in the world.

The Spaniards only hold in their possession the shores of the Island of Luzon (the largest of the group), and some other establishments of minor importance; though the population that submits to Spanish rule numbers over two and a half millions of the Malay race, with eight or ten thousand Chinese (from the maritime provinces of China lying opposite the coast of Luzon.) The whole European population does not amount to more than five thousand souls, who have by the force of intellect and superior energy been enabled for centuries to preserve their authority over this vast horde of semi-savages.

Besides the natives who submit to the capitation tax, or tribute levied by the Spanish government, there are two millions of aborigines who are under subjection to various small potentates among themselves. These have not yet come under the sway of the Catholic and Christian religion, (which is the true power that holds their brethren in subjection to the laws of Spain) but still continue in their idolatrous or Mahometan worship. All the natives of the Philippines without distinction, as well those that are under the rule of Spain as those that are independent, make use of tobacco which is grown in the country though of an inferior quality. But in addition to this indulgence they have an irresistible passion for chewing a composition called "buyo" (of whose nature and qualities we shall speak presently). To these charming propensities of the Philipinos, the Chinese add the use of

opium or as they themselves call it, *anfon*, which they both smoke and chew with the greatest gusto. To complete this moral picture of the resources which these people employ for dissipating the cares of life, let us add, that every species of fermented and spirituous liquor known in Europe is here imported and consumed with a profuse regularity, and *arrack* or rice-brandy introduced from Bengal, and made (though illicitly) in the country, meets also with a decent despatch. And in addition to all these, there is still another source of intoxication, a liquor which is distilled from a species of indigenous palm called the *nipa*, and which when fermented takes the name and the qualities of wine. This last is used in the greatest abundance.

The happiness of the natives of this archipelago would be complete, as the reader may have already remarked, were it not that the Spanish government, which generally endeavors to oppose these wicked indulgences of weak humanity, has thought proper to place a heavy duty on their three great luxuries of tobacco, wine and *bonga*, (the principal ingredient of the *bugo*). Not indeed that the said government has the slightest wish to see the use of these articles abolished, but that from them proceed their fattest revenues, as they demand only a very moderate duty of four hundred per cent. upon these articles of consumption, the contraband trade is not very great and the natives are, if not content, at least tranquil, which is as much as the government desires. What a wonderful example is here presented of the power of intellect over mere physical strength. That five thousand Europeans or whites, and these including a proportionate number of females and children, should so long have preserved and still continue to preserve this vast mass in subjection to the crown of Castile, and that too without ceasing to present them with the worst examples. For in fact those provinces that lie at the greatest distance from the capital, in which the only white faces to be met with, are those of the *Alcalde Mayor* (chief magistrate) and the *Cure* of their principal village, are the most free from insubordination, and those in which the tribute tax is paid with most regularity. These things may seem strange at the first glance, but they are not more so, than facts that have been developed upon our own continent, by the Jesuits of Paraguay and the Californians.

The Spanish government in all her attempts at colonization or conquest has made use of the Christian religion, as an available and powerful ally, and in many cases has abused this same source of power. But this chapter upon the Philipinos was begun, for the purpose of noticing

a peculiar fashion or habit prevalent among the natives of these Islands, and extending its influence to the European settlers. The habit we refer to is that of chewing *bugo*, and it is a rare thing to find an individual who exempts himself from this indulgence. *Bugo* is a plant of the vine species, generally known in India by the name of *betal*. It is cultivated in the Philippines in great quantities and is a considerable source of wealth to the agriculturist. Its leaves are broad, plantain-like, of a very light green color, and when chewed afford a slightly piquant taste. As these will not preserve the desired quality from one day to another, it will be seen that in large towns their consumption must be very great.

The venders of the *bugo*, (of whom you are likely to encounter one at every corner) prepare the leaves for chewing in the following manner.

They first extend the leaves of the plant upon a table, cutting it, if it be too broad, into two or three parts, with a sharp knife. Over this leaf, with a wooden spoon they spread a light covering of paste, made of the pulverized shells of a certain marine shell-fish diluted in common water. This cal is exceedingly acid, and will excoriate the mouths of those not habituated to its use, as well as professional eaters, who do not use it in proper proportions. The leaf of the *bugo* being thoroughly imbued with the cal, is rolled up, and then an outer roll or wrapper of *bonga* (the leaf of a species of palm having a nauseous taste, and narcotic qualities) is applied to the roll already formed. In this way a cylinder of several inches in length, with a diameter varying from a quarter of an inch to an inch, is formed. The smallest "*bugos*," and those which are generally used by the aristocracy, are made with the softest *bonga*, and the finest *bugo* leaves, with very little cal; while on the other hand the large ones, preferred by the common people, possess a great quantity of cal, and have more than a fair proportion of the *bonga*.

The *bugos* are always put up in a red colored cartouche, formed from the leaves of the plantain tree, and generally containing from one to two dozen rolls. The price of a cartouche of twelve *bugos* of the smallest kind is about two reals (a quarter dollar). The cartouche itself, made with care, sells for about six and a quarter cents of our money.

Upon the *bonga* (without which the *bugos* could not be fabricated,) we have already stated, that the Spanish government places a very heavy tax. The manner of levying this tax is certainly peculiar, and does credit to the ingenuity of the colonial government. The cultivation of the *bonga* is free to all, but the cultivator must state to the proper functionaries the number of trees

which he possesses, as well as the number which he disposes of at the period of the crop or harvest—upon each tree a certain amount is required by government. If the season has been unfavorable to the growth of his palms the cultivator asks permission to make a fresh account of them, and receive the proportioned reduction. This request is generally acceded to.

The *buyos* are chewed somewhat in the same way, as we, the sovereign people, chew tobacco, only to a far greater extent. In fact as we have stated already, every body masticates *buyo*.

Europeans, just landed, look upon it with the greatest disgust—its taste to them is somewhat like that of eggs in a state of putridity—notwithstanding they soon overcome their dislike, and acquire it is said a more insatiable appetite for it, than the natives of the country.

If two friends or acquaintances meet in the streets of Manilla, and stop for a moment to converse, one of them pulls out a cartouche of *buyos*; the other a case of segars, and they make their mutual offers, the first person who passes perhaps, adds a light, and thus they have all the necessaries for talking, smoking and chewing, three distinct operations which the Filipino perform at the same time without the slightest embarrassment.

“Buyos” are asked and offered as we do cigars only much more frequently. In visits of etiquette cigars and buyos, are presented by the master of the mansion as a thing of course.

In the *tortulias* and *reuniones* (evening parties) of Manilla, a small censer with a piece of charcoal or other substance is constantly kept burning upon the table, and two small salvers one of buyos and the other of cigars are attended by a servant, whose care it is to see that they are always replenished. In the Philippine as in the rest of Asia, it is the custom that no inferior should present himself before his superior with empty hands. The cartouche of *buyos* is the present which is most acceptable, and most likely to make a favorable impression. In the country, where there are no inns nor taverns, the hospitality of the patriarchal times is to be met with—the females, of the family it is true, do not wash the feet of the fatigued traveller (a custom which the use of shoes and horses has rendered unnecessary), but they present him with perfect grace and modesty, the indispensable cartouche of *buyos*.

The lover who would win his mistress' affections—the lady who would gain his—the tradesman who presents his account—the servant who asks for his new year's gift—the “beata” who would flatter her confessor—in short all who desire to introduce or ingratiate themselves with

some one, avail themselves of the cartouche of *buyos*.

The *buyo* has been often used however, as an instrument of cowardly vengeance—as the strong savor which characterises it, will sufficiently conceal the hidden poison. The saliva which is produced by chewing buyos, has the color and consistency of blood. Those who do not chew, should avoid spitting in the presence of the Philipinos, for the white color of the saliva both offends and disgusts the latter.

The following anecdote is told in Manilla. A young physician, just arrived in the country, strolled out one morning to walk upon the Paseo. A little Indian (or native) girl was walking a few paces ahead of him, whom the physician observed to spit out, what he took to be blood. Having examined the saliva, turning it over with his cane, he followed the girl, who continued to spit several times before arriving at her house. The physician entered the door directly after her, and gave orders that she should be immediately put to bed and receive the last unction by the priest.

Trusting to his skill, his orders were instantly obeyed, and the girl in a short time expired from extreme terror. All the city applauded the remarkable skill of this learned son of Esculapius, whose wonderful sagacity had foretold the death of the girl, and his reputation was well nigh established, when some one asked him what signs had enabled him to discover the near approach of death? His answer was that the frequency of her spitting of blood had convinced him, as it might any one, that she could not survive. It need hardly be added that the indignation of the parents of the deceased girl, as well as the reproach and ridicule of the town, made Manilla too hot for the poor physician, and he was glad to leave the country in the same vessel that had brought him out.

The spittoons used are costly and form one of the greatest ornaments of the “Salas” (parlors). The sight of such a multitude of shining vessels, with their trumpet mouths, ranged around the room and between the chairs, is quite interesting to the foreigner.

The *buyo* when masticated is called *xapa*. Some swallow it but most commonly it is not eaten.

It is given by women to their infants, and though at first it causes nausea, it is in a short time relished by the child as much as the most delicate viands.

The greatest kindness that a Philippine “Doncella” can shew to the object of her love is to give the *Zapa* (dar la Zapa) after the manner, that pigeons give food to their young! In honor of the truth however, we must add that, this

exquisite piece of gallantry is not practised in public now with much frequency. "Dar la Zapa" is therefore among the Philipinos, an aromatic expression of much use and meaning. To say that any one "han dalo la Zapa" (has given the Zapa) is to say that he has become reconciled to the person to whom it has been

given. These singular customs of the Philipinos will no doubt, to the American reader, appear singular and incredible. This however we cannot help, we can only vouch for their truth, upon the best of testimony—the testimony of those who have themselves chewed the *bugo*.

For Arthur's Magazine.

FABLES FROM THE GERMAN OF LESSING.

BY THE REV. CHARLES A. SMITH.

THE LION AND THE HARE.

CERTAIN lion
condescended to
form an acquaint-
with a hare. "Is
it true," said the
hare, one day,
"that you lions
are frightened at
the pitiful crowing
of the cock?"

"It is indeed true," answered the lion, "and you will observe that we great animals are generally troubled with some little infirmity. Thus you have probably heard that the grunt of the hog fills the elephant with fear and trembling."

"Indeed!" interrupted the hare. "Ah, now I understand why we hares are so much afraid of the hounds."

THE NIGHTINGALE AND THE HAWK.

A hawk pounced upon a nightingale, saying, "You, whose song is so sweet, must be delightful to

the taste. Was this the language of sneering wickedness or simplicity? I know not. But yesterday I heard a person say: That lady who writes such incomparable poetry must be a charming creature! And this was indeed simplicity.

THE DOGS.

"How degenerate is our race in this country," said a spaniel, who had just returned from his travels. "In that distant land which men call India, there are dogs that deserve the name! You will hardly believe me—but I have seen it with my own eyes—they do not even fear the lion, and do not hesitate to contend with him." "But," inquired a sedate hound, do they also conquer the lion?"

"Conquer!" was the answer—"that I cannot positively say. But only think of the courage it requires to attack a lion."

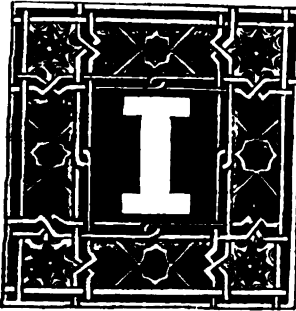
"O," continued the hound, "if they do not vanquish him, then are your highly prized dogs of India no better than we, and much more foolish."

For Arthur's Magazine.

MODERN POETRY.—NO. III.

BY HENRY D. COOKE.

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.



IN a former article we had occasion to remark upon the difficulty with which the public attention is turned from the engrossing pursuit of the *useful* to the light ideal, and the

consequent reluctance with which poetic excellence is acknowledged. To this is partly attributable the obscurity which shrouds the names of so many gifted poets, who might otherwise become bright and shining lights.

We would not here quarrel with public taste nor with the established system of criticism, which often neglects true poetical merit, either by leaving it entirely unnoticed, or by seeking imperfections alone, as if for the pleasure of discovery; for, though the prerogatives of the critic are frequently abused, this abuse is by no means universal, or even general. Of late years, this science has approached nearer the accomplishment of its legitimate object, which is, not to slight the young shoot of genius, upon its first emerging from the common soil of nameless obscurity, with the chill frost of cold contempt, or withering cavilling sarcasm; but, with judicious pruning, to lop the useless or deforming branches from the parent stock, which thus, in process of time and culture, grows into the tall and well proportioned tree.

How many have thrown down the pen, from which often flowed noble thoughts, as they heard the dull cold words of censoring fastidiousness stumbled over a faulty line, while the next stanza, then, perhaps, with some immortal sentiment,

was passed over with indifferent silence! How many, too, of an opposite class, raised to eminence by some freak of the popular mind, have grown giddy from the height on which they were misplaced, and have fallen again beneath the passing notice, even of those to whose blind partiality they owed their temporary elevation!

True criticism should correct both these evils. It should seek neither to praise nor to blame, exclusively. Where it discovers faults, it should unhesitatingly point them out, and prescribe their remedies; where it perceives beauties, it should be equally willing to acknowledge them.

To the class who can justly claim "merit too long neglected," belongs William Motherwell. We would not assert for him the rank of a "planet star,"—the centre of a system, or school; of poetry; we are merely about to assign him that position amidst the satellites, revolving round a still greater sphere, to which, in our own humble opinion, he is entitled.

A refined and discriminating taste is perhaps his most prominent characteristic. His choice of words and rhythm is usually most exquisitely adapted to the subject and sentiment; and though his thoughts are seldom *brilliant* they are frequently bold, at times rising into sublimity as in some of his Scandinavian and other legends. "The Sword Chant of Thorstein Randi," "The Battle-Play of Sigurd," "The Wooing Song of Jarl Egill Skallagrim," the Scandinavian Sea-King, and "Halbert the Grim," from which we shall make a few extracts will furnish examples.

Many of his songs entirely differ in character from the instances above quoted. In some of them, there is a tenderness and pathos, which even infuses itself into his language. "Jeanie Morrison," "Wearie's Well," and "My Heid is like to read, Willie," written in the Scottish

dialect, are instances of this. They are fully equal to many of Burns's most beautiful effusions.

In the selection and treatment of his subjects he manifests great versatility of talent. Our meaning is best expressed by the following clause, taken from the preface to the American edition of his works. "Varied in style and subject, the author seems always at home, and at ease; whether he sings of love or battle, he is equally in spirit; his poetry is the same full stream, whether it flow quietly amid myrtle groves, or foam along a battle field, bearing upon its bosom, a Norseman's fleet. In his Scandinavian poetry, the spirit of an ancient Scald seems in truth, to peal forth. The notes are not those of a soft lute from silken string or silver wire, but are tones wrung from one of their own rude harps, sinew-strung, whose measures are marked by the sword-struck shield, and whose pauses are filled by the shout of the warriors, or the roar of the keel-cleft wave."

Yet with all these *detached* recommendations, there is a want of unity of design in his poetry, considered as a whole, which weakens its general force, and in part, destroys its effect. One is often in doubt, whether to admire the universality of his genius, or to wonder at the singular caprice with which he at one moment chants forth the stirring battle song of the rude Northman, and at the next, hurrying away from the scene of slaughter, and of death, carols forth in some green bower the gentle song of love. All his effusions are poured forth from the fountain of present feeling, and it is this which gives them their warmth, as well as their variety. His harp seems to have been strung with an hundred chords, which echo back wayward notes, responding to the careless touch of an impulsive hand. The reader "irresistibly feels that it is no feigned cry, but the genuine groans of a deeply wounded spirit that he hears in 'O Agony! keen Agony,'—that it is the true sentiment that sighs forth in 'Mournfully! O Mournfully,'—that it is the waywardness of the writer himself that exclaims, 'Sing high, sing low, thou moody wind,'—and his own disappointed hopes that try to buoy themselves up by asking 'What is Glory? What is Fame?'—or talking so resignedly of 'The darkness of a nameless tomb.'" To this impulsive spirit which pervades his lines, is attributable the want of deep thought;—he utters involuntarily whatever he finds demanding utterance from within without stopping to examine it. His poetry *flows* from the fount of passion and feeling, and though it is always "the same full stream," it is never or seldom a deep one. A few

examples will illustrate the various points we have been examining.

We extract the following from "Sigurd's Battle Flag," which according to Northern tradition "carried victory to the party by whom it was displayed, but certain death to its bearer."

X.

"The rivers of yon island low,
Glance redly in the sun,
But roddier still they're doomed to glow,
And deeper shall they run;
The torrent of proud life shall swell
Each river to the brim,
And in the spate of blood, how well
The headless corpse will swim!
The smoke of many a shepherd's cot,
Curls from each peopled glen:
And hark! the song of maidens mild
The shout of joyous men!
But one may hew the oaken tree,
The other shape the shroud;
As the LANDEYDA o'er the sea,
Sweeps like a tempest cloud.

So shouteth fierce Harold,—so echo the Northmen,
As shoreward their ships, like mad steeds are careering."

XII.

"On rolled the Northmen's war, above
The Raven Standard flew,
Nor tide nor tempest ever strove,
With vengeance half so true
'T is Harold,—'t is the sire bereaved,—
Who goads the dread career,
And high amid the flashing storm
The flag of doom doth rear.
'On, on,' the tall Death-seeker cries,
'These earth-worms soil our heels,
Their spear-points crash, like crisping ice
On ribs of stubborn steel!
Hurra! hurra! their whirlwinds sweep
And Harold's fate is sped;
Bear on the flag—he goes to sleep
With the life scorned dead.

Thus fell the young Harold, as of old fell his aires
And the bright hall of heroes bade hail to his spirit."

The following verses from "Jeanie Morrison," are of an entirely different character, and, for pathos are equal to almost any thing the Scottish language can boast, of the same spirit and kind.

"I've wandered east, I've wandered west,
Through mony a weary way;
But never, never can forget
The luvie o' life's young day;
The fire that's blawn on Beltane e'en,
May weel be black gin yule;
But blacker fa' awaits the heart
Where first fond luvie grows cule.

"O dear, dear Jeanie Morrison,
The thochts o' by gane years
Still fling their shadows ower my path,
And blind my een, wi' tears:

They blind my een wi' saut, saut tears,
And sair and sick I pine,
As memory idly summons up
The blithe blinks o' lang syne."

"T was then we loved ilk ither weel
T was then we twa did part;
Sweet time!—sad time! twa bairns at scule
Twa bairns, and but ae heart!
T was then we sat on ae laigh bink,
To leir ilk ither leir;
And tones, and looks, and smiles were shed,
Remembered ever mair.

"I wonder, Jeanie, aften yet,
When sitting on that bink,
Cheek touching cheek, loof locked in loof,
What our wee heads could think.
When baith bent down over ae braid page,
Wi' ae buik on our knee,
Thy lips were on thy lesson, but
My lesson was in thee.

"O dear, dear Jeanie Morrison,
Since we were sindered young,
I've never seen your face, nor heard
The music o' your tongue;
But I could hug all wretchedness,
And happy could I die,
Did I but ken your heart still dreamed
O' by gane days and me!"

The following piece, which we give entire, seems to have been "thrown off" upon the spur of the moment—a moment of disappointment, perhaps, or of despondency, and will illustrate what we have already said, that many of his effusions seem to be but the overflowing of present feelings.

"What is Glory? What is Fame?
The echo of a long lost name;
A breath, and idle hour's brief talk;
The shadow of an arrant nought;
A flower that blossoms for a day,
Dying next morrow;
A stream that hurries on its way,
Singing of sorrow—
The last drop of a bootless shower,
Shed on a sere, and leafless bower;
A rose, stuck in a dead man's breast,—
This is the World's fame at the best!"

"What is Fame? and what is Glory?
A dream,—a jester's lying story,
To tickle feels withal, or be
A theme for second infancy;
A joke scrawled on an epitaph;
A grin at death's own ghastly laugh;
A visioning that tempts the eye,
But mocks the touch,—nonentity;
A rainbow, substanceless as bright,
Flitting for ever
O'er hill-top to more distant height,
Nearing us never;
A bubble blown by fond conceit,
In very sooth itself to cheat;

The witch-fire of a frenzied brain;
A fortune, that to lose, were gain;
A word of praise, perchance of blame;
The wreck of a time-banded name,—
Ay, this is Glory!—this is Fame!"

In a more playful mood our author indulges in such thoughts as the following.

LOVE'S DIET.

"Tell me fair maid, tell me truly,
How should infant love be fed,
If with dew-drops, shed so newly
On the bright green clover blade;
Or, with roses, plucked in July,
And with honey liquored?
O, no! O, no!
Let roses blow,
And dew-stars to green blade cling,"
"Other fare
More light and rare,
Befits that gentlest nursing."

"Feed him with the sigh that rushes
Twixt sweet lips, whose muteness speaks,
With the eloquence that flushes
All a heart's wealth o'er soft cheeks;
Feed him with a world of blushes,
And the glance that shuns, yet seeks:
For 't is with food,
So light and good
That the spirit child is fed;
And with the tear
Of joyous fear
That the small Elf's liquored."

These examples are totally different from each other in spirit and character, and give the reader some idea of the varied choice of subjects, and the corresponding variety of thought and style, which characterizes this author. Yet, notwithstanding this diversity of subjects, he manifests a certain degree of excellence in the treatment of each, which will not allow us to absolutely condemn his selection, though we cannot help thinking that had he confined himself to one class of subjects, he might have reached even higher merit than he has attained. His separate pieces might, indeed, have thus been deprived of the force and feeling of *impulse*, but his poetry, as a whole, would have possessed more tone, and consistency.

William Motherwell was born October 13th, 1797, in the City of Glasgow. He received a liberal education, under the care of an uncle in Paisley, where he afterwards commenced the study of law. At the age of twenty-one, he was appointed Sheriff-Clerk-Depute, at Paisley, a respectable and somewhat responsible situation. In 1828 he edited the Paisley Advertiser a paper of Tory politics, and also the Paisley Magazine, a

periodical of much literary merit. In 1830 he was engaged as editor of the Glasgow Courier,—“a journal of long standing, of respectable circulation, and of the” Ultra-Tory school of politics. He continued to conduct this paper with great ability, until his death, publishing poems occa-

sionally. Intemperance caused a determination of blood to the head, to which he was constitutionally inclined, and after returning from a convivial meeting with some friends, on the first of November 1835, he expired from the violence of an apoplectic stroke.

For Arthur's Magazine.

TRUTH AND INTEGRITY.

BY D. C. COLSWORTHY.

HO will believe it? Sterling
 Truth,
 And firm Integrity,
 Are golden props to active
 youth,
 And make him truly free :
 With these he cannot grovel
 long—
 t, and firm, and strong.

majestic step he goes
 le on through life—
 ling with malignant foes,
 quers in the strife :

No barrier is too high for him—
 Strong in his soul and stout his limb.

The world may look—admire or hate—
 Or censure or approve ;
 It cannot bless, or seal his fate,
 And so he scorns its love :
 Within his breast—the power is there,
 To lead him on above despair.

His aim is high—no low desire
 Prompts him to choose the right ;
 His acts pass through detraction's fire
 Unscathed—without a blight :
 He cannot suffer—for within
 There is no curse from practised sin.

*
 'T is Truth, that burns upon his brow—
 The index of the soul—
 Before which might and talents bow—
 As one born to control :
 'T is Truth that makes him in all eyes
 A prodigy—born of the skies.

Believe—ye who in life's career
 No chilling blasts have seen—
 And let integrity appear,
 With Truth, meek and serene,
 Where'er ye go—whate'er ye do,
 And over earth ye 'll triumph too.

For Arthur's Magazine.

I WOULD BE FREE.

All-Father, from thy
 crowned throne
 down to me ;
 submit my spirit to
 own,
 ld be free :
 my life has been,
 me for Thee,
 et, stained with sin,
 see.

hear the wearied dove
 to rest and peace,
 Onward, still onward to a home of love,
 Where pain shall cease ;

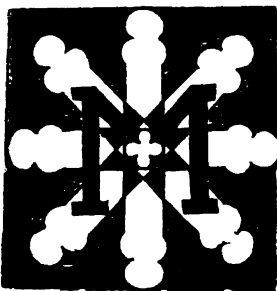
I too would flee away from earth's unrest,
 Would bathe, oh Father, in thy purity ;
 Shadows have built their kingdom in my breast,
 I would be free.

Dreams have controlled me, I would give
 them up
 A sacrifice to thee,
 Would drink most deeply of earth's bitterest
 cup,
 But to be free :
 Make me thy meek disciple, following still
 Along the pathway thou hast trod for me,
 Desolate—lone no more—in good or ill,
 I would be free. H. M.

For Arthur's Magazine.

UPS AND DOWNS.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.



A, who is that girl you have hired to sew?" asked Eveline Marshall, as she took off her things, after having been out all the morning making some visits. Her tone, and the expression of her

face, both partook of the real feeling of contempt that was in her heart for the young seamstress who had been engaged to do some work for her mother.

"Her name is Grace Williams," replied Mrs. Marshall, turning her eyes with a quiet, steady, half-reproving look upon her daughter's face.

"Well—I do n't like her. That I'll say at once."

"You do n't know her, Eveline."

"I know as much of her as I wish to know."

"Have you seen her before?"

"I believe I have. I think she is the same girl I saw once at Mrs. Eldridge's. But I'm not certain. I never notice such persons very particularly."

"What reason have you for not liking her? You have had no opportunity to know whether she possess good or bad qualities."

"She looks too much like a lady for my use."

"Just what I have reason to believe she is."

"That's you, ma; you are always seeing the *id* in this or that seamstress or kitchen maid."

"And the lady may be found in either of these *asses*," was gravely replied.

"I'm too old to believe that doctrine now," turned Eveline, tossing her head, and slightly curling her lip.

"Perhaps, before you die, you may not only find out that it is true, but be very thankful that

even in the humblest walks of life are to be found those who possess hearts of the finest tone. I have often of late, heard you use the word lady in a sense that makes me think you do not rightly understand its meaning. What, in your mind, constitutes a lady?"

Eveline did not reply.

"Do you think money can make a lady?"

"No, I do not. I'm sure Mrs. Eberle is rich enough; but you do n't see much of the lady about her."

"True. If it is not money, then, what is it?"

Eveline was silent. She had some ideas on the subject; but she either could not, or did not wish to express them.

"Does being the wife of a merchant, make a lady?" pursued Mrs. Marshall.

No reply.

"Or a doctor?—or a lawyer?"

"No, not that alone."

"Do n't you think that the wife of a poor man may be as truly a lady as the wife of a rich man?"

"She may be, abstractly; but we do n't find it so in real life. The thing is n't an absolute impossibility; but it is of rare occurrence, if at all."

"Why so?" asked Mrs. Marshall, who wished to correct her daughter's false notions, by causing her to see, in the light of her own mind, that they were false.

"Her condition is not that of a lady."

"Then it is something external that makes this high character. Qualities of mind have nothing to do with it."

"I do n't say that."

"Is it education?"

"Now you are coming nearer to my ideas. But education alone cannot make a lady. There must be birth, education, wealth and the accomplishments these bring."

"What do you mean by birth?"

"I can't answer any more of your questions, ma," Eveline replied, half-laughing, although she was a little vexed; and jumping up from the chair upon which she had seated herself, she glided from the room.

Eveline Marshall was twenty, and a belle. She had been spoiled by going too early into company. In suffering her to associate with women as a woman, before her mind was sufficiently matured, Mrs. Marshall saw that she had erred, but saw it too late. Her daughter was proud and volatile, and had a high opinion of her own consequence. To counteract these qualities, her mother strove hard, but was much grieved to find that she rarely made any good impression upon the mind of Eveline.

The individual whose presence in the family, had caused the conversation just given, was a young woman who was, probably, older than Mrs. Marshall's daughter by two years. She was tall, and slightly made, with a finely formed, intelligent face, and looked, truly, as Eveline had alleged, like a lady.

On the day before, Mrs. Marshall was inquiring of a friend if she knew where she would meet with a good person to sew in the family for a few weeks. The lady recommended Grace, as one who would give satisfaction.

"Who is she?" asked Mrs. Marshall.

"Her father, I have been told, was, formerly, a merchant in our city, who failed in business, and became very poor."

"And now the daughter has to go out and sew for a living?"

"Yes. So it seems."

"Poor girl!" half-sighed Mrs. Marshall, her face growing thoughtful. "Ah me!" she added, "we none of us know what will be the fate of our children. This is indeed a world of change."

"It is. People go up one side of the wheel to-day, and down the other side to-morrow. I think you will be pleased with Grace. She is industrious, and very modest and retiring in her manner."

"No doubt I will. Can you, without inconvenience, send her word that I would like to see her to-morrow?"

"Certainly. I will do so with pleasure."

Mrs. Marshall went home, thinking about the great change that a few years had wrought in the condition of the young girl, and then her thoughts went involuntarily to her daughter Eveline.

"Illy indeed could she bear such a reverse," she said to herself, and then sighed heavily.

On the next morning Grace came, and was very kindly received by Mrs. Marshall, who was

prepared to like her. The girl's appearance inspired her with an instant respect. She was slightly above the ordinary height, was delicately formed, and had a sweet pensive face that no one, it seemed to Mrs. Marshall, could look upon without feeling a sentiment of tender regard. Her manner was slightly reserved, yet self-possessed,—her words few, but well chosen. The directions given by Mrs. Marshall in regard to what she wished her to do, Grace readily comprehended, and was busily at work in half an hour after she had entered the house.

Eveline Marshall, while preparing to go out in order to make a few calls upon gay young friends, passed several times through the room where Grace was at work, but did not speak to her, nor, indeed, seem conscious of her presence. She observed her, however; with what feelings, the reader already knows. She uttered them freely to her mother, after having made her morning calls. A short time before dinner was ready, Eveline sought her mother, and said to her, abruptly,

"You are not going to ask that girl to eat at the first table?"

"Why should I not do so, Eveline?"

"Why not let her eat with the chamber maid and nurse? She is no better than they are."

"So far as goodness of heart is concerned, she may be no better. But her education, habits of thinking, and manner, elevate her, externally, above them; or, to speak more correctly, fit her for the society of those who are well educated, and polished in their modes of social intercourse, Grace is not like Phoebe and Hannah; they would not feel at ease in her society, nor she in theirs. Would it, then, be right for us to do violence to both? I think not."

"Well educated! Polished, and all that! Of whom are you speaking, mother? Not of that sewing girl!"

"Yes. Of Grace Williams. She is all that I have said."

"Who is she, pray?"

"The daughter of one, who, not many years ago, was a wealthy merchant of our city. He lost his property, and died, leaving his family in want."

"And now his daughter goes out as a seamstress! I don't think she can have much respect for the memory of her father?"

"Eveline!"

"Why, mother, how can she respect the memory of her father, if he was a gentleman. Do you think, if I were placed in similar circumstances, any thing in the world could tempt me to do so? No—I would die rather than disgrace

myself. I am sure, I think less of the girl, now, than ever."

"What folly, Eveline!" returned the mother. "You speak without consideration. It is honorable in all to sustain themselves. The failure and death of the father of Grace Williams was something over which she had no control. It did not take from her mind a single ray of intelligence, nor from her person a single grace. She is as she was, a lady internally and externally; and, as such, I cannot but respect her."

But nothing that Mrs. Marshall could say, had any effect upon her foolish child. She at first refused to eat at the table with Grace, and only came because her mother commanded her to do so. A direct parental injunction she would not disregard. But her manner toward the seamstress was so marked, that she could not help perceiving it, nor could she help feeling that it was uncalled for and unkind.

Grace Williams remained in the family of Mrs. Marshall for two weeks, during which time she was treated with the most distant formality by Eveline, and in a manner that was felt to be both unkind and insulting. So much pained was Mrs. Marshall by her daughter's conduct, and so much did she regard the feelings of the poor orphan, that she never again had Grace in her family. She neither wished to subject her to insult, nor to give cause for Eveline's indulgence of feelings so injurious to any who entertain them.

Five years from this time we will again introduce Mrs. Marshall and her daughter. A great change has taken place in that period. Mrs. Marshall is a widow, and poor! The richly furnished mansion has been exchanged for small apartments, where, with a meagre remnant of what was spared to her by her husband's creditors, after his death, Mrs. Marshall has retired. A year sufficed to exhaust the widow's carefully husbanded resources. And now what was to be done? Since this sad downfall, poor Eveline had been in a half paralyzed state of mind. She did not sustain her mother in the least, but, instead, leaned heavily against her. Only for a few times had she been upon the street, and then, on returning home, she cried herself half sick; for, each time she met an old friend who did not feel called upon to recognize her.

Things at length became desperate with Mrs. Marshall. Her money was nearly all gone. In state of deep discouragement of mind she sat day leaning her head upon her hand, with her feet upon the floor. The attitude of her mother arrested the attention of Eveline. She looked at her for some time. The half concealed face was yet clearly enough seen for Eveline to perceive that it wore a most sad expression. For

almost the first time she began to consider her mother—to think of her sufferings instead of her own. The change in her feelings had scarcely taken place, when she perceived a tear slowly stealing down her mother's face. This thrilled her with sympathetic pain. Almost involuntarily she passed to her mother's side, and drawing her arm around her neck, said, while the tears flowed freely over her own cheeks,

"Dear mother! Do not feel unhappy! Let us try to be contented."

Mrs. Marshall started, and looked up in surprise.

"Ah, my child!" she said, after a pause. "I am afraid that I cannot be contented. It is hard with no——" But a sob choked her, and she did not finish the word.

All was silent for a long time. During this silence, the thoughts of Eveline were busy. She felt that she had not regarded her mother as she should have done. That, she should have borne some of the burdens imposed upon them by their new and changed condition. That she should have shared her mother's feelings and confidence. All this passed rapidly through her mind. When she at length spoke, her voice was low and tender.

"Speak out plainly to me, mother," she said, "I have been a selfish creature, until now, brooding over my own disappointments, and dreaming over my own sad condition. I have not felt for you and thought of you as I should. But now I am ready to help you with all your burdens, and take my portion of all your care. Talk to me, plainly, then. Tell me all that troubles you."

So unexpected a manifestation of affection from her child, completely overpowered Mrs. Marshall. She embraced Eveline tenderly, and wept as she drew her to her bosom.

After their feelings had subsided, Mrs. Marshall entered into a free conversation with her daughter, and explained to her that, unless they could devise some means of earning money, they would, in a little while, be without food to eat. Such a revelation shocked the feelings of Eveline deeply, and put to a severe test her newly awakened affection for her mother.

"What is to be done?" That was the oft repeated, but unanswered question.

For two or three days, no means of earning money presented itself. But the necessity of the case required that something should be done.

"I would willingly take in sewing, if I could get it," Eveline said. "But to whom can I go? To some of our old friends? Indeed I cannot do that."

"Not to Mrs. Lamb?"

"O no, mother." And her eyes filled with

tears. "I cannot go to any of our old acquaintances for work. If I must do so, let me go among strangers."

"I do not ask you to go at all, Eveline. But if you can feel it to be right for you to do so, I shall not object."

"I tell you what I have been thinking, mother."

"What, my child?"

"Have you ever noticed the lady who lives in the large house, opposite?—Mrs. Watson?"

"I have seen her at the window and door several times."

"So have I. And I have always thought that there was something good hearted about her. I would rather call and ask her if she could give me some work, than any one I know."

"I believe she would treat you kindly. Her face always looks to me like the face of an old friend."

"I am sure she would. If you approve, I will go over to-morrow."

"I cannot object. We are too closely straightened to hesitate. Go, and may you be strengthened in your path of duty!"

On the next morning, shortly after breakfast, with a trembling and sinking heart, Eveline crossed the street, and knocked at the door of the house opposite. She asked for Mrs. Watson and was shown by the servant into the parlor. In a little while a young, plainly dressed woman, with a gentle smile beaming from her face, entered the room. Eveline rose. Her heart was throbbing violently. She tried to speak; but could not articulate a word.

"Sit down," said Mrs. —, in a mild, encouraging tone. "You wish to see me?"

"Yes, ma'am," said Eveline, after a strong effort to subdue her feelings. "I have called to ask if you had any plain sewing that you wish done? Or, I can do fine needle work."

The lady thought for some moments, and then said.

"I would like some one to come into my family for a few weeks, and sew for me. Are you used to sewing for families?"

The color rose to Eveline's face.

"No," she faintly replied.

"Can you cut and fit plain dresses?"

"No, ma'am. I am afraid I won't suit you. But I should like to try."

There was something in the appearance and manner of Eveline that interested the lady.

"I am willing to give you a trial?" she said. "Perhaps you can do all I shall desire. Where do you live?"

"Directly opposite."

"Ah! You occupy rooms."

"Yes ma'am. My mother and myself."

"Indeed! What is your name?"

Several moments passed before Eveline replied, then she said, in a low voice,

"Marshall."

"Marshall!" repeated the lady with a thoughtful face. And then she looked steadily at Eveline. Her cheek flushed, and her eye brightened.

"You can come, if you feel willing," she said.

"I have no doubt but you will suit me very well."

"When shall I come?"

"To-morrow, if you please."

"I will be over in the morning," replied Eveline, rising.

"Very well. I shall be ready for you."

Eveline turned away and left the house, her bosom oppressed with a heavy weight. She liked the manner of the lady very much. She was kind and talked to her, not as a superior, but with a thoughtful and, it seemed to her, almost tender regard for her peculiar situation.

That night she dreamed sweeter dreams than had blessed her slumbers for months. But, when she awoke, and thought of going out in the capacity of a seamstress, her heart trembled, and sunk in her bosom. Reflection, that wise reflection which misfortune often brings, soon brought back the balance to her mind. She dreaded less to go out, because the lady who had engaged her seemed so kind, and gentle, and considerate. And yet she feared that she might not suit her.

Vividly came up before her mind, at this time, the image of the young girl whom she had despised and rudely treated, years before, because she was a seamstress, and had the air of one above the condition she occupied. And she remembered, that her mother had said, that the father of this very girl had once been a rich merchant, who failed in business, and left his child an orphan and penniless. She felt pained at her thoughtless conduct, and pained for the poor girl whose feelings she must have deeply wounded.

But few words passed between her and her mother, on the subject of her going out. Both shrunk from alluding to it.

While Mrs. Marshall and her daughter sat, silent, at their poorly furnished table, there were seated at breakfast in the stately mansion opposite, the lady who had engaged Eveline, her husband, and a little boy not over three years of age. Each wore a happy look.

"You remember the Marshalls," said the lady, turning her eyes upon her husband.

"Yes. What of them?"

"Did n't Mr. Marshall fail in business?"

"Yes, and died, soon after, not worth a dollar."

"What became of his family?"

"I am sure I do not know. They sunk into obscurity, no doubt, among the thousands who drag on their lives unnoticed and unthought of by the many whose lots are cast in earth's pleasanter places. As for the daughter, Eveline, she deserved no better fate. She was a proud, vain creature."

"No doubt adversity has had a good effect upon her."

"It may have had, Grace. But I doubt it. Adversity found few materials in her to work upon. Do you remember, how, in your days of adversity and trial, she acted towards you, when honorably seeking to sustain yourself by working for her mother?"

"I do. But that has been forgiven long ago."

"But not forgotten by me."

"Dear husband! Do not speak so." Mrs. Watson said, with a deprecating look. "The poor girl has repented of all that, long ago. Life's reverses teach us to think more humbly of ourselves. Do you know, that, Eveline herself, called here yesterday, just after you went out in the morning, to ask if I had any plain sewing to give her?"

"Grace! Is it possible?"

"Yes. Poor creature! She looked deeply dejected, and trembled so that she could hardly speak. Doubtless, it was her first effort to get work."

"Did she know you?"

"I believe not. It is more than probable she has never heard of the poor sewing girl's good fortune, in meeting with one who could love her for herself alone, and who was willing to lift her from her obscurity, and place her by his side."

Mrs. Watson's eyes glistened as she said this.

"She called upon you as a stranger?"

"Yes."

"Did you engage her?"

"I did. Not for her mother's sake could I have felt towards her any resentment. Her mother was in every sense of the word a lady; and, I could see, was pained at the manner of her daughter towards me."

"Strange reverse!" said Mr. Watson, in a rising tone. "Who can tell what a day may bring forth?"

"None of us. And for this, if for no higher reason, we should be considerate of those whose eternal blessings are not so great as our own."

Shortly after breakfast, Eveline came over.

Mrs. Watson received her very kindly. After making a few enquiries about her mother, she gave her some work to do, and left her alone.

Mrs. Marshall could not restrain her tears, as she saw Eveline quietly put on her things, and

go from the room without speaking. She knew that her child's heart was full. That the trial was, well nigh, more than she could bear. She was sitting in a thoughtful mood, half an hour after her daughter had gone out, when there was a tap at the door. She arose and opened it. A familiar face met her enquiring look.

"Mrs. Marshall, how do you do?" And a lady, plainly dressed, stepped in.

The voice and face were those of an old friend. But who was the visitor? Memory was not long at fault.

"Grace!" exclaimed Mrs. Marshall, quickly extending her hand. "Grace Williams! I am glad indeed to see you."

"And I am glad to see you, though grieved that it is not as well with you as it was formerly. But He who tempers the winds to the shorn lamb will not let them visit you, I trust, too roughly. I did not know that you lived here, or I should have been in to see you long ago."

"Do you live near?"

"Yes. Directly opposite."

"You do? In the family of Mrs. Watson?"

"Yes."

"Then you saw Eveline; for she went there this morning."

"I did. Poor Eveline! It must have been a hard trial for her?"

"It was. Did you speak to her?"

"Yes."

"Did she know you?"

"I think not."

"What kind of a woman is Mrs. Watson?"

"I think you know her."

"Me? I cannot remember. Who was she?"

"Before she married, her name was—Grace Williams."

Mrs. Marshall started as if electrified.

"Is it possible? And you are Mrs. Watson?"

"Yes. I was married in less than a year after I was at your house, to Mr. Watson, for whose mother I sewed as I did for you. He was rich and I was poor. But he did not regard the difference. Heaven has blessed me and I am humble and thankful. Truly can I say, that I have been led by a way which I knew not."

Mrs. Marshall was overpowered with surprise. After a brief silence, Mrs. Watson resumed.

"Your considerate kindness towards me while I was an inmate of your house, I have never forgotten. I have often thought of you and often asked about you. With my husband's full approval, I have now called to ask you to become a member of our family. Your experience and wisdom will be invaluable aids to me in the performance of my many duties, and I think that Eveline will not find the tasks imposed upon her

too burdensome. She can have constant employment in my house, so that she need not feel dependent, nor yet be compelled to go from family to family, as I have had to do. I know how hard a trial that is to a sensitive mind."

With a gush of feeling, Mrs. Marshall accepted the kind offer. When Eveline knew the whole truth, she was deeply humbled. But it had a salutary effect upon her. With a quiet, subdued air, she daily performed her allotted duties, seeing clearer every day, and rising into truer rational states. She was not so gay a girl as when dancing in the circles of pleasure, but she

was wiser, and her spirit was calmer. She knew better—far better—the meaning of the word, peace.

A year afterwards she could feel and acknowledge that it was good for her to have been sorely tried. She was more truly happy, because she was acting a useful part in life, than ever she had been before. And here we will leave her. We do not know that she will, like Grace, meet with some rich husband, to lift her back again to her old condition in life. But this does not matter. If she will continue to be useful to others, she will have her measure of happiness in any condition.

For Arthur's Magazine.

LINES ADDRESSED TO A FRIEND **ON BEHOLDING HIM WEEP AT HIS MOTHER'S GRAVE.** **BY LEWIS TOWSON VOIGT.**

"How oft do they their silver bowers leave
To come to succour us that succour want!
How oft do they with golden pinions cleave
The fitting skies, like flying pursuivants,
Against fowle fende to aid us militant!
They for us fight, they watch, and dewly ward;
And their bright squadrons round about us plant."
Spenser's Faerie Queene, B. 2, canto 3.

YE! weep—thy grief
becomes thee—gentle
friend!

Blush not to let that
sacred tribute fall,
Blush not upon thy
mother's grave to bend

In tears dissolved—her
love deserved them
all!

And thank thou God, that now thy conscience reads
Through the recorded past—on memory's scroll,
No words of thine—no thought, no unkind deeds,
To mingle gall with sorrow in thy soul.

Weep—tears befit earth's farewells! and the love
To thee now lost, th' unwearying, anxious, deep;

The love, earth's purest faith, far—far above,
Sealed by the grave, may well claim tears,—then
weep!

Sealed by the grave!—O! may she not be near thee,
Her angel spirit with sweet influence still,
Through darkling paths with holy faith to cheer thee,
And with high hopes and aims thy breast to fill!

If angels truly round our pathway hover,
Their heavenly promptings gently to instil,
Or our faint souls from hell's assaults to cover;
That guardian task may not a mother fill.

Then as through clouds the rainbow smiles, thy spirit
May joy to deem her's hovering by thy side;
Let the glad thought thy drooping soul inspirit.
That still to heaven thy mother is thy guide!

For Arthur's Magazine.

THE POET'S BEAUTY.

BY A. J. H. DUGANNE.

AIDEN! much the poet
loveth

Seraph tones from
woman's voice;
But the gentle soul that
moveth
Bids the poet's heart
rejoice!

When the maiden's
eyes are bending

Starlike on his upturned brow;
'T is the love-rays in them blinding,
Makes the poet's spirit bow!

When his eyes are fondly dwelling,
On the cheek of maiden fair—
'T is the blush he sees, revealing
All the love that slumbers there!

Not in eyes of dazzling splendor—
Not in cheek of roseate hue—
Not in voice with music tender,
Seeks the bard the beauty true!

But the gentle soul that becometh
In the cheek, the lip, the eye—
'T is of this the poet dreameth—
Beauty that may never die!

THE HEIRESS.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

CHAPTER VIII.



ABOUT nine o'clock on the next morning, Doctor Milnor left his house, and walked with a quicker step than usual, toward that part of the town where resided the poor family

that had called him in on the evening previous. The storm that raged so violently through a greater part of the night had passed away, and the sun was shining brightly down from a clear blue sky.

The doctor looked serious and thoughtful as he pursued his way. The incidents of the preceding evening had affected him a good deal. His patient could not, he felt certain, live but for a short time. Disease had taken, evidently, too deep a hold upon his vitals. It was plain, that his wife and daughter clung to him with a most intense affection; that they were willing to bear any privation so that he could be spared to them. And it was equally plain, that death would soon claim his victim.

"Who are they?" he asked himself, as he walked along—a question he had already put more than twenty times. "That Mrs. Grey is a woman of education and refinement. Far better days has she seen. Ah, me! How hard it must be for one like her to bear so great a change!"

With such thoughts passing through his mind, Doctor Milnor walked on, until he found himself at the humble residence of his patient. He knocked at the door, and waited for some moments, but no one came. He knocked louder; still there was no movement within. Lifting the latch he pushed open the door and entered. No one was in the room below. He knocked against the stairs. No one answered. He knocked again—the silence of death succeeded. His heart misgave him that all was not right. Opening the door that enclosed the narrow stairway, Doctor Milnor ascended to the room above, in which, on the evening previous, he had seen his patient. The

truth was soon revealed. On a bed, lay sleeping the sleep of death, the man he had called to see. His wife sat by the bed side, her face buried in a pillow.

She did not stir as he came in. The daughter was lying upon another bed, with her face turned towards the light. It was deadly pale.

For a moment the mind of the physician was bewildered. But quickly recovering his self-possession, he first satisfied himself that life had fled the pulses of poor Grey. He then laid his hand upon the arm of Mrs. Grey, and called her name. Slowly raising her head, she looked up wildly into the doctor's face. Gradually the expression of her countenance changed, as her thoughts became distinct, and she murmured in a tone that was inexpressibly sad—

"Too late, Doctor! Too late!"

"The Lord giveth, and the Lord taketh away," he replied, scarce thinking of the words he was uttering.

The stricken wife did not reply; but the words gave her strength. She arose to her feet, shuddering as she did so, and moved by a similar thought with that which prompted the doctor, passed from the bed of death to that upon which lay her daughter. As she took Anna's hand, the girl started up with a low, affrighted cry.

"What is the matter, Anna?" asked the mother, in a soothing voice.

"Oh, such a dreadful dream! Father! Yes, yes, it is too true!" and clasping her hands together she sunk back upon the bed, and wept bitterly.

"Anna, dear!" said the mother, forgetting for a moment her own deep sorrow in pain for her child. "He is free from his terrible sufferings. We must think of his release, not of our bereavement. Our loss is his gain. Think of that, Anna."

But Anna wept and sobbed, while her whole frame quivered. Nearly ten minutes passed, before Doctor Milnor could get the mother and daughter calm enough to speak with him rationally.

"Let me call in some of your friends, now. You must retire from this scene. Your hearts are already sufficiently tried." The doctor said.

"We have no friends," was the low reply.

"Some of your neighbors," I mean.

"We know none. We are total strangers to all around us."

"I will find you neighbors," the doctor said, leaving the room as he spoke. He went out, and knocked at the door of the adjoining house. An old woman answered the summons.

"Mr. Gray, who lives next door to you, died this morning. Won't you, and some of your neighbors come in and lay him out?"

"Mr. Gray! I thought he would n't stand it long. He's gone then, is he? Ah, well! he's better off I should think. He's kept me awake for many an hour with his dreadful coughing. Oh, yes: I'll come in. Poor souls! How are his wife and daughter? I often thought that I would call in and see them in a neighborly way, but they did n't look as if they had always been poor people, and, somehow or other, it seemed to me, that if I called in it would not be agreeable. I did n't think the poor man was so far gone, or I would have looked in at any rate."

"Then come in with me at once, if you please. Mr. Gray has been dead for some hours, and they have been alone with his body ever since."

"Dear bless me! Is it possible? I will put on another gown, and be in presently."

"No—no. Never mind another gown. The eyes of the wife and daughter are too full of tears to see what you have on. Can't you get a neighbor to come with you?"

"Yes, sir. Mrs. Gordon across the street will come in a minute, I know."

"Then run over for her, won't you?"

"Yes I will." And the kind hearted old woman went quickly across the street. In a few minutes she returned in company with another female, and to these Doctor Milnor left the duty of preparing the dead for burial, while he went to visit a few patients who required immediate attention. After looking in upon these, he called on a benevolent female friend, and related what had just occurred. She promised at once to go around among her acquaintances, and procure money enough to meet all the funeral expenses, and afterwards to visit the destitute and afflicted family.

"If I am not mistaken, they are without food," said the doctor. "Last night I was called in to see the husband and father. I prescribed for him, but they had no money even to buy medicine."

"So poor as that! Something, then, must be wrong with them."

"Nothing more, I think, than being in a strange place, and he to whom they had been in the habit of looking up for support, unable to afford it."

"I will see them at once."

"I wish you would. Good day. I will call upon you again this afternoon."

All that was necessary for the decent burial of Gray was provided by the kindness of strangers. On the day after, he was consigned to the cold earth, and his bereaved wife and daughter, who, almost alone, had followed his remains to their earthly resting place, returned to their cheerless home. There they found, deposited during their absence, supplies of food, clothing, and a small sum of money. The donor had departed.

CHAPTER IX.

AFTER the death of Mr. Gray, his wife and daughter, through the kind interest of Doctor Milnor, were able to get sewing enough from families in the neighborhood to supply all their immediate wants. Sad hearted, but with patience and industry, they worked on, day after day. A few ladies, whose sensibilities had been touched by hearing their story related by the doctor, visited them, occasionally, at first; but Mrs. Gray seemed to shrink with such evident sensitiveness from these intrusions, that they were soon discontinued, and, in one or two cases, with offended feelings on the part of the well-meaning visitors.

"If she is poor, she is as proud as Lucifer," was the remark of one.

"There is something wrong about her," said another.

"I wonder if she were ever married to that man?" was the suggestive inquiry of a third.

"I do n't know. But I feel very sure that she must have done something to cut her off from her family and friends; for any one can see, at a glance, that she has been well educated, and used to moving in refined circles. Perhaps she has married some one beneath her, who has dragged her down to his own dead level in society."

"Nearer the truth, no doubt. But there is no telling."

Thus was suspicion engendered. Its effect was, to make those who had felt in the first instance, interested in the destitute strangers, lukewarm in their cause. At the expiration of a month or two, they found it less easy to procure sewing than at first. This lady and that, for whom they had worked, had nothing more for them to do. Finally, what little came into their hands, was given so reluctantly, and in the form, always, of a favor bestowed, that poor Anna, shrunk from the task of going after it.

"I do n't think Mrs. W— cares about our doing any more work for her," she said to her mother, on coming home one day, with a few coarse garments to make.

"Why not, Anna?"

"She seems as if she do n't."

"Did she say anything?"

"Not very distinctly. But her manner was very cold, and she said something that I could not clearly understand, about their being plenty of people needing work that they know all about."

A shadow flitted over the face of Mrs. Gray. Her lips were tightly closed for a few moments. Then with a composed manner, and a calm voice she said,

"To eat bread earned in this way, Anna, is to eat the bread of charity,—that neither you nor I must do."

Anna made no reply. She laid the bundle she had brought home, upon a table, but did not unroll it. She felt as her mother did—honest and independent. She could work, but not beg; no, nor ask for work that was grudgingly given.

"It's the last lot of sewing they get from me," said Mrs. W—, in a worried tone of voice, as Anna Gray retired with the small bundle of work she had given her. "There are plenty of poor women, that

I know all about, who stand in need of whatever sewing I have to put out. There is something mysterious about these people that I don't see through. Something wrong, depend on it."

An hour afterwards, while Mrs. W— was still thinking about Mrs. Gray, a servant handed in the very bundle she had given to Anna. It was accompanied by a note, tastefully written, and to this effect:

DEAR MADAM.—From something said by you when you gave my daughter the work I now return you, I infer that you did so with reluctance; and, also, that you did not feel sure that we were deserving the privilege of even earning our food by honest labor. Forgive the sensitive pride, that even in extreme necessity, cannot receive any favor not freely bestowed. I should lose my own self respect, were I to do so.

Respectfully, yours,
ANNA GRAY."

Mrs. W— was much annoyed by the contents of this note, and angry at what she called the insulting presumption of the writer, who, she was very certain, was no better than she should be. It was shown to several friends, and commented upon in various forms, in nearly all cases, much to the disparagement of poor Mrs. Gray.

"Some people," remarked Mrs. W—"are like ill-natured dogs, if you pat them on the head, you get your fingers snapped off for your pains."

"One who is really deserving," said another, "is always humble and thankful."

"Like Mrs. Gleeson," added a third. "It is really a pleasure to help her, she is so grateful. She seems as if she would kiss the very ground you stand on."

"How different from this Mrs. Gray," said Mrs. W—. "If what you have to do for her, is not done in a certain way; if the etiquette of charity is not fully observed, she flares up in an instant, and flings your offering back into your face. I guess it's the last favor she gets at my hands, if she starves."

Mrs. W— considered herself a very benevolent woman, and so did many others. She was always active in public charities; but it must be told, that the charities of home were not always strictly observed.

It soon went through the whole circle of ladies who had assisted Mrs. Gray, that she had written an insulting note to Mrs. W— and refused to work for her, because her daughter had misrepresented something or other that had been said. Of course, all were very indignant, and all knew, from the first, that it would turn out just so.

During the week, Anna called on several persons for whom they had worked, but all treated her coldly, and none had any thing to give out.

All this passed without having found its way to the ears of Doctor Milnor. But even he did not remain long in ignorance. Meeting with one of the kind ladies whom he had interested in behalf of Mrs. Gray, about three weeks from the time of the difficulty with Mrs. W—, he said,

"How comes on poor Mrs. Gray and her daughter?"

"I don't know, I am sure," replied the lady, looking serious.

"When did you see her last?"

"I have not seen her for several weeks."

"Indeed!"

"No, doctor. Why, haven't you heard?"

"Heard what, Mrs. —?" asked the doctor, looking pained and surprised.

"How she served Mrs. W—?"

"No. How did she serve her?"

"Why, bless me! I supposed you knew all about it."

"No indeed. I have not heard a word. But tell me. I shall be sorry if I am deceived in that woman."

"Deceived? Yes indeed; we are all deceived. She has acted very badly."

"Tell me what she has done?"

"Insulted Mrs. W— most grossly."

"How?"

"I will tell you. Mrs. W— sent her some work to do, and she returned it with an insulting note."

"Refusing to do the work?"

"O, certainly."

"That is strange. Do you remember the contents of the note?"

"Not exactly; but there was something in it about thanking her to keep her work to herself, if she grudged letting her have it, and all that kind of thing."

"Humph! I will see Mrs. W—."

"Do so, doctor. She will tell you all about it, and show you the note. When you see it you will agree with me, that she ought to be left to come to her senses by a little suffering. Some people in this world cannot bear the least good fortune."

Doctor Milnor called upon Mrs. W— on the same day; heard her version of the matter, and read Mrs. Gray's note. It must be owned, that his impression differed in some respects from that of the coterie of benevolent ladies who had discarded the poor woman.

On the next day, the doctor called to see Mrs. Gray herself, but to his great surprise, found that the house in which she had lived was vacant. On making inquiry next door, he found, that, about a week previously, Mrs. Gray had sold off most of her things, and moved some where up the river.

The doctor went away in a thoughtful mood:

CHAPTER X.

MR. GRAY had lived in Cincinnati, for many years. At one time his circumstances were tolerably good; but a failure in business, and subsequent ill health reduced him very low. A promise of employment led him to remove to Nashville, where he died, leaving his family, as has been seen, in very destitute circumstances.

So soon as Mrs. Gray perceived that the kind feelings awakened in her behalf, were beginning to subside, and that she was actually regarded with

Something like suspicion, she determined to go back with her daughter to Cincinnati, where they were better known, and where she knew that they could at least procure work enough to keep them above want. Having no one to consult on the subject, nothing was said to any one. They sold off such articles of furniture as they did not wish to remove, and with the remnant of their effects, embarked for Cincinnati. No one asked them any questions, and they communicated with no one on the subject.

In Cincinnati, they felt more at home, although the return to that city without the husband and father, who was so tenderly beloved, affected them with an inexpressible sadness. But the necessity of active exertion, and that exertion itself, diverted their thoughts, and buoyed up their minds. They soon found themselves the occupants of comfortable apartments, and with as much on their hands as they could do, although the work they obtained was not very profitable.

Nothing of more than ordinary interest occurred during the winter and spring. The mother and daughter continued to labor on, at work obtained sometimes from the shops and sometimes from families, managing, by so doing to provide for themselves, all they desired, and even to lay by a small sum of money for future contingencies.

Although so poor, as to be obliged to toil with constant industry, Mrs. Gray managed always to have a little time to spare in which she read to Anna, or caused Anna to read to her. Books were obtained from a circulating library at a very small cost; they were usually such as contained information, or set forth right principles for conduct in life. Occasionally a work of a lighter character was procured, as a kind of mental relaxation.

As before intimated, Mrs. Gray was a woman whose appearance and manner indicated one above the station she occupied. There was something of the lady in all her movements. She had evidently been well educated; was intelligent, and polished in her exterior. With Anna, who seemed deeply attached to her mother, she had always taken great pains; and it was gratifying to her maternal pride to see her child growing up, into a modest, graceful, well informed young woman, fit to adorn any circle. Before her father failed in business, Anna had been taught music and dancing, and had taken lessons in French. In all these branches of a polite-education, she had made considerable progress.

Time passed on. Spring came and went, and the summer was nearly gone, when Mrs. Gray was attacked with a prevailing fever, that brought her almost immediately to the verge of death. From this, aided by the wise prescriptions of a skilful physician, she slowly recovered. But it was the middle of September before she could leave her room. On the first day that she ventured forth, she took a heavy cold, which caused a relapse, from which she never recovered. In a few short weeks she sunk into the grave.

Some days previous to this afflictive event, she was in a calmer state than usual. The fever that had continued with a slow, but steady progress the work of destruction, abated. Her mind was clear, her eye bright, her voice firm. The great change filled Anna with hope.

"You are so much better, dear mother. Oh, I hope you will be well soon!" she said.

The mother looked earnestly into the face of her child.

"Anna," she said, after some moments had passed—"I have something to say to you, and perhaps this is the fittest time. I may never recover, and you should know all that pertains to my early history. It may be of use to you. There may still be living those who will love you and care for you, for your mother's sake. I know not that this is so; but, I will tell you all.

"My father was a rich merchant of Philadelphia. I had a twin sister and a brother, both of whom, but especially the latter, I loved with warm affection. Contrary to the wishes of my family, I married your father, whose only fault was, want of wealth, and high family connexions. For this act I was cast off. For a few years, your father and myself lived in Philadelphia, and then we removed to this place. More than twenty years have elapsed since I came to the west. But once during that time did the least tidings from home reach me. It is nearly fifteen years, since I saw, announced in an eastern newspaper, the death of my father. I then wrote to my sister, but got no answer. She may, or she may not be living.

"The manner in which all of my family treated your father, made me indignant. I loved him, and was of a proud temper; I could, therefore, poorly brook contempt when it was cast upon him, and upon me for marrying him. This feeling of indignant pride, estranged me from all who had been dear from childhood.

"But, still there are natural claims as well as relationships. I fear, Anna, that I shall not be with you long. Get your pen and write down the names of Mason Grant, and Joseph Markland. Mrs. Mary Grant, the wife of Mason Grant, if living, is my twin-sister, and Joseph Markland is my brother. Joseph had an excellent heart. I was tenderly attached to him. Oh, I have so often and often wondered how he could rest, if living, without seeking me out. But, hearing nothing from me in so long a time, he has, probably, thought me dead. If ever I should be taken from you, go at once to Philadelphia, and seek out my sister and brother. They will love you, for their sister's sake, I am sure,—they will take care of you. Every one says you resemble me strongly; that will be to them the best proof of your identity. But there is another. Bring me from the bottom of my trunk a small box that you will find there."

Anna brought the box. Her mother opened it, and took out a small, richly set miniature, that the daughter had never seen.

"This is the likeness of my mother," resumed Mrs. Gray. "It was in my possession when I was married, and I have ever since retained it, as a most precious remembrancer of my earliest and happiest days. This, with your strong resemblance to me, will make your statement at once believed. Promise me, then, my child, that if I am taken from you, you will seek out these relations."

Anna promised in a faint voice; but, as she did so, a chilling shudder passed through her frame.

"Oh, do not speak of dying, my dear, dear mo-

ther!" she sobbed, falling upon her neck. "You will not leave me. What shall I do—where shall I go, when you are taken away?"

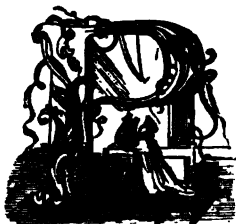
"All will be right, my child," returned Mrs. Gray, in a calm voice. "It will be better for you, I trust, and I shall be at rest."

Anna continued to weep in bitter anguish of spirit. There was something so earnest about her mother, and at times, so solemn, while she had been speaking

to her, that she was deeply impressed with the feeling that a separation was near—a separation for which she was utterly unprepared.

That event was much closer at hand than either the mother or child had supposed. On the next morning she was taken quite ill, and in three days breathed out her last mortal sigh, her head resting on the bosom of her half-distracted child.

EDITOR'S TABLE.



PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE WORLD. BY JOHN FROST, LL.D. — The arts of printing and engraving, are rapidly progressing in this country, to a high state of perfection. Indicating, as this does, an improving taste in the

people, the fact is a gratifying one. The mass, it is true, are still satisfied to obtain a large quantity of reading, for a small sum of money, little caring whether the paper they get be white or brown—the type large or small, or the printing well executed or defective; and the same may be said of the ordinary style of pictorial illustrations.

A picture, with too many, is cared for only on account of the general idea that it conveys. There seems to be nothing in them that can feel delight in the perfection of art which presents nature in its most perfect forms, its minutest shades, and most delicate touches. But there is another class that can and do love all things beautiful, whether in art or nature; and this class is adding to its numbers, daily. For it, the artist labors, and looking upon nature, finds there, the prototypes of all perfection. Every leaf, and bud, and blossom—every spire of grass that springs from the meadow—every tall tree that towers up from the forest—every thing animate or inanimate, when he comes to regard it closely, reveals to him a beauty and order, and perfection that is wonderful. These forms of order and beauty, he reproduces in his imperfect degree, for the delight of all who can appreciate and love them. Succeeding the artist, and coming nearer to the great body of the people, and acting with a broader influence, is the engraver, who reproduces in a lower degree, but with the power of almost infinite multiplication, the works of the former, and sends them forth to all. He comes nearer, as has been said, to the great body of the people, and therefore, he acts with greater power. His use in society is felt more palpably, and appreciated more highly; and yet, he would be powerless, were it not for the painter who stands far above him, and almost unseen by the mass.

Now, just in the degree that the painter and engraver advances towards perfection in their arts, will

be their elevating influence upon the people. If they give us bad pictures, and worse transcripts of them on steel or wood, they will foster a low and groveling taste. But, if they imitate nature, truly, their use in raising the standard of taste, and, in consequence, of refining and ennobling the sentiments, is beyond computation.

Next to the graphic is the typographic art, lower in the scale, but acting with a still broader, and still more wonderful power, because it comes down lower, and appeals at once to the rational faculty of the mind. A picture may not be understood, or be understood only in a general sense; but the art illustrative and most potent of all arts, printing, gives words and sentences; expresses the most varied and minute shades of meaning; conveys pictures to the mind in infinite varieties of combination.

Still, without painting and engraving, printing is often powerless in its attempts to convey correct ideas of forms in external nature, and in art. In their union lies their strength; and in this our day, their union is becoming more and more universal; and still better, in thus uniting, each is becoming arrayed in bridal robes of exquisite beauty. Perfection is aimed at by the printer as well as by the artist. Almost every day books are issuing from the press of surpassing excellence in all that appertains to externals; and this is becoming more than ever true in our own country, notwithstanding that the rage for cheap books seemed for a time to paralyze all the efforts of those engaged in the production of costly, because elegantly printed and illustrated works.

These remarks, which are more extended than we thought of making them when we wrote the heading of this article, have been elicited by finding upon our table the first number of "Frost's Pictorial History of the World," which is to appear in thirty numbers, at twenty-five cents each, and to be embellished with upwards of five hundred historical engravings. The typography and engravings of this number, are, we had like to have said, faultless. The title page is the most beautiful specimen of wood cutting and printing that we have ever seen; at the first glance, almost any one would take it for a steel engraving.

The sale of this work must be very large, for its great beauty and cheapness will make it universally sought after. The designs are all original, and are the work of Mr. Croome, an artist of the finest taste.

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1. *Chlorophyll *a** was determined by the method of Arar and Collins (1971) using a 100- μ l. aliquot of the sample. The absorbance was measured at 663 nm using a Beckman DU-40 spectrophotometer.

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ARTHUR'S MAGAZINE.

MAY, 1845.

For Arthur's Magazine.

THE FIELD AND BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

(See Plate.)



UPWARDS of thirty years have passed, since the eventful day which witnessed the triumph of England, and the downfall of Europe's greatest general. Since then, how changed is the spot

where this wholesale tragedy was enacted! Waving crops yearly cover the wide plain which once shook beneath the rush of conflicting armies. Its brooks, once red and swollen with blood, now flow calmly and clearly in their pebbly beds. The roar of artillery no longer rouses the sleeping echo, from its scarcely undulating surface; the song of the husbandman, and the carol of birds from leafy bowers, are heard instead. A huge mound, raised for the interment of the dead, surmounted by a pedestal supporting the armorial "Lion" of England, a column, and an obelisk at some distance, which have also been reared in commemoration of the battle, and a few scattered, bleaching bones, occasionally turned up from beneath the sod, are all that remain, to mark the spot immortalized by an event which decided the political fate of all Europe. Such is Waterloo Battle-field at the present day.

We find a condensed account of this battle in

the "Encyclopædia Americana," which is so luminous and so exact, that we have determined to extract the principal portion of it, as answering our purpose much better than any thing we could say.

"Waterloo is a Belgic village, on the road from Charleror to Brussels, about ten miles from the latter city, at the entrance of the forest of Soignies. A short distance from this village, occurred, June 18th, 1815, the memorable battle to which Wellington gave the name of his head quarters, *Waterloo*; Blücher, that of the turning point of the contest, *Belle Alliance*; and the French, that of the chief point of their attack, *St. Jean*. After the engagement of Quatre Bras, and in consequence of the battle of Ligny, Wellington had retired to the forest of Soignies, and, June 17th, occupied an advantageous position on the heights extending from the little town of Braine la Leud, to Ohain. Blücher having promised to assist him with all his army, he here resolved to risk a battle.

"The British army was divided into two lines. The right of the first line consisted of the second and fourth English divisions, the third and sixth Hanoverians, and the first corps of Belgians, under Lord Hill. The centre was composed of the corps of the prince of Orange, with the Brunswickers and troops of Massan, having the guards,

under general Cooke, on the right, and the division of general Alten on the left. The left wing consisted of the divisions of Picton, Lambert and Kempt. The second line was, in most instances, formed of the troops deemed least worthy of confidence, or which had suffered too severely in the action of the seventeenth to be again exposed, until necessary. It was placed behind the declivity of the heights to the rear, in order to be sheltered from the cannonade, but sustained much loss from shells during the action. The cavalry were stationed in the rear, and distributed all along the line, but chiefly posted on the left of the centre to the east of the Charleroi cauaeway. The farm house of La Haye Sainte, in the front of the centre was garrisoned; but there was not time to prepare it effectually for defence. The villa, gardens, and farm-yard of Hongomont, formed a strong advanced post towards the centre of the right. The whole British position formed a sort of curve, the centre of which was nearest to the enemy, and the extremities, particularly the right, drawn considerably backward.

"Napoleon had bivouacked, a cannon-shot from the British camp, on the eminence of Belle Alliance. His army consisted of three corps of infantry, two of cavalry and all the guards. It might contain about ninety thousand soldiers.* On the other hand, the combined English and Dutch forces, (Prince Frederick of the Netherlands, having remained at Hall with 19,000 men) amounted to about sixty thousand men. According to Gourgaud's account, Napoleon's design was to break the centre of the English, and cut off their retreat, but in all events to separate them from the Prussians.

"The battle began about noon June 18th, by an attack of the second French battalion, on the advanced post of Hongomont. The wood defended by the troops of Massan was taken by the French but the house, garden, and farm offices were maintained by the English guards.

"About two o'clock, four columns of French infantry advanced from Belle Alliance, against the British centre. The cavalry supported them, but were repulsed by the British cavalry, while the infantry, who had forced their way to the centre of the British position were attacked by a brigade brought up from the second line by general Picton, while, at the same time, a brigade of heavy English cavalry charged them in flank. The French columns were broken with great

slaughter, and more than two thousand men made prisoners. About this period, the French made themselves masters of the farm of La Haye Sainte, and retained it for some time, but were at last driven out by shells. Shortly after, a general attack of the French was made on the squares, chiefly towards the centre of the British. In spite of the continued fire of thirty pieces of artillery, they compelled the artillery men to retire within the squares. The cuirassiers continued their onset, and rode up to their squares, in the confidence of sweeping them away before their charge; but they were driven back by the dreadful fire of the British infantry. Enraged at the small success of his exertions, Napoleon now threw his cuirassiers on the English line between two *chaussees*. They broke through between the squares, but were attacked and defeated by the English and Dutch Cavalry.

"During the battle, several French batteries were stationed only a few hundred paces in front of the English, and the victory began to incline to the side of the French. At this juncture the van of the fourth Prussian battalion, (which the French thought at first to be the corps of Grouchy) under the command of general Bülow, showed itself in front of the forest of Frichemont, on the right flank and rear of the enemy. The battalion had left Wavre the same morning, and animated by the presence of prince Blücher, had overcome all the obstacles of the march. The sixth French corps, hitherto stationed at the reserve of the right wing, was immediately opposed to the Prussians, and a bloody fight ensued. It was six o'clock when this took place.

"Napoleon, meanwhile, when he perceived the attack of the Prussians, instead of diminishing his attacks on the British line, resolved to assail it with all his forces. The second French corps, all the cavalry, and all the guards, therefore put themselves in motion. Wellington quietly awaited their approach, and as soon as the dense columns had arrived within a short distance, he opened so murderous a fire upon them, that they stopped, and were compelled to fire in return. The right wing of the French had also advanced at the same time with the centre, had driven the Massan soldiers from Papelotte, and attacked the Prussians in Frichemont. This movement destroyed for a moment the connexion of the Prussians with the English left wing, and made the situation of affairs at this juncture, critical.

"The sudden appearance of the first brigade of the first Prussian battalion, under general Ziethen, decided the battle. Their arrival had been delayed by a necessary change in their march, and by the badness of the roads. These brave soldiers immediately separated the sixth French

* According to Gourgaud, Napoleon's army amounted to not more than sixty-seven thousand men and two hundred and forty pieces of Artillery. Marshall Grouchy marched on the 17th upon Wavre, with 35,230 men and 110 pieces of artillery.

corps from the rest of the army, and by means of twenty-four cannon brought to bear on the rear of the enemy, put them to flight. At the same moment, the English cavalry had overthrown and dispersed, after a brave resistance, the infantry stationed at La Haye. These troops became mingled at Belle Alliance with those who were pursued by the first Prussian corps; and thus their defeat became complete. The English and Prussians followed hotly and kept up a continued fire.

"The disorder of the French now exceeded all that had hitherto been witnessed. Obedience and order had ceased; infantry and cavalry, generals and servants, soldiers and officers, were mingled in wild confusion; every one consulted only his own preservation. All the artillery and baggage were abandoned. The disorder finally increased to an incredible degree, when Plachenoit was taken by the combined exertion of Hiller's brigade and a part of the second battalion. At Belle Alliance, the victorious generals met. Prince Blücher now ordered a pursuit on the part of the Prussians, with all the disposable troops, under general count Gneisenau's personal direction.

"In Jemappes, which was taken by a sudden attack, the travelling carriage of Napoleon, with his jewels, his plate and other valuables, as well as many military chests, and the rest of the baggage of the French army fell into the hands of the conquerors. Upwards of two thousand cannon, two eagles, and six thousand prisoners, were the trophies of this victory. The whole French army was dispersed and disabled. The loss in killed and wounded amounted to 35,000. Napoleon hastened to Paris. Grouchy, however, returned through Namur, (which the allies had not occupied, and where the Prussians attacked him with a loss of sixteen hundred men) to Laon, by the road through Bethel.

"General Gourgaud, in his *Campagne de 1815* attributes the loss of the battle to the faults committed by marshal Ney; but the ex-prefect Gamut has justified the marshal, by printing the original orders, which did not allow Ney to act otherwise. It is nevertheless true, that Ney caused the cavalry to advance too far. Marchand has also refuted Gourgaud's account.

"Napoleon himself gives two reasons for the loss of the battle: 1. The non-arrival of Grouchy (but Grouchy did not receive till seven o'clock on the evening of the eighteenth, the command, given by Napoleon in the forenoon, to join the right wing of the French); 2. the attack of the mounted grenadiers and the reserved cavalry, without his command and knowledge. Napoleon, as he says himself, was in great personal danger, when the English, towards the end of the battle,

became the assailants, a portion of their cavalry and sharp-shooters came near the place where Napoleon was. He placed himself at the head of a battalion, and resolved to attack and die; but Soult seized his horse's reins, and exclaimed, 'They will take you prisoner, sire, and not kill you.' He, with generals Dronot, Bertrand and Gourgaud succeeded in removing the emperor from the field of battle. Napoleon, however, repeatedly exclaimed, both before and after his arrival at St. Helena, '*J'aurais dû mourir à Waterloo!*'"

The Duke of Wellington is said to have been at a ball in Brussels, given by the Duke of Richmond, when the advance of Napoleon was first made known. This circumstance, and others, preceding and during the great battle of Waterloo, has been the occasion of one of the most sublime and graphic passages in "*Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*." This passage cannot be read too often, and our readers will pardon our quoting it.

"There was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gather'd then
Her beauty and her chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women, and brave men;
A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell
Soft eyes looked love to eyes, which spake again.
And all went merry as a marriage bell;
But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes, like a
rising knell!

Did ye not hear it?—No; 't was but the wind,
Or the car, rattling o'er the stony street;
On with the dance! let joy be unconfined;
No sleep till morn, when youth and pleasure
meet,
To chase the glowing hours with flying feet—
But, hark!—that heavy sound breaks in once
more,
As if the clouds its echo, would repeat;
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!
Arm! arm! it is—it is—the cannon's opening
roar!

Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears and tremblings of distress.
And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago,
Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness;
And there were sudden partings, such as press
The life from out young hearts, and choking
sighs
Which ne'er might be repeated: who could guess
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
Since upon nights so sweet, such awful morn
could rise?

And there was mounting in hot haste; the steed,
The mustering squadron and the clattering car,
Went pouring forward, with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;
And the deep thunder, peal on peal afar;

And near, the beat of the alarming drum
Roused up the soldier ere the morning star;
While throng'd the citizens, with terror dumb,
Or whispering with white lips—"The foe! They
come! they come!"

And wild and high the "Cameron's gathering"
rose!

The war note of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills
Have heard, and heard, too, have her Saxon foes:—
How in the noon of night that Pibroch thrills,
Savage and shrill! But with the breath which fills
Their mountain-pipe, so fill the mountaineers
With the fierce native daring which instils
The stirring memory of a thousand years,
And Evan's, Donald's fame, rings in each clansman's
ears!

And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,
Dewy with nature's tear-drops, as they pass,

Griëving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,
Over the unreturning brave,—alas!
Ere evening to be trodden like the grass,
Which now beneath them, but above shall grow
In its next verdure, when this fiery mass
Of living valor, rolling on the foe,
And burning with high hope, shall moulder cold
and low.

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,—
Last eve in beauty's circle, proudly gay,—
The midnight, brought the signal-sound of
strife,

The morn, the marshalling in arms,—the day—
Battle's magnificently-sterne array!

The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which when
rent,

The earth is covered thick with other clay,
Which her own clay shall cover, heap'd and pent
Rider and horse,—friend, foe,—in one red burial
blend!"

For Arthur's Magazine.

"WOULD I WERE A POET."

BY MISS MARY C. DENVER.

AKE not such wish—
'tis vain as the
ideal,
Which the heart
worships in its
lonely hour;
A shadow, melting
into nothing real,
When sober thought
again asserts her
power.

Make not such wish—thou little know'st the swellings,
Found in the ocean of a poet's life,
Around those pure and delicate indwellings,
That gleam like jewell'd caverns through the strife.

The struggling of strong thought,—the waste of feel-
ing,—

The burning heart, consuming all its own,
And like a stern and wayward spirit, sealing
Its own strange destiny, thou hast not known.
The many waves that cluster'd, spent and wasted,
To be pour'd back into the troubled main;
The cup of sweet affection only tasted,
Ne'er to be pressed between the lips again.

Too much—too dearly loved,—the heart is pouring
Before that shrine, its ev'ry life-throb out,
And from the classic page of mind is storing
Its own with things of beauty or of doubt.
Bright thoughts that float a moment on life's ocean,—
Perchance the eyes that gaze on them are blind,—
Then downward fall with an unconscious motion
Back to the past,—that maelstrom of the mind.

Bright thoughts like glit'ring phantoms, sometimes
cheer us,

And make our world a paradise of love,
Yet sad presentiments are ever near us,
Haunting our footsteps wheresoe'er they move,
That we but toil in vain—that we are burning
Our last lamp out, ne'er to be lit again,
Over an idle page of worthless learning,
Which we, alas! may comprehend in vain.

Tow'rd a far port our bark of life is steering,
Worn in the conflict with each petty wave,
Upheld alone by the vain hope of hearing
A voice of praise when anchor'd in—the
grave.

Vain compensation for a spirit broken,
In a too aimless and uncertain flight,—
A worn out life,—the sure and early token
Of many a weary day and sleepless night.

Too early loved—well may the spirit falter,
When ploughing through the cheerless sea of
doubt,

When thus before the sacrificial altar,
Morn, noon and night, it pours its life-tides out,
Yet not reluctantly, if but relying
Upon the value of the gift it brings,
Its last hopes are, like the sweet swans when dy-
ing,

To make its sweetest song, the last it sings.

Like one high mounted on the funeral pyre,
Bound to the body of the senseless dead;
While far around him rises flames of fire,
And words of dark significance are said.
So stands the poet in his hour of trial,
With none to help him from the funeral pile;
Well knowing that entreaty were denial,
He meets death coldly with a bitter smile.

For Arthur's Magazine.

THE RUINS OF NETLEY ABBEY.

" Fallen pile ! I ask not what has been thy fate ;
But when the weak winds, wafted from the main,
Through each lone arch, like spirits that complain,
Come hollow to my ear, I meditate
On this world's passing pageant, and the lot
Of those who once might proudly, in their prime
Have stood with giant port, 'till, bowed by time,
Or injury, their ancient boast forgot
They might have sunk like thee ; though thus forlorn,
They lift their heads, with venerable hairs
Besprent, majestic yet, and as in scorn
Of mortal vanities and short lived cares ;
E'en so dost thou, lifting thy forehead grey,
Smile at the tempest, and time's sweeping away.

Apocalypse to Netley Abbey.—BOWLES.

VERY thing about
this venerable ruin—
the loveliness of the
landscape,—the quiet
seclusion of the spot,—
the mournful desola-
tion of years,—frag-
ments of sculpture,—
broken crosses, and

consecrated by the remembrance of the time
when they stood proudly defying the storm.

But reality claims our attention to the exclu-
sion of poetic revery, and we must therefore
briefly execute our task.

Netley Abbey, (or, according to Leland's Col-
lectanea, Lettely Abbey, from the Latin, *de Lato*
Loco, pleasant place,) has long been celebrated
as one of the most picturesque ruins in the Old
World. It was founded about the year 1239 by
Peter Roche, Bishop of Winchester. Its first
charter was granted in the year 1207 by Henry
III. in which charter the abbey is called *Eccle-*
sia Sancta Maria de loco Sancti Edwardi,
which gave rise to the English name of Edwards-
tow. But little is known of the establishment for
the first three hundred years after its foundation.
The Monks belonged to the severe order of the

mutilated columns overgrown with envious ivy ;
the solitude of the artificial lakes, overshadowed
by deep forests ;—all these influences acting upon
the mind of the traveller, are calculated to arouse
the imagination, and call up, like phantoms, the
scenes, the events, and the personages, of former
days. No mind possessed of feeling for the pic-
turesque or poetical, can resist the effect produ-
ced by wandering amid these ruins, which seem

Cisterians. The wealth of the establishment seems not to have been great; for, at the time of Pope Nicholas IV. its income was merely nominal. It is even said that they were destitute of a library, and that, about the commencement of the sixteenth century they were possessed of but one book, which was a copy of Cicero's Treatise on Rhetoric. In the year 1537 the place was transferred to Sir William Paulet, by a grant from the King. It afterwards passed through the hands of several of the nobility, some of whom made it a place of residence. About the end of the century it became the property of the Earl of Huntingdon, who commenced the desecration of the old building, by converting the nave of the church into a kitchen and offices.

"There is also a strange story in which he is implicated," says the narrator. "The earl, about the year 1700, or soon after, made a contract with a Mr. Walter Taylor, a builder of Southampton, for the complete demolition of the abbey,—it being intended by Taylor, to employ the materials in erecting a town-house, and other buildings, at New Port. After making this agreement, however, Taylor dreamed, that as he was pulling down a particular window, one of the stones forming the arch, fell upon him and killed him. His dream impressed him so forcibly, that he mentioned the circumstance to a friend (who is said to have been the father of the well known Doctor Isaac Watts), and in some perplexity asked his advice. His friend thought it would be his safest course to have nothing to do with the affair, respecting which he had been so alarmingly forewarned, and endeavored to persuade him to desist from his intention. Taylor however

at last decided upon paying no attention to his dream; and accordingly began his operations for pulling down the building; he had not proceeded far, when, as he was proceeding in the work, the arch of one of the windows, but not the one he had dreamed of, which is the east window, still standing, fell upon his head and fractured his skull. It was thought at first that the wound would not prove mortal; but it was aggravated through the unskilfulness of the surgeon, and the man died. The accident which befell Taylor being popularly attributed to the special interposition of Heaven, saved the abbey from demolition. But the place soon after passed out of the possession of the Earl of Huntingdon, and has since been successively in that of various other families. It was lately the property of Lady Holland, widow of Sir Nathaniel Holland, Bart."

But little of Netley Abbey now remains, except the bare walls. It stands on a gentle elevation which rises from Southampton Water.

The walk from the village of Southampton, is said to be one of enchanting beauty. The abbey itself is embosomed in a clump of oaks and other trees, some of which springing from the midst of its "roofless walls" wave their branches over them.

The buildings seem to have formed, originally, a quadrangular square, which was of considerable extent, being 200 feet in length, by 60 transept of 120 feet long.

Of these, however, little but their traces remain. Thus are disappearing the monuments of ancient times.

For Arthur's Magazine.

THE HEART KNOWETH ITS OWN BITTERNESS.

BY D. C. COLESWORTHY.

WHEN'EER we see a happy face,
How little do we know
Within the heart how large a space
Is filled with pain and wo.

Perhaps a pleasant smile conceals
A pang which none discerns;
And while the brow a joy reveals
The fire of anguish burns.

Oh, could we read the inmost heart—
Its sorrow and its grief—
Back from the smiling face we'd start,
And seek to give relief.

Pity instead of hate would move,
And love inspire the breast;
A thousand times we should approve
When censure is expressed.

For Arthur's Magazine.

THE HEIRESS.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

CHAPTER XI.

IT was impossible for Anna Gray to realize, until after the burial of her mother, the true nature of the loss she had sustained. Death, when at last it came, benumbed for a time her feelings. The shock was so severe, that its effect was paralyzing. But, after the body had been carried to the grave, and the few sympathizing neighbors who attended the funeral had departed, Anna felt a most distressing sense of loneliness and bereavement. This continued for several days. Then, thoughts of what she should do, and where she should go, began to possess her mind, and raise it above a state of brooding melancholy.

The promise she had made to her mother a short time before her death, filial love and duty required her to perform, although her own feelings were altogether opposed. She did not wish to know the relatives who had treated her mother with cruel neglect; who had, in fact, cast her off; much less seek them out and apply to them for support and protection. But, her word had been given to a dying parent, and that word she dared not violate.

With a most unconquerable reluctance, she set about making preparations for a journey to Philadelphia. Not a single person, among the few people with whom she was acquainted, knew any one in Philadelphia, or could give her any information as to where she should go, or how she should act on her arrival in that city. The amount of money that she received from the sale of a few articles of furniture, was barely sufficient, after paying two months' rent, and buying herself some necessary articles of clothing, to meet the cost of her passage up the river and cross the mountains.

"Suppose I cannot find them? What shall I

do in a strange place?" She asked herself on the evening before she started, and shuddered at the question. But she could only go forward and trust that all would come out right in the end.

A man who lived near neighbor, and who had been well acquainted with her father, went with her to the steamboat when she started, and put her under the captain's care, who promised to see her safely in the stage for Philadelphia, immediately on the arrival of the boat at Pittsburg.

No incident worth noting occurred on the passage up the river. At Pittsburg, she was placed by the captain, according to promise, in the eastern stage. After her passage was paid, she had only about three dollars left. She was the only female passenger among nine persons. Her heart trembled when she found herself thus situated; but for this there was no cause. She was treated with the kindest attentions during the whole journey of three days.

It was mid-day when they arrived in the city.

"Shall I get a carriage for you?" asked one of her fellow passengers.

Anna started from the deep reverie into which she had fallen, and replied,

"No, sir, I thank you," almost involuntarily.

The man paused a moment, and then left her to look after his own baggage. She was now alone in a strange city.

"A carriage, ma'am?" "Any baggage, ma'am?" asked three or four porters and carriage drivers, passing up to the bewildered girl, as she descended to the street. She had a trunk, and she knew that she would have to employ a porter to carry it for her; so she engaged one, who took charge of her baggage.

"Where do you wish it taken, ma'am?"

This question awoke Anna to a full realization of her situation. "Where?" Alas! She was homeless. And worse, had not so much as a dollar in her purse. The small sum that remained

on leaving Pittsburg, had been nearly all expended for her meals on the road.

"Do you wish your trunk taken to a hotel or private house?"

The porter asked this question with evidences of impatience, as he had waited for over a minute for an answer to the previous one.

"To a hotel," Anna said, faintly.

"Which one, ma'am?"

"Do you know where a Mr. Grant lives?"

"No ma'am," returned the porter.

"Or a Mr. Markland?"

"Does he keep a hotel?"

"I do n't know?"

"I never heard the name. But where shall I take your baggage?"

Anna's thoughts had been so much in confusion ever since her departure from Cincinnati, that she had not been able to determine what course to take on her arrival in Philadelphia. She was, therefore, utterly at a loss how to answer the porter's question.

"Can't my trunk stay here for a little while?" she at length asked.

"O yes, ma'am. I can put it in the office for you, and you can get it at any time. My name is Bill. Ask for Bill, when you come for it; or, if I am not here, leave word where it is to go."

The trunk was, accordingly, deposited in the rail road office, and Anna started to go—she knew not where!

The sky had been overcast since morning. No rain had yet fallen, but the wind was from the east, and the air damp and cold. It was late in November.

Anna went forth from the car office, and took her way down Market street. She had yet settled upon no course of action. She walked along, because to stand still, while striving to think, would attract the attention she wished, as a timid girl, in a strange city, to avoid. On, on she went, square after square, until a sight of the river caused her to pause for a full minute in sad irresolution.

"Where shall I go? What must I do?" she sighed as she crossed over at Second street, and took a northerly course, which she pursued as far as Arch street, up which she directed her steps. After passing Fifth street, the appearance of the houses made her think that, possibly, her aunt might reside in one of them, if still living. With this feeble hope in her mind, she examined every door plate, as she moved along, but the name of "Grant" no where met her anxious eye.

At Thirteenth street she stood still, irresolute, for some time.

"Perhaps I may find the house on the other

side," she said, and crossed over and went down as far as Seventh street. But the search was vain. On the corner of Seventh and Arch she again paused, looking up and then down the first named street. As she thus stood, a young man, dashingy attired, approached with his gaze fixed intently upon her. She did not notice him until he was within a few paces, and then, as her eyes fell on his face and she perceived its expression, she shuddered and sprang across the street in a southward direction. The young man quickened his pace. She heard his footsteps behind her, and her heart beat rapidly. She kept in advance of him until she had nearly reached Market street. But he was now close by her side. Her heart fluttered—the cold sweat came out over her whole body—her limbs could scarcely sustain her. Every moment she expected to feel the rude grasp of a man's hand. If sufficient power had remained, she would have darted forward and ran on at full speed; but she felt more like sinking to the pavement than running. At length she found it almost impossible to keep on; her pace slackened suddenly, and the man who had been following her, passed onwards. When a few paces beyond, he turned partly around, with a half curious, half impertinent stare; but one glance at Anna's countenance satisfied him that he had mistaken her character. In a minute or two he was out of sight, and Anna moving on with scarcely power to walk. She had been dreadfully frightened.

Since morning, nothing had been eaten by the unhappy girl. Want of food, anxiety, and sudden alarm caused her to feel very faint. For a few minutes it seemed that she would sink to the pavement. But she kept on as far as Chestnut street up which she turned, and walked nearly as far as Broad street, examining the door plates as she had done in Arch street, and to as little purpose.

As she returned, on the other side of the street, she saw cakes in a confectioner's window. Faint and weary, she entered the shop and asked for a cup of tea, which was served up with a slice of toast, in a back room. A girl of twelve or thirteen brought these to her on a waiter. Anna looked into her face, and saw that its expression was innocent and kind.

"Do you know a family by the name of Grant?" she asked of this girl.

"Grant?—Grant? No miss, I do n't know any body by that name."

Anna commenced sipping her tea and the girl retired. A few mouthfuls were eaten, and then the young wanderer leaned her head upon her hand, with her eyes cast to the floor, and fell into a deep state of abstraction. From this she

was aroused by the voice of the attendant, who had returned.

"I believe there is a family named Grant," she said, "around in Walnut street."

"There is!" Anna arose as she spoke, her face flushed for a moment, and then became pale.

"Yes. They live in one of those large new houses below — street. I remember the name on the door."

"Where is Walnut street?"

"It is the next street below."

"And — street?"

"Just two streets above."

"Do you know any thing about the family?"

The girl shook her head, and then remarked,

"They are very rich, no doubt."

Anna said nothing further. The girl retired, and she sat down to collect her scattered thoughts.

"They are very rich, no doubt." "A large new house." These words kept ringing in her ears, and caused her to cast her eyes down upon her own poor apparel.

"Suppose it is my mother's sister?—how will she receive me?" This question, never asked so seriously before, caused her heart to sink. It was full half an hour before she could summon resolution sufficient to go forth in search of the dwelling that contained, or might contain the relative she sought.

It was after four o'clock when she left the shop where she had taken some refreshment. The air had become colder, and thick clouds covered the sky. The short afternoon had verged on close toward evening, the dusky coming of which was already perceived by Anna, over whose feelings a deeper shadow fell as her eye noted the rapid decline of day.

Following the direction given her, she turned off from Chestnut street, and passed down to Walnut street, up which she walked rapidly. In less than five minutes she was before an elegant dwelling, on the door plate of which she read the name MASON GRANT, with a thrill that passed through her whole frame. She did not ring the bell at once, but passed on to collect her thoughts and determine how she should address herself to her aunt. On, on she went, square after square, unable to settle any thing, in her mind.

"Oh, if I had not promised my mother, and here was any roof here to shelter me, no matter how humble it might be, and any means by which I could support myself, no matter how arduous the labor, most gladly would I shrink away from these proud relatives!"

This was the final conclusion of her thoughts, she stopped suddenly and wrung her hands, regretting at the instant that she was in the

street, and her motions liable to attract attention.

Recovering herself, however, she lifted her eyes, and perceived that the shadows of approaching evening were growing more and more distinct. A shudder passed over her. Quickly turning, she retraced her steps, and, without allowing her imagination to dwell upon the shock of a first interview with her aunt, a thing from which she shrunk with an unconquerable reluctance, she kept steadily on until she again stood in front of the house of Mason Grant. But she could not ascend the steps that led to the door of this elegant mansion. Her thoughts again became confused, and again she passed the house, and walked on for nearly two squares. She then paused, stood thoughtful for two or three minutes, and finally turned and went slowly back. Again she was before the dwelling of her aunt, and again she stopped irresolute. At length she ascended the steps, and timidly rung the bell—or rather made an effort to do so; but she had exerted too little strength, the bell did not really answer to her hand. For nearly five minutes she stood as if fixed to the spot, but no one came to the door. She did not attempt to ring again. Her heart had failed her. Slowly she at length descended the steps, and moved down the street, turning every few paces to see if the door should open.

It was nearly dark, already the watchmen had lit their lamps, and the street was filled with persons wending their way homeward after having finished the labors of the day. Anna had walked on for a short distance, when she perceived that night was fast closing in. She stopped quickly, while a tremor ran through her frame.

"I must do it. There's no hope for me," she at length said, turning back and approaching the house she had more than once hesitated to enter. Without giving herself time to waver again in her resolution, Anna passed quickly up the steps and rung the bell with a strong hand. The door was soon opened.

"Can I see Mrs. Grant?" she asked, in a faltering voice.

"Come in, Miss, and I will see."

Anna entered.

"What name shall I say?"

Anna's cheek flushed. She hesitated a moment.

"Tell her a young girl wishes to speak to her."

The servant left her in the parlor, and went up stairs.

"A young woman is in the parlor and wishes to see you," he said, on opening the door of Mrs. Grant's room.

"Who is she?"

"She did n't give me her name."

"What does she want?"

"To see you, Ma'am."

"You should have asked her name, Jackson."

"I did, Ma'am."

"Humph! What kind of a looking person is she?"

"She looks like a poor young girl."

"Somebody after work, may-be. Tell her I will be down in a little while."

Anna sunk upon a chair, in the richly furnished parlor into which the servant had shown her, her heart fluttering wildly. It was several minutes before she saw objects distinctly. Every external sense was partially closed. Then her eyes wandered about the room, and she observed, with something of wonder, the elegance and splendor that surrounded her. From the costly furniture she raised her eyes to the walls that were decorated with pictures. The first that met her gaze was the portrait of a man who seemed to have just passed the prime of life. Every feature of the face was familiar to her as the features of a friend. Who could it be? Her mother's image arose in her mind. The question was answered. That must be her brother's likeness.

"This is indeed my aunt's house! How, how will she receive me?"

These words were scarcely murmured, when the door opened and a middle aged woman entered. Anna tried to rise, but she had not the strength to do so. Mrs. Grant, for she it was, advanced close to her, regarding her as she did so, with a cold look of inquiry. As Anna did not, because she could not speak, the lady said—

"You wish to see me, I believe?"

"Yes, Ma'am," was timidly replied.

"On what business, may I ask?"

The words were formal and cold as ice.

"You had a sister named Anna——"

"What!" And Mrs. Grant started as if a pistol had been exploded close to her ear, her face flushing, and then turning quite pale.

Anna arose, and looked steadily into her aunt's face (for her aunt it really was).

"You had a sister named Anna," she repeated.

"She removed to the west many years ago, and——"

"Who are you that speaks to me thus?" exclaimed Mrs. Grant, in an angry voice, suddenly arousing up, and casting on the frightened girl before her a stern look.

"The daughter of Anna Gray."

"Who?" was uttered with a quick, convulsive start.

"The daughter of Anna Gray," repeated the visitor.

"And who is Anna Gray?" this was said with a slight sneer,—affected, not felt.

"You had a sister named——"

"How do *you* know that I had. How do *you* know me?"

"Just before my mother died——"

"When did she die?" quickly added Mrs. Grant, thrown off her guard.

"Less than a month since——" Anna burst into tears as she tremblingly said this, but recovering herself as quickly as possible, she added,

"And on her death bed she made me promise that I would come to this city, seek you out, and throw myself upon your protection.

"The girl is surely beside herself! This is a pretty affair! What do I know about your mother?"

"Oh, was she not your sister?"

Anna leaned towards Mrs. Grant with an imploring look.

"My sister, indeed! I have no sister. You have been deceived, if you think I am *your* aunt. Go and seek for her somewhere else. You will not find her here. A fine affair, truly!"

Anna had already risen to her feet. These words caused her to stagger backwards a few paces, and lean against the wall. In a moment or two she recovered herself, and taking a long, confirming look at the portrait on the wall that so resembled her mother, she turned from the presence of the woman who had basely and cruelly disowned her mother, and left the house.

(To be continued.)

ON ENTERING A WOOD.

HERE let busy turmoil cease,
Every sound here echoes peace;
Whispering winds that murmur here,
Gently dry the falling tear,
Soothing while they wake the heart,
Bidding earth-born care depart.

Here the spirit walks abroad,
Here the soul communes with God.
Sacred silence of the wood!
Let no thoughts on thee intrude,
Save what may the notes prolong
Of all nature's Sabbath song

MRS. FOLLEN.

to perpendicular 45

CASSANDRA

E. Ferrett & Co. 68 South Fourth St. Phila. Pa.

associated by the plague, on this account. { of the universal poet and favorite."



SHAKESPEARE GALLERY OF BEAUTY.—NO. III.

CASSANDRA.

(See Plate.)



HE daughter of Priam and Hecuba, king and queen of Troy, and her unhappy fate, after the destruction of that city, has long afforded a theme upon which poets have poured forth

their mingled eulogies and lamentations. According to ancient belief, she was playing in the vestibule of the temple of the Thymbræan Apollo, near Illium, with her twin-sister Helenus; where, having remained too late to be carried home, a couch was prepared for them, for the night. The historian adds, that "when the nurses went to them the next morning, they found two serpents at the side of the children, which, instead of injuring them, harmlessly licked their ears. This miracle produced a still greater one; the hearing of the children was rendered so acute, that they could distinguish the voices of the gods. Cassandra subsequently spent much of her time in the temple of Apollo, who, becoming enamored of her charms, disclosed to her all the secrets of the prophetic art, and in return, demanded her love. But Cassandra, when her curiosity was satisfied, refused the dishonorable reward. Apollo, incensed at this, put a curse on her prophecies, that they should never find belief. She frequently and continually foretold the destruction of Troy, and warned her countrymen in vain, against the deceitful horse.

"When Troy was conquered, and Cassandra, with the other maidens, fled to the temple of Minerva, Ajax tore her from the altar, and dragged her away to the other female slaves, with her hands tied. On the division of the booty, she fell to Agamemnon, who carried her, as his slave and mistress, to Mycene. Clytemnestra murdered them both." Her treatment by Ajax, was regarded by the ancients as a most infamous crime; and it is said that the Lochrians, the countrymen of Ajax, were for many years visited with violent storms, and that their country was so desolated by the plague, on this account.

The following passage from "Troilus and Cressida," in which her character is introduced, will show the estimation in which her prophecies were held by those whom they concerned. The engraving represents her, when under the influence of prophetic inspiration.

Cassandra. (within) Cry, Trojans, cry!

Priam. What noise, what shriek is this?

Troilus. 'Tis our mad sister; I do know her voice.

Cassandra. (within) Cry, Trojans!

Hector. It is Cassandra.

Enter Cassandra, raving.

Cassandra. Cry, Trojans, cry! lend me ten thousand eyes,

And I will fill them with prophetic tears.

Hector. Peace, sister, peace.

Cassandra. Virgins and boys, mid-age and wrinkled elders,

Soft infancy, that nothing canst, but cry,

Add to my clamors! let us pay betimes

A moiety of that mass of moan to come.

Troy must not be, nor goodly Ilion stand;

Our firebrand brother, Paris, burns us all.

Cry, Trojans, cry! a Helen and a wo:

Cry, cry! Troy burns, or else let Helen go. (Exit.)

Act II. Scene 2.

The after destruction of Troy shows that her prophecies, though unheeded, were true. Her fate, subsequent to that event, has already been given. The purity which invests her name and character, heightened as it is by her misfortunes, affords a striking contrast to the sickleness and frailty of Cressida, whom we conceive to be one of the foulest personages introduced into any of Shakespeare's plays.

"The authorship of 'Troilus and Cressida,' has been, with a few, a matter of uncertainty and doubt, but we think sufficient marks of the great poet's genius are discoverable, in many passages, to justify the belief, that, even if he did not originally compose the play, it at least passed through his hands, in the way of revision and improvement. However this may be, this production is certainly not one of those which have contributed most to build up the universal fame of the universal poet and favorite."

GOD IS LOVE.

AND on the
mountain side,
and look abroad
o'er all the joy-
ous earth;
suns are flinging
r and wide,
joining streams
in happy gleams,
gladness at the
birth:
is of hatred here?

On the high mountain, in the leafy grove,
There is no sign of sorrow or of fear,
God speaks through Nature in the tones of love.

The air is breathing balm,
From earth's dim convex, to the circling skies,
It falsely seemeth but a voiceless calm;
These kindly spirits bend,
And with earth's discords, blend
The music of celestial harmonies;
Not in the warlike guise
Of earth's proud armies do the bright hosts move,

But gloriously humble, meekly wise,
God speaks through Angels in the tones of love.

On Zion's holy hill
"Fairest among ten thousand," who is he
That to the tempest speaketh, "Peace, be still?"
And to the ear of faith
In softest music saith,
"Come weary-hearted, come to peace and me,"
Come trusting fearlessly!
"Come—and an easy burden mine shall prove;"
Thus saith "the faithful witness" unto thee,
God speaks through Jesus in the tones of love.

Physician of our souls!
Thy love is ruling over all our days,
Whether the loud-voiced thunder sternly rolls,
Or the low-breeze's sigh
Tells as it echoes by,
Thy loving mercies, and thy equal ways:
No wrath, no pain, no strife,
But peaceful mercy reigns around—above,
O'er all the darkness of an earthly life,
God speaks through all things, in the tones of love.

H. M.

TO AN OLD FRIEND.

IN time's drear desert, many a spot
Bursts on the weary traveller's
eye,
Where sparkling founts the land-
scape dot,
And cooling streams, like silver
lie,

Circling the palmy groves that throw
Soft shadows o'er the meads below,—
How hope enkindles in his breast
As o'er the scene his vision glances!
How care and fear are hush'd to rest,
As nearer still his step advances!
But ah! his course is onward still,
O'er burning plain and towering hill,
He pauses but a moment there;
But many a weary day recalls
Its velvet meads and balmy air,
Its groves and dashing waterfalls.
Thus, while with toiling step I tread
Life's dreary way, more lonely growing,

With clouds fast dark'ning overhead,
And distant lightnings fitful glowing;
Or fainting 'neath the sun's fierce beam,
Pant for some cooling desert stream,
Where softly on an emerald mead,
In peace may rest my aching head,—
Oh! then my longing heart goes back,
Along life's ne'er forgotten track,
And pauses where thy presence lent
To joy its richest blandishment.

Companion of my earliest days!
Friend of my now maturer years!
Though still from thee my footstep strays,
Thine image memory's record bears;
And tho' Time's cold and mouldering finger
Doth on the wearing tablet linger,
Affection, "Old Mortality,"
Each line that dims beneath decay,
Restores, more deeply cut, to lie
As years on years pass swift away.

T. S. A.

her confident, she resolved, with her usual quickness, to derive some sport from it. Instead of trying to repress her friend's ridiculous romance, she encouraged it, by appearing to sympathise with her, when in the humor. At other times, she delighted to oppose her with apparently quiet, accidental remarks.

She professed a friendship for Georgianna, and, therefore, her course towards her was perfectly heartless. She really regarded her with supreme contempt, and made no secret of it with her young companions, who laughed by themselves, at the poor girl's behaviour. Maria's wit never flowed more easily, than when employed upon Georgianna Bailey. After she had inflated her heart with vanity, she took her leave of her with a kiss, and called on several other young ladies to relate all that Georgianna had said, and to mimic her actions, and tone of voice.

When Georgianna was left alone, she altered her position, to a graceful, half-reclining one, and bending her head, yielded herself up to dreamy fancies. The soft smile of gratified vanity occasionally dimpled her cheek, and lightened the eyes, which at times, she raised with a quick, glad expression of triumphant pride. She thus loitered away an hour or two, until the inner bell reminded her of her corporeal wants. In the afternoon, after carefully arranging her ringlets, so that they would not get ruffled, she betook herself to her "couch," as she termed and pored over a book until twilight. Then came the dressing for the party, where she was met again, her bean ideal. She wore no ornaments whatever, as the last heroine she read of perfectly chaste and unaffected in her dress. Georgianna thought as she eyed herself, that she looked as bewitchingly simple as Kate Greenway without any dimple. A young gentleman whom she had formerly considered as her enemy, was obliged to wait in the parlor more than an hour, before she was in readiness to be escorted to the party. He was really charmed to her, and therefore all her little airs were delightful to him as he never thought of them in her case.

"Ah! Miss Georgianna!" he exclaimed, rising up to meet her, as she entered the room. He smiled slightly, and with a somewhat embarrassed air, presented her a half-blown rose. "Will you wear this for me," he whispered, "remember its language?"

Georgianna took it, blushed and smiled. She paused a moment about placing it in her hair, raised her eyes to those of Eugene Wells, who were earnestly regarding her; she laughed, turned towards the mirror to fasten it in her hair, and hid the deep crimson that dyed her face.

How many thoughts sometimes pass through our minds in a moment, and how very quickly conclusions are made. Well might the tell-tale blood steal burningly to Georgianna's cheek, and cause her to turn aside, that her thoughts, which she almost imagined were written on her face, might be concealed. Something told her that she was doing wrong, when she took that rose, and suddenly resolved to play the coquette; for Mr. Wells was nothing to her, now that she had discovered in Maria's brother 'her tune-fu! mate,' her Cid, her Achilles. It seemed a very romantic thing to have a broken-hearted swain languishing, and sighing his very soul away, for her sake.

She never debated on the uprightness of her conduct an instant; she did not reflect that what might be idle pastime to her, would end in positive pain and suffering to another.

Coquetry, deliberately planned and resolved upon, must degrade, and at length chill, the most generous impulses of the heart. There is a consummate selfishness in it; a heartless, cruel disregard of the sensibilities of others. And yet, it is practised, through vanity, very frequently, by those who would consider themselves insulted if it were insinuated that they were any thing but amiable, and gentle-hearted.

While Georgianna and Eugene Wells were proceeding to the party, at a slow pace, and conversing in a low, earnest tone about flowers and their language, Maria Scott and her brother were in their father's carriage, riding to the same place of destination. The rattling of carriage wheels, hardly drowned their gay, hearty laughter,—and the object of that mirth, was Maria's professed friend, Miss Bailey.

"O," cried Maria, "you will be her hero to perfection. But mark me, don't commit yourself by words. You must sigh, and spout poetry, and gaze with a pensive look up at the stars."

"Never fear for me," responded her brother, dashing the dark, rich hair, from his handsome forehead. "My phiz and naval suit have broken a dozen ladies' hearts. As Miss Georgianna is already smitten, affairs will go on swimmingly. Is there any rival in the way? You know if I should out-general 'a fond, impetuous youth,' it would be quite a feather in my cap."

"O! yes, every thing is propitious. Eugene Wells is her shadow; he is perfectly bewitched by her charms." Maria paused; her heart reproached her, for the unprincipled part she was acting, towards two persons who had never injured her.

"Remember," she said, by way of apology to herself, "we are only to have a little sport. You must not go too far."

"O, no, as soon as she falls in love with me, she may fall out again."

Maria's conscience smote her. How was she employing her influence as a sister? Her brother's heartlessness showed her her own. She thought, "suppose Georgianna really has feeling, concealed beneath all her foolishness—suppose she should indeed become attached to my brother?"

For the first time his careless laugh, struck gratefully upon her ear. But the plan had been of her own proposing; several of her young companions knew of it, and she would not retract. Banishing all unpleasant thoughts, she alighted from the carriage, and soon after with a gay smile, entered, leaning on her brother's arm, the handsomely furnished parlors where the company was assembled. Georgianna was already there. Lieutenant Scott fixed his eyes upon her with a look of marked admiration, then whispering to his sister, he led her to a seat next the gratified girl.

"Ah, my dear Georgy, how glad I am to see you!" exclaimed Maria, "let me introduce you to my brother, Miss Bailey—Lieutenant Scott."

The officer bowed profoundly, then pressed the little gloved hand which Georgianna presented, with an expression of silent rapture.

"Have I indeed the happiness—" he whispered, but his delight was apparently too excessive for him to complete the sentence, except by a soft smile and a killing look. Georgianna gazed up with an expression which said as plainly as need be,—

"There's not a word thy lip hath breathed
A glance thine eye hath given,
Which lingers not around my heart,
Like sunset hues in heaven."

But Eugene Wells looked on all this, with a frowning brow, and a compressed lip. His eye glanced with nervous quickness from one to the other, and when it rested fully on Georgianna's brightened face, the expression about his mouth, told of the pain he felt. Maria saw it, and her idle smile vanished. She could have laughed at his jealous looks, if this little scene had come about naturally, without premeditation. But now she felt rather uneasy, so she arose and crossed the room to sit by a young friend, and chat nonsense as fast as possible. Lieutenant Scott took her vacant seat. Presently the gentlemen were called upon to select partners for a cotillion.

"Won't you make me perfectly happy by becoming my partner in the dance?" he breathed in the young lady's ear.

"Not now," softly replied the maiden, then

in a louder voice, she added, "I am engaged to dance the first time with Mr. Wells," and she introduced the two gentlemen, as she had forgotten it before. Mr. Wells did not appear to feel much like dancing; when Georgianna looked at him as if to say,

"I am ready."

He hesitated, but changing his thoughts, he rose quickly and offered his arm. While the cotillion was forming, he whispered earnestly, almost sternly,

"Miss Bailey, were you ever acquainted with that gentleman before this evening?"

Georgianna colored; her pride was touched by the tone he assumed, so very different from the manner in which she was usually addressed by gentlemen. She had not reflected that a general tone of flattery to a lady, is an insult to her heart, and understanding.

"I was somewhat acquainted with him three years ago," she replied briefly; then she turned away her face with a haughty expression.

The frown on the brow of Eugene deepened, but the cotillion was finished without either speaking again. Georgianna, who was never unkind for any length of time, felt sorry for her cold manner. She was conversing as usual with Eugene, and he appeared to have forgotten his unpleasant feelings, when Lieutenant Scott made his appearance, and seated himself next Georgianna on the sofa. He made himself, (as both he, and the young girl he was so unfeelingly tampering with, thought) perfectly irresistible. She danced with him, walked out on the piazza with him, listening enraptured to the poetry he repeated so eloquently. And she replied in strains as low and musical. She dared not be absent from the company too long; when she returned, and her eye fell upon Mr. Wells, his keen, yet sad, reproachful glance, stilled the tumult of gay vanity in her heart. She walked home with him, and they separated with few words.

When Eugene reached his chamber, he threw himself into a chair and buried his face in his hands.

"Oh! how I loved her," he muttered passionately, then after a pause he added, "and I love her still." One single sob broke from him, and then all was silence. But the sunlight streamed into his window, hours after, and his head was still leaning on the table, half-supported by his left arm. Only his clenched hand told how busy, stern thoughts had been with him.

Three months passed away, and Eugene had not, during the time, gone near Georgianna. But he learned all the motions of Lieutenant Scott; hardly an evening went by, without his being in Georgianna's company. Her romance seemed to

increase each time she saw him. She thought she was passionately devoted to his happiness, and dreams of love in a cottage, floated daily through her imagination. Finally the young officer absented himself a whole week; Georgianna suffered extremely; she wept, and watched by the window in the hope of seeing his well known form. But he came not.

"Surely some heavy calamity threatens him," she thought, "and it falls upon me to sooth his troubled spirit. I will fly to him this moment. I will be his angel of consolation in adversity, as I have been the idol of his gay moments."

Thinking thus, Georgianna hastily obtained her bonnet, and throwing a shawl over her shoulders, hurried down stairs, and traversed with flying steps the streets leading to her friend Maria's residence. When she reached the house, she rang the bell quite furiously. Maria came running to the door herself to see what the matter was. She turned pale on seeing Georgianna.

"Where is he?—my hero?" gasped the exhausted girl, entering the hall and dropping into a chair. "Tell me all, Maria! Is he sick, is he dying? I am here to watch by his bedside!"

"Speak lower," said Maria, who feared her parents might learn the cruel game her brother had played. Her lips were white, and she trembled at the thought of her own guiltiness.

"Come into the parlor," she added, in a whisper, to the excited girl, who also became deadly pale on observing Maria's agitation. When they were in the parlor, Georgianna scanned her companion's face eagerly; there was an expression in it which she did not like.

"Has he asked for me?" she inquired, supposing the brother was sick.

"No, no," answered Maria, shaking her head. "Oh! I cannot tell you."

"Only tell me if he is yet alive?"

"Yes, and well," said Maria, huskily, "but he has gone to the East Indies, to be absent five years."

"Maria!" uttered Georgianna, in a low, gasping tone, at the same time starting forward, and drawing away the hands with which Maria had covered her face, "do you speak the truth? Has he forsaken me? Has he never loved me?"

"Never! as God is my witness. I will speak the truth now, whatever may be the consequences," answered Maria, almost inaudibly, but with firmness on her colorless lips. "O! if I had been innocent of this."

A loud scream escaped Georgianna, and she fell forward senseless upon the floor. Maria attempted to arrest her fall, but her own strength

was nearly gone. She sunk down beside the poor, duped girl, and bowed her head to the very floor, in abjectness of spirit.

"Oh! God, forgive me!" burst from her lips. Her sobs of broken agony, shook her whole frame. Georgianna's pale, death-like countenance was watered with her remorseful tears. With an intensity of humble love, and pity, she clasped her arms around the insensible girl she had so wronged, and kissed her cold brow and lips. Never was prayer uttered so fervently for her own soul, as that which she now poured forth for the victim of her cruelty. She obtained a pitcher of water from the table, although she could hardly support her trembling limbs. After dashing some of it over Georgianna's face, she rubbed her white hands. The poor girl soon recovered. "Have you strength enough to go and lie down in my chamber?" inquired Maria, as Georgianna partly raised herself, and fixed her eyes full of meaning, upon her face.

"No, Maria, I cannot stay here; only one favor I have to ask from you, and that is to send me home in your carriage." Maria burst into tears as she assisted Georgianna to rise, and supported her tottering steps to the sofa.

"I do n't deserve your forgiveness, for the part I have acted, but I could get down on my knees to you, if it would express my sorrow, and humiliation. O, Georgianna! do n't turn away from me. I will do any thing, every thing, to atone for the past: do n't hate me! say you will forgive me!" supplicated the wretched girl, twining both arms around Georgianna's neck, and sobbing convulsively upon her bosom. She wept upon a kind heart, and her pardon was sealed.

"I thought you loved me," said Georgianna, in a low, sad voice, and tears forced themselves through the slender fingers she pressed over her pale face. "O, how could you both deceive me so? Perhaps no one loves me."

She bent her head upon the arm of the sofa, and a cry full of the anguish of a young and hitherto trusting heart, barrowed poor Maria's already excited feelings.

"I was to blame entirely at first," she said, "but I afterwards repented, and implored my brother, day after day, not to go on; but it was too late, he would not heed me. O, Georgianna! this has caused my pillow to be wet with tears more than once."

"But why did you not come and tell me, yourself?"

"I knew it would be useless; you would not have believed me. Edward would have persuaded you that I knew nothing of his feelings. I threatened to do so, but he laughed at the idea, and said you would believe him spite of all the

world. I sent you an anonymous letter. Did you receive it?"

"Yes," replied Georgianna, raising her head and taking Maria's hand, "did *you* send it! It is true, that I did not credit a word of it. But now, I wish I had heeded it. I never would have suffered as I have this morning. Do n't cry, Maria. I believe in your repentance now," she continued, as the unhappy girl with her head bent, was weeping bitterly. "It was my own fault; if I had not been vain and full of day-dreams this would never have happened. I have cast away one heart that loved me truly, and now I must be despised or forgotten."

"Did you love my brother?" inquired Maria, as if half-dreading the answer.

"I thought I did," responded Georgianna, a deep, indignant flush chasing away her deadly paleness. "But now I despise—" she did not go on; Maria's look of mingled shame and suffering, touched the heart of her she had so deeply injured. They separated in tears. Georgianna would hardly have been human, if there had not been some bitterness in her bosom. But both promised never to refer to the past. That day of pain and humiliation on the part of both was remembered, and its effects felt through life. Georgianna by degrees laid aside her affectation of romance, and her naturally good heart, became better through earnest and prayerful effort to do right, and to do it humbly and simply, without regard to the opinions of others. Poor Maria, too, from that time, never deliberately made sport of the weakness of a single human creature; a frank kindliness began to characterise her intercourse with every one. Her wit became innocent, her powers of pleasing were devoted to all.

Rumor soon spread abroad that the affair of Lieutenant Scott and Miss Bailey, was a mere flirtation. Eugene Wells learned it, but he was too proud to sue again to one who had treated him so lightly. A coquette he perfectly despised.

Two years passed away, and in the meantime

he was often thrown into the company of Georgianna. He marked her demeanor closely, her every changing expression. Frequently he was so near her that he was obliged to speak, and before he was aware of it, the affection he had once borne her, returned deeper and stronger than ever.

Women are said to be strange creatures; it often happens that they do not suspect themselves, of caring particularly for a person, until some terrible catastrophe occurs to separate them. So it was with Georgianna; now that her infatuation with the officer was over, she remembered the truer sympathy which existed towards Eugene Wells. Lieutenant Scott had gratified her vanity entirely; he was remarkably handsome, easy and graceful in his manners, and a universal favorite in society. Men and women do not always know how often their choice falls upon the favorites of those around them, instead of one best adapted to their own peculiar character and disposition. They see a person carressed by others, and without examining further, they conclude that person of course is perfect, and precisely suited to their own taste. Alas! when the honey moon is over, the curtain which should have been raised before, is taken away, and faults not dreamed of, appear.

Eugene and Georgianna became more intimately acquainted, and passion gave way to reason, esteem and deep love. They say Cupid is blind, but in this case, Georgianna and her reclaimed lover, tried to open the little god's eyes. They endeavored, not to put the best foot foremost, but to show each other their natural characters, and make confession of their faults, intending of course to overcome them, as fast as they could. But notwithstanding these laudable efforts at candor, each regarded the other as *comme il faut*. Before Lieutenant Scott returned from his expedition after an absence of five years, with an eastern bride, Mr. and Mrs. Wells were enjoying all the connubial happiness imaginable.

TO A WHITE VIOLET.

Coy inmate of the lowly shade,
'Mid clustering leaves embosomed deep,
Why thus, in modest garb array'd
Hid'st thou beneath the hedge-row's steep?

While gaudier flowers that woo the sun
In all the pride of color glow,

Thy odoriferous breath alone,
Reveals the gem that lurks below.

So modest worth in humble guise
Retiring, shuns the gazing eye;
While round the hallowed spot arise
A thousand sweets that never die.

THE SOUL AND THE WAVE.

AN IRREGULAR ODE TO MUSIC.

BY JAMES HUNGERFORD.



I.

WEET spirit of the vocal
choir,
And of the many-sound-
ing lyre,
That hast through all
created time,
In every region and in
every clime,
Since with the hymning
stars thy race began,

Held grateful empire o'er the heart of man ;
Inspire my song and let it be,
Spirit of harmony, becoming thee.

II.

In every hour, in every mood,
In melancholy solitude,
Or in the gay and festive bower,
The spirit yields submissive to thy power.
All feelings of the human breast,
All thoughts and passions of the mind
Thy mystic charm can sooth to rest,
Or stir to tempest wild and undefined.

III.

The variable soul
Is like a dim expanse of boundless seas,
And thy ethereal control,
The ever-changing breeze ;
And as the wind of heaven controls the sea,
Thou rul'st the spirit by thy melody.

IV.

Soft, slow, the wind, and soft and slow thy numbers ;
The soul is dreaming calm and pleasant dreams ;
The ocean with a gentle breathing slumbers,
And each illumed by heaven-descending beams.

V.

Lively, brisk the zephyr's motion,
Brisk and lively is thy lay,
And the blithsome waves of ocean
Swift each other chase in play.
O'er the soul as quickly speeding
Merry thoughts and fancies throng,
Each the other still succeeding
With the fleeting notes of song.

VI.

With gathered powers the lordly breeze
Pours a tornado-blast o'er ocean's plains ;
Spreading afar and wide upon the seas

A fierce and mad commotion reigns.

The waters, that wild breeze impelling,
Like the breast of the sleeper are sinking and
swelling,

And coming
And going,
And foaming
And flowing,
And leaping
And sparkling,
And sweeping
And darkling,
And dashing
And flashing

The ocean o'er,

Through its extending realms from shore to distant
shore.

VII.

Thus when thy strains impetuous sweep,
A hurricane of music o'er the soul,
A tempest rages o'er the spirit's deep,
Stirred by their wild and fierce control,
Each deeper passion, thought and feeling,
The art of those numbers is hiding, revealing,
Stern scorning

Entreaty,
And mourning
And pity,
Hope's beaming,
Despairing,
Love's dreaming,
And fearing
And madness
And gladness

The soul sweep o'er,

Like waves succeeding waves and sinking on the
shore.

VIII.

The winds are going down ; mournful and low
O'er the majestic watery wild they flow ;
The waves, obedient to their ruler's thrall,
With motion solemn, slow, darkly arise and fall,
And when thy notes, their storm of passion past,
Into a graver measure sink at last,
The soul is calmed by their subsiding flow
And owns a pensive gloom which is not all of wo.

IX.

Though the wave the wind obey,
Senseless matter still are they;
Thou hast far a higher merit,
Spirit-born, thou rulest spirit.
All—the haughty and the lowly
Own thy influence pure and holy,
And 't is e'er a grateful power,
Like the morning's waking hour,
Which, though born in tempest, brings
Light forever on its wings;
Like the sunshine on the stream,

Laughing through its path of flowers,
Thou dost add to joy a beam
In its gayest, wildest hours,
Like the sunshine on the cloud,
Steeping with the tempest low,
Thou dost shed, when hearts are bowed,
Brightness on the gloom of wo.
Such—O, Music! thy control,
O'er the ever-yielding soul,
Yet how vain are words to tell
All the wonders of thy spell,
Thou alone, with mystic lay
Can'st thy magic well portray.

For Arthur's Magazine.

THE UNITED STATES.

BY J. C. D.

INE own dear land! I prize
thee without measure,
And fold thee in my heart the
richest treasure
The world could offer to my
earnest prayer;
It were the greatest evil could
befall me,

If from thy shores some luckless fate should call me,
My own dear land—and fair.

Though other skies may shine with greater splendor,
And other lands may greater riches render,—

The lightning gleams amid the darkest gloom,—
The brightest flames oft cover worthless ashes,
The fairest monument in glory flashes
Above the deepest tomb.

Thou land of rolling floods and lofty mountains,
Of dark green forests and pellucid fountains,
Sounding like silver music o'er the sea,
Out from their prison-bounds in gladness springing,
Their tuneful voices with clear laughter ringing,
To know that they are free.

Thou art mine own! deep thought nor straining vision
Could make thee fairer—thou, mine own Elysium,
A mighty gem set in the western world!
And though thy skies may shine with colder lustre,
The brightest constellations 'round thee cluster
Where e'er thy flag 's unfurled.

Thou band of stars, of beauty and of wonder,

Oh, never may thy links be rent asunder;
May the lost Pleiad's fate be none of thine;
It cannot be while heaven shineth o'er thee,
And one bright planet leads the way before thee,
And whispers "thou art mine."

Fair Freedom's voice—thou land of swelling waters;—
And all thy starry train are her fair daughters,
Sisters alike in beauty and in fame;
And though the elder be more famed in story,
The younger too, doth wear a wreath of glory,
Blazon'd with Freedom's name.

For all are her's—and she is whispering ever,
To each fair child, "Thou art mine own forever,
The choicest jewels in my diadem;
Thy stars I wave in the blue vault of heaven,
Not e'en the orbs that light the brow of even,
Shall be more bright than them.

"Thy sons are mine,—in hours of doubt and danger,
Thou gav'st thy noblest ones to the lone stranger,
Who spread her wild free wings beyond the sea,
And o'er the blue expanse of ocean springing,
Waved her bright flag amid glad voices ringing
With shouts of 'Liberty!'"

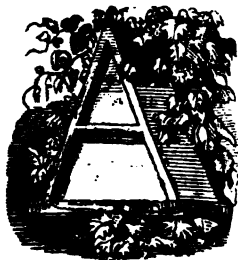
My country, thou art her's—she, thine forever!
May the tongue speak and may the heart beat never,
That would undo the cord that binds thee one;—
She shall be thine! Heaven hath received the token,
And thou art her's! those vows can ne'er be broken,
While lips breathe "WASHINGTON."

For Arthur's Magazine.

MODERN POETRY.—NO. IV.

BY HENRY D. COOKE.

JOHN PIERPONT.



AMERICA has few national poets, and but little national poetry. This is perhaps to be accounted for, by reference to the youthfulness of our republic; to the consequent engrossment of our people, in

their pursuits, and to the incessant demand which the developing resources of this vast continent, are constantly making upon every physical and mental energy of its inhabitants. The distinctions of society, in this country, are as yet but partially established, and are, in many instances, based upon wrong principles. Wealth is too often made the standard of respectability, without reference to character, attainments, or moral worth, thereby possessing a value which is not its own;—a value which is fictitious; and the effect of this false estimation, is to mislead society and confuse its operations. The prevailing current of public attention runs in this one broad, shallow channel, and many are thus borne away, far from its surface from the proper field of exertion. The comparative newness of our institutions, and the imperfect operation, a perfect development of national energies has not yet been attained, and the constant call which daily opening fields of enterprise make upon these energies, partially, at least, wholly account for the inattention which has been paid to the cultivation of poetry in this country. There may be other causes for this neglect, than those at which we have glanced, but it is not our present purpose to attempt an exposition of them all. We would merely mention the fact, that though America has many and much poetry, she has but few thorough American poets, and but little national poetry, and leave the reader to investigate more fully for

himself, the points to which we have above merely alluded.

There is at present but little to distinguish the poetry of this country from that of Europe, and this fact is the more surprising, since the condition of our people, the character of our institutions, and the influence of our free principles, are so different from the condition, character and influence of the monarchical governments of the old world. Yet one can not fail to perceive that, as fast as our card-built imitations of the time-worn, crumbling follies of Europe fall before the march of civil and social improvement, we are becoming more distinctly, a separate nation. Our institutions are based upon principles differing from other governments; our individual and social character is daily becoming more clearly stamped with a national impress;—we are becoming a "peculiar people." Our fathers trampled upon the musty creed, which gave kings "the divine right" to rule, and established in its stead, nobler doctrines. Under their genial influence we have been, and still are rapidly advancing, in all that can make a nation great or happy; but as yet, one field has been left almost untrodden; and whilst we are so dissimilar and yet so "exalted above other nations in point of privileges," we possess no truly national school of literature. We have, indeed, occasionally a great production, whose spirit and impress is purely American, but these capricious effusions of our national muse, are like snatches of an old song, indistinctly sung once over, perhaps, and then dying away with sad echo, into forgetfulness. Why should this be? Why should not our country like Germany and England have a poetry, peculiarly its own—a poetry which should breathe the free and noble spirit, which lives in, and animates our institutions and our society? Why should not Americans have a poetry whose tone should be American? Can they not boast

of an array of talent equal to the task of building up a system? Are they deficient in materials, which shall at once kindle and feed the flame? Our land—is there nothing in this? The "poetry of nature" here invites genius to copy her unwritten music into verse; pine-clad mountains and verdant dales,—the forest-hidden brook, the mighty river, the cataract, and the inland sea—the solitude of unbounded wilds, and the magnificence of growing cities,—every variety of climate and scenery,—all that is beautiful, all that is sublime, in external nature is here spread out before the poet; he has but to write down what he sees around him, and the truth he writes, will seem the eloquence of inspiration.

Our history, too,—is there nothing in this? The names of patriots are sinking, unhonored, to forgetfulness;—a thousand historic fields are yet untrodden,—a thousand legends yet remain unsung.

Our national institutions; will not these prove highly favorable to the advancement of literature, when the causes which temporarily divert public attention from this field, shall have ceased to operate? What more then need we, with such a country, such a history, and such institutions?

"Say then, O Time! since thy pervading eye
Waked from the slumber of Eternity,
Hast thou e'er seen a spot so highly blest,
In bliss and beauty so superbly dressed?"

But we have dwelt longer upon this subject than we had intended when we took up the pen. The above thoughts were suggested by some of Mr. Pierpont's "Patriotic and Political Pieces," included in the collection of his poems, published in 1840; and we have freely given utterance to them, leaving our readers to judge of the propriety of their introduction here.

We know of none amongst our poets, whose writings we have perused with more pleasure, and more regret, than Pierpont. We discover in his productions indications of that free and noble talent, which boldly seizes, and powerfully wields the subjects and instruments of poetry; but while we admire this, and the independent will which speaks regardless of the public smile or frown, we regret, that in some instances, he has directed the natural energy of his mind towards subjects which call forth the rancor of political feeling, thus disarming himself of his own weapons, or at least, rendering them ineffectual. He may have obeyed the seeming promptings of duty in these cases, but had he turned from the narrow contractions of political prejudices, and given his mind freer scope, his *whole* writings would have been more properly a gift to all his countrymen. This spirit manifests

itself in "The Portrait," "The Tocsin" and other pieces, the former of which, with this exception, is unmarred by a single defect worthy of being called a fault. We feel that Mr. Pierpont's poetry entitles him to the aspiration of becoming a favorite poet of the *whole* nation, and regret, that by the introduction of private and sectional opinions, he has, partially excluded himself from that universal favor, which he is abundantly able, by his talents, to win. At the same time we do not profess either to agree, or to disagree with him in these opinions.

Like Whittier, Pierpont seems to have marked out a course of *his own*. He is not a poet of love or romance, for there is none of either in his poetry. His heart seems ice, (in this respect) which can not be thawed by the love-lit fires which melted into freedom the running founts of poetic sentiment, in Moore and even in Byron. His poetry is the offspring of thought, more than of feeling. He seems a scholar and a philosopher speaking in rhyme, rather than an enthusiast, bursting forth in jingling rhapsodies. In many instances he becomes "the stern censorer of man;" he frequently seeks, in reality, those materials which others transport from the realms of fancy. In his "Airs of Palestine" there is perhaps more of imagination, than in any other of his productions; and when first published, it was pronounced the best poem which America had then produced. It gives evidence of great study, combined with much classical and scriptural learning. The double rhymes which occasionally occur in this poem have been objected to by many critics, as violating the dignity of heroic measure. The piece, however, was originally written to be publicly recited, and the author says "they were admitted because I was aware how difficult even a good speaker finds it, to recite the best heroic poetry for any length of time, without perceiving in his hearers the somniferous effects of a regular cadence;" and they were therefore thrown in "to vary the melody which might otherwise become monotonous." This is perhaps a sufficient reason for what might, without it, appear a defect.

"Moslem Worship," "Ruins at Pæstum," "A Birth-day at Scio," together with other minor pieces, were written during his travels in the Old World and after his return, and partake of a spirit, differing from that which pervades most of his poems. In the former of these, there is a liberality and purity of feeling, which enlivens and chastens the whole. In the "Ruins of Pæstum," there is an exuberance of gaiety, which seems in ill accordance with the scene, but which is nevertheless amusing, and on that account perhaps, excusable. His "Occasional Poems"

are numerous and varied in their character. His muse seems to have been an accommodating one, complying strictly to text and occasion; his "Hymns for Anniversary Occasions," are all appropriate, and spirited: In many of these, however, he has had an opportunity of rising but little above mere tameness, and this peculiar merit is in the ease with which they are adapted to their several ends.

We extract the following from the "Airs of Palestine," which gives a fair idea of the thought and style characterizing this truly beautiful poem. The subject is Music.

"So, when one language bound the human race,
On Shinar's plain, round Babel's mighty base,
Gloomily rose the minister of wrath;
Dark was his frown, destructive was his path;
That tower was blasted by the touch of Heaven;
That bond was burst,—that race asunder driven:
Yet, round the Avenger's brow, that frowned above,
Played Mercy's beams,—the lambent light of love.
All was not lost, though busy Discord flung
Repulsive accents from each jarring tongue;
All was not lost; for Love one tie had twined,
And Mercy dropped it, to connect mankind;
One tie, whose airy filaments invest,
Like Beauty's zone, the calm or stormy breast;
Wake that to action, rule of this the strife,
And, through the mazy labyrinths of life,
Supply a faithful clue, to lead the lone
And weary wanderer to his Father's throne.

That tie is MUSIC. How supreme her sway!
How lovely is the power that all obey!
Lumb matter trembles at her thrilling shock;
Her voice is echoed by the desert rock;
Or her, the asp withholds the sting of death,
And bares his fangs but to inhale her breath."

The royal lion leaves his desert lair,
And, crouching, listens when she treads the air;
And man, by wilder impulse driven to ill,
Aimed, and led by this Enchantress still.
He ne'er has felt her hand assuasive steal
Along his heart,—that heart will never feel,
Unless her's to chain the passions, sooth the soul,
Snatch the dagger, and to dash the bowl
From Murder's hand; to smooth the couch of Care,
To act the thorns, and scatter roses there;
To 'tain's hot brow to still the bounding throb,
To 'tain's long sigh, and Grief's convulsive sob.
O vast her empire! Turn through earth, through
The air,
To each eye, you find her subjects there;
Above the throne of heaven above her spell,
And beneath it is the host of hell."

To her, Religion owes her holiest flame;
She looks heavenward, for from heaven she
Came.

And when Religion's mild and genial ray
Around the frozen heart begins to play,
Music's soft breath falls on the quivering light;
The fire is kindled, and the flame is bright;
And that cold mass, by either power assailed,
Is warmed, is melted, and to heaven exhaled."

This poem is replete with beauties; it is the master-piece of all Pierpont's productions. Our limits will not permit us to make other extracts from it.

The following lines have been selected from the "Portrait." They administer what was then a just rebuke upon the country of Washington for permitting his ashes to remain so long un-honored.

"Shame on that country! everlasting shame!
She bids no blazing sun-beam write his name;
His sacred ashes consecrate no urn;
No vault is sculptured, and no vestals mourn;
No marble temple meets the rising day;
No obelisk reflects the evening ray;
Those lips, long hushed in death, among his sons
Nor smile in marble, nor yet breathe in bronze;
No solemn anthem o'er his tomb is sung;
No prayer is heard there from a pilgrim's tongue!—
But o'er the grave where Vernon's hero sleeps,
The tall grass sighs, the waving willow weeps;
And, while the pale moon trembles through the trees,
That bend and rustle to the mighty breeze,
The bird of night, the only mourner there,
Pours on the chilling wind her solemn air;
While flows Potomac silently along,
And listens to her melancholy song."

The "Portrait," was written in 1812, when political feeling excited by the war question, fiercely raged throughout the land; it is therefore impregnated with what would appear, at this day, undue partizan prejudice. The subject is, properly, Our Country and Its Great; and in speaking of the names that live in our history the poet frequently bursts forth into the loftiest eloquence of thought and manner. The reader cannot but regret that the poem has been marred, by the introduction of political opinions, which, at that crisis were violent, and bitter; though in many passages, he is borne along the rapid current of the writer's thoughts, half-unconscious, in his admiration, until some reference to the politics of the day again destroys the illusion;—the charm is broken,—for a discordant note is heard, mingling with the strain. Though this is true of several of the poet's best productions, the discord may have the same effect as in music, rendering the melody which succeeds, the sweeter, and the reader therefore feels inclined to forgive the few faults he may discover.

For Arthur's Magazine.

THE POOR POET:

A PLAY.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF KOTZEBU.

BY ROBERT ARTHUR, D. D. S.

Characters:

Laurence Kindling.—The Poor Post.
Mrs. Crabapple.—A fruiterer.

Theresa.
Julius.

A waiter.

SCENE. *The fruiterer's room, an apartment of a house in a seaport town; a table, two chairs and an empty hamper. On the table is a broken cup, which serves the purpose of an inkstand, and a bottle in which is still remaining a stump of candle, showing that it has been used as a candlestick.*

Observation of the author, to such players as sometimes misconceive their parts: *It is not intended that the Poor Post should excite laughter but, simply, a smile.*

(Laurence Kindling, sitting behind the table, writing.)

A U R E N C E.

"The master-work of Nature, man." No, it will not do—there is no rhyme for man. He is a rhymeless creature. *(Rises.)* I am not in the vein to-day—the verses will not

flow. This unfitness is caused, I know, by the fast-day I was compelled to celebrate, yesterday, and my consequent jejuneness at present. When I think of my rich Surinam planter, who had the misfortune never to be hungry, I am far happier than he, for I am always hungry. Sometimes, indeed, I am rather more so than is exactly agreeable; but I continue healthy and would not exchange my condition with that of the rich planter, who tortures his slaves, and whose poor daughter—Calmly! calmly! most wretched Laurence! that will be a fit subject for contemplation, when you have an order for an elegy.

Mrs. Crabapple, (without.) Be off, villain! you

stole the handkerchief. You may thank heaven that I have so much compassion, or you would find yourself in the house of correction for this.

(Enter Mrs. Crabapple with an umbrella and a white handkerchief in her hand. She slams to the door and sets the umbrella in a corner.)

Laurence. Ah! Mrs. Crabapple with whom are you so angry?

Mrs. Crab. With whom? with you, sir.

Laurence. Why are you angry with me, my dear Mrs. Crabapple.

Mrs. Crab. Because you never keep any thing in its place; because it is as necessary to follow you and put your things in order as if you were a child—

Laurence. Blessed are little children!

Mrs. Crab. Because you let something be stolen from you every moment.

Laurence. Better to have our property stolen from us than to steal.

Mrs. Crab. Not so. Although both are bad and I have never stolen in my life, yet if compelled to choose, I would rather be the thief, God forgive me! than the sufferer. As I came home, I found, standing at the door, a young vagabond, who, although covered with rage, had

a fine white handkerchief tied around his head. I was struck with the contrast, between the clean white handkerchief and the dirty rags which covered his body; I stepped up to him, examined the corner, and tore it from his head.

Laurence. Why did you do so, my dear Mrs. Crabapple?

Mrs. Crab. Zounds, sir! it is *your* handkerchief. Have I not washed it more than once?—there stands your name L. K. To the house of correction with the young thief! he stole the handkerchief.

Laurence. Ah! my worthy Mrs. Crabapple, but, in any case, would be unnecessary, for in his world we are all in a great house of correction. But the poor boy is innocent—I gave him the handkerchief.

Mrs. Crab. Gave it to him!

Laurence. He asked me for money; and you now I have none.

Mrs. Crab. Alas! I do, indeed.

Laurence. It was raining very hard, the poor y had nothing on his head, the rainwater was pping from his hair and it made me feel so try.

Mrs. Crab. And so you gave him the handkerchief?

Laurence. Yes, my dear Mrs. Crabapple.

Mrs. Crab. (*mimicking him, jeeringly.*) Yes, dear Mrs. Crabapple.

Laurence. With your permission. (*He takes handkerchief from her hand and opens the door.*) Here, my poor little fellow, take back handkerchief. (*He reaches it out.*) The

Mrs. Crabapple did not know I had given it to you. Do not cry, she will give you a couple of apples, some of these times, for having used so roughly. (*He closes the door.*)

Mrs. Crab. She wont, though, I can tell you! too bad! you have, all told, not more than handkerchiefs.

Laurence. Two only, my dear Mrs. Crabapple, but I can make shift with them.

Mrs. Crab. What harm could it do the young fellow, and, any how, if his head did get wet? other heads in the world have got a washing. I'll sell the handkerchief for a mere trifle.

Laurence. Well, he can buy bread with it. A handsome lad and a poor orphan. I was the point of proposing to you to take him to my house.

Mrs. Crab. To take him into our house?

Laurence. And bring him up.

Mrs. Crab. Great heaven!

Laurence. You might feed and clothe, whilst I give him instruction. In the end he will become an honest man who might help us in our old days.

Mrs. Crab. I now see very plainly, that you have lost your reason. I never would believe it because you made verses, but my neighbors have said to me repeatedly: "Take care, Mrs. Crabapple, poets have always a screw loose, somewhere." Has heaven punished me then with a poet who could propose to me, to take beggar children into my house?

Laurence. You have no children of your own and possess a handsome sum of well-earned gold.

Mrs. Crab. But I am a widow and who knows whether I may not, at some time, change my condition. To Providence all things are possible.

Laurence. At your age!

Mrs. Crab. What have I done, I should like to know, that you throw my age up to me? It must be acknowledged that winter apples are the best. In few words, Mr. Laurence Kindling, your month is up to-day; pay me what you owe me and seek other lodgings. But do not tell any one that you are a poet, for no man, knowing that, will take you under his roof.

Laurence. I am sure we shall live very peaceably together, Mrs. Crabapple.

Mrs. Crab. No, we will not live together, at all; I cannot tolerate a spendthrift under my roof.

Laurence. I, a spendthrift! gracious heaven!

Mrs. Crab. Will you pay me, sir, and go your way? Do you understand that?

Laurence. My dear Mrs. Crabapple, I can go, it is true, but, pay you, I cannot.

Mrs. Crab. Yes that's it. These miserable poets earn nothing. The people stand around my apple-basket the whole day but to you comes no one.

Laurence. I have a good prospect, however, Mrs. Crabapple. At the Count's, opposite there, the life of a poodle is drawing to a close. The porter has already told me that the Countess has been speaking of an epitaph, which the poodle is to have,—that is, when he is dead. The porter will recommend me and I shall be well paid for my services.

Mrs. Crab. Oh! to be sure you will be well paid! but I can't wait for that, you must make other arrangements, sir; you have a tolerably new over coat left which you can pawn.

Laurence. The over-coat, Mrs. Crabapple?

Mrs. Crab. You don't need it, much, for you seldom go out of the room, and the old one is good enough.

Laurence. But there are other people who use the coat.

Mrs. Crab. Other people?

Laurence. I know I may confide in you, my dear Mrs. Crabapple; for you are an honest,

compassionate woman. Yesterday I was called upon by a poor tinker who had scarcely enough clothing to cover himself; he, at present, wears my over-coat.

Mrs. Crab. (*Clasps her hands together.*) Just listen! and yet he is no spendthrift! I believe, heaven forgive me, that you would give away your heart out of your body.

Laurence. Oh yes, Mrs. Crabapple.

Mrs. Crab. What shall I seize upon? his little bit of washing; good heaven!

Laurence. I have a couple of dozen valentines still on hand—

Mrs. Crab. To the dogs with your valentines! If I were to wrap them round my fine pippins they would not keep till Christmas. In short, Mr. Laurence Kindling, I am determined that you and I shall not remain, another night, under the same roof. Kill the poodle and pay me my money or I shall call the police to my assistance—the police! do you understand?

(*exit.*)

Laurence. Hem! hem! hem! that is not so agreeable. The woman is right; she wants her money—but I, too, am right; for I have none. Well, well, it will come, in good time, and more than I shall want. In the first place, the poodle cannot live much longer. Secondly, Valentine's day will soon be here, and there are the valentines. Thirdly, the lame tailor, my old patron, will soon have a christening and he will employ me to write the letters of invitation. Oh, my dear Mrs. Crabapple, you will be surprised at my riches. She does not mean badly, I am sure. At heart, indeed all men are good; this is not always ascertained it is true till after they are dead—but it is only necessary to examine the obituary notices to become acquainted with a man's real worth. What groping is that at the door? I believe some one knocks. Come in!

(*Enter, Therese, timidly.*)

Therese. I beg your pardon—I am seeking—(*she examines the room, hurriedly.*) No, it is not possible!

Laurence. Whom do you seek, my beautiful young lady?

Therese. (*trembling.*) The poet Kindling.

Laurence. You have found him.

Therese. Have I—have I, really?

Laurence. And why do you suppose it improbable?

Therese. That such a man as you—a poet—(*she glances round the room.*)

Laurence. I comprehend your glance. You are surprised at my poverty? (*pleasantly*) Yes, my good young lady, the muses are unnatural mothers when their sons demand money; for they have none, themselves. But, in return, they

bestow richly upon them the treasures of imagination; and they have adopted a sweet sister, Contentment, whose consolations they freely lend.

Therese. Are you contented?

Laurence. With my lot? Oh yes. What, more than I have, do I need?

Therese. (*With a sad look at him and the contents of the room.*) Almost every thing, it seems to me.

Laurence. That appears to you to be so, my dear young lady because, probably, you have been accustomed to the luxuries of life. But luxuries appear to me like spices. Our ancestors knew nothing of either and yet lived right happily. What do I need then, I again ask you? This wrapper is threadbare, it is true, and ornamented with patches of various colors, but it sets pleasantly to my body and protects me from the cold. My apartment, is, certainly, not a museum and I am obliged to share it with my landlady, the fruiterer; but the good woman is out the whole day and I govern, here, according to my pleasure. The little window is set in lead but neither snow nor rain can force its way through; on the contrary, the sun's rays would come in, were it not for the palace which stands right opposite. My writing-table is not elegant and my inkstand is nothing but a broken cup; but if I were only a Homer I might write an odyssey from it and the little stump of candle, in the bottle, affords me as much light as that great poet obtained from the eyes of his cat. The chairs have been made by a carpenter, but they make right pleasant seats when you are tired. Try one of them I beg you. (*He hands her a chair.*)

Therese. But there are other, daily necessities.

Laurence. Food and drink; yes, these things it is true, are sometimes a source of difficulty—with regard to food, especially, for there is always plenty of water. But one may become accustomed to any thing. Now the rich believe that they cannot live if they do not eat three or four times a day. But that is a mere idea! I, for instance, at this present time, have not taken any food for thirty-six hours and am still sprightly. The stomach complains a little but the head is so much the clearer.

Therese. What, Mr. Kindling! for such a long time you have—

Laurence. When something comes, it tastes so much the better.

Therese. You have involuntarily—

Laurence. Oh that happens, sometimes. Well, my beautiful young lady what can I do for you? Your business must be pressing to have brought

you out in such bad weather. How can I serve you with my humble art? Command me! I labor quickly.

Therese. You are right—the weather is very inclement, and I have come here on foot; this has made me very tired and—I set out fasting—I feel—how shall I call it—

Laurence. Faint?

Therese. Yes, Mr. Kindling and, before I open my business to you, I should be very much obliged if you would procure me some refreshment.

Laurence. Refreshment? Yes my worthy young lady, I can serve you with verses, but—

Therese. Is there no restaurant in the neighborhood?

Laurence. Oh yes, close at hand. The savory odors arising therefrom are sometimes very refreshing to my nostrils and I enjoy them gratis.

Therese. Might I beg—but you must not be offended with me.

Laurence. What do you desire, my beautiful, ondescending young lady?

Therese. Would you have the goodness to procure for me some breakfast and a bottle of old wine from your neighbor?

Laurence. O certainly, they can be obtained once, for the man is ready to supply orders at all hours.

Therese. Take my umbrella.

Laurence. For a couple of steps! oh no! it entirely unnecessary—the rain is refreshing. I'll be back again in a moment. (*Exit.*)

Therese. My father! is it he? The name of the contented, child-like disposition accords with the description given me. But this extreme poverty—this want even of the necessities of life—my heart aches to think of it! Whilst I was grown up, surrounded by every luxury, my father has—hungered! alas! it was out of power to render him assistance.

(*Enter Laurence, followed by a waiter.*)

Laurence. Here I am, again, already, and is the waiter with a roasted chicken and a glass of wine. The people stared, and looked what jeeringly, at me when I asked for these things; but I cannot be surprised at their manner blame them, for I have never before ordered such a feast.

Waiter. Here are the articles ordered. But the waiter charged me not to leave them till I see the money. Two florins for the chicken and three dollars for the old Rhine wine. *Laurence.* (*aside.*) Good heaven! a man might starve that for three months.

Therese. Here is the money; and here is my offering for your trouble.

Waiter. Many thanks! I wish you good appetite.

Laurence. (*aside.*) To whom does he wish good appetite? Not me, surely?

Therese. Will you not sit and partake with me?

Laurence. With your permission I will stand and wait upon you.

Therese. (*Pours out wine.*) You will not disdain a glass of wine?

Laurence. Disdain it! That can Bacchus say of no poet.

Therese. Take it from my hand.

Laurence. Your health. (*Drinks.*)

Therese. (*aside.*) Honor thy father and thy mother that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God hath given thee.

Laurence. Ah! it burns like fire, like fire! It has been a long time since I have drank wine.

Therese. (*fills.*) Take another glass.

Laurence. It might be too much for me.

Therese. Is there no one, to whose health you might drink?

Laurence. No one—I am entirely alone!

Therese. Have you no reminiscences?

Laurence. Reminiscences! Oh yes! some which are very dear—but they are sad ones!

Therese. Well! drink to the memory of some one whom they recall.

Laurence. (*Takes the glass, and sponks with deep emotion.*) To the dear one, sleeping peacefully under the green sod!

Therese. (*aside.*) It is he!

Laurence. Good wine is a costly luxury—seldom enjoyed—seldom. It expands the poor shrunken heart!

(*Therese gazes on him with emotion.*)

Laurence. But you do not eat, miss? and yet the food seems to be well prepared.

Therese. I have sipped the wine and that has refreshed me very much; I have no longer any appetite. If I might invite you to partake of the chicken.

Laurence. Oh! I beg—

Therese. It will only be taken away by the waiter.

Laurence. Certainly, but—

Therese. You will confer a favor upon me; a great favor, I assure you.

Laurence. (*whose modesty struggles with his hunger.*) If you desire it, I will indeed, take one of these little wings. (*He sits down, and eats, at first, timidly and then, with increasing avidity.*) It must be confessed that my neighbor understands his art—ah! it tastes astonishingly good!

Therese. (*aside.*) Is there any greater earthly pleasure, than that of feeding a poor famished father!

Laurence. (with affright.) I beg your pardon, miss, but, without thinking of what I was doing, I have eaten the breast.

Therese. Eat, I beg, dear Mr. Kindling, and take another glass of wine. You need strength now, and will need it still more presently; in the meantime I will tell you what brought me here.

Laurence. Yes, do so; and, although I should eat a little, I will listen attentively to you.

Therese. I am a stranger—I arrived here, yesterday, for the first time—I feed myself upon the sweet hope of finding a person who, although I have never seen, is inexpressibly dear to me.

Laurence. May heaven bless your hope!

Therese. I am seeking a father, who does not know me—who does not even know that he has a child upon earth.

Laurence. Oh, how happy he will be to learn it.

Therese. I want a poem of a sad, pleasing character, on *Hope*.

Laurence. Ah yes, hope! she has been called a daughter of heaven, because, probably, she dwells so constantly in heaven, only.

Therese. Would you write me such a poem?

Laurence. My good young lady, you do me much honor. Certainly; after a man has drank such wine he may attempt any thing, but, heretofore, I have written nothing but verses for festive occasions.

(Enter Mrs. Crabapple.)

Mrs. Crab. Good heaven! what do I see! Has the fellow spoken truly! I could not believe it! My neighbor's waiter met me a moment ago, and said if I would go home I would find strange doings, there. "What is the matter?" I asked, thinking of no evil. "The poet with a young lady! happy and merry."

Laurence. Yes, my dear Mrs. Crabapple, I am happy and merry, for I have been drinking princely wine.

Mrs. Crab. So! you can drink wine, but you cannot pay your rent, ha!

Laurence. I have not paid for the wine. The dear young lady—

Mrs. Crab. A dear young lady—yes a very charming young lady! Well these are fine doings! this is proper conduct! a young lady and wine! Are you not ashamed of yourself; your hair is grey.

Laurence. Of what are you thinking, Mrs. Crabapple, the young lady has come to order a poem on *Hope*.

Mrs. Crab. On hope! Fudge! I tell you I will not suffer such doings in my house.

Therese. Why you do not, certainly, suppose—

Mrs. Crab. I will suppose what I please. I

can tell, I guess, when an apple is worm-eaten at the core. In short, Mr. Poet, you may, at once, with your pretty miss, pack out of my house. But, before you go, see that you pay me the last penny or you shall sell the shirt off your back.

Laurence. Oh! Mrs. Crabapple—

Therese. (drawing forth her purse.) How much does the gentleman owe you?

Mrs. Crab. (with altered tone at sight of the purse.) Ten shillings, sixpence and three farthings. The rent is ten shillings, and I have lent him the balance out of my pocket; at one time a sixpence, at another, three farthings. There he stands, himself, and he may dispute it if he can.

Laurence. I do not dispute it, my worthy Mrs. Crabapple.

Therese. There is the money and something over wherewith to drink my health.

Mrs. Crab. Ah! indeed! that alters the case.

Laurence. What have you done, miss! I have not yet written the poem, for you, which, at all events, could not be worth such a sum.

Therese. To me, infinitely more!

Mrs. Crab. It is plain to see from her generosity that the lady is an honorable personage. Your ladyship must not be offended with me because I sometimes speak a little roughly. I am somewhat hasty, but hasty people are always the best; although I get angry easily I am soon in a good humor again, and when I see money any one may turn me about with a little finger. I mean no offence, your ladyship, but I am a poor widow and must pay my taxes and license, as your ladyship can readily understand. My husband was a sot, he spent every thing; he is now dead and if in endless torment, I speak as a good christian, he would have nothing but his deserts. This was in the year 1774 or possibly in 1775—

Therese. Very good, Mrs. Crabapple; but may I beg that you will do me the favor to leave me alone for a moment, with this gentleman?

Mrs. Crab. Oh! certainly; your ladyship may command in my house and if you would purchase fruit I have the best of all kinds. I have beautiful apples, apricots and peaches, and figs that will melt upon your tongue; all at your disposal; your most obedient servant. (Exit.)

Therese. That seems to me to be a bad woman.

Laurence. No, indeed, although somewhat loquacious and a little niggardly, she is still right honest.

Therese. To dun so savagely for such a trifle!—

Laurence. I beg your pardon, my dear young lady, to Mrs. Crabapple and to me it is, indeed,

no trifle, and I have fallen so deeply in your debt that—

Therese. You might soon make me *your* debtor if you would have the goodness to relate, to me, your history.

Laurence. My history! good heaven! what possible interest can my history have for you?

Therese. Who knows! perhaps, the greatest! I pray you relate it to me.

Laurence. I must confess to you, miss, that it brings up so many painful things before me that I should do it very unwillingly.

Therese. But if, in me, you excited the deepest, the most heartfelt sympathy?

Laurence. With that it has, certainly, never yet been my lot to meet.

Therese. Then you will experience, for the first time, how such sympathy refreshes.

Laurence. Who could withstand your affectionate friendliness? Well, as you seem, so much, to desire it, listen. I was born and have always remained, a poor devil. God only knows how people manage to become rich, none of my efforts have ever succeeded. My father was an honest linen-weaver and left me two hundred dollars. My guardian had a coat and a pair of boots made for me and told me my money was gone. The people thought I ought to have prosecuted him; but I knew, very well, that cloth and leather were dear. As my money was gone, and I could not live without doing something, I went to Surinam and became the clerk of a rich planter, who gave me no salary. I had, to be sure, something to eat and drink, every day, but of a great deal of that.

Therese. What was the planter's name?

Laurence. Brutendorf. He had the reputation of being a hard man. But I will say nothing ill of him. He had many men to govern and that cannot be done without severity. But I was not accustomed to it and helped the people as much as I could. This conduct might have been wrong; he often abused me bitterly for it and, at last, took a dislike to me on account of it; but God knows, I could not help it. He had a daughter, sprightly, and passionate, good,—very good. As I was sitting one day in my corner, chewing a piece of sugar, she came in; her eyes were glittering and her cheeks were glowing. "Mr. Kindling," said she, "to-morrow I am to be married to our neighbor, the bad Marfrost; if it takes place I will jump into the fire." Now, you must know, miss, that Marfrost, which was used for distilling rum, was a dreadful place, and no one who jumped into it would ever come out again. "Heaven forbid," said I; but she swore she would do as she

had said. I cannot give you any idea of her deep despair; nor how my heart bled for her, nor how joyfully I would have sacrificed my life for her's. "Will you save me?" she asked. "Most willingly," I answered, "but how?" She held out her hand: "Let us be married to-night." The tone with which she uttered these words sounded like a request,—like a command—the fair, agitated form—the outstretched white hand—conceive, if you can, my feelings!—I had always cherished for her such deep, distant respect, and should I now become her husband! I stammered out something, for I was so confused I could not collect my thoughts. The rich Marfrost, I said, was quite a different man from me. She said he was much worse—that she had long observed me in silence, and knew that I was good, and kind-hearted. She was not wrong, my dear miss, to say I was good and kind-hearted;—yet I cannot take any credit to myself on that account, for it is my nature. I must confess, that I sometimes do the most stupid things out of pure good nature. You must pardon me, my dear miss, but it is a long time since I have drunk wine; wine loosens the tongue and I tell every thing.

Therese. You have certainly nothing bad with which to reproach yourself.

Laurence. Wait a moment, my dear miss, for we now come to the most serious part of the matter. I found myself unable to withstand the beautiful Hedwig, such was the name of the rich Brutendorf's daughter, for my head was as much agitated as my heart. Pride whispered: "She takes you out of despair;" but vanity elevated her voice with: "She regards you above the rich Marfrost who is looked up to by the whole country." So I threw my piece of sugar cane into the corner and followed the beautiful Hedwig through night and mist. She had prepared every thing—we were married and I said from my heart, "yes." That was very bad, was it not? Brutendorf was my employer—he was Hedwig's father—how did I dare to marry the daughter without the father's consent? God forgive me! I was a man and a right bad one, too.

Therese. Alas! It brought you no happiness!

Laurence. A distempered conscience, my life long. We fled to an old negro who owed his freedom to my Hedwig. Through her influence he had come into possession of a little piece of land and a hut, in which we concealed ourselves. I lived a couple of weeks as if I were in Paradise, my Hedwig was so beautiful, so good; we learned daily to know each other better,—we loved!—yes my dear miss, we loved!—Do not be displeased with me, but I have drunk so much wine that my nerves are very much deranged and I must weep, a little.

Therese. Oh! if I were only permitted to wipe away those tears!

Laurence. In confidence, these tears often flow, without wine, in the long, sleepless nights. Well, it is a just retribution! The father discovered our place of concealment, we were surprised, drawn forth and separated. I have never seen my Hedwig since! Dear Lord—I must weep again!—do not be displeased with me—I believe, indeed, that you are weeping, too.

Therese. From my heart.

Laurence. God bless you for it! ah! the worst comes now. I was imprisoned to await a trial, like a felon. If they had hanged me they would have served me justly—but they allowed me to escape, I cannot tell why. Several men, in disguise, came to my prison at night; they must have bribed the jailer—I was placed on board a vessel just about to sail. One of the men put gold into my hand but warned me never to return to Surinam. I felt as if I must jump into the sea; but the man thrust a little scrap of paper into my hand, which saved me from self-destruction. On it were written, by my Hedwig, these words: "*I will follow you as soon as I can.*" Oh! I have that little piece of paper still! but, of late, I have looked at it but seldom; for my eyes are painful, now—you understand me—I must write a great deal by a stump of candle and I want my eyes.

Therese. You shall spare them in future.

Laurence. No, that cannot be. A morsel of bread must be earned. It was a considerable amount of gold which the man gave me, I believe; enough to have served me during life, but somehow I lost it.

Therese. Lost it!

Laurence. Yes. People thought it must have been stolen from me, but I can scarcely believe that. It was in good ducats, in a neat little casket. Now, I had some beautiful works, by Wieland, and thought that they deserved much more than the gold, a place in the casket. Therefore, I took out the ducats and put Wieland in their place. I carried the gold in my pockets, which might have had holes in them—in short, the money disappeared. I do not know how much there was, for I never counted it. But I still had the little note: "*I will follow you as soon as I can,*" which lay alongside of Wieland.

Therese. And so you were compelled, in future to struggle with poverty.

Laurence. Oh no; at first things went very well with me. I received a fine little appointment, which I had some trouble to obtain; it was to attend to the lamps of the light house. You may easily guess why I chose this employment; I could look out upon the sea. As often

as I saw a ship in the distance, hu! how my heart thumped. Many ships arrived, but my Hedwig came not! Finally, I was taken sick, and as I was entirely alone in the light house, the lamps were not lit for several nights. I was dismissed; this was just, for great misfortunes might have been the consequence of my neglect.

Therese. Dismissed! because you were sick?

Laurence. Good Lord! miss, a man, when he fills an office, and has duties to perform, must not become sick; his employers do not willingly pay him for being sick. I obtained a situation immediately after, however, at the telegraph office, but a strange accident happened me there. I was required to make the signals that six American vessels were in sight. Ah, heaven! the American flag had so turned my head, for I thought, immediately, of my Hedwig—that I reported the words: "*I will follow you as soon as I can.*" My superior thought I was out of my wits, and, indeed, he was quite right. They dismissed me, as I certainly deserved to be, and I have remained without an appointment to the present day.

Therese. Poor man!

Laurence. Poor, I certainly was; for I had not learned to do any thing but to write. There was a great crowd of clerks, and so I was compelled to hunger. I did not starve, however, as you see, for God opened for me a spring in the desert. A tailor requested me to write him a poem for a marriage festival. He thought that he who could write must know how to make verses, also. I had never written verses in my life, but hunger inspired me. "I can at least try," thought I; and, would you believe it! I succeeded. Since then I have made a rich subsistence, for the tailor recommended me and many a poem brought me a whole florin. And you must not suppose that I have always been so badly clothed; oh, no! at present there is a special reason for my wretched appearance.

Therese. But have you never had any tidings of your Hedwig?

Laurence. Would to God I had not! I spent my days at the wharf, on the watch for newcomers from South America. The moment any one set his foot on land, trembling with hope and anxiety, I was questioning him. Once, a natural philosopher returned from Surinam. He had known Mr. Brutendorf and his daughter, (*Laurence folds his hands in his lap, bends down his head upon his breast, and speaks in broken accents,*) who—was dead—he said.

Therese. Do you know nothing else of her?

Laurence. Nothing else!

Therese. You are deeply moved—take time to recover yourself.

Laurence. Your pardon, miss, it will soon pass away. Ah! since then many a year has passed away, and I yet live!

Therese. When can you write me the poem on Hope?

Laurence. (*Immediately recovering himself.*) Yes, Hope! I will write it to-day—but my dear miss, I do not think I can make much of it; hope and I, alas! are strangers!

(*Enter Julius.*)

Julius. May I come in?

Laurence. (*going toward him.*) Your obedient servant.

Julius. I seek the poet, Kindling.

Laurence. I am he. Take a seat. (*Hands him his chair.*)

(*Therese springs up and offers her own to Laurence.*)

Laurence. Do not stir; I can soon provide a seat for myself. (*He draws out the empty hamper, turns it upside down, and sits on the bottom.*) Now, sir, in what can I serve you?

Julius. I have come to order a wedding-poem.

Laurence. I can supply you, at once, for I have a number, on hand, of various descriptions.

Julius. Your pardon, sir—but with regard to my marriage, there are a number of peculiar circumstances which I wish introduced into the poem.

Laurence. Very well, very well; I will bring em all in according to order.

Julius. Do so, and I will prove my thankfulness.

Laurence. (*aside to Therese.*) Then, perhaps, hall be able to acquit myself of my indebtedness to you.

Julius. My betrothed is the grand-daughter rich planter of Surinam.

Laurence. (*letting both arms sink down, and leaning upon Julius.*) What?

Julius. Of Surinam.

Laurence. Ah my God!

Julius. Her mother, when a young girl, was t to be forced to marry a man whom she red; and, in order to escape this misfortune, ed, suddenly and secretly, an honest but youth, who was in her father's employ-

Laurence. Sir!

Julius. This happy union, however, endured a few weeks; the cruel father separated

Laurence. Separated!

Julius. But she succeeded, by the sacrifice ewels, in rescuing her husband from prison,

and securing him a safe escape to Europe, whither it was her intention to follow him as soon as she could.

Laurence. "I will follow you as soon as I can."

Julius. So did she write to him, and only waited for her confinement to carry out her intention.

Laurence. Her confinement!

Julius. But she gave birth to a daughter and died.

Laurence. (*rising up in violent agitation.*) She died—she gave birth to a daughter?—and this daughter, sir, she lives?

Julius. She lives, and is my betrothed.

Laurence. Where is she, where!

Julius. A beautiful, excellent maiden! the sole heiress of the rich Brutendorf—I am so happy as to be loved by her; but she has constantly refused to bless my hopes until she should have discovered her father, and received his blessing—for that purpose we embarked together.

Laurence. She is here?

Therese. At your feet! (*she casts herself down before him.*)

Laurence. Oh my God! this is too much—thou my daughter! (*sobbing convulsively,*) ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!—thou my child! I have a child!—ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! (*he sinks, fainting, in her arms.*)

Therese. Julius, your were too rash; my father is dying.

Julius. It would be a sweet death. But do not be uneasy, joy has overcome him; he will soon recover.

Therese. (*Pointing to the table.*) Give me wine. (*Julius holds the glass: Therese gives some wine to her father.*)

Laurence. (*Coming to himself.*) What has happened to me?—is it true? have I not been dreaming?

Therese. I am your daughter; I have now only since the death of my grandfather, been permitted to search you out.

Laurence. (*childishly.*) You are my daughter—my beautiful, my lovely daughter! Oh! I have not eyes enough to look upon you. How are you called? I do not even know your name.

Therese. Therese.

Laurence. Therese! my Therese! I have become a rich man—ah! how have I suddenly become rich?

Julius. (*beseechingly.*) And my wedding-poem?

Laurence. (*clasping his daughter closely and anxiously to his breast.*) No! no! I will not permit you to leave me—I have been so many

years alone—I have been dead—to-day I am newly born! shall I die again, to-day?

Therese. We will never separate; we will make but one family.

Laurence. Family! will poor Laurence Kindling have a family!—children, have patience with me—my body is weak; I may say to you, indeed, that I have often lacked food; I have grown weak.

Therese. My good father!

Laurence. Father! am I a father? Hear all

of you?—is nobody here?—throw open the window! I am a father!

Julius. Our father!

Laurence (embracing them both.) Your father!

Therese. Hope! hope! thou wilt not deceive those who trust in thee!

Laurence. Have I deserved this? (*he looks humbly upward.*) Oh! no! no! I have not deserved it.

(*The curtain falls.*)

For Arthur's Magazine.

TO ONE IN HEAVEN.

BY B. ST. JAMES FORT.

WITH bitter tears, we parted, love,
And many hopes to meet again;
But he that ever reigns above
Hath ta'en thee from this world of pain.
Thy last fond smile—thy burning kiss,

Death hath not robb'd me, yet, of this;
For toiling through the world so drear
I pause, and think, that thou art near.

The shaded elm-tree walk I tread,
Where we have sat alone so oft;
Where on thy breast, my aching head,
Hath found a pillow, sweet and soft.
The fountain by the willow tree
Still gushes, musical and free;

And in its rippling song I hear
Thy voice, and feel that thou art near.

When night has closed around my head,
And busy memory wanders free;
A form is hovering near my bed,
That bears a likeness, love, to thee.
Sweet, rosy lips are near my cheek,
Remember'd sounds they fondly speak;
Sweet words familiar to my ear,
And then I know that thou art near.

Still be thou ever near, my love,
And guide my erring steps aright;
Still leave thy blissful home above,
To cheer me in the gloomy night.
When life grows dark, and hope's bright ray
Hath well nigh failed to light my way;
'Twill ease my many sorrows here
To know, sweet dove! that thou art near.

For Arthur's Magazine.

“PEACE BE UNTO THEE.”

PEACE be unto thee,
when the morning
flingeth
Her first fresh beauty
over field and glen,
When the sweet lark
her supple pleasure
singeth,
Peace be unto thee then;
Not the light passing of

a summer feeling,

Like that in childhood's bosom, fleet as free;
But deeper gladness, God's dear love revealing,
Such peace—such peace for thee.

Peace be unto thee, when thy steps are straying
Among the hopes and fears of selfish men;

There, even there, God's high commands obeying,
Peace be unto thee then:

Look not for peace when eyes are filled with slumber,
Tired of the scarce hushed sounds of revelry,
Such sleep with earth-dreams all thy soul will cumber,
But God's own peace for thee.

Peace be unto thee—friendly voices call thee,
And warm hearts turn from thee the shafts of pain;
If—by God's will, their loss should e'er befall thee,

Peace be unto thee then:
Then may his own voice speak unto thee ever,
His own love ever nearer seem to be;
When earthly hopes with earthly loves must sever,
Christ give his peace to thee.

H. M.

For Arthur's Magazine.

REVERSES OF FORTUNE.

A SKETCH OF WESTERN LIFE.

BY H. D. C.

PART I.



It was a mild autumnal evening in 1813. The sun had but just gone down, and his lingering beams, like dallying lovers, still kissed the blushing foliage of a forest, in what was *then* called the "Far West."

John Frost, that inimitable painter, had already decked each tree and shrub with a thousand hues, in the rich, deep, golden tint, to the modest sallow drab. All nature, indeed, seemed to have been on the "coat of many colors," as if determined to have at least one grand display, before winter should throw over its face the white of unwilling seclusion.

The venerable forest of a thousand years, seemed to forget its age, as its tree tops smiled in the departing light of the sun, while the nest-birds from its embowered recesses carolled in their simple vespers. The blue smoke, too, rising from the rude chimney of a solitary log cabin, which stood in the centre of a small clearing, in the midst of the wood, seemed to float joyfully into the clear atmosphere, as if it were the evening sacrifice of the tenement's humbly inmates.

These were, a hardy New England Pioneer, his wife, two sons, and an infant daughter. The William and James, were old enough to follow their father at "clearing, breaking, and settling." The members of this humble family amongst the first settlers in that part of the West, and of course endured many hardships, they were deprived of the luxuries of an Eastern residence; yet they were cheerful and contented; and had it not been for the difficulty of

paying for the lands they had purchased, their happiness would have been complete.

The difficulties which frowned upon them from the future and the spirit with which they met them, will appear from what follows.

Upon the evening in question, they were partaking of their frugal supper, when a knock from without, interrupted their meal, and conversation. Lee, the head of the family, answering the summons at the door, was saluted by a well-dressed stranger, on horseback, who requested "accommodation" for himself and his tired animal until morning. He was immediately welcomed by the sturdy pioneer, and giving his horse in charge of one of the boys, soon found himself comfortably seated by the fireside of his host. A plain but substantial supper was quickly prepared, after partaking of which, the stranger, won by the unaffected cordiality of his entertainer, forgot all reserve, and in the course of the conversation which ensued, communicated to him his name and history.

The guest, Henry Florence, was a native and a merchant of one of our Eastern cities. He was wealthy, and fond of adventure, and having vested a few hundreds in western lands, he resolved to gratify his desire of seeing the vast forests, the rolling prairies, and the noble lakes and rivers of the great West. Upon a visit of adventure as well as profit, therefore, he had accidentally become the guest of the settler.

"You must endure many privations, in this wild, unsettled country," said Florence, in the course of the evening's conversation.

"Yes; but the 'East' aint the place for poor men; now me and mine are as good as any body, and I like to be, where I can live like other folks. The West's a growin' country, and I've a notion

I can grow with it, and when I die, leave something handsome for my children."

"How long have you been here?"

"Three years last March."

"How have you prospered during that time?"

"Oh! *first rate*, so far; but the drought' has almost ruined the crops this year, and I'm hard pressed to raise the money to make my last payment on my land. The "shiners" are mighty scarce in these parts, and I'm afeared sometimes, I'll have to give up the land, and all I've earned these last two years, and paid towards it.—But never mind, we *must* have troubles or else we wouldn't know what we *could* do, if we tried."

These last words were spoken with a tone of resolution, though his voice trembled slightly, as he bent down to kiss the little Ellen in his lap. The child looked up into his face, smiled sweetly in response to his caress, and then nestled closer upon his bosom.

"Do you not get discouraged at times?" asked Florence.

"Well I *do* once in a while, feel something like it; but then, *it'll all come out right*,—that's my motto. We have got to be a little earlier and later at the business. Boys!" he continued, turning towards his sons, "We've all got to work harder! I tell you, if we do 'nt, we'll get no fodder!"

"I reckon we can do our share!" resolutely replied the youngest; his words met a response in the determined look of his elder brother, and in the approving smile of his father.

Henry Florence remained several days with the settler, whose unremitting exertions to make him comfortable were both effectual and appreciated.

Upon leaving, he urged his worthy host to accept some compensation, for the trouble and expense of his protracted stay, but received, in answer to all his entreaties, the blunt reply,

"Money aint the price of Isaac Lee's hospitality!"

A few days after the departure of the stranger, the wife and children of the settler stood at the door of their humble cabin, awaiting his return from the country town, whither he had gone, half-despairing, to arrange for the payment of the land which had cost him so many months of toil. The countenances of the group were sorrowful, save that of the little Ellen, who, like the rose, blushing beneath the April cloud, innocently smiled, unconscious of impending misfortune. Twilight gathered slowly, and, as if imbued with the spirit of the quiet hour, they were silent and sad, while they watched for the return of Lee.

They did not wait long. He soon emerged from the woods upon the opposite side of the

"clearing," and as he saw them, he swiftly urged his horse towards them, shouting at the top of his voice,

"Hurrah, wife! Jimmy! Bill! Pet! all of you, hurrah. The land's all paid for! Mr. Florence did it! He got the receipts made out before he left, two days ago, and gave them to 'Squire Benson at the Land-Office, to keep, till I came to town! He's gone back to the East, but never mind, I'll have a chance to pay him, some day!"

"God bless him!" ejaculated the wife, while tears ran down her cheek.

"God bless him!" shouted the boys as they threw their ragged hats into the air.

PART II.

SEVENTEEN years have elapsed, and time has brought changes. The forest has gradually fallen before the axes of the settlers; the little-cattle path, winding through the woods from house to house, has been superseded, by the well raised turnpike and county road; the little "clearing" has expanded into the well-improved farm; and the flourishing village marks the spot, where, but a few years ago stood the humble "Public" of some settler, more ambitious than his neighbors.

How cheerfully the smoke curls up from the midst of yon beautiful grove of forest trees, surrounding that fine, comfortable farm-house! Look, too, at that bursting barn, just back of it, with the glistening ice-icles, hanging from its projecting eaves;—for it is winter;—and at the sleek, well-fed cattle, standing upon the warm, south side, leisurely "chewing their quid," undisturbed by the cackling of the poultry, and the uproar of the greedy swine, contending over their evening potations of sour milk and corn. But let us look around. How straight the fences are! and how thrifty appears yon large orchard, although winter has hung ice-icles, where summer would have had leaves and fruit! How beautifully the star-light shines upon the frozen surface of that little stream, as it first emerges from the upland wood, and then stretches its bright course across the snow-covered meadow!—But come! 't is Christmas time, and we will find good cheer at the farm-house. I will introduce you to its inmates.

Ah! a gathering! We have happened in at the right time! These twenty or thirty young people, are guests;—this is a merry-making, and truly they seem determined upon *making merry*!—Now supper is ready, and they are leaving

the sitting-room for the spacious kitchen where a tempting display of chickens, turkeys, and meats of every kind await them, while portly pies, cakes, "dough-nuts," sauce, honey, and home-made preserves fill up the intervening spaces. And now, while they are enjoying themselves around the long table, let us take a more deliberate look at them.

That hale old man, with the few gray hairs, at the head of the table, is our old acquaintance, Lee;—Squire Lee now,—so pay him proper respect. That neat, tidy lady, pouring out the coffee, and doing the honors, is his worthy wife, and that beautiful girl, with the black eyes, and the long, dark tresses freely hanging down, upon her round, white shoulder, while she passes the cups, is her only daughter, the lovely Ellen, who when we last knew her, was only a prattling infant. Those two handsome, manly fellows, are her brothers, William, the eldest, and James,—the little Jimmy of seventeen years ago.

But while we are looking, they have finished their repast and are returning to the sitting-room.

"Now for the good old game of blind-man's buff,"—they are unanimous and are soon involved in the "chapter of accidents,"—such as making the "blind-man" fall over a chair, by way of relude, then laughter as a chorus; or, perhaps, some blooming lass, having taken refuge in a room, finds herself caught in the out-stretched arms of the stumbling fellow, in attempting to escape. All is borne in good part, though the complimentary swains do venture to object to veiling her bright eyes concealed beneath the madage.

At length, lame Jerry, the village fiddler is ushered into the room, and as he hobbles towards

elevated seat by the fire place, he good-naturedly gives the order to "form cotillion;" ardless, all the time of the confusion into which his command has thrown some of the bashful young men; as in obedience they step up, with half averted face, thumbing their eyes at the expense of their button-holes, each with appropriate "flame," asking her to become "partner," the next dance.

erry looks down from his seat with a content smile, as the couples arrange themselves; with a mysterious flourish of the bow, and a premonitory scrapes, by way of incantation he launches forth upon the undulating waves of regular dancing melody. All is mirth and joy, as the dance proceeds; and some of the beaux, forgetting, as they become excited, former bashfulness, venture occasionally to a "extra flourish," or a more complicated "figure."

passed the evening. The guests had

done full justice to themselves and to their entertainers, and now it was time to depart for their several homes. This ceremony was at length accomplished, after some difficulty in finding the bonnets, shawls and cloaks of the girls, and after considerable trepidation on the part of the bashful beaux. It was at length over, and the farm-house was again quiet. The company however had scarcely left, and the retreating sounds of laughter chiming in with the merry sleigh bells had but just died away, when the family of Newton were disturbed by cries from without, proceeding from James, who had just returned, after gallanting home, the mistress of his heart, who lived at a small distance from the farm-house. Running to ascertain the cause, they found him, leaning against one of the pillars of the rustic stoop, supporting the body of a young man from whose stiff and frozen limbs the life seemed to have departed. After a few hurried inquiries, to which James could only reply that on his return he had found the senseless form of the stranger laying across the snow-path at the foot of the steps, they carried him into the house, where, by applying the usual restoratives, they at length succeeded in bringing the stranger to a momentary consciousness. Being too much exhausted, however, to say more than to merely thank the kind people who had rescued him from death, he was removed to a warm comfortable bed, where he seemed to repose.

During the whole night Isaac Lee and wife watched by his bedside, for his sleep was restless and a violent fever heated his brow. Thus they sat, when the gray light of breaking dawn, stealing through the half opened window curtains, diffused a sombre hue over the objects in the room, while the sickly flame of the dying candle fitfully flared in its socket. The countenance of the sleeper seemed still more wan and pale in the oblique rays, while his quick, nervous breathing, broke fearfully upon the stillness, and his eye gleamed with unnatural brightness through the half-opened lids; yet he moved not.

Lee gently laid back the long dark hair from the heated temples of the sick man, and after applying a cooling lotion to his throbbing brow, gazed intently into his face, as if striving to account for the strange resemblance, which he fancied he there saw, to some long absent friend. As he gazed upon that pale face, memory seemed to awake from the slumbers of years to the consciousness of the past. The stranger seemed to form a link in the chain which bound him to other days, yet Newton could not solve the mystery. As he stood thus, the invalid suddenly assumed a sitting posture, throwing his arms into the air, and wildly gazing on vacancy

The next moment he was calm; but again, as if seeking to embrace some phantom of his phren-sied imagination, he stretched forth his arms beseechingly, and shrieked—

"Oh! hope, hope!—money and friends—money and friends—money and friends and *hope*!—Despair and death! ha! ha! well you fight, which shall have me! but death shall conquer!"

He fell back exhausted, but soon another paroxysm aroused him from his temporary quiet.

"'Tis bitter, bitter cold! well, ha! ha! ha! this clean, white snow-bank makes a fine death-bed!—and then, that's good, I have this world's charity for a bed-fellow, for I feel its icy embrace."

He paused a moment, gasping for breath; then, less wildly, and in a more melancholy tone he continued;

"Houseless, moneyless, friendless;—has Edward Florence come to this?—Has—

"Gracious Providence!" exclaimed the astonished couple, as the strange likeness was explained; "can this be true?—the son of our benefactor thus deserted?"

"My father! mother! but I forgot you are dead, so you can't help me! no, no,—I'll die here by the road-side."

Again he fell back exhausted and speechless. The two sadly gazed upon the son of him who had been their best friend.

"Thank God he has been directed to our roof!" at length fervently ejaculated the wife. "He has found a refuge prepared by the benevolence of his departed father, and friends whose love shall be constant as their gratitude!"

"May heaven restore him!" said the husband.

"Amen!" sobbed the wife.

The angel of love bore that heartfelt prayer to heaven, and breathed it in the ear of mercy. A calm slumber descended upon the sick-man, and his respiration became more regular. For hours he lay thus, and when he awoke, his fever had left him. Intelligence sat once more upon his countenance, and mild gratitude beamed from his eye. The danger was past, yet his excessive

debility indicated that weeks would elapse, before his strength would entirely return.

The kind family did all to assuage his sufferings, that affectionate solicitude *could* do. Constantly, day and night, some one watched by his bedside; and when during his convalescence, the hours seemed to hang wearily upon him, the gentle Ellen, with a smile, would win him from his melancholy, or read from some book to beguile the tedium of the "leaden-footed" moments. What wonder then, if love reared an altar in each of their hearts, whereon burned the pure flame, kindled by gratitude in the one, and by compassion in the other?

Edward Florence indeed felt a growing affection for her, who to him appeared more than an angel; for in his loneliness and desolation sympathy and love were doubly valuable. But a year before, death had robbed him of his parents. Reverses in business prior to this, had made his father almost a bankrupt; and the young man, bereaved by the loss of all he loved, and chilled by the prospect before him, had sought in the West, the few acres of land, left him, which offered the only hope of support. He soon exhausted his little stock of money; sickness came upon him; and on the verge of despair and death, he was rescued by the son of him, whom his father, in better days, had saved from ruin.

Here we would drop the curtain, but we cannot forbear a single glance more.

Florence is alone no longer. He has almost forgotten the gloom of the past in the joyfulness of the present. A year has elapsed, and it finds him in the possession of a flourishing farm. The woods are cleared away; the fences surround fields of waving grain; a cottage, neatly built, smiles from the midst of the little grove, just back from the high road—and—shall we look in? The village clergyman, as he joins the hands of Ellen Lee and Edward Florence, invokes the choicest blessings of heaven upon them, and repeats the fervently spoken words of the old farmer,—"*Remember that a good action never goes unrewarded.*"

For Arthur's Magazine.

TO ———.

I LOVE thee, and I cannot tear
This trusting heart from thine;
No earthly power can ever quench,
Devotion fond as mine.

It burns a pure and steady flame,
Nor wavers in the gale;

A sunbeam o'er life's chequer'd path,
Where earthly prospects fail.

With hope and joy my bosom thrills,
Beneath thy love-lit eye;
I have been thine since first we met,
And shall be till I die. R. D. R.

For Arthur's Magazine.

Extract from a New Work, now in Press by E. Ferrett and Co. entitled

THE WIFE.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

[We offer our readers a chapter from "The Wife," which is the second book in the series of three, to be called "The Maiden," "The Wife," and "The Mother." The third volume of the series, "The Mother," will be passed through the press as soon after "The Wife" appears, as possible.]



“You are going to house-keeping, I hear,” said Mrs. Riston, a young friend, about a week after the conversation mentioned in the preceding chapter had taken place. She had called in to see Anna, whose acquaintance she had recently made.

“Yes,” was the smiling reply.

“You ’ll be sorry for it.”

“Why so?”

“Oh, it will bring you into a world of trouble. My husband has been teasing me to death about going to housekeeping, ever since we have been married. But I won’t hear to it.”

“That is strange. I thought every married woman would like to be in her own house.”

“O dear! No. I know dozens who would throw houses and all into the Schuylkill if they could. It makes a slave of a woman, Mrs. Hartley. She is tied down to a certain routine of duties of the most irksome nature; and, this, day in and day out the year round. And what is worse, the load of her duties growing lighter, they are constantly increasing.”

But all these duties it is right for her to perform, is it not?”

Not if she can get out of them; or delegate the performance to some one else, as I do. In ordering house, you pay for having all this labor taken off of your hands. And I think our hands may just as well pay for it as not. I have no notion of being a slave. I did n’t marry

to become a mere drudge, so to speak, to any one.”

“It is a question in my mind, Mrs. Riston, whether it is right to delegate the duties we are competent to perform,” was Anna’s mild reply.

“All nonsense! Get out of doing every thing you can. At the best you will have your hands full.”

“No doubt I shall find plenty to do: but my labor will be lightened by the consciousness that it is done in order to make others happy.”

“Others happy! Oh, la! Who ’ll try to make you happy, I wonder?”

“My husband, I hope,” said Anna, gravely.

“Humph! You will see. Husbands ain’t the most unselfish creatures in the world. I believe they are not proverbial for sacrificing much to the happiness of their wives.”

Anna felt shocked at this. But her young friend did not notice the effect her words produced, and continued to run on.

“You had better take my advice, and tell your husband, as I have told mine over and over again, that you are not going to become a domestic slave for him or any body else.”

Anna shook her head.

“Well! Just as you like. If you will go to housekeeping, so be it. It won’t hurt me any. Have you picked out your house yet?”

“We hav’n’t exactly decided. Mr. Hartley thought, at first, of taking a very beautiful house in Walnut street, at a rent of seven hundred dollars a year.”

“But very soon thought better of it, I have no doubt.”

"If I had not objected, he would have taken it."

"Ah! You objected. Why so?"

"I thought it would involve more expense and style than two young folks like us ought to indulge in."

"Upon my word! But you are a novice in the world! This is the first instance that has occurred among all my acquaintances of such a thing as a wife's objecting to style and expense. Precious few of us get the chance, I can tell you. And you'll soon wish, or I am mistaken, that you had taken your good man at his word."

Anna felt a glow of indignation at this reflection upon her husband. But she forced herself to appear unmoved, merely replying,

"No: I shall never wish that. I shall never have any want, in his power to supply, that will not be readily met."

"So you may think now. But take my advice, and do n't put any prudential and penurious notions into your husband's head. If he wants to carpet your floors with gold, let him do it. He'll never hurt himself by spending money on you or his household. Men rarely, if ever do, let me tell you. As they grow older, they get to be closer and closer with their money, until at last you can get scarcely any thing at all. The best time is at first. The first few years of marriage is the only golden harvest time a woman ever sees."

"You have not been married long enough to speak all that from experience."

"I have seen a good deal more of life than you have, child, and have had my own experience. As far as it goes, it can witness fully to what I have said. And yet, my husband is as good as the rest; and much better than the mass. I love him about as well, I suppose, as most women love their husbands; though I don't pretend to be blind to his faults. But, what kind of a house do you prefer, seeing that the elegant one in Walnut street is rather costly and stylish?"

"There is a house vacant close by. Perhaps you noticed the bill as you came up Eighth street."

"Just around the corner?"

"Yes. The rent is three hundred dollars."

"Mrs. Hartley!"

"It is a very good house, and quite genteel, with a great deal more room than we want."

"But, my dear good madam! it is nothing but an ordinary house, built to rent. There is nothing elegant about it. Do n't refuse to take the one in Walnut street for so common an affair as this, if you can get it. Always go in for the best."

"I have been through it, and find it replete with every convenience for a moderate sized

family. I have no wish to make a display. That could render me no happier. I go to housekeeping, because I think it right to take my true place as the mistress of a family; and for no other reason. Here I could be happy, without a care. But I would be out of my true sphere."

"You are certainly the strangest creature I ever met," replied Mrs. Riston. "But a few years will take all this nonsense out of you."

The displeasure felt by Anna at Mrs. Riston's insinuations against her husband, began to give way, as she saw more clearly the lady's character, and began to understand that, although there was a good deal of earnest in what was said, there was a good deal more of talk for talk sake. She, therefore, merely replied in a laughing voice to Mrs. Riston's last remark, and sought to change the subject. Before they parted, the friend could not help saying—

"But, my dear Mrs. Hartley, I cannot get over your refusing that elegant house in Walnut street. I should like above all things to see you in just such a dwelling, elegantly furnished. If I had refused the splendid offer you did in Herbert Gardiner, I would compass sea and land but I'd show him that I had lost nothing."

This very indelicate and ill-timed remark, caused the blood to rush to the brow of Anna, and her eyes to flash with honest indignation. Her volatile friend saw, that she had gone a little too far, and attempted to make all right again by "begging a thousand pardons." Anna's external composure soon returned, but she sought to change, entirely, the subject of conversation.—But, in spite of all she could do, the lady would, ever and anon, have something disparaging to say about husbands, and gently insinuate, that Anna herself, before she was many years older, would find that all was not gold that glittered.

The warmth of Anna's feeling, gradually, in spite of herself, passed off, as she continued to converse with Mrs. Riston; until she became restrained in her manner. This affected her visiter, who perceived, with a woman's intuition, that her remarks had not met with the approval they too often did from her lady friends. She tried, before she went away, to soften some things she had said, and laugh at others as having been uttered in jest.

After Mrs. Riston's departure, Anna sat in a thoughtful mood for some time. The remarks she had just listened to, shocked her feelings more and more, the more she reflected on them.

"Can there be any happiness," she mused, "in marriage thus viewed?—in the marriage relation thus perverted? I can conceive of none. To me, such a union would be of all things, a condition most miserable. No unity of sentiment or end—no confidence—no self-sacrifice for each other's

good; but restrictions on the one hand, and encroachments on the other. Ah me! It makes me shudder to think of woman in circumstances so deplorable. To me death would be a thousand times preferable."

While thus sitting, another visitor called. It was Florence Armitage, whom the readers of the "MAIDEN" will remember. Since the severe lesson her heart had received, Florence was a good deal changed. Her thoughtlessness, which had come near involving her in a whole lifetime of wretchedness; and her escape, effected by an incident at once strange and thrilling in its character, made her feel humble and thankful. She visited Anna frequently, and profited much more than formerly by her truthful precepts and life so purely accordant with all right principles.

On this occasion, Anna saw, after a few moments, that her friend was slightly agitated.

"You seem disturbed, Florence. What is the matter?" she said.

The color deepened on the maiden's face.

"Two things have disturbed me," she replied. "Who do you think I met in the street, just now?"

"I cannot tell."

"William Archer."

"You did!"

"Yes. And he paused, as we approached, each other, evidently with the design of speaking."

"But you did not recognize him?"

"No."

"In that, I need scarcely say, you were right. Our own heart will tell you that."

"And yet, Anna, I confess to you, that I was tempted to do so."

"Florence!" Anna's voice and countenance pressed strongly the surprise she felt.

"Do not condemn me until you hear all—until you know the other cause of disturbance. I received a letter from him yesterday."

"Which you immediately returned, unaltered?"

"No. I did not feel sure that I ought to do until I had seen and conversed with you about

What does he say?"

Here is his letter; read it."

Anna shrunk from touching the epistle, which she held towards her.

"Read it aloud, if you particularly wish me to it," she merely said.

Florence did, as requested. The letter contained a most solemn denial of charges brought against the writer by a certain individual, who he said, evidently, not in her right mind, whose statements should at least be taken with great caution. He knew that rumor had

been busy with his name, and had magnified his faults into crimes, "and how easy it is," he urged, "to blast any man's character, by false charges, if he is not permitted to refute them." With much more of the same tenor. Altogether, the letter was written with tact, force, and an air of great plausibility, and well calculated to create a doubt as to the correctness of the judgment which the general voice had passed upon him. He did not, he said, propose to renew his suit for the hand of Florence; for that he was well assured, would be useless. But, it was a duty he owed to himself and society to at least make an attempt to vindicate his character, and in the highest quarter.

After Florence had read the letter, she looked enquiringly into the face of Mrs. Hartley. Anna returned her steady look, but made no remark.

"There is, at least, an appearance of truth about this letter," Florence at length said.

Mrs. Hartley compressed her lips and shook her head, but did not speak.

"I am afraid, Anna, you sometimes suffer your prejudices to obscure the otherwise clear perceptions of your mind."

"I trust that I have few prejudices, Florence. Still, I am but a weak and erring mortal, and may fall into wrong judgment of others."

"We are all liable to err, Anna."

"True. But if a woman's heart is in its right place—that is, has a love for all that is innocent and virtuous, and a deep abhorrence of every thing opposite to these, she will not be very liable to form an erroneous judgment of any man who approaches her, no matter how many semblances of virtue he may put on. As for me I do not pretend to have very acute perceptions, but from William Archer, you well know, I always shrunk with instinctive dislike."

"That arose, no doubt, from the estimate common report had caused you to form of his character."

"And are you prepared to doubt common report on this head?"

"Somewhat, I must confess. You have heard his solemn denial."

"And grace Leary's still more solemn affirmation."

"But she was, evidently, beside herself."

"Do you think so?" Mrs. Hartley said with emphasis. "Recall the whole scene that passed on the evening appointed for your marriage. Bring up Grace Leary before you, in imagination, as she then appeared, and as she then confronted Archer, and answer to your own heart whether she did not utter the truth. If she were deranged, that derangement brought no oblivion. She did not mistake her betrayer. Did a doubt cross

your mind, then, or the mind of any one present? No!"

Still, Florence seemed unconvinced.

"What do you propose to yourself, in accrediting this letter?" Anna asked.

"Nothing at all."

"Are you sure?"

"I think I am. Perhaps to say that I propose *nothing* is too unqualified an expression. I certainly propose at least to treat the young man civilly, if no more, provided I can feel satisfied that he has been wrongly accused."

"What will satisfy you? His mere denial?"

"No."

"You must see the proofs."

"Yes."

"Florence! I should think you had seen proofs enough. But, if not satisfied, a half hour's conversation with my mother will convince you, that the writer of the letter you hold in your hand is quite as base as you had been led to believe him."

No reply was made. Florence folded the letter, and returned it to her pocket, with a sigh, breathed forth unconsciously.

Mrs. Hartley was deeply pained at observing this change in the mind of her young friend. But, she said no more, trusting that the momentary weakness to which she was yielding would pass away, after conversing with her mother, who knew much more about Archer, than the daughter wished to utter, or we record.

After the conversation between Mrs. Hartley and Florence had taken a new direction, the subject of going to housekeeping was introduced. Like Mrs. Riston, Florence was in favor of the large house in Walnut street, and urged Anna very strongly to change her mind, and let her husband take it.

"He is able enough," she said.

"Are you right sure?"

"He ought to be. Is n't he in the firm of R—— & Co.?"

"As junior partner, I believe."

"He wished to take the house, you say?"

"At first he did."

"He ought to know, better than any one else, whether he could afford to do so or not."

"True. But he now thinks, with me, that it will be wiser for us to commence housekeeping in a style less imposing."

"I must say," returned Florence, "that Mr. Hartley would have found very few women to object as you have done to a large and elegant house. I am sure the temptation would have been too much for me."

"If you had clearly seen that it was neither wise nor prudent to do so?"

"That might have altered the case. But I think few but yourself would have stopped to consider about wisdom and prudence."

"To their sorrow in the end, perhaps. I, for one, would much rather take a humble position in society, and rise, if good fortune attend me, gradually; than, after taking a high position, be, in a few years, thrust down."

"If there be danger of that, your course was doubtless, best. But why should you apprehend any such a disaster?"

"I do not apprehend evil, I only act, as I think wisely. My husband is a young man, who has been in business only for a few years. There are now but two of us, and we do not need a very large house. For both of these reasons it is plain to my mind that we ought to take our place in society without ostentation, or lavish expenditure. It is barely possible, that my husband may not find all his business expectations realized. I do not know what his prospects are, for I am in no way conversant with them; I only know, that, he had no capital of his own, when he was taken into business. That he has told me. Now, if he should be very successful, it will be easy for us to go up higher, in a few years. If not, and we had come out in costly style, it would be a hard trial, and a mortifying one to come down."

"Your good sense is always guiding you aright," Florence could not help saying. "It is best, no doubt, that you should do as you have proposed; but, there is not one in a hundred who would have exercised your prudent forethought. I am sure I could not have done it."

A few days after this, Hartley and his wife decided to take the house in Eighth street. Then came the work of furnishing it. And here the prudent forethought of Anna was again seen. Her husband proposed to give up the whole business to a good cabinet maker, and an upholsterer, who should use their judgment and experience in such matters.

"As neither you nor I know much about these things, it will save us a world of trouble," he said.

Anna shook her head, and smiled at this remark.

A shadow instantly flitted over the brow of Hartley. It disappeared as quickly as it came, but Anna saw it. The smile vanished from her lips, and her eyes filled with tears. She felt, that, because she did not see in all things just as he did, that he was annoyed.

"Am I self-willed? Do I differ with my husband from caprice?" was the self examining question of the young wife.

Hartley read her thoughts, and said quickly, in a voice of affection.

"You ought to know more about all these matters than I do, Anna; so you shall decide what is best to do."

"I wish to decide nothing, James. I only wish to see and decide with you in all things. You don't know how much it pains me to differ; but ought I to yield passively to all you suggest, if my own judgment does not approve? Ought we not to see eye to eye in all things?"

"We ought, certainly. But, I have been so long in the habit of consulting my own judgment about every thing, that I am, thus early in our married life, forgetting that, now, there are two of us to decide questions of mutual interest. I thank you for so gently bringing this to my mind, and for doing so in the very outset. Without thinking whether it would meet your views or not to become the mistress of a very elegant house, I decided to rent and fit up an establishment that I already see would have afforded us more trouble than comfort. Your wise objections prevented the occurrence of that evil. Again I have decided to fit up the house we have taken in a certain way, and so decided without consulting you about it. Here is my second error, and you have, like a true wife, in the gentlest possible way, given me to see that I was wrong. I thank you for these two lessons, that had much better be given now than at some future time."

Hartley bent down, and kissed the flushed cheek of his beautiful wife as he said this.

"And now, dear," he continued, "speak out, freely, all you have to say. As before, your judgment will, I doubt not, show that mine was together at fault."

"Do not talk so, James," returned Anna, her face covered with blushes. "I desire only to see with you in every thing."

"I know that, dear; but I am not perfect. I like all others, liable to err. And, it is your fault when you clearly see me in error, to balance error by declining to act passively with me. I hope you will ever do."

Anna was humble minded, and it pained her to such remarks from her husband, for whose intellect and intellectual character she had the highest regard, while of herself, she thought with sadness.

"Tell me, dear," Hartley said, after some pause, "what is your objection to my plan of fitting our house?"

"Mainly, to the expense."

"Do you think it would cost more than if we had done it ourselves?"

"It would, probably, cost double, and not be done more perfectly, so far as comfort and

convenience is concerned, than we would do it ourselves."

"I do not understand how that would be."

"Your cabinet maker and upholsterer would wish to know if you wanted every thing of the best; and you would assent. The best would be, no doubt, in their estimation the costliest. I saw a house, once, furnished in that way—a house no larger than the one we have taken. How much do you think it cost?"

"How much?"

"Three thousand, eight hundred dollars."

"Indeed!"

"Yes. And I would agree to furnish a house with just as many comforts and conveniences on half the money."

Hartley's eyes were cast, thoughtfully, to the floor. It was some moments before any thing was said. The wife was first to speak. She did so in a timid, hesitating voice.

"Had we not better understand each other fully at once?" she said.

"By all means. The quicker we do so the better. Is there any thing in which we do not fully understand each other?"

"Before we take another step, ought not I, as your wife, to know exactly how you stand with the world in a business and pecuniary relation. I feel that this is a very delicate subject for a wife to introduce. But can I know how to be governed in my desires if I do not know to what extent they can be safely gratified?"

"I trust there is no desire that you can entertain, dear Anna! that I am not able and willing to gratify."

"That is altogether too vague," replied Mrs. Hartley, forcing a smile. "As your wife, I shall regulate the expenses of your household. I wish to do so wisely: and in order to this, it is necessary for me to have some idea of your probable income."

"It ought to be four or five thousand dollars a year. And will be, unless some unforeseen events transpire to affect our business."

Hartley seemed to say this with reluctance. And he did, really. The inquiry grated on his feelings. It seemed to him that Anna should have felt confidence enough in him to believe, that he would not propose any expenditure of money beyond what was prudent. He would hardly have thought in this way, if he had not, actually, proposed the very thing he tacitly condemned her for suspecting that he had done! He was not, really, so well established in the world, as to be able to rent a house at seven hundred dollars, and furnish it in a costly style; nor even to give a *carte blanche* to a cabinet maker and upholsterers, to fit up, according to

their ideas, the house he had decided to occupy.

The moment he allowed himself to think thus of his honest-minded wife, he felt an inward coldness towards her, which was perceived as quickly in her heart, as it was felt in his.

Conscious that Anna thus perceived his feelings, and, unable, at the same time, to rise above them and think with generous approval of her motives, he did not, for some time, make any effort to lift her up from the unhappy state into which she had instantly fallen. One unkind thought was the creator of another.

"What can she mean?" he allowed himself to ask. "Is it possible that she has imagined I was rich? and now, a doubt having crossed her mind, can she be trying to find out the exact state of my affairs? I never could have dreamed this!"

Both their eyes were cast upon the floor. They sat silent, with hearts heavily oppressed. He suffering accusation after accusation to flow into his mind, and linger there, and she deeply distressed, from a consciousness of having been misunderstood in a matter that she felt to be of great importance, and which she had endeavored to approach with the utmost delicacy.

Some minutes passed, when better feelings produced better thoughts in the mind of James Hartley. He saw that he had been ungenerous, even cruel in his suspicions. He imagined himself in her situation, and felt how deeply her heart must be wounded.

"She is right," he said, inwardly, lifting his head, with the intention of saying that which should at once relieve Anna's mind. The first thing that met his eye, was a tear falling upon her hand. His feelings reacted strongly. Drawing

an arm quickly about her neck, he pressed her head against his bosom, and bending over murmured in her ear:

"I am not worthy of so good a wife as you, dear Anna! What evil has possessed me, that I, who love you so truly, should be the one to make you unhappy? Surely I have been beside myself!"

Anna released herself quickly from the arm that had been thrown around her neck, and turned up to the eyes of her husband a tearful, serious, but not unhappy face.

"Oh, James! dear James!" she said in a low, earnest, eloquent voice, "why do you speak so? I am only weak and foolish. It is enough that we love truly. If we find it a little difficult, at first, to understand each other fully, it is no great wonder. Love, true love, will, in the end, harmonize all differences, and make plain to each the other's heart. Let us be patient and forbearing."

"What you are; but I have much to learn, and you shall be my tutor."

Hartley again kissed his bride. But she looked serious.

"Not so," she returned. "It is to your intelligence that I am to look for guidance. I am to learn of you, not you of me."

"Never mind," was smilingly replied, by Hartley, "we will reverse the order for a time, until my intelligence of domestic affairs is laid upon a truer basis than it seems now to be. But I think there will be no harm in our deferring all the matters now under consideration until to-morrow. Both of us will then be able to see more clearly, feel less acutely, and determine more wisely. Do you not think so?"

Anna gave a cheerful assent to this, and the subject of conversation was changed.

THE HARP THE MONARCH MINSTREL SWEPT.

THE harp the monarch minstrel swept,
The King of men, the loved of Heaven,
Which music hallowed while she wept
O'er tones her heart of hearts had given.
Redoubled be her tears, its chords are riven!
It softened men of iron mould,
It gave them virtues not their own;
No ear so dull, no soul so cold,
That felt not, fired not to the tone,
Till David's lyre grew mightier than his throne.

It told the triumphs of our king,
It wafted glory to our God;
It made our gladdened valleys ring,
The cedars bow, the mountains nod;
Its sound aspired to Heaven, and there abode!
Since then, though heard on earth no more,
Devotion and her daughter Love
Still bid the bursting spirit soar
To sounds that seem as from above,
In dreams that day's broad light cannot remove.

BYRON.

COURAGE.

BY E. FERRITT.



COURAGE, from time immemorial, has been considered an essential ingredient in man's composition. Alike in the savage, the barbarous, and the civilized states, the coward has been condemned. Let a man possess every other virtue on the catalogue, and want courage, he is shunned by the women, and despised by the men; and, strange as it may appear, although the standard whereby most of our qualifications are judged has been varied and modified from the days of barbarism to our present enlightened state, the standard of courage is still the same. We call men cowards without thinking of the applicability of the term.

Courage is properly divisible into three kinds, moral, intellectual, and physical. Many possess one of these without the others, or two wanting the third, yet while we are lauding ourselves for our high state of civilization, and perpetually giving utterance to adulatory comparisons between ourselves and our predecessors, we daily fall into the glaring absurdity of acting as though the physical alone was the standard whereby man's courage should be tested.

Moral courage, which we have put first on our list, we consider to be the highest order, and the most difficult to exercise. How many noble actions have been crushed in their infancy, how many bad deeds committed, for want of moral courage! Most men think right in the abstract, few there be who have moral courage to follow a course which they know to be right, when the course is opposed to popular opinion. The reprimand or sneer of the world has scared the mind of many a one, for whom the roar of the sea had no terrors, who would have braved all dangers, but who had not sufficient power in his virtuous rectitude to enable him steadily to take a path against which that clamorous majority, the public, was set in opposition.

Moral courage consists in doing that which we know to be right, not yielding our convictions to the sneers or persuasions of our friends,

or the frowns of the world, nor suffering our own interest to turn us one hair's breadth from the path of rectitude. The man who possesses this spirit in an eminent degree, is a truly great man, and whatever sphere of life he may move in, will elevate the tone of all those with whom he associates.

Intellectual courage, is that feeling which enables us to control any physical disinclination to danger, to encounter hardships and risks from which our frames naturally shrink, but which we patiently endure and surmount by the effort of an indomitable will. Intellectual courage, though of a higher order than the physical, is nevertheless more nearly allied to it, than to the moral, its triumphs are victories over the weakness of the flesh. Men who have been known on ordinary occasions to shrink from danger, have, when their intellects have been aroused, faced it with a quiet, calm, self-possession, as superior to the mere reckless indifference of physical courage as mind is to matter. Intellectual courage makes men resent an insult without being ready to offer one—desirous to avoid a brawl, yet never to flinch from maintaining their own credit and character as men.

Physical courage, is generally a mere brute insensibility to danger, or a brutish propensity to snarl and quarrel, unaccompanied by cautiousness, the absence of which faculty produces a reckless and pugnacious disposition, which renders its possessor a perfect nuisance. Such characters have no law but brute force; the physical with them is supreme, and he whose head is the thickest, and whose frame is most impervious to hard knocks; who is the most careless about the rights of others, and the most ready to offer wanton insult to the weak and aged, is their greatest hero. Street and tavern brawls are their chief delights—an oyster cellar their pet arena—and men who will quarrel about straws their greatest benefactors.

It is rarely that these three orders of courage are happily blended in one individual. The moral is generally possessed by one who is deficient in intellectual and physical, or there is an absence of moral courage where there are proper propor-

tions of intellectual and physical. But the possession of moral courage makes the most useful character, the best citizen, the truest christian; it is ever accompanied by a clear perception of right, and should be sedulously cultivated—parents should inculcate it in their children—teachers in

their pupils—society in its members. Hand in hand with its increase will be the progress of civilization, and the downfall of war, rapine, and murder—it is the source from whence springs the beautiful doctrine of doing to others as we would be done unto.

FABLES AND PARABLES.

FROM LESSING AND KRUMMACHER.

THE RHINE.

JUST in the beginning of time, when Nature had founded the mountains, and hollowed out the basin of the sea, she walked forth from her cloudy pavilion to the Gotthards, and spake, "It is right

that goodness should unite itself to greatness, and that an extensive sphere of activity should be allotted to strength. Thou standest firm, but I will give thee a son, who shall carry afar the power and blessing which thou receivest from the heavens."

She spake, and the Rhine gushed out of the mountain.

Joyful and free, full of spirit and vigor, the young stream bubbled down from the mountain. Playfully he tumbled down into the lake; but the lake enchained him not. The waves parted asunder; unenfeebled, and in his own proper form, the stream came forth and advanced on his path. For he was a son of Nature and born of the mountain.

He was now a youth, and he chose his own path. Noble Nature errs not in her choice; she chooses greatness and worth. He cut for himself a way through rocks and mountains, which disciplined and tempered the impetuosity of his youthful vigor. Thus too vine-covered hills bordered the path of the youth.

Splendid was his career. A hundred streams and innumerable brooks mingled their lovely waters with his powerful flood. So the godlike attracts to itself the noble, and the high seeks to ally itself to the highest.

Manly and calm was now his step; more se-

dately he flowed along, but not more feebly. The rigor of winter would bind him in everlasting fetters; but he rent them in pieces, as one rends a thread. He had practised his strength in his youth, and torn rocks asunder.

His surface now resembled a polished mirror. Not the joyful vine-branch, the fruit of the mountain, but richly blessing cornfields encompassed him; his back carried ships and floats. Thus calm strength produces the useful along with the beautiful.

He now approached the limit of his career. Nature divided him into manifold streams, which are called by other names. Men give him the name of Rhine alone, when they speak of his greatness and his blessings.

Thus calm strength retains its dignity and honor.

THE DEFENCE.

When all-powerful Nature had formed the loveliest of flowers, the Spirit of the rose said to the Angel of flowers, "Wilt thou not also bestow on it a defence to secure its beauty from wanton injury and spoliation? Has not nature conferred long sharp prickles even on the thorn?"

"The thorn," replied the Angel, "belongs not to the exalted orders, but to the servants, in the empire of the creation. Its destination is to defend the delicate vegetables from irrational animals, and for this end, Nature has bestowed on it these sharp weapons. Thy wish shall be granted."

Thus spake he and surrounded the rose-bush with delicate prickles. Then said the Spirit of the rose "Of what use are these small thorns?—they will not protect the beautiful flower."

The Angel replied, "They are designed but to

defend it against the careless hand of childhood. That which is sacred and beautiful carries its protection in itself; and thus Nature has bestowed on it a defence so delicate as only to warn and not to wound; for delicacy alone should be associated with beauty."

So too is innocence armed only with modesty and blushes.

THE BROOK.

Observe the course of that brook, said a teacher to his scholars. It pursues its quiet path through alley and meadow, and reflects in the bright mirror of its waters the image of the blue sky above. It waters the trees and shrubs which grow upon its banks, and its cool vapor refreshes the flowers and plants around it.

Again it flows through a barren, sandy wild; its blessings terminate. Still however it rains the same clear and refreshing stream, though there be no objects to receive its blessings. And now a wild boar rushes into the stream, and splashes about in its lovely waters. These

supply the animal with drink, and cool his burning sides, and the mud which he has raised from the bottom settles again of itself.

Next a weary traveller bends over the bank of the rivulet; it quenches his thirst and cools his fevered brow, and he pursues his way refreshed and happy.

Where is the source and spring of this beneficent stream?

Look up yonder. Do you see that towering peak and yonder cavern encompassed with rocks? There, far in the bosom of the earth, is the hidden spring of the rivulet.

Whence then came its inexhaustible source?

Behold! the mountain top raises itself towards heaven, enveloped in dewy clouds.

Where is the end and final destination of the stream?

It advances with gradually increased strength until it is received into the arms of the mighty Ocean, and thence it returns to heaven whence it first descended.

Thus spake the teacher; and his disciples saw in his words the image of Divine Love.

For Arthur's Magazine.

SPIRIT-UNION.

BY AUG. J. H. DUGANNE.



Tell me, ye who long
have threaded
All the mazes of the
heart,

Are not death and life
still wedded—
Of the other, each a
part?

Once a gentle form
before me,

Set a light around my soul;
My eyes were bending o'er me—
Till my spirit stole.

A star that falls through heaven,
And upon me shone a love;
A moment only given,
And recalled to light above.

My soul was fondly plighted,
To a sainted one of earth;
And music notes united,
That sever in their birth.

Yet not severed we, though parted,
Still in truth our souls are one;
Though on earth the gentle hearted
Hath her holy mission done.

With the chain that formed our union,
Still our parted souls are wed;
Even now, in sweet communion
I am drawn towards the dead.

In the spirit's tranquil vesper,
Where the prayer of love ascends;
Then a sweet responsive whisper,
With my voiceless musing blends.

And each gentle ray that falleth
From the blessed stars above;
To my heart in music calleth,
For its evening prayer of love.

Tell me then, ye spirit-seeing,
Is not death of life a part?
Is not love the chain of being,
Of the dead and living heart?

EDITOR'S TABLE.

REV. SIDNEY SMITH.

FROM England, by a late steamer, we have intelligence of the death of this distinguished writer; a brief notice, therefore, of his literary character and career, may neither be inappropriate, at this time, nor uninteresting to our readers, to whom

his name is familiar. The writings of Sidney Smith are mainly critical, having appeared from time to time in the "Edinburg Review," since the year 1800. These have lately been collected and published both in England and in this country.

A laconic account of the commencement of his career is given by himself, in the Preface to his published works, which we insert.

"When I first went into the church," he says, "I had a curacy in the middle of Salisbury Plain. The Squire of the Parish took a fancy to me, and requested me to go with his son, to reside at the University of Weimar; before we could get there, Germany became the seat of war, and in stress of politics, we put into Edinburgh, where I remained five years. The principles of the French Revolution were then fully afloat, and it is impossible to conceive a more violent and agitated state of society. Among the first persons with whom I became acquainted, were Lord Jeffrey, Lord Murray, (the late Lord Advocate for Scotland,) and Lord Brougham; all of them maintaining opinions upon political subjects a little too liberal for the dynasty of Dundas, then exercising a supreme power over the northern division of the Island.

"One day we happened to meet in the eighth or ninth story or flat in Buccleugh-Place, the elevated residence of the then Mr. Jeffrey. I proposed that we should set up a Review; this was acceded to with acclamation. I was appointed Editor, and remained in Edinburgh long enough to edit the first number of the Edinburgh Review. The motto I proposed, for the Review, was,

'Tenui musam meditamur avena.'

'We cultivate literature upon a little oatmeal.'

But this was too near the truth to be admitted, so we took our present grave motto from *Publius Syrus*, of whom none of us had, I am sure, ever read a single line; and so began what has since turned out to be a very important and able journal."

Thus commenced the career of the talented Editor and his valuable review. When he left the work, it fell into the hands of Lord Brougham and Lord Jeffrey, although he remained a constant contributor to its pages.

To the influence exerted by some of these articles, have been attributed several important reformations in the laws and opinions which were at one time prevalent in the United Kingdom. The concession of full defence to prisoners by counsel, was in a great measure the effect of his praiseworthy exertions in calling the attention of the public mind to the injustice of the prevailing practice, by which a man might be condemned and hanged before he had been half heard. His feelings were always sincere, and his religious, if not his political doctrines, were always pure, tolerating, and liberal. Amongst his most celebrated writings, are his "Letters of Peter Plymby" in which, by ridiculing the alarms of the over-zealous, he materially assisted the Catholic emancipation, which soon after occurred.

But Sidney Smith is best known to most persons here as a bitter enemy to repudiation. The course pursued by some of our States, brought upon them a flood of his caustic satire. Yet many of his articles exhibit considerable interest in our welfare and success, as a nation.

In a paper written for the Edinburgh Review, in 1820,—reviewing a work, entitled, "Statistical Annals of the United States of America," published in Philadelphia—he says in his conclusion,*—"such is the land of Jonathan, and thus has it been governed. In his honest endeavor to better his situation, and in his manly purpose of resisting injury and insult we most cordially sympathize. We hope he will always continue to watch and suspect his government as he now does—remembering that it is the constant tendency of those entrusted with power, to conceive that they enjoy it by their own merits, and for their own use, and not by delegation, for the benefit of others. Thus far we are the friends and admirers of Jonathan. But he must not grow vain and ambitious, nor allow himself to be dazzled by that galaxy of epithets by which his orators and newspaper scribblers endeavor to persuade their supporters that they are the greatest, the most refined, the most enlightened, and the most moral people upon earth. The effect of this is unspeakably ludicrous on this side of the

* This passage we have in part quoted upon a former occasion.

Atlantic,—and, even on the other, we shall imagine, must be rather humiliating to the reasonable part of the population."

Sidney Smith had strong prejudices, which occasionally misled him; yet, however these may at times have influenced his better judgment, as was frequently the case in his article on America, we must acknowledge that he has thrown out many valuable hints, which it would do us no harm, as a nation, to remember. We should not permit our veneration for our own country, and its peculiar institutions, to blind us to their defects, nor should we reject the suggestions of wisdom, because they emanate from a stranger. The maxims of truth are of an invariable nature and of universal application. As such, they long to no age, and to no country. They are the life of reason to all time, and to every people; we should not refuse the proffered boon, because it is sent to us from a distance. With a true discrimination, we should rather select that which is good, that which is evil, regardless of the source whence it is obtained; for truth is none the less pure in the account of the corruptions which surround it. Much for the correct and erroneous opinions of Mr. Smith. Of these he himself says,

"I see very little in my reviews, to alter or of: I always endeavored to fight against evil; at I thought evil then, I think evil now."

and other avowals of his sincerity convince us as a writer, whatever may have been the errors which he was betrayed, he was always honest in the expression of his opinions. The ability which supported these opinions will show how zeal adhered to them. As a literary man, he must be the possessor of learning and He was not a mere wit; he was a man whose writings show him to have been possessed of the brilliancy of the former, but also of the undity of the latter; and though his satire occasionally the appearance of ill-nature, of this muddy current, runs a deeper and ne, of clear discriminating judgment, and non sense.

With died between eleven and twelve o'clock of February 12th, in the seventy-ninth of his age, after a long illness.

tory of the World. By JOHN FROST. Philadelphia. Benjamin Walker.

A number of this splendid work has been noticed, last month, the style only in a casual and artistical portion of it was saving had time carefully to examine the history itself. Since then, however, we have read the first two numbers, and the attention which arises from the contemplation of the task, well accomplished. Were we to judge of it as it is, we could better judge of its value as to what will follow, from the first.

In his history as far back as authentic. Commencing with the early where history and fable are almost together, he separates truth from tradition, with an accuracy which

discovers the extent of his remarks, as well as the faithfulness with which he has executed his design. In completing this work, the author will trace the progress of events down from these half fabulous ages of antiquity to the present time. The task is a laborious one. It has frequently been attempted, but never adequately completed. A thousand difficulties surround the historian at every step of his progress. Contradictory accounts of the same events, discrepancies in names, dates and circumstances, the different chronological systems founded upon various and conflicting authorities, which confuse, embarrass, and lead astray—are to be reconciled, harmonized, or chosen from. This is only to be accomplished by persevering labor, assisted by extensive and profound erudition. But even all this constitutes but the least difficult part of the task; greater judgment is requisite, to dispose events in the background and foreground; so that by their prominence or insignificance, every shade, and every feature of time may be distinctly portrayed. The civil, political, social, religious and intellectual condition of each age should be examined,—the distinctive characteristic of every nation,—the causes, the nature, and the effects, both immediate and ultimate, of each event should be considered. History and Philosophy should go hand in hand; nay their existence should be blended together, and nothing should be considered, *truly*, history, which is not philosophy. The historian should not only collect; he should analyze, combine, and dispose; thus uniting in himself, the acquired learning of the scholar, with the natural energy and profundity of the philosopher. It is this necessity, which lead Macaulay to declare that, to be a really great historian was perhaps the rarest of intellectual distinctions.

That portion of Mr. Frost's work already published, contains a concise introductory account of the early ages of the world, down to the commencement of the existence of the Egyptians, as a nation possessed of a government and political institutions. From this point the author commences his history with Egypt, by giving, first, a geographical account of the country, its climate, soil, productions, &c. together with interesting descriptions of the principal cities, temples, and curiosities; secondly, the origin of the ancient population of Egypt, their national characteristics, their political institutions, their religious belief and customs, their moral, intellectual and social condition, with an account of the arts, and sciences, as cultivated by them. After thus comprehensively describing the character of Egypt and its inhabitants, as a country and a nation he proceeds to their history, commencing with the reign of Menes, the first king of the first dynasty, and continuing down to the invasion of Alexander the Great. Leaving the history of Egypt, at this point he proceeds to that of Ethiopia.

The authorities consulted have been so numerous, and of such a character as to leave no doubt of the authenticity of the facts cited. One important feature of the work, is, that it is written since the discoveries recently made by Champollion and Dr. Young, in the art of decyphering Egyptian hieroglyphics and monumental inscriptions, in which are recorded many important events which have hitherto either been wholly unknown to have happened, or have been involved in mystery and reported dif-

rently. These questions are many of them set at rest, by the authorities recently discovered. Of these authorities Mr. Frost has availed himself, and his work will, from this circumstance possess increased value. All these circumstances combined,—the ability of the writer,—the care with which he has collected, and selected his materials,—the abundance and authenticity of these materials, and finally the learning, labor, and experience which are brought to bear upon them in arranging and disposing them, will make this work, when complete, one of the first which our country has produced.

The Last of the Saxons, or the Camp of Refuge: A Tale of the Times of William the Conqueror. E. Ferrett & Co.—Of this fine novel, which is a reprint of one of the latest English Historical fictions, a cotemporary thus speaks:—

"The last of the Saxons, or the Camp of Refuge, is a capital novel, founded on the exploits of a Saxon baron, who was able to hold out against William the Conqueror for many years after the battle of Hastings, by fortifying a Camp of Refuge in the midst of the fens of Lincolnshire. The story is capitally told; and reminds us strongly of Irving's Conquest of Grenada, which it resembles by an assumption of the quaint simplicity of an honest and pious chronicler of the olden time."

MRS. HALL'S SKETCHES.—Numbers 16 and 17 of this splendidly illustrated book have been issued. Twenty-four numbers will complete the edition.

THE WIFE, by T. S. ARTHUR.—The second volume of the series, "*The Maiden*," "*The Wife*," and "*The Mother*," is in press, and will shortly appear.

MUSIC FROM BALFE'S OPERA OF THE BOHEMIAN GIRL.—Since the production of this Opera, in which are so many captivating airs, all the songs that it contains have become exceedingly popular, and deservedly so. There is a something about them all that finds an instant echo in every heart. Sweetness is their particular characteristic. The publishers of the LADY'S MUSICAL LIBRARY, E. Ferrett & Co. have issued an extra, containing nine songs and pieces from this Opera, at the extraordinary low price of twenty-five cents. The songs and pieces contained in this extra are, "I Dreamt that I Dwelt in Marble Halls," "Then You'll Remember Me," "Song of the Gipsy's Bride," "The Fair Land of Poland," "The Heart Bowed Down," "T is Sad to Leave Our Poland," "The Arline Waltz," "The Bohemian Gallop," and "The Bohemian Quickstep." These songs being contained, as above stated, in an extra number of the Musical Library, that number can be sent by mail at regular periodical postage. It contains only two sheets.

"*The Poor Poet*," from *the same*, which will be found in this number, is an admirable paper. Read it.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

OUR PLATES.—We continue our series of splendid steel engravings. "*Cassandra*," and "*The Field of Waterloo*" in the present number, are beautiful plates, as all must acknowledge. We think that, by this time, every subscriber to our Magazine must have seen that the aim of the publishers is to produce, really, a work of true excellence.

MUSICAL LIBRARY.—The contents of the Musical Library for May are,

1. THE CELEBRATED BADEN-BADEN POLKA. Strauss.
2. AT MOON UPON THE BEACH I STOOD. (A New song Composed by Benedict, Pianist to the Queen of Great Britain.)
3. THE BOHEMIAN WALTZ, (or I Dreamt that I Dwelt in Marble Halls.) Balfe.
4. SEE AT YOUR FEET A SUPPLIANT KNEELING. From the Bohemian Girl. Balfe.
5. THE POLKA WALTZ. By C. Jarvis.
6. LA CARLOTTA GRISI, a favorite Polka. By Julien.

We would call particular attention to this publication. It is edited by a competent professor and composer, and is, undoubtedly, one of the cheapest musical works in the country. All the above enumerated pieces of music, can be had for 124 cents.

OUR EXCHANGES.—We would particularly request those editors with whom we exchange, only to send such numbers of their papers as contain notices of our work. Unlike our brethren of the newspaper press, we have to pay postage on all our exchanges.

FRANKENSTEIN'S WESTERN VIEWS.—Among the views of Western Scenery which will appear in our magazine, engraved on steel, from original paintings by Godfrey N. Frankenstein, Esq. of Cincinnati, Ohio, will be "*A view on the Great Miami, near Dayton, Ohio*," "*A view on Bank Lick, Kentucky*," four miles from Covington, and "*A view among the Indiana Knobs*," four or five miles from New Albany, Indiana, and six or seven miles from Louisville, Ky. Succeeding these will be views in the immediate vicinity of Cincinnati. The three pictures named have been completed by Mr. Frankenstein, and will be engraved as speedily as a regard to artistical beauty will permit.

CINCINNATI.—As before stated, Mr. C. W. Ramsdale is our sole agent in Cincinnati and the west. From him all western agents can get their supplies at least ten days earlier than in any other way, as he will publish in Cincinnati on the same day that we publish here. His place of business is at the book store of Mr. Peabody, Race and Fifth Streets.

A DISCOURSE ON INSTINCT, by Lord Brougham, will shortly be published by E. Ferrett & Co. It contains, in a series of conversations, some most interesting anecdotes, concerning animal instinct, its various degrees, and peculiar characteristics. This book will afford abundance of interest and amusement, the reasoning is powerful and lucid, the facts astonishing, and the inductions therefrom clear and unanswerable. The price will be only 25 cents.

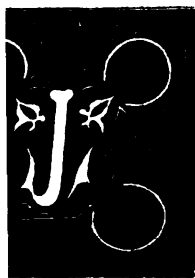


W. H. H. H.

ARTHUR'S MAGAZINE.

JUNE, 1845.

MOZART:



JOHANN CHRYSOSTOMUS WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART, the greatest composer of Germany, and perhaps of the world, was born in the city of Salzburg, June 27th, 1756. In his earliest infancy he

of childish sports, that he neglected joy them; but from his fourth year, extraordinary musical talents began to elude him, he neglected all diversions to devote to the study of that art, in which he effected so great a revolution. His genius was observable as soon as it was himself understood. Frequently, when asked about him, 'Do you love me in sport he was answered in the affirmative immediately began to flow. He pursued with extraordinary ardor the elements of arithmetic, the numbers on the walls, bore in chalk the calculations. And here it will not be strange, what we believe has never before in print, that his talent for the sciences was only inferior to that for which he has been distinguished by genius

of a high order, it is probable that his calculating powers would have been sufficiently remarkable to bring him into general notice."

In his third year it was his delight to strike intervals on the harpsichord, and in the next year, his father, (a scientific musician) taught him to play some minuets, which he learned with precision in half an hour. When five years old he composed a concerto for the harpsichord, written according to the rules of art, and so difficult that none but a virtuoso could execute it. In his sixth year he travelled with his family to Munich and Vienna, and played before the Imperial Court. Without the knowledge of his father, he learned to play upon the violin, and executed the second part in a trio, "as much to the satisfaction of the composer, as to the wonder of all."

The family travelled through different countries, every where with extraordinary success. In France and England, the boy exhibited his talents before the royal family. By this time his fame began to extend throughout Europe. At fourteen he was named leader of the archbishop of Salzburg's concerts, and soon afterwards, in Rome, undertook to copy the celebrated Miserere, which is performed in that city during Passion-Week, and which it was forbidden the singers under pain of excommunication to show to any one. He succeeded so completely, that he played it on the harpsichord, to the great admiration of

Cristofori, who had sung it in the Pope's chapel.

"As this rare spirit," says a German writer, "became so early, a man in his art, so on the other hand, he continued a child in the other relations of human life. He never learned to govern himself; he had no idea of the proper use of money, of moderation in enjoyment." If ever man were justified in following the inspirations of his genius, Mozart certainly was, but if by the above observations be meant that Mozart was a man of but little intellect, out of his profession, we cannot but argue with the writer, to whom we are already under great obligations. "We have the best authority for saying that once, at a court masquerade given at Vienna, Mozart appeared as a physician and wrote prescriptions in Latin, French, Italian and German; in which not only an acquaintance with several languages was shown, but great discernment of character, and considerable wit. . . . That he who, in his operas adapted his music with such felicity to the different persons of the drama; who evinced such nicety of discrimination; who represented the passions so accurately; who colored so faithfully; whose music is so expressive, that without the aid of words it is almost sufficient to render the scene intelligible;—that such a man should not have been endowed with a high order of intellect is hard to be believed; but that his understanding should have been below mediocrity is incredible." Mozart died on the 5th of December, 1791, at the early age of thirty-six years. A statue, twelve feet high, cast in bronze, has been erected to his honor in his native city of Salzburg. It was inaugurated September the 4th, 1842, on which occasion, one of his sons directed.

It is impossible even to give a list of his numerous compositions, amounting with the unfinished sketches to eight hundred. The most

celebrated of all these, is, perhaps, his "Requiem."

Mozart's music is for all time. His dramatic works display an universal command of the passions and feelings in musical representation, elevated to ideal harmony that can scarcely be carried to a higher degree of perfection. He is always true to nature, but it is nature expressed in those proportions alone, which art admits. His instrumental compositions are models for all nations. In church music, hymns, and masses, in symphonies, quartettes, concertos, sonatas, he was alike distinguished. In some single branch, there may be masters who have equalled him; in the universality of genius there are none that would not yield the palm to Mozart.

We cannot refrain from subjoining the following extracts from a letter to his sister, dated February 13th, 1782, by which it appears that his pecuniary circumstances were not very imposing.

"You know Vienna. Has not a man (*who has not a single creuxer certain income*) . . . enough to think and work, day and night in such a place. . . . At six o'clock in the morning, my head is already dressed, at seven, my toilette is quite complete, then I write till nine; from nine to one I have my lessons; then I dine. I cannot work before five o'clock, for I am often hindered by an academy, if not, I write till nine o'clock. Then I go to my dear Constanze (his wife.) At half-past eleven I come home. . . . I generally write something before going to bed. Thus I often forget the time in writing till one o'clock, and then up again at six. Dearest sister! if you believe that I could ever forget my dearest, best father and you—but still! God knows, and that is consolation enough; may he punish me if I could. Adieu!

I am ever thy sincere brother,

W. A. MOZART, M. P.

MARY RYAN'S DAUGHTER.

To all who have read "MARY RYAN'S DAUGHTER," by Mrs. S. C. Hall, and who has not? the fine engraving which we give in this number will be particularly acceptable.

The beautiful, illustrated edition of Mrs. Hall's Sketches, in the course of publication, and in which this plate will appear, is now nearly completed. It will make, when finished, one of

the handsomest books issued from the press of this country, and be a fac-simile of the splendid English edition got up at great expense.

The stories are among the most pathetic and deeply interesting in the language. We would publish "Mary Ryan's Daughter" in this number of our Magazine, as the most acceptable accompaniment to the engraving, were it not too long.

1875

1876

For Arthur's Magazine.

THE IRISH GIRL.

BY MISS MARY C. DENVER.



HE standeth on the sea-
washed shore,
While folded o'er her
breast,
Her hands are clasped,
as if to keep
Her yearning heart at
rest.
She standeth, and her
eyes are turned

Tow'rd Erin's island home;
While thought flies quicker than the wind
Sends hence the flying foam.

The waves are creeping to her feet,
But yet she heedeth not,—
The present in the mighty past
Lies buried and forgot.
Affection's tides are filling fast
Her bosom to the brim,
And in their depths all lesser things
Are overwhelmed and dim.

Erin mavourneen! bears the breeze
No message from thy shore?
With warm remembrances of thee
Her heart is running o'er.
Can go brag, thy shamrock bough
Is like thy children's hearts!
rough whatsoever ills they pass
Their greenness ne'er departs!

Yet girl of Erin! in the far,
'ar depths of memory,

There are a thousand thronging shapes
Made visible to thee.
And to thy still and list'ning heart
Each hath a different tone,
A language breathing forth a sound
Peculiarly its own.

The past is like a mighty harp,
All silent and unstrung,
Whose sleeping strings no voice of love
Or agony hath wrung.
But turn the keys and o'er the chords
Let mem'ry's fingers fly,
And all affection's countless waves
Throng up before the eye.

Look round on this broad land of ours,
And say, hast never known,
In its wide realm a spot of earth,
As lovely as thine own?
Seest thou not many a scene that may
In loveliness compare,
With where Killarney throws her arms
Round Innisfallen fair?

"Mavourneen," still the sound goes up
Of love and of regret;
Howe'er affection's tides may turn
She never will forget.
Around the green and emerald isle
Her young affections cling,
Made stronger with the lapse of years,
Yet green as in their spring.

For Arthur's Magazine.

REELY YE HAVE RECEIVED, FREELY GIVE."



O forth among the poor,
Thy pathway leadeth
there,
Thy gentle voice may sooth
their pain,
And blunt the thorns of
care:

Go forth with earnest zeal,
Nor from the duty start,

to them words of gracious love,
blessed are the poor in heart."

In among the sad,
their dark cup o'erflow;
Ave on earth a heritage
eariness and wo;
in their daily toil,
sighs break out from sleep;
ht among the darkness—say
sed are they that weep."

Go forth among the weak
Who lack the strength of prayer,
Whose trust is lost in hopelessness,
Whose faith in deep despair:
And God's dear words shall touch their hearts
Like Hermon's holy dew,
"He giveth power to the faint,"
And will your strength renew.

Go forth through all the earth,
There waiteth work for you,
The harvest truly seems most fair,
But laborers are few.
With tireless—hopeful—ardent love,
Fulfil your lofty part,
And yours shall be the blessing too,
"Blessed are the pure in heart."

H. M.

For Arthur's Magazine.

THE HEIRESS.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

CHAPTER XII.

ARKNESS had fallen upon the face of nature, as Anna Gray retired from the house of her aunt. The windswept coldly along, penetrating her thin garments and causing her to shrink in the chilling blast. For a few moments she stood, irresolute, upon the pavement. Then she moved down the street, but with no purpose in her mind. Where could she go? She was alone, in a strange city, and it was night. The tears gushed from her eyes as she felt the sad reality of her condition. On she went, now, as her mind became excited with anxious fears, walking with a quick pace, and now, as despondency threw its shadows over her heart, pausing or lingering, paralyzed in mind and body.

"What shall I do? Where shall I go?" she at length ejaculated, standing suddenly still, and wringing her hands, scarcely conscious of what she was doing. A man passed her at the moment, and she became aware that he had noticed her. Her heart bounded quickly. The man looked back several times, and then stopped, and turned towards her. She felt as if chained to the spot. She wished to go on, but was unable to move. The man approached, until within a few steps. She saw his face distinctly. He was an old man. With a quick impulse she turned away, and ran down the street at a rapid pace, not pausing until she had gone nearly half a square. Then, glancing timidly back, she perceived that the stranger was not following her.

She had reached Seventh street, when she again paused to think. The night had closed in quite dark, for heavy clouds obscured the sky, and the air was thick and humid. It did not rain, although the vapor charged atmosphere was

rapidly condensing, in a cold and clammy mist. The poor girl was, now, completely lost. From the time she had left the cars in Market street, until she found the house of her aunt, she had retained a tolerably correct idea of the relative bearings of the different localities through which she had passed. But all had now faded from her memory. She was completely bewildered. And, as there was no plan of the city in her mind, there was no data by which she could determine where she was. This, however, mattered but little. To her, one place was as good as another. She knew no person in the whole city—she had no home.

Fearing that she might again attract attention, Anna walked on until she was moving along the pavement bounding Independence Square. No light beamed from any house opposite. Every shutter was closed, as if the inmates of each dwelling feared that some portion of the cheerful rays that lit up their pleasant homes, might beam upon the dim street, and chase away a portion of its gloomy shadows.

But few persons were abroad in that neighborhood. Anna felt a sudden alarm. A man approached, and bent down to look into her face as he drew up to her side. She started, and ran. But he did not attempt to follow her. With a heart fluttering like a newly caught bird, she hurried on until she passed Fifth street. Lights in some shop windows, throwing their welcome rays upon the street, restored her to some degree of calmness, after she had glanced hastily back, and assured herself that no one was coming after her.

At Fourth street she stopped again. All was dark ahead, and dark to the right. But many lights beamed from the windows as her eyes turned northward. Up Fourth street she turned, and walked on until Chestnut, Market, Arch, and Race streets were successively passed.

"But where am I going?" she said, on gaining this point, stopping, and clasping her hands together. "I cannot walk the streets all night. I must find a shelter somewhere—But where?"

A deeply drawn sigh was the only answer her heart could make. Just then, from a house opposite, came the sound of merry voices—the voices of happy maidens. Tears rushed to the eyes of the homeless girl, and fell rapidly over her cheeks.

"Perhaps," she thought, "they will give me a place to rest in for one night," and following the impulse that awakened this thought, she moved across the street, and lifted her hand to the knocker.

But, recollecting how strange would seem her quest, and how improbable her story, she rung away from the door, and again moved along the street, more deeply conscious than ever of her hopeless condition. She had not gone many steps before the same happy voices that inspired her with a momentary hope, fell upon her ear. Again she stopped, listened, and walked back, drawn by an impulse she did not attempt to resist. Once more lifted her hand to the knocker, and now she fell, but with a timid and scarce heard knock. In a little while, the door was opened by a riddle aged woman. Anna looked in her eyes, but was unable to speak.

"What do you want?" the woman asked, in repulsive tones, seeing that the person who knocked hesitated to make known her name.

"I am a young girl, alone in a strange city, without a single friend, or a place to lay my head. Will you not shelter me for only one night?" Anna said, in quick, low, half distinct, tones.

"The door was instantly closed in her face. She stood again, in the midst of a strange city,

where a man who had thus repulsed her, after a short time, retired into a small parlor, where were assembled about a dozen young men, some of whom had passed the evening. They were quilting, and were in the height of merriment.

"What is it, Mrs. Speare?" asked an individual, looking up.

"Such a one I hope none of you has seen," was the reply.

"What is it, Mrs. Speare?"

"It is, Mrs. Speare? Who was it?"

"A poor, wretched creature, who looked as

young as any one here, asking for a place to sleep."

Every countenance became sober.

"What did you say to her?" asked an elderly woman, taking off her spectacles, and letting them rest upon the quilt at which she had been at work.

"Nothing at all. I shut the door in her face."

No one spoke. But Mrs. Speare felt as distinctly as if every tongue had uttered it, that all disapproved of what she had done.

"It would be a very foolish thing, indeed," she said, by way of justification, "to take into one's house a stranger, at night, who comes with a tale of being alone and friendless in a great city like this. Innocent persons are not without friends, and guilty ones do not deserve to have any."

"Did she say that she was a stranger and friendless?" asked the old lady who had before spoken.

"Yes. She said that she was a young girl, alone, in a strange city, without a single friend, or a place where she could lay her head. But any body could say that. To me it sounds like a very improbable story."

The other sighed, took up her spectacles, wiped them, and placing them on her head, bent again over the square she was quilting, but made no reply. Mrs. Speare ran on about the girl she had turned from her door, and said many things by way of self justification. But no one took sides with her. The merry laugh did not again echo through the room. All felt pained to think that there was, at the very time they were blessed with home and friends, a poor girl wandering the streets without a house to shelter her. Before ten o'clock, they separated.

Anna, so soon as she could recover her thoughts, after this repulse, went on again, but hopeless. The anguish she had before felt, subsided. She was prepared to await the issue, calmly. On, on, she went, for nearly half an hour, seeing nothing around her, and fearing nothing. At last, loud voices aroused her. She looked about. She had reached the extreme limits of the city. Only a few houses were thinly scattered around. A group of men were no great distance ahead.

All her fears quickly returned. With a throbbing heart, she retraced, hurriedly her steps, until she entered the more thickly settled districts.

By this time she felt so exhausted, that she could scarcely move on. Her head ached with a blinding intensity; and fainting flushes would ever and anon pass over her, compelling her, sometimes, to pause, in order to prevent herself from falling forward. Wearily she dragged herself

along, until she reached Callowhill street. The shelter of the market house tempted her. She could rest there, perhaps, and sleep, perhaps die—it mattered not. Sinking upon a butcher's block, she drooped her head upon the stall near which it stood, and spite of all the discomfort by which she was surrounded, and the consciousness of her exposed condition, was soon fast asleep.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE elderly woman, who had expressed more strongly by her manner than in words, her disapproval of Mrs. Speare's conduct in shutting the door so rudely in the face of a stranger who had asked humbly for shelter, felt troubled whenever a thought of the incident crossed her mind. The reader will understand why this was so, when told that she had a child who was wandering in forbidden paths. Mrs. Grand, that was her name, started for home, unaccompanied by any one, about half past nine o'clock. She lived in Callowhill street, not far from Second.

She could not help looking around her, constantly, and narrowly observing every female she met. As she passed into Callowhill street, her eye ran along the market house.

"What is that?" she said, pausing as she saw something she was unable to make out distinctly.

Crossing over to the market house, she walked down it for a few yards.

"Bless me!" she ejaculated, stopping by the stall upon which Anna had sunk down exhausted, and where she was now sleeping soundly. "It is a woman! And a young creature, too," she added, a new interest awakened in her heart. "Perhaps the same that Mrs. Speare turned from her door so thoughtlessly."

Mrs. Grant laid her hand upon Anna, and spoke to her kindly. But even kind words, that half an hour before would have been so welcome, were not heard. More effectual means were taken to arouse the sleeping girl.

"Mercy! where am I?" she exclaimed, starting up, on being heavily shaken by Mrs. Grand, and looking eagerly at the individual who had broken in upon a slumber, that was sweet, for it brought unconsciousness.

"In a very unfit place for a young girl like you," replied Mrs. Grand, in as firm a voice as she could assume.

"Would to heaven I had a better place in which to find rest—even if it were the rest that knows no waking!" returned Anna, in mournful accents.

"Who are you? And what are you doing here?" asked Mrs. Grand.

"I am a stranger in the city. I came here to seek friends; but have found none."

"Will you go home with me?"

"With you?" Anna looked earnestly into the face of Mrs. Grand, upon which the light of a lamp fell. "Yes, if you will only shelter me for a single night, and then advise me how to act."

"Come then." And Mrs. Grand placed her hand upon the arm of Anna, who did not hesitate a moment to accept her kind offer. They walked on in silence, until they came to a small house near to Second street, the residence of Mrs. Grand.

As soon as they had entered, the woman who had taken Anna home with her, assisted her to remove her bonnet and shawl, and then, after looking her for some time in the face, to read her character and the quality of her mind as far as it was possible for her to do so, said,

"And now, what is your name, child?"

"Anna Gray."

"Where are you from?"

"Cincinnati."

"Cincinnati! Are you sure?"

"Yes, ma'am. I left there two weeks ago, and arrived in this city to-day."

"That is a long journey for one like you to take. Who came with you?"

"No one. I came alone."

Mrs. Grand looked incredulous. Anna saw and felt this, and the color rose to her face.

"It may seem strange to you," she said, in a voice that trembled, "but it is true. My mother died a few weeks ago, and, on her death bed, made me promise to come immediately to Philadelphia, and seek out her brother and sister, if living, and throw myself upon their protection. I left the west, with barely enough money to bring me to this city. I arrived to day, and found my aunt, but she called me an imposter, denied that my mother was her sister, and sent me from her presence. It was dark when I left her house, and I have since wandered about the street homeless and hopeless, until, overweary, I could bear up no longer, and sunk down exhausted where you found me sleeping."

The simple earnestness of this brief narrative, more than half satisfied Mrs. Grand of its truth. She, however, questioned Anna closely, and led her on to relate the principal incidents of her life, and the minutest particulars of all that had occurred since her arrival in the city. Late as was the hour, she prepared for her some refreshments, and then took her into a small but neatly arranged bed room, and bidding her good night, left her alone.

Since she had been aroused from her brief repose in the market house, the mind of the unhappy girl had become clear and calm. After Mrs. Grand retired, she sat down and mused long over the events of the day. So anxious and alarmed had she been since she found herself homeless and a wanderer in the streets of a large city, that she had been unable to think soberly about anything. Now she revolved in her mind the occurrences which have been related, and sought to arrive at some definite conclusion in regard to her future course. But this was a vain effort. Her aunt—she was satisfied that Mrs. Grant was her mother's sister—had abused her with much feeling. Why should she do this? What motive could prompt so cruel an action? Pride? It did not seem possible that could be the reason. But, what other could it be? Anna could think of none. She had the portrait of her mother's brother—was it a ring? And if so, ought she not to seek him and make herself known to him? For hours, as she at length fell asleep, were her thoughts busy. But she could arrive at no fixed conclusion.

Not long after day light when Anna awoke next morning. She was dressed, and sitting by the window when her kind-hearted aunt came in. A deep crimson covered her face; she looked up, and then suffered her head to droop to the floor. She felt that the circumstances under which they had met were such as to arouse suspicion in regard to her, and this caused a degree of confusion calculated to create doubt in almost any mind. Mrs. Grand looked at her closely for a few moments, and said in a kind voice, "You rest well, Anna?" "Yes, ma'am, very well," she returned, looking up to her eyes.

"You feel better than you did last night?" "I feel a deal better. My head ache is gone, and I am very much relieved of it. Come, breakfast is all ready."

After breakfast, Anna went down stairs with Mrs. Grand, and for her morning meal. After they sat at the table, and while Mrs. Grand was in washing up and putting away things, Anna said—

"It is a great favor that you have shown a stranger, and emboldens me to ask still more."

"What, child? Speak out freely," responded Mrs. Grand, with a look and tone of

"I have told you, frankly, all the circumstances by which I am now surrounded. I need one to advise and direct me. I am willing to earn my own living by my own labor; but where shall I go for employment? Will you think for me? I will be governed by your directions, for, besides you, there is not another living being in this city to whom I can look for counsel."

"All that I can do, my young friend, shall be freely done," replied Mrs. Grand. "In the mean time, remain where you are, in welcome. If nothing better offers, you can assist me in sewing for awhile. I earn my own support, by the labor of my own hands. If you can sew quickly, and are willing to work, you will be no burden to me."

"Oh, gladly will I devote to you all my time, if you will give me but a home," Anna replied, with warmth.

"You tell me you have a trunk at the rail road depot?" Mrs. Grand said, after a pause.

"Yes. My trunk is in the office there."

"Had you not better have it brought here?"

"If you are willing."

"I am, certainly. Do you know your way there?"

"No, ma'am. But you can direct me."

"Suppose I go with you?"

"It must be a long distance from here. I am afraid it is too far for you to go."

"Would you like me to accompany you?"

"Yes, above all things," quickly replied Anna.

About ten o'clock Mrs. Grand and Anna went for the trunk. They had it taken to the house of the former.

So far, every thing tended to confirm in the mind of Mrs. Grand the statement made by the young stranger. Still, she kept her mind active, and observed all she said, and every movement with the closest scrutiny.

"Will you take this little bundle for me to No. — Second street? It has to be left there before one o'clock, and it is now half past twelve. You will save me a walk, and I feel rather tired," Mrs. Grand said to Anna, as they both sat sewing, towards the middle of the day.

"O, yes," was smilingly replied. "Give me the direction, and I will go there for you with pleasure."

Mrs. Grand gave her the direction, and Anna took the package as she desired. It was in returning from this errand, that old Mr. Markland, her uncle, saw her, and remembered that she was the same individual he had seen weeping in the street on the evening before.

The reader understands by this time the true relation which the principal individuals in our story bear to each other. We can now go on and bring out clearly those points of our

narrative, to give force to which the preceding history of Anna Gray has been introduced.

(To be continued.)

For Arthur's Magazine.

MODERN POETRY.—NO. V.

BY HENRY D. COOK.

AMELIA B. WELBY.*



JUST criticism is always difficult, but never more so, than when cotemporary literature is its subject. The effort at impartial justice frequently leads to severity, while the desire

to render praise where it is due as often entices the stern *arbiter literarum* from the seat of dispensation to the rostrum of eulogium. It is easier to praise than to censure. Thus, a correct appreciation of excellence sometimes becomes associated with a blind partiality, which is as fatal to the ends of justice as mere carping hypercriticism. In the present situation of American literature there is no fixed and permanent standard of taste. Truth and nature, indeed, furnish rules which are of universal application, and these rules are necessarily in force here as well as elsewhere; but *other* influences modify the popular taste. Association is perhaps the most powerful of these influences. In a country like this, diversified with every variety of climate and scenery, there must be a difference, not only in customs, and in some features of governmental policy, but also in local associations and habits of thought. The mountaineer learns to love the wildness of his native home, and whatever, in poetry, approaches this, will appeal directly to his sympathies, and arouse kindred feelings: the dweller nearer the tropics, breathing from infancy the sun-warmed atmos-

phere of the luxuriant south, will listen with indifference to the rugged notes which have charmed a hardier race;—but let the harp be struck to a softer, but not less rapid strain, and, recognizing the congenial sounds, his heart gives back a response. Thus, too, the artificial splendor of the east and the wild magnificence of the west separately give birth to associations, which in time, beget tastes entirely dissimilar. These tastes guide every reader in the formation of his opinions upon the merit and beauty of poetry. Indeed, an opinion in such matters, is but an avowal or expression of taste.

This diversity of preferences among readers, begets a corresponding variety of style and subject among writers. To the same cause is partly attributable the fact to which we have before adverted, that American literature has no system, or if a system, it is one without a common centre. We have productions, both in prose and poetry, to suit all readers, all moods, all tastes; but we have no unity in style, or in manner of thought. In one thing, however, the majority of American writers agree; that is, each one raises his own standard of excellence and forms his own rules of writing; the former is the dictation of taste, and the latter are the precepts of common sense. This, however, will not universally apply. Many, on the contrary, seek foreign models, and imitate *imported styles*, until their imitation becomes servility, their thoughts but borrowed images, and their speech but echo. Like the school boy, they write after a set copy, and shape every letter in imitation of the awe-inspiring master. This latter class, fortunately, forms the exception, rather than the rule; yet it claims some who might otherwise adorn the literature of their

* POEMS BY AMELIA. Boston: A. Tompkins; Cornhill, 1845.

country. We do not condemn imitation, but the excess of imitation which so often precludes originality and strangles thought in its birth. Restraint like this is really more hostile to the development of poetic beauty, than would at first appear. Poetry is the embodiment of feeling, the outward expression of sentiment, which resides in the secrecy of the internal man. This eling, this sentiment, bursts spontaneously from the soul. It acknowledges no restraint; it submits to no rule. Endeavor to impose laws on it, and it ceases to flow. Art cannot turn aside from the channel formed by nature. The stream of thought must run there, or it returns to its hidden fountain. The "poetic fire," or power which gives expression and shape to the undefined emotions, impulses, or sensations, has its origin in the same source, namely, in the cries of our being. We know of its existence and judge of its nature only by its external manifestations and effects. Hence it is not able to attempt to prescribe rules for the conduct and government of a faculty of which we know so little. The wisdom of nature is unerring. To the direction of such a teacher, therefore, we should yield in deference. Individual differences and circumstances will sufficiently modify the development of this subtle

It is their province to do this; a power which should not be encroached upon,—the harmony of nature is always disturbed by the neglect of established rules. The true poetic merit, then, is found in a comparison with nature. The form of expression, though secondary, is of less consequence, than the form of thought. Language is but the vehicle; thought is the precious freight; yet the vehicle should not be too carelessly put aside, lest the former should be endangered. Therefore, claim a share of the poet's attention. We have many true poets, who are but *versifiers*; and we have more, good poets who are miserable *poets*. From this, it appears to be a less difficult task to give form to poetic thoughts than to conceive of them as a common-place remark, but which strengthens us in the opinion that the production of art, than of

and nature, however, necessarily the formation of the poet. The latter is not always, predominates; but the circumstances in which we might be disposed

The studied elegance, and classic simplicity, furnish an example. Some of the great poets might be compared to statues of marble; they have furnished the material, but art is required in gazing upon the exquisitely

chiselled lineaments of face and form, we forget that it is cold marble we look upon; we see only the life-like creation of genius. It is thus with some passages of Pope; the crude, unshaped thought, may be nothing in itself, but moulded by his inimitable art, it borrows life from expression, and becomes immortal. Burns may be cited as the opposite of Pope, in this respect. Indeed, one might say that his poetry was *all* nature, for his language is simple, and such as nature dictates. He was never familiar with the rules which art had prescribed. What nature wrote upon his heart, he copied *literally* and gave the words to the world; they are now the property of the world together with the fame of their author. With such poetry as that of Burns to produce in evidence, the case may be easily made out, that a poet may be almost entirely ignorant of art, and yet be able to write well enough to entitle him to the highest distinctions of praise. Yet such instances are rare. Art is generally conspicuous, if not predominant; and the productions of many who occupy an exalted position in the poetic world, give evidence of patient study of the received models, and unwearying exploration into the beauties of predecessors. Those who write with the most simplicity and ease, allowing freedom to thought, without trammeling it with conventional forms of expression, or combinations of words, are always the "favorites of the people," although they might not hold the highest rank among those who would reduce thought and feeling, as they have language, to a system. This is because they appeal directly to nature, without using intermediate means of communication. The subjects of their thought, too, are necessarily more nearly allied to the popular taste, and hence kindred sympathies and old associations are awakened in the minds of their readers. This kind of poetry does not kindle admiration, but it quickens all the generous impulses of our nature; it feeds the flame of affection, and warms the "milk of human kindness," too often chilled by cold selfishness. It is the poetry of the heart, rather than of the mind; it induces feeling rather than thought. It claims kindred with nature, and acknowledges the universe as its home. The spirit of poetry is the companion of all mankind; where it cannot address them through the medium of language, external nature becomes the organ of communication. It speaks to man through the thousand wonders of earth, air, sky and sea; these, together with all the varieties and changes of nature, are invested with a deep significance, which every man is able, in some degree, to interpret. Yet this significance is not equally apparent to all; for all have not been

equally endowed with perception, sensibility and imagination, nor have they been equally habituated to contemplate the objects of external nature with delight. Hence, beauties which are hidden from some, will of necessity be revealed to others; who, in turn, may again reveal the newly-discovered beauties to man, in language which, from its very simplicity, shall add new beauty to that which already possessed manifold charms. In this light, the poet, being an interpreter of nature, and an expounder of its truths, occupies a position which is not less exalted, than his requisites are numerous, and difficult of attainment. The nature and character of these requisites, have been too often dwelt upon to require comment. We shall, therefore, leave the subject here, and proceed to notice a few characteristics of the poetry of "Amelia," which will illustrate some of the points we have been considering. The poem on the Rainbow is an admirable instance of that power of expression, which, roused by a refined sensibility, and strengthened by the rich offerings of an active imagination, can even make the rainbow, (at least to the mind) more beautiful. We copy the poem entire. Though it lacks the severe polish of the schools, it yet partakes largely of the freedom of nature. There is a graceful ease, an *abandon* of style, together with a vivacity, a constant beauty and occasional brilliancy of thought which is enchanting. We might, were we so disposed, find fault with some expressions which occur, but they are perhaps incident to the freedom of the style, without which the poem would lose half its beauty.

I sometimes have thoughts, in my loneliest hours,
That lie on my heart, like the dew on the flowers,
Of a ramble I took one bright afternoon
When my heart was as light as a blossom in June;
The green earth was moist with the late fallen
showers,

The breeze fluttered down and blew open the flowers,
While a single white cloud, to its haven of rest
On the white-wing of peace, floated off in the west.

As I threw back my tresses to catch the cool breeze,
That scattered the rain-drops, and dimpled the seas,
Far up the blue sky a fair rainbow unrolled
Its soft tinted pinions of purple and gold.
'T was born in a moment, yet, quick as its birth,
It had stretched to the uttermost ends of the earth,
And, fair as an angel, it floated as free
With a wing on the earth and a wing on the sea.

How calm was the ocean! how gentle its swell!
Like a woman's soft bosom it rose and it fell;
While its light sparkling waves, stealing laughingly
o'er,
When they saw the fair rainbow, knelt down on the
shore.

No sweet hymn ascended, no murmur of prayer,
Yet I felt that the spirit of worship was there,
And bent my young head in devotion and love
'Neath the form of the angel, that floated above.

How wide was the sweep of its beautiful wings!
How boundless its circle, how radiant its rings!
If I looked on the sky, 't was suspended in air;
If I looked on the ocean, the rainbow was there;
Thus forming a girdle as brilliant and whole
As the thoughts of the rainbow that circled my soul.
Like the wings of the deity, calmly unfurled,
It bent from the cloud and encircled the world.

There are moments, I think, when the spirit receives,
Whole volumes of thought on its unwritten leaves,
When the folds of the heart in a moment unclosed
Like the innermost leaves from the heart of a rose.
And thus, when the rainbow had passed from the sky,
The thoughts it awoke were too deep to pass by:
It left my full soul, like the wing of a dove,
All fluttering with pleasure, and fluttering with love.

I know that each moment of rapture or pain
But shortens the links in life's mystical chain;
I know that my form, like that bow from the wave,
Must pass from the earth, and lie cold in the grave;
Yet O! when death's shadows my bosom enfold
When I shrink at the thought of the coffin and shroud,
May hope, like the rainbow, my spirit enfold
In her beautiful pinions of purple and gold!

There are some lines, and some metaphors in the above which would not bear the test of severe critical analysis, yet these few faults are more than redeemed by the beauty, simplicity and grace of the composition. In reading such poetry, we love to give ourselves up to the spell which it weaves around us, rather than to destroy the illusion by keeping an eye to its faults. The poetry of "Amelia" smacks of the freedom and freshness of nature. It knows but few of the restraints which art would impose. The stream of song comes fresh and sparkling from the fount of feeling. It flows rapidly and joyfully, yet it is not deep. The thoughts dance like ripples upon the surface, beautiful and brilliant, but they do not possess the force of waves. Every thing she writes is stamped with the impress of woman's hand. There is all the tenderness of feeling, all the sensitiveness of thought, which characterises the female mind. She possesses genius, though it is not of the loftiest order, and merits a distinguished rank, though not the highest, in her country's literature. Her style is yet disfigured by faults, which are in a great measure the result of carelessness, and which a proper attention and less haste in composition would remove. These faults are, mostly, an occasional looseness in forms of expression, and an inaccuracy, and, sometimes, an indistinctness

in her figures, metaphors, and allusions. In meeting with these, the reader feels his pleasure momentarily marred and regrets that the fair writer had not considered a moment longer, while penning them. These faults all obviously result from haste; not from a want of perception. One feels, however, in reading her poetry, that she speaks from her heart, and therefore looks for the unreserved freedom of spontaneous feeling, rather than the studied and precise elegance of thought. She herself expresses this most beautifully in some "Lines to the Freed Bird."

And yet, sweet bird, bright thoughts to me are given,
As many as the clustering leaves of June;
And my young heart is like a harp of heaven,
For ever strung unto some pleasant tune;
And my soul burns with wild poetic fire,
Tho' simple are my strains, and simpler still my lyre.

And now, farewell! the wild wind of the mountain,
And the blue streams alone my native strains have heard;
And it is well, for from my heart's deep fountain
They flow, uncultured as thine own, sweet bird!
For my free thoughts have ever spurned control
Since this heart held a wish, and this frail form a soul!

The following graceful lines we extract from a poem, entitled "Musings."

The waves came dashing o'er the sea,
In bright and glittering bands;
Like little children, wild with glee,
They linked their dimpled hands—
They linked their hands, but, ere I caught
Their sprinkled drops of dew,
They kissed my feet, and quick as thought,
Away the ripples flew.

The twilight hours, like birds, flew by,
As lightly and as free;
Ten thousand stars were in the sky,
Ten thousand in the sea;
For every wave with dimpled face,
That leaped upon the air,
Had caught a star in its embrace
And held it trembling there.

Our limits will not allow us to insert more of this poem, which we consider one of the most chaste in the whole collection before us, though others may surpass it in brilliancy. We have only room for the following extracts from a poem, written with a great deal of power, and

much beauty of expression. Its title is, "Pulpit Eloquence."

Oh God! what emotions the speaker awoke!
A mortal he seemed,—yet a deity spoke;
A man—yet so far from humanity riven!
On earth—yet so closely connected with heaven!
How oft in my fancy I've pictured him there,
As he stood in that triumph of passion and prayer,
With his eyes closed in rapture—their transient eclipse
Made bright by the smiles, that illumined his lips.
There's a charm in delivery, a magical art,
That thrills, like a kiss, from the lip to the heart;
'Tis the glance—the expression—the well-chosen word.

By whose magic the depths of the spirit are stirred,
The smile—the mute gesture—the soul-startling pause,
The eye's sweet expression, that melts, while it awes,
The lip's soft persuasion—the musical tone—
O such was the charm of that eloquent one!

The time is long past, yet how clearly defined,
That bay, church, and village, float up on my mind!
I see amid azure, the moon in her pride,
With the sweet little trembler, that sat by her side;
I hear the blue waves, as she wanders along,
Leap up in their gladness, and sing her a song,
And I tread in the pathway, half-worn o'er the sod
By the feet that went up to the worship of God.

How sweet to my heart is the picture I've traced!
Its chain of bright fancies seemed almost effaced,
Till memory, the fond one, that sits in the soul,
Took up the frail links, and connected the whole;
As the dew to the blossom, the bud to the bee,
As the scent to the rose, are those memories to me;
Round the chords of my heart, they have tremblingly
clung,
And the echo it gives, is the song I have sung.

The above extracts give a fair idea of the character and peculiarities of the style of Mrs. Welby, and prove that she is, to say the least, entitled to a high rank in the estimation of all lovers of poetry. Her poems mostly appeared for the first time in the "Louisville Journal," and in several of the periodicals of the United States. The incidents of her private life, are unknown to us, and if they were, a respect for the sanctity of her retirement, would prevent us from rudely opening its door.

(We cannot close the present paper without noticing the beautiful dress in which the publishers have clothed the poems of "Amelia." The volume before us, reflects credit on all concerned in its "getting up," and speaks highly for American art. The ornamental title-page is beautifully designed and executed.)

For Arthur's Magazine.

THE SOUL'S COMMUNION.

BY SKETCHER.

SIT beside my window
When the Sabbath Sun's
above,
And my mind floats up to
Heav'n
Upon a breath of love.

And from it, far ascending,
Falls back a seeming
part,

A robe of holy feeling
That beautifies the heart.

And Hope, its pinions folding,
Lies nestling in my breast,
For Faith and Peace, unviting
The trembler hath cared.

And thoughts, like blossoms bursting,
Unfold them, passing bright,
In radiance that 's streaming,
From fancy's world of light.

And then, like stars of brightness
That gem the evening skies,
Shine forth the hosts of blessings
I had not learned to prize.

And then an air-born being,
A moulding from the light,

The shadow of a presence
That cannot touch the sight,

Seems sitting 'round, and weeping;
And whispers in my ear,
And then I know the spirit
Of Conscience hovers near.

And guilty nature, melting,
Heaves the repentant sigh,
And I feel that I'm forgiven,
Although I know not why.

And then I hear a rustling,
As of an angel's wing,
As to its home it scureth,
An undefiled thing.

And methinks I hear a greeting
Of music sweet and wild,
As ope the gates of Heaven
To welcome back its child.

Thus ends my quiet worship,
That with a bliss untold
My spirit ever steepeth,
When this commune I hold.

For Arthur's Magazine.

TO A YOUNG LADY.

BY EDWIN PLUMMER.

DEN, with the raven
tresses,
Sunny eye and guileless
heart—
and whose pathway angels
linger—
Beautiful indeed thou
art!

Not alone the outward beauty
Of this world dost thou inherit;
But the rare and priceless treasure—
Deathless beauty of the spirit.

Earthly charms are vain and fleeting—
Passing as the zephyr's breath—

Cheating Hope and long endeavor—
Luring human hearts to death!

In thy soul are pure emotions—
Tender feeling, holy thought;
And in thee the ideal-dreamer
Finds what he has vainly sought.

Joy attend thee!—may thy future
Be undimmed by grief or care;
And good spirits kindly lead thee
Far from every earthly snare.

May our Father's smile be on thee—
Light from Heaven around thee shine—
Kindling in thy heart emotions
Such as thou hast stirred in mine.

For Arthur's Magazine.

GRAND GALA.

A SKETCH FROM DUMAS' "CORRICOLO."

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

BY A. ROLAND.



BELLINI'S death was still quite a recent event, when we arrived at Naples. Notwithstanding the hatred which exists between the Sicilians and Neapolitans, and the diversity of musical opinions amongst the

anti it had caused a general sentiment of. The ladies, for whom the music of the *maestro* seemed more especially written in whose judgments national antipathies and influence, seemed to be most deeply by the occurrence. In nearly every paro be found a portrait *del gentile maestro*, sit, no matter how foreign to the art ve been its object, rarely terminated n exchange of regrets, between the vis- visited, on account of the loss which sustained in the death of this great

Donizetti who, already, bore the music and had now inherited the crown, endent in his regrets for him who, ad been his rival, had never ceased to d.

rels between the Bellinists and Doni- re revived in all their bitterness. ices are much more promptly termi- les than at Paris, where each of the olds it to be incumbent upon him to e is right, whilst the Neapolitans es little trouble about the rationale ions; contenting themselves with ng, that a man, woman or thing is spleasing to them. The Neapoli-

tans are a people of impulses; their actions are subordinate to the beating of their hearts.

The two parties, however, united to do honor to the memory of the author of *Norma* and the *Puritans*. The pupils of the Conservatory of Naples opened a subscription, for the purpose of defraying the expenses of the funeral ceremonies, which they proposed to perform; but the minister who presided over the religious affairs of the state objected to these ceremonies, because Bellini had died without receiving the sacraments; a pretext which would have been very unsatisfactory in France but which was quite sufficient at Naples. They then asked permission to sing the famous mass of Winter at *Santa Chiara*; but the minister again interfered, saying, that this requiem had been performed on the occasion of the interment of the King's grandfather, and he did not wish a mass which had served for a king to be sung for a musician. This second reason seemed less plausible than the first. The friends of the minister soon, however, calmed the irritation by observing, that His Excellency had made a great concession to the advancement of mind by deigning to inform the people of the reason of his refusal, since he might have said, simply: "I do not wish it," without giving himself any further trouble about the matter. This argument seemed so rational that, upon a little reflection, the dissatisfaction of the Bellinists passed away. Then, as days followed days and one sun caused another to be forgotten, an event in prospective diverted public attention from the one which had passed. They now spoke, as of a thing unheard of, and to which they could not give credit without more ample information, of the presumption of a French musician who, wearied with the vexations, to which young Parisian composers are

compelled to submit before they reach the Opera Comique or the Grand Opera, had bought a drama of one of the thousand poet librettists, who follow in the path of Romani, and had determined, to defy a public composed of the most refined connoisseurs in Europe and to produce his first effort in the most dangerous theatre in the world. In support of this opinion of themselves and San Carlos, the Neapolitan dilettanti recalled, with all the bliss of self-conceit, the fact, that they had hooted Rossini and hissed Malebran, without comprehending the French politeness which simply responded, by enquiring, with a smile: "What does that prove?" There were, still, two things which increased, to its highest pitch, the prejudice against my poor countryman, he had the misfortune and guilt to be rich and noble; a double imprudence, of the gravest character, in a composer, at Naples, where they have not yet learned to understand the talent which goes in a carriage and the celebrity of the name which supports a viscount's coronet.

Finally, as a darker point in the dark horizon, an intrigue, which, it must be avowed is a thing of such rare occurrence at Naples, that it is almost unknown, threatened on this occasion to make an infraction of the order and cause an outbreak in favor of the foreign composer. I relate the manner of its formation, less because of its importance, than because it naturally leads me to speak of the artistes.

The management of the San Carlos had, upon the strength of her past success, engaged La Ronzi for sixty representations, at a thousand francs each. It then became the interest of the establishment to make the most of a performer to whom it paid, every evening, an amount equal to the ordinary receipts of a theatre in France. It consequently exacted, that the part of the prima donna in the forthcoming opera should be written for La Ronzi. But, by one of those fatalities which render the dilettanti of San Carlos so proud of their superiority, in this respect, the new prima donna, who, six months previously had been fêted, adored, and crowned, made at Naples a complete failure. The act of the administration in paying a thousand francs, per evening, for a remnant of talent and a remnant of a voice, was, generally, regarded as very absurd, for, by adding a thousand francs, Malibran, who was at this time commencing where La Ronzi was making an end, might have been secured. In consequence of this conclusion a kind of black band attached itself to the ruins of La Ronzi and demolished her by hissing every evening when she made her appearance.

The administration, then, learned two things;

first, that it was necessary to prevail upon La Ronzi to reduce the number of her representations to one half: a negotiation which, in consequence of the mortification she experienced at her reception, it was easy to effect; and, secondly, that it was a bad speculation to attempt to sustain talent which was not approved of by an audience and which could not be. Consequently, the prima donna part of the forthcoming opera passed, from the hands of La Ronzi, into those of La Persiani, for whose voice, however, a soprano of great compass, it was not written.

The San Carlos Company has always been the finest and most complete in Italy. It had been composed of the three musical elements necessary to make a whole: a *tenor mezzo carattere*, a bass, and a soprano. Fortunately, these three elements were yet as perfect as could be desired; they were named Duprez, Ronconi and Taquinardi.

At this period, Duprez was known in France but vaguely. A great artiste, an admirable singer, who had passed through Italy and begun to impose conditions upon the impresarii of Naples, Milan and Venice, was spoken of; but of the qualities of his voice no one knew any thing, except what was gathered from the journals and travellers. Some amateurs remembered to have heard a young pupil of Choron, with a fresh, sonorous voice of much compass, sing at the Odeon; but his identity with the great singer was so problematical, that it was asked, if it could be possible, that this artiste, who was now so rapturously applauded by the Italian dilettanti, could be the same who was, formerly, hissed by the students. Two years after, Duprez came to Paris and made his debut in *Guillaume Tell*. We have nothing more to say of this song-king.

Ronconi was, at this same period, about twenty three or twenty-four years of age: unknown, I believe, in France. He made use of the magnificent baritone voice with which heaven had gifted him without giving himself the trouble to correct its defects or to develop its powers. Engaged by a contractor who sold him for thirty thousand francs, of which he allowed him six, he drew an excellent excuse for not applying himself from the niggardliness of his treatment. But since that time, Ronconi has been adequately paid, has made the progress he should have made and was, at the time of which we write, the first baritone in Italy.

La Taquinardi was a kind of nightingale who sang as others talk. She was a Madame Damoreau for method, with a voice of greater compass and freshness; nothing was comparable to the sweetness of this youthful and pure, and but rarely dramatic organ. She possessed besides, a fine intellect without ever becoming melancholy

or impassioned; her countenance was coldly beautiful; she was a brunette who sang blonde. La Taquinardi, in espousing the author of *Inez de Castro*, became La Persiani.

These were the artistes charged with the production of the opera of Lara. When I arrived at Naples the work was in full rehearsal. It was put into the hands of the artists on the 8th of November, and was to be presented on the 19th, thus, affording but eleven rehearsals for a production of the first order. All operas, however, are not brought forward with the same rapidity. From fifteen to eighteen rehearsals are sometimes given. But, on this occasion, there was an order superior to the inclinations of the artistes. The queen mother complained that there was no musical novelty for her fête, a thing which never failed to be presented at that of her son or daughter; and the king, making a law of this complaint, ordered the Frenchman's opera to be produced in honor of the national anniversary. This was indeed of human sacrifice to filial love.

It is unnecessary to make any inquiries with regard to the condition in which I found my poor countryman. He was like a man given up by physicians, with seven or eight days longer to live.

In fact, upon examining his condition, I saw only one but a charlatan would have used to save him. I attempted, however, to give him hackneyed consolations which never contributed to all my arguments he replied only: "Grand gala! my friend; grand gala!"

He took my hand; he had fever. I turned to the leader of the orchestra who was holding his chibouque and said, with a sigh: "This is the commencement of delirium."

"No," said Festa, taking the amber tube from his mouth; "he speaks quite rationally; he is, my dear sir, grand gala!"

I turned toward Duprez, who, seated in a corner, was making little balls with the wax of a candle and looked at him, as if to say:

"Is every body, here, insane?"

"I understood my pantomime with a readiness which would have done honor to a Neapolitan. He said he applying the ball of wax to his nose, they are not insane; do you not know what grand gala?"

"I took my dictionary out of the letter G,—I found nothing."

"You have the goodness," said I, re-entering, "to explain to me what is meant by grand gala."

"I replied Duprez, "that on that day there will be, in the theatre, one thousand candles, the light of which will illuminate the spectators, and the smoke of which, will fill the lungs of the singers."

"It means," said the leader of the orchestra, "that the overture must be played with the curtain raised, because the court cannot wait; and that destroys almost entirely the effect of the opening chorus."

"It means," concluded Ruoltz, "that the whole court attends the representation, and that the public must not applaud, except when the court applauds; and the court never applauds."

"*Diable! Diable!*" replied I, not being able to find any other answer to this triple explication. "And besides that," added I, to avoid appearing confounded, "You have, I believe, seven days, only, before you."

"And the musicians have not yet attempted the overture," said Ruoltz.

"Oh! the orchestra does not give me any uneasiness," replied Festa.

"The performers have not yet practised together."

"Oh! the singers," said Duprez, "will not fail."

"And I shall have neither the strength nor the patience to assist at the last rehearsal."

"Well, what of that! will not I be there?" said Donizetti, rising.

Ruoltz stepped up to him and extended his hand.

"Yes, you are right: I have found good friends."

"And, what promises better still for success, you have composed fine music."

"Do you think, so?" said Ruoltz, with his peculiar, naive and modest, air.

We laughed.

"Come; to the rehearsal!" said Duprez.

All happened, indeed, as had been foreseen by Festa, Duprez and Donizetti. The orchestra played the overture at first sight; the singers, accustomed to performing together, understood each other at once; and Ruoltz, half dead with fatigue, left the care of the last three rehearsals to the author of *Anna Bolena*.

I returned from the theatre deeply impressed. I had believed myself about to listen to the attempt of a tyro; I had heard the production of a master. In spite of ourselves we form our opinions of works, from the men who produce them and, unfortunately, we almost always estimate these works and these men as they estimate themselves. Now, Ruoltz was the most simple and modest child of nature I have ever seen. For the three months we had been acquainted I had never heard him speak ill of others and, what is still more astonishing in a man who is bringing forward his first work, I never heard him speak well of himself. I have, generally, found more self-conceit, in young persons, who have not yet accomplished

anything, than in men who have distinguished themselves, and I believe, what may seem paradoxical, that there is nothing like success to cure vanity. I waited then, with the utmost confidence, the coming of the time for the first representation. It came.

The San Carlos theatre presents a splendid spectacle on the occasion of the grand gala. That immense and sombre house which, on ordinary evenings presents such a gloomy appearance, to a French eye, takes on these solemn occasions a brilliant air from the multitude of lights which burn before each box. The ladies are then visible, which is not the case, when the theatre is badly lighted, as usual. Their toilet, is certainly not the most *ricoché*, but a profusion of jewels is displayed of which we have no conception in France, and Italian eyes glitter like diamonds. The court is in its costume of ceremony, and the most noisy people in the universe are collected, if not in the most beautiful, at least, in the largest theatre in the world.

On this evening, contrary to the custom at first representations, the house was filled. The Italian multitude, unlike ours, do not affront an unknown musician. No! at Naples where life is all made up of pleasure and sensations, they have too great a dread of ennui to darken even a few hours. A life, like their heaven, with its burning sun; like their sea with the waves which reflect the sun, is necessary to these inhabitants of the most beautiful country in the world. When it is stated that the work is of the first merit, when a list is made of the *morceaux* they are to hear, oh! then they press and crowd to suffocation; but this wave does not commence flowing until after the sixth or eighth representation. In France the people attend the theatre to show themselves; in Naples they go to the opera to enjoy themselves. As for *claqueurs* they are entirely unknown. The author has those tickets, only, which he buys and those boxes which he rents. Authors and actors are applauded when it is thought, by the pit, that they merit applause; on the days of the grand gala excepted, when, as we have stated, public opinion is subordinate to the opinion of the court. When the king is not present, they wait for the example of the queen; when the queen is absent, for that of Don Carlos; and so down to the prince of Salerno.

At seven o'clock, precisely, the ushers made their appearance in the boxes destined for the royal family; at the same moment the curtain rose and the overture commenced. Fine as it was the overture was lost. Although I was amongst the first present, and notwithstanding the interest I felt in the piece, and the author, I was more absorbed by the court, which was new to me,

than attracted by the commencing opera. The aides-de-camp, took possession of the stage-box: the young queen, the queen mother and the prince of Salerno, the adjoining one; the king and prince Charles the third; and the Count of Syracuse, exiled to the fourth, preserved, at the theatre, the isolated position which his disgrace had assigned him at court.

The overture, little heard as it was, appeared to put the audience in a good humor. The overture to an opera is like the preface to a book; in both the author explains his intentions, indicates his characters, and throws forward the prospectus of his talent. That to *Lara* displayed a vigorous and sustained instrumentation, rather German than Italian, and a profound knowledge of the material of the orchestra. With the first air I perceived the difference between the San Carlos orchestra, and that of the Opera at Paris; both of which have the reputation of being the most superior in the world. The San Carlos orchestra consents to accompany the singer and to allow the voice to float, as it were, upon the instruments, like a cork upon the water; it sustains, it rises and sinks with, but never overwhelms it. In France, on the contrary, the smallest triangle has its pretensions to a portion of the plaudits, and the voice of the singer swims as it were under water. Unless the voice possesses an uncommon degree of power it is rarely, that any of its notes bound out of the deluge of harmony which covers it; and even then, like the flying fish, which can only sustain itself whilst its wings are wet, it soon re-descends, and nothing is heard but the accompaniment.

A very fine duett between Ronconi and Persiani passed without notice. From time to time a general would carry his lorgnette to his eye and scrutinize the audience with much attention, then, call an aid-de-camp and point out some individual in the parquette or boxes. The aid-de-camp would go out, and, in a few minutes, come up to the person designated, whisper to him a few words, when the latter would leave the theatre and not re-appear. I asked the meaning of this and was told that these were officers, arrested for coming to the theatre in citizens' dress. The court was so much occupied, with the application of military discipline, that it had not yet thought of giving to the musicians or actors the least sign of its presence; consequently, the overture and three fourths of the first act had passed without the slightest applause. Ruoltz, believing that his opera had failed, made his escape.

The second act commenced; beauties increased; waves of harmony floated through the theatre; the public breathed more quickly. It was wonderful to perceive the power of genius thus bear-

ing down three thousand persons, almost to suffocation. The atmosphere had almost ceased to be respirable for the beings around whom floated symphonic exhalations, heated like the puffs of air which precede a storm. From time to time the fine voice of Duprez lit up a passage like a flash of lightning. At last came the most remarkable morceau of the opera, a cavatina sung by ara at the moment when, pursued by the law and abandoned by his friends he appeals to their votion and curses their ingratitude. The actor that, with this, all was lost or saved. I do believe the human voice ever rendered with more fidelity the expression of despondency, grief and contempt; all respiration was suspended, all ears ready to applaud, all eyes turned toward the stage, and all eyes fixed upon the King. The King turned toward the actors, and at the moment Duprez finished his last note, heart rending as his sigh, his majesty's hands came together. There rose one great shout; it was respiration given to three thousand people. The first time of applause was, as usual, received by the King who bowed; but three thousand voices now rose for the author with an electrical unanimity. There was no longer any national rivalry: at that moment the question whether the composer was French or Neapolitan was not thought of, simply, a great musician. They came to see him, to overwhelm him with applause, as he had overwhelmed them with emotion; they wished to give some return for that which they had received. Duprez sought the King everywhere, and returned to say that he appeared. The audience comprehended the meaning of this flight, and the plaudits were renewed. At the end of a quarter of an hour the performance recommenced.

The beauty was a rondo by Taquinardi: charmingly expressive. The mistress of the opera, having attempted to ruin him, by her seduction, drags herself, poisoned and bleeding, to the feet of her lover and asks forgiveness. Gribani or Grisi, in such a situation, cared little for the voice, but would have attracted all attention to the expression of the face. Taquinardi succeeded by the opposite; she drew out sounds of such

purity, poured out notes of such freshness, and executed trills of such difficulty, that the King applauded a second time, and his example was again followed by the whole audience. The author had now returned. He had been found somewhere, in the arms of Donizetti, who sustained him till the last moment. Duprez took him by one hand, Taquinardi by the other, and dragged rather than led him on the stage.

For myself, as a countryman and companion of the author, warmed by a spirit of nationality and friendship, I had experienced on this evening the most heart stirring emotions. I had invoked this triumph with my whole soul, and yet I saw it accomplished with a profound pity for him who was its object. I felt the supreme danger of the temptations which surrounded the height he had reached; from which nothing remained for him but to descend. Rich and happy, up to this time, a tranquil existence had changed to a life of emotion; a sweet obscurity to the consuming brightness of success. No physical change had taken place in him, and yet this man was, no longer, the same individual. He had ceased to be free. He had, for plaudits and garlands, sold himself to the public. He was now the slave of caprice, of fashion and of intrigue. He was to experience his reputation torn from him like fruit from its bough. The thousand voices of notoriety were to break him in pieces and scatter him upon the world. It was no longer in his power to retake, to hide, to extinguish himself in the obscurity of private life, even though his heart should break with emotion at thirty or he should drown himself in disgust at sixty; though he should, like Bellini, sink before he had reached the height of his splendor, or, like Gros, disappear after having outlived his reputation.

1842. I was not deceived in my anticipations; viscount Ruoltz after having met with as brilliant success at the Parisian opera as at Naples, has entirely abandoned the musical profession, and, as good chemist as excellent composer, has made the important discovery, which, at this time, engages the attention of the learned world, of the process of gilding iron by the application of the voltaic pile.

DOWN IN THE SUNLESS RETREATS OF THE OCEAN.

sunless retreats of the ocean,
as are springing no mortal can see;
soul the still prayer of devotion,
the world, rises silent to thee,
God! silent to thee—
warm, silent to thee.

As still to the star of its worship; though clouded,
The needle points faithfully o'er the dim sea;
So, dark as I roam, in this wintry world shrouded,
The hope of my spirit turns trembling to thee,
My God! trembling to thee—
True, fond, trembling, to thee. MOORE.

For Arthur's Magazine.

LINES TO MISS DIX.

"Among the hundreds of crazy people with whom her sacred mission has brought her into companionship, she has not found one individual however fierce and turbulent, that could not be calmed by scripture and prayer uttered in a low and gentle voice."
MRS. CHILD'S LETTER.

ANGEL of peace divinely
sent,
Among misfortune's
sons to dwell ;
What solace has thy
presence lent,
Within the prison's
gloomy cell.
What burnings must thy
heart endure,
For that distress'd un-
happy race ;

Who here with countenance demure,
Their own dark fancies wildly chase.

Unlit by reason's hallow'd light,
Their shatter'd minds become a prey ;
To the dark gloom of endless night,
Where hope ne'er sheds a flick'ring ray ;
Yet ah ! thy voice contains a charm,
Which e'en hath quell'd the madman's rage ;
Hath sooth'd his spirits' wild alarm,
By reading heaven's inspired page.

Ah yes, thy spirit breathes a sphere

Of love, and peace o'er all around ;
Then wonder not if mortals here,
Within its sacred spell are bound.
Arm'd by the charm of love divine,
With truth and mercy as thy shield,
Tho' evil should its pow'rs combine,
It must beneath these virtues yield

What scenes of horror meet thy gaze,
What sick'ning sights of human woe ;
As on through weary nights and days,
Mid misery's gloomy haunts you go.
Yet O, continue thus to cheer,
Those dark abodes of pain and grief ;
Like some bright angel linger near,
To whisper solace and relief.

Philanthropy ' most glorious meed,
Which heav'n to mortals can bestow ;
How few alas ! thy teachings heed,
How few the heav'n-born feeling know.
Still may its purest bliss be thine,
To cheer thee on thy arduous way ;
Till He, in whose bright smiles you shine,
Shall crown thy toils in endless day. o.

MADNESS.

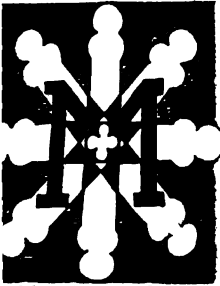
WITHIN the Coliseum's
mouldering walls
I stood and mused. By
memory's fitful light
I searched the musty re-
cords of old Rome,—
Thought of her vanished
glories, and the wrecks
And ruins of her great-
ness as they lay

Broken and crumbling 'neath the touch of time.

A burdening sadness on my spirit came ;
And as I pondered o'er an empire's doom
I said, The end of all perfection's here,—
And then swept by the chilling autumn wind
With melancholy moan. A wild laugh rang
Through the long colonnades, and by my side
A madman stood ! Oh ! nations, cities, towers
And domes, may fall, and all in one wild scene
Of ruin lie, but nothing is so drear,
So desolate, so sad, so withering to the heart,
As the pale wrecks upon a maniac's brow.

T. S. A.

BY MISS S. A. HUNT.



ive her up, and there's an end of it!
till your head is grey, it will do
ve her up indeed! To treat you
ster suppers, I suppose. No, no,
pose on *me*, in this manner, I can

When her husband ceased his angry speech, she made no reply. He was not remarkable for putting his threats into execution, and she knew that he was well aware of her often proved obstinacy. She, therefore, indulged a firm hope, that

he would give way to her, as usual. A smile of derision passed over her lip, for a moment, then vanished. She rose from the table, and after ringing a bell for the servant to come, and remove the tea things, she seated herself in the arm chair, and began to sew. Mr. Ross, with a determined frown, took up his hat, left the room, and slammed the door behind him, in a very undignified manner. Another smile, slightly displayed the white, even teeth, of Mrs. Ross.

"Pshaw! sir, Betsy leaves the house about as soon as I do," she said to herself or rather to her husband, after he had gone. Mr. Ross traversed the streets with quick, firm steps. His lips were compressed, his face almost white with anger.

"The girl shall go, if it is only to provoke her," he muttered. "I'll die, before I will give over! Yes, yes, I'll see if I can't make my threats good, and more than good, for once. She shall not remain in the house an hour after Saturday. I'll tell her myself to-morrow, to prepare her for it." The husband thus gave vent, to his angry thoughts. Saturday evening came; Mrs. Ross had not uttered a word to Betsy, about her dismissal. Her surprise was therefore great, when the girl came in, with bonnet and shawl on, to bid her good bye.

"Where are you going, Betsy?" she inquired, glancing at her husband.

"I am going to leave, madam," was the brief answer.

"But I have not given you your dismissal. You, of course, must know that domestic affairs depend on me. Take off your things, and remain." Mrs. Ross spoke in a voice tolerably calm, though her eye betrayed the smothered anger within her. She thought her husband's pride, would prevent him from entering into an altercation before a servant, and thus her object would be gained. "Take off your hat, Betsy," she repeated, as the girl hesitated, with burning cheeks, and looked at Mr. Ross, for directions.

"You must go, Betsy," said Mr. Ross in a decided voice.

"Would you turn the friendless creature in the street at night?" asked his wife, starting from her chair passionately, "I tell you, she shall *not* go. Close the door again!"

"She is provided for, Mrs. Ross," returned her husband, glancing sharply at her, while holding the door, for the egress of Betsy. Then turning to the half frightened girl, who by this time stood in the hall, he said in a more gentle tone. "You have been a good, faithful girl, Betsy, and I have recommended you as such. Continue to be honest, and good tempered. Do n't forget the number of the house. Good bye!"

When he turned to look at his wife, after closing the door, she was sitting in a chair, sobbing violently. She had regarded her triumph as certain, and now her mortification was extreme. She was too highly excited to utter a word. After the lapse of about half an hour, during which time, Mr. Ross had held the newspaper upside down, pretending to read, his wife raised her head, and said angrily, "If you do n't provide me with a servant for the children, I'll sponge on my acquaintances, as sure as I live, I will."

Mr. Ross could hardly restrain a smile, at the inelegant language she employed. Anger made her totally regardless of the manner in which she spoke, if she only conveyed her meaning forcibly.

"Whom do you intend to sponge on, my dear?" he inquired, in a smooth, provoking tone.

"I'll get Kate Fisher to spend two or three weeks with me, and help take care of the children. She'll be willing enough to come; she thinks the world of me; a thousand times more than you do."

"I presume you know the reason of that. She only sees your best side, while I have only a chance to see the worst."

"Oh!" exclaimed the wife, as if a sudden pang had shot across her heart. She covered her face with both hands, and burst into tears. That single sentence awoke a thousand bitter, bitter memories. It stirred up thoughts of years gone by, when she was young, gay, and beautiful, the idolized betrothed of Frederick Ross—when he turned to her, always, with a joy-kindling eye,—when to listen to her voice, laden with the low words of newly-awakened love, was his only happiness—*then* she was to him, a perfect woman. What was she now? Her heart shrunk, as she asked the question, and her choking sobs grew heavier, as she could only reply, "I never thought my conduct could turn him away from me entirely. My unrestrained passions have ruined me!" These thoughts lasted not long. The general state of feeling soon returned. The once strong affection between Mr. and Mrs. Ross had not abated suddenly. It was only by degrees, as their characters were acted out,—as they opposed each other, and neither would yield, that anger was excited—and when once excited, each fell in the estimation of the other. After one quarrel, a thousand more, flowed like streams from a fountain. The temple of love had received a rude shock. Its lovely outside ornaments were fretted, and worn away, and soon its interior beauties were defaced, and destroyed. True, deep, holy love was gone.

Mrs. Ross had resolved to invite Kate Fisher

to spend some time with her. One bright afternoon, in the following week, she presented herself at the front door, of a plain two story house. Her summons was answered by Kate herself, a sensible, gay young creature of seventeen.

"Oh! how do you do, Kate, dear!" exclaimed Mrs. Ross gaily, as Kate caught her hand, and kissed her, with a warm-hearted laugh of pleasure, saying, "Now you're real good, Mrs. Ross, to pass our humble domicile, when you have many fashionable friends, drawing you away in different directions."

"Why, Kitty, I never forget the friends of old days, do I?" inquired Mrs. Ross, tapping the young friend, laughingly under the chin. "I know your mother and mine were very close, so we have a claim upon each other, though you have never made me more than a distant visit."

"And you have never made us more than a distant visit," answered Kate, looking archly in Mrs. Ross's face, as she led her to the parlor, her arm flung around her waist.

"We married ladies are to be excused from visiting. We have such an abundance of

visitors, you have, I pity you from the bottom of my heart. I had an offer, from an old bachelor yesterday; do n't you think I had better refuse now he would be laid up with the gout, and I wanted to go out visiting. I have a great deal of it, a vague, shadowy some-

what nonsense are you rattling about. I claimed her mother, entering the room content, and saluting Mrs. Ross.

"Only remarking about some shadowy visits, I have sometimes," replied her mother with a gay smile. "Just to think of your mother positively discourages me from visiting Mr. Hodgekins. I say all I can for good qualities. I tell her he does n't know how rich he is, and will probably lose his handsome gold watch, as soon as I marry him. His only fault is snoring. You know I can tread on his gouty foot and awaken his attention. I want to live in my life!"

"You say of variety of that kind?" asked her mother, turning to Mrs. Ross, with a

"You would wish herself unmarried, if the honeymoon had gone," replied the young girl, "you think so too, seriously, do n't

you!" was the young girl's frank

"You must let Kate come, and

spend a few weeks with me; that will break the monotony she complains of," said Mrs. Ross.

"So it will," cried Kate, starting from her seat with a lively air, but she resumed it again, blushing at the eagerness with which she was about accepting Mrs. Ross's sudden invitation.

"Well, I do n't know whether I can spare Kate," said Mrs. Fisher, looking affectionately into her daughter's bright countenance.

"Oh! I came on purpose to get her to spend some time with me. I can't take a denial, Mrs. Fisher. I intend to bear her off, this very afternoon. Shan't I, Kate?"

"I should like to be borne off," was Kate's answer "but mother will decide, of course."

"Well, I yield to the majority," replied Mrs. Fisher. "But I can't let her go, until morning."

"Morning it shall be then," rejoined Mrs. Ross.

"Can't we persuade you to take off your hat and shawl, and remain to tea?" said Mrs. Fisher, urgently, "if Kate makes you so long a visit, it is no more than fair."

"O, do stay, Mrs. Ross, dear Mrs. Ross," joined in Kate. "You shall eat some bread of my making. Let me see! what other inducement have we got? I do n't know, but you *will* stay, won't you?" and the lively creature, busied her saucy fingers, in untying the visitor's bonnet. Mrs. Ross staid, and the afternoon passed quickly. No one could be in the presence of Kate Fisher long, without feeling the sunshine of her frank, young spirit. She was natural, and artless as a very child. She could not cry, or laugh, whenever it was proper; but when the quick, warm impulses of her heart dictated. Poor girl! she would require many lessons, before she could gain the external self-command, so necessary in this world of ours. After Mrs. Ross had gone, a lamp was lighted, and Kate and her mother sat down by a little work stand, to sew.

"Mrs. Ross is a delightful woman!" said Kate, breaking the silence of a few moments. "She never comes here, that she has not something interesting to tell us. I should think her husband would almost worship her. She is just like a young girl."

"You must think young girls are very delightful," answered her mother, quietly.

"Why, mother," said Kate, laughing, "I only mean that she is so fresh and lively. These are the only respects in which she resembles young ladies. Of course she is more interesting than young girls generally, because she is more mature, and has had more experience of every kind. I hope, when I get to be thirty years old, I will be like her. O, I love her so. How I should like

to be looked upon as a pattern. Well, there is no knowing what I may be, when I get in years." Kate spoke half seriously, half jestingly, the last sentences.

"You will never be a pattern for any one, daughter mine," replied her mother, laughing heartily. "Every one calls you a wild little hoyden now; that surely is not very promising."

"But mother, *you* know I am not *always* wild. I sometimes think the gayest people are at times saddest."

"You are seldom sad, Kate dear."

"Very seldom; but when I find myself deceived in the people of this bright world, half its beauty is gone. I never was deceived except in my friend Lucy Prescott. How it stung me, to find her so selfish."

"You will probably be deceived many times, dear, before this world will lose its brightness. But it is a narrow mind that judges all by a few. In a few years from this time, you will feel as if you had awakened from a dream. You will become more familiar with real life, and sometimes with a smile, sometimes with a tear, you will look back on your sweet, romantic visions, never realized. You will learn to look within, instead of without, for brightness. You will, I hope, dear Kate," and Mrs. Fisher clasped her hand, and looked tearfully in her earnest eyes. "You will, I hope, learn to regard this world, as only the rugged pathway that leads us up to Heaven."

"I hope I do now, regard it as the pathway, but not as a *rugged* one, mother. I shall yet meet with many lovely places, before I leave it."

"Yes, perhaps so, my child."

"Oh! mother, how can we look out upon the green earth, with its sweet flowers, and overshadowing trees,—upon the pleasant waters, without a thrill of joy. We cannot. And affection, too,"—Kate paused, tremulously, and in a flood of sudden tenderness, leaned her head upon her mother's bosom, and wept. With all her young, glad gaiety, she possessed the strong, yet delicate feelings, of a true woman.

The next day, with a bounding heart, Kate kissed her mother "good bye," and left home, for the dwelling of her dear friend, Mrs. Ross. She was greeted most cordially; the hours flew on rapid wings. Her hostess was lovely and interesting as usual. Mr. Ross was all kindness and courtesy. The children clung to her, and seemed to love her, just as she wished. She told them stories, and took an interest in their amusements. When Mrs. Ross was otherwise engaged, she half-unconsciously took all the care of them, her amiable friend designed.

"Well," said Kate to herself, after she had retired to her chamber, at night, "I've spent a very pleasant day. The more I see of Mrs. Ross, the better I like her. She makes me so perfectly at home. But what a temper Ann has! I should think she was old enough to have it subdued a little. Her mother ought,—but we can't expect people to be perfect. I suppose Mrs. Ross is so kind-hearted she has yielded to her feelings, and neglected to punish her. It is a fault, but an amiable one, certainly. All have their weaknesses. I'm sure I have a thousand." In this benevolent frame of mind, the young girl sunk into a pleasant sleep, from which she did not awaken, until daylight peeped between her window blinds.

"Ah! Kate, good morning," exclaimed Mrs. Ross, as she entered the breakfast room. "Did you rest well last night? Did my desire come to pass, 'pleasant dreams and slumbers light?'"

"O, yes, I rested delightful," replied Kate. "What a lovely morning we have!"

"Lovely! You must look as pretty as you can, and take a walk in Broadway this afternoon. I won't let you lose your color, for want of exercise."

"I suppose I shall have the pleasure of your company, of course. I should take little pleasure in walking alone, without an object."

"I should like to go with you very much. But I have no girl at present to take care of the children, so I am obliged to deprive myself of a great many pleasures, I am accustomed to."

"You do it, very cheerfully," said Kate, with an approving expression.

Mrs. Ross merely smiled very sweetly, in acceptance of the compliment. The day passed, as the one before had, pleasantly. Kate took a stroll in Broadway, with one of her friend's children, a bright little boy, for a companion. On the third day, as Kate sat on a low stool, patiently trying to make a kite for little Henry, Mrs. Ross, who was sewing in the arm-chair, suddenly broke out, as if thinking aloud, "I'm in a perfect dilemma. I don't see how I can get rid of going, without offending her."

"Did you speak to me?" asked Kate, looking up, and brushing back her curls.

"Did I speak my thoughts?" said the lady, with an air of innocent bewilderment.

"Why, yes, you must be absent minded," answered Kate, laughing.

"I was thinking of an engagement, for this afternoon, that I don't know how to manage. Some time ago, I promised a friend of mine, to visit some paintings with her, then return to her house, to take tea, and spend the evening."

"Well, can't you go? Let me be mistress here,

in your absence. I'll promise to gather up all my dignity, and flourish like a queen. The children will think I've grown three inches, if you delegate your power to me. I'll sit at the head of the table, and pour tea without spilling. You see if Mr. Ross do n't give a good account of me."

"You are very kind, very kind indeed, but it seems too bad, to trouble you with the children."

"O, no, I shall like my new business, I'm certain. And besides, I do n't approve of breaking engagements. So you must go. I know you would like to." Kate spoke with a frank, playful earnestness. She little thought of the contemptible duplicity practised, to bring this little scene about. Some people appear to prefer a little *ruse*, when a straightforward way of dealing, would answer quite as well. Mrs. Ross wished to mortify her husband, and induce him to get a nurse for the children, by seeming to make a tool of her young friend. This, she knew, would grate on his feelings extremely. Sharp words, she found, would not gain her purpose, she therefore resorted to art. Kate was left to perform the duties of a matron. In the evening, she thought Mr. Ross was uncommonly still, and somewhat low-spirited. She amused herself with a book therefore, and retired early. The next morning, she descended to the breakfast room later than usual. The door was ajar, and to her great surprise, she heard angry voices in dispute.

"But, Jane," said Mr. Ross, "you surely do n't think in this case, you did unto another as you yourself would wish to be treated. Only admit this. Do you think so?"

"My thoughts are my own. I do n't pretend to follow any straight-jacket code of morals," retorted Mrs. Ross in a violent tone, that thrilled Kate's every nerve with sudden pain. She started back quickly, that she might no longer be a listener. With slow, unsteady steps, she mounted to her chamber, and when there, locked the door. Sinking into a chair, she leaned her head upon her hand. "I surely have not heard aright, she is not a wolf in sheep's clothing." The disappointed girl broke out, giving vent to her bewildered thoughts. "How could she speak so? how could she?" For about a quarter of an hour, Kate remained motionless and silent, then she shook her head sadly, and the bitter tears of disappointed feeling stole down her young face. "I thought she was almost an angel," she sobbed, "if I am so deceived in her, whom shall I ever trust? Oh! what a hard world this is." Poor Kate was startled from her unhappy thoughts by the breakfast bell. She had by this time concluded that Mrs. Ross might be warm-hearted,

although passionate. She washed away the traces of her tears, and with a tolerably composed visage appeared at table.

"You look rather pale this morning, Miss Kate," was the salutation of her host.

"I charge you not to get home sick, Kitty!" said Mrs. Ross, with a bright smile. "But are you really ill, dear Kate?" she continued, with something like concern in her voice.

"O, no, I am not ill," replied the young girl, "but——"

"But what?" asked Mrs. Ross.

"I do n't know what I was going to say," Kate answered, casting down her eyes, and feeling her cheek grow dreadfully red. She knew their eyes were upon her, and it deepened her color, and increased the heat of her system, until she began to suspect she was in a raging fever. The breakfast soon went on, however, but poor Kate was too much accustomed to acting precisely as she felt, to feel entirely at ease. Her gay remarks, and light-hearted laugh were missed. Once she rallied to reply to a jesting observation made by Mrs. Ross. She tried very hard to laugh, but it died away in a faint, constrained smile.

"I'm sure you're not well, dear," said Mrs. Ross, to her young guest, about an hour after, as they sat alone in the parlor. "Tell me what I can do for you? perhaps you had better lie down awhile; you are so still—you could n't be, unless you were sick." Kate looked up, with a sweet, affectionate smile; her doubts were giving way; she judged others by her own warm, impetuous heart. "You are very kind," she said, rising, and taking the hand of her friend. "I will make a resting place of the sofa, no doubt I will be as noisy as ever, after a nap." To the sofa Kate went; adjusted herself in a comfortable position, with her face turned to the wall, not to sleep, but to think, without being obliged to talk. "She is an affectionate being," thought Kate, with something of remorse in her heart, for what she considered her harsh, and hasty judgment. Mrs. Ross flung a heavy shawl over her, that she might not take cold, then stooped, and kissed her softly, whispering "Pleasant slumbers, dear Kate." With a light step, she then left the room. "She is kind," said the young girl, with tears coming in her eyes, "and I'm ungrateful, to think of her, as I have done, only for a few passionate words. How do I know, but that she was very much provoked." Thus she cogitated, for about an hour, when a noise, as if some one falling, came from the basement stairs. A loud scream followed. It was little Henry's voice. Kate sprung quickly from the sofa, opened the parlor door, and ran through the hall.

She leaned over the balusters, to look down. "Oh! you little pest!" cried the child's mother, who was picking him up, in a loud, angry tone. "Hold your tongue! you are not hurt, and march up stairs again, as fast as you can. This is what you get, for coming down here. I told Ann to take care of you. March back, or I'll box your ears!"

"Hurt my head, mother," sobbed the poor little fellow.

"No, you hav'n't. If it would keep you still, I should be glad of it. Go up stairs!"

"Ann told me to come and get a drink."

"She did, hey! well go up, and tell her to get it for you, herself. I told her expressly, not to send any of you down here, to be tormenting me, when I'm making pies and cake. You may go into the parlor and see if Miss Fisher is awake; she'll take care of you, if she is." Kate started back, with a crimson blush; then started forward again, indignantly, to take little Henry's part. But Mrs. Ross had gone into the kitchen, and did not see her. "Come here, darling!" said the tender hearted girl, advancing, and taking the sobbing boy's hand, as he was mounting the stairs. "I will take care of you if no one else will." She led him into the parlor, and after seating herself, took him in her arms, and kissed his cheeks, while her own tears mingled with his. "Poor little fellow! what will you be, with such a mother?" she murmured, resting her head on his little shoulder, to hide the tears of pity, she could not restrain. "Enough to break his little heart!" she said, half inaudibly, as she raised her face, to look into his brimming eyes, with their grieved expression. "Do n't cry, Harry; you're Kate's little Harry, darling!" Her soothing voice, her tender kiss, and the caressing hand, she laid among his bright curls, soon dried his tears. He sunk to sleep in her arms, and more than one warm drop, fell from the pitying eyes of Kate Fisher, as she looked down upon him, and watched his infant breathing. She was unhappy, disappointed, home sick. Her light-hearted gaiety was gone; she longed to leave the house of Mrs. Ross, and to see their own little parlor again—to sit by her mother's side, and while she listened to her words of comfort and affection, to know they were also the words of truth. "I'll not ask for variety, very soon, if it is to be of this sort," thought poor Kate, with a half-sad, half-mischievous smile, on her lip, for a moment. "Nor will I wish to be like Mrs. Ross, when I get to be thirty years old,—so delightful in company," and again came that smile, between mischief and sadness. "Ah! this will be a lesson to me, to cultivate rather, the qualities that will make home pleasant. If I

carry in company a right earnest will to see others happy, I can do well enough, if my tongue is not always laden with interest and eloquence. It is all selfishness in me, I really believe. I am right, just as I am now, if I only try to do the best I can." Kate smiled very complacently, for we generally feel pretty well satisfied, when we compare ourselves with a person who is worse. And she certainly was comparing herself with her hostess. "But such a disappointment!" and a shade of sadness came upon her young face, and chased away the smile. Dinner time came, and Mrs. Ross was sunny as a May morning: but her visitor was silent and pensive. She had made up her mind to return home, that very day, and right glad she was, that her head ached, as an excuse. She meant to leave, on the strength of it, and she feared every moment it would desert her. "I am sick, Mrs. Ross, I must go home," Kate said, with an abruptness, that startled herself, on rising from the dinner table. It flashed across her mind at the moment, that she was not telling the exact truth, by giving her headache as *the* reason. She colored, and hesitated, as Mrs. Ross said, "Kate!" in perfect astonishment. "I am home sick, Mrs. Ross," the young girl said, with a strong effort at frankness; her fingers fairly tingled. "Oh! very well," replied the lady, coldly, "I certainly have no wish to detain you in a place that is disagreeable to you. I am sorry my efforts to make your visit pleasant, have failed so entirely." The eyes of Mrs. Ross flashed, and her lip curled angrily, as she fixed her gaze upon Kate's downcast face.

"Don't think I'm ungrateful for your kindness to me,"—began Kate, raising her eyes timidly, but she dropped them again, quickly. She encountered an expression, she once thought the face of Mrs. Ross could not wear. After hesitating a moment, she bowed slightly, said "Good morning!" then hurried out of the room. She went into the nursery, and kissed all the children fondly. In five minutes more, she was flying home with fleet steps.

"Oh! mother, such a story as I have got to tell you, I am almost afraid you won't believe it!" she exclaimed, bounding into the parlor, where her mother sat, and flinging her arms around her neck. "O, I've hurried home so, I can hardly get my breath."

"Well, what is your story, Kate?" questioned Mrs. Fisher, with a smile lurking about the corners of her mouth.

"Why, Mrs. Ross is a passionate, deceitful woman! It is true, mother. It is no imagination of mine. She puts on all her amiable airs and graces, for company."

"I knew all this, Kate, but you had so strong a desire to be like her in society, I thought as you wished to visit her, it might teach you a lesson you would not soon forget. I hoped it might show you, that our efforts ought to be as strong, to play the agreeable, at home, as abroad."

"But mother, I should have thought you would have told me her character."

"You know I do n't approve of telling people's faults, unless some good may result from it. I knew you would be sorely disappointed, but I trusted that your good sense would make it profitable. You must learn to prize people more for moral worth, than for the amusement they afford you. I suppose the friendship is now entirely broken off between us."

"O, I hope so!" was Kate's fervent response.

For Arthur's Magazine.

THE WILD-WOOD FLOWER.



AR down and away in a shadowy place,
Where the sunshine crept in faintly,
And the vines swept low with a drooping grace,
And the leaves were still and saintly;

Where the wind forgot its rushing tones,
And whispered softly past,
Though out on the hill-side its voice was wild,
And the skies were overcast:
There—passing a happy life away,
Drinking the morning dew,
And making fragrance all the day,
A wild-wood flower grew.

Through all its life no human eye
Had ever bent above it.
But it caught sweet glimpses of the sky,
And learned from these to love it.
And when leaves were parted o'er its head,
The sun-touch brought it bliss,
And it quivered down to its glowing heart,
At its brightest, faintest kiss:
For the little flower had never heard
Of the wide world's light and stir,

And she dreamt in her happy simple joy,
That the sun was bright for her.

But there came one day to the forest dim,
A woodman stout and bustling,
And the pleasant quiet seemed naught to him,
Or the wind's uncertain rustling:
He peered about among the vines
With a searching prying eye,
And he crushed the moss with a heedless tread,
And dashed the trailers by;
'Till he found at last what he came to seek,
A sapling straight and tall,
And the trunk he broke, with a heavy stroke,
And laughed to see it fall.

Down—down with a sobbing, thrilling crash,
With its treasures clinging o'er it,
And light flew in with a blinding flash,
And scared the shades before it;
A wide quick gleam, around—above—
The little flower fell,
And she saw that the sun, her own dear love,
Kissed every flower as well;
And the leaves pressed close on her burning heart,
And she bowed her pallid head,
And before the day had passed away,
The wild-wood flower was dead. H. M.

For Arthur's Magazine.

THE EARLY CALLED.



IS sweet, beside the parent stem
To see the flow'rets spring;
To watch them leaf by leaf expand
To their full opening.

While thus one tender bud began
Its petals to unclose,
A heavenly messenger there came
And pluck'd the opening rose.

'T was borne to heaven—and planted there
By an Almighty hand;
And nurtured by celestial care
Its beauties now expand.

But *here*, the storm, the canker worm,
The blighting mildew come—
Oh! rather yield it up to God
And let him take it home!

A. F. L.

For Arthur's Magazine.

ALVINA, OR THE FRIGHT.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF THERESE HUBER.

BY HARRIET MARSHFIELD.

XCELLENT in disposition, and diligent as a student, Alphonso K. was well known and esteemed in the university of Gottingen. His young companions often reproached him with his hatred of women, which seemed the more remarkable, as on public occasions he sought the society of agreeable women and was quite gallant in his manners towards them, though he could never be induced to seek them in the domestic circle. Edmund, his intimate friend, one day pressed him urgently to accept an invitation to a neighboring castle, whose lady inhabitants he had met a short time before, at a ball. After listening impatiently to various trifling excuses, his friend, at length, expressed his serious displeasure at Alphonso's thus withdrawing from all domestic intercourse. Alphonso sought to turn aside the conversation, but when he perceived Edmund was really in earnest, he gave him the following explanation.

"My father married, against my grandfather's will, the portionless daughter of a man whom he abhorred. I can only once remember to have seen my grandfather. I was about five years old, when my mother made an attempt to conciliate the old man; like all other mothers, she was convinced of my surpassing loveliness, and dressed in my first fine suit of boy's clothes, I was to present my grandfather with a wreath on his birth day. Some touching verses, which I was to repeat, were to complete the scene. The old man was fearfully ugly! I never saw a more perfect death's head on human shoulders! he had, too, a horrid trick of snapping his teeth together, just as northern fancy has depicted Death with his scythe. I was so terrified at the sight of him, that my verses went out of my head; I could

not say a word—when he drew me kindly towards him, I shrank back—in short, the whole plan miscarried. My mother, I fear, was blamed for her want of power to please, and my grandfather, to avenge himself, married a very young and very poor girl, withdrew from his prosperous business, and retired to a beautiful estate on the banks of the Rhine. A year after, his young wife presented him with a daughter, in whose favor he made a will, entirely disinheriting my father, and died soon after. He had made his fortune by successful speculations, and had a right to dispose of it as he pleased. My father was obliged to content himself with his legitimate portion, and even this was most welcome, as it was not until some time after that he received an appointment in Mannheim, the income from which enabled him to educate me.

For several years we heard nothing of the step-mother. My parents had too many painful thoughts connected with her to allow them to ask after her with indifference, and they were too good to feel hatred. While I was at home for the holidays, my father suddenly received a letter from her, in which she proposed to him to make a just division of my grandfather's property, by marrying her daughter to me. She said she had nothing to reproach herself with in regard to this matter, she only felt that my father must be deeply wounded. Amid the protracted sufferings of a wasting disease, this thought occupied her incessantly, and she was convinced she would bring joyful tidings to her husband beyond the grave, if she could make amends for his severity by thus uniting his two descendants. Many enthusiastic praises of her daughter, proved, that she did not mean to make gold my only inducement to accept her proposition. My father scarcely consulted my inclinations; having long felt the pressure of straitened circumstances,

after being accustomed to every luxury in childhood and youth, wealth was now his dearest object. He only told me that I might now draw for double the amount I had hitherto required for my expenses at the university, for, that, having been restored to his inheritance, he was no longer forced to torment himself by economizing. To say the truth, I did not think much about the matter. I thought it very stupid to be married, but that was far off; my increased funds were a pleasure near at hand, so I allowed my father to complete the bargain with his step-mother. After six months, I felt a strong desire to see my betrothed; especially as her mother died a short time after our engagement, and Alvina was removed to my parents' house. They wrote me the most flattering accounts of her mind and heart; but to my great dissatisfaction, my father ordered me to take a journey to Hamburg, and, the next day, a journey to Berlin, and so I have now been engaged two years without having ever seen my betrothed. Her letters bespeak a mind of a high order, but they come seldom. This, then, is the reason that I have avoided all familiar intercourse with the ladies that I know. In company, in a ball room, they are not dangerous; situated as I am, I do not like to trust myself in the family circle of any attractive young girl. Whether I shall be happy, I know not, but I am firmly determined to be conscientious, cost what it may."

His friend was now satisfied, and commiserated Alphonso's unnatural position. "It is a dead weight round the neck of any young man," said he, "a mere marriage of speculation. And the girl, too! she must know that she has not you, were she Hebe and Minerva too. Is not that so?"

"Ask me nothing further," said Alphonso, and of color, "however she may be, she will find a good husband, and she cannot be so ugly a creature; the mind breathing in her letters can fail to find her attractive."

The conversation took place about Christmas, before New Year, Alphonso received a summons to see his mother once again, who was suffering from a rapid consumption. Alphonso went to Mannheim. It was a stormy December evening when he arrived at his father's house, and his mother put all hope of recovery, and of joy at the thought of seeing him once again. He had scarcely seated himself beside her when she beckoned to her side a slender maid, in the darkness of the sick room, motionless, half-hidden by the curtains.

"I," said the sick woman, extending her hand, "is your betrothed lover. You will

grant me the satisfaction of seeing him solemnly pledged to you before my death."

Alphonso sprang up and tried to distinguish the features of the figure. In the darkness of the chamber it was impossible; he perceived that the broad lace of a white hood veiled her face entirely. He clasped her in his arms, and allowed himself a kiss, which she, trembling violently, did not return, but said, in a low voice,

"Do not be too hasty; I hope our mother will yet live to bless us often."

The sick woman heard her, and, weeping, mourned over the obstinacy of youth, which, in the fulness of life, could scarcely believe in the near approach of death. Alvina listened, gently sobbing, but motionless, until a violent fit of coughing attacked her patient. Suddenly the stiff figure moved as if endowed with ethereal powers. She afforded the sufferer every means of relief, with a graceful and well directed skill, and, as soon as the latter was able to breathe, tenderly entreated her to forgive her opposition. All was now quiet. The mother begged her to remain by her bed, and Alphonso, asked, with some curiosity, why they did not call Alvina by her own name? His father gave him to understand that it was a caprice of the young lady, who had taken a dislike to this fanciful name, and preferred the simple one which had been added by her godmother at her baptism. Alphonso said something complimentary to her, to which she quickly and coldly rejoined:

"We should always carefully avoid giving children pretensions which they have not the means of supporting, even in the matter of the names they receive; I was early conscious of this, and laid aside a name which reminds one of a poetic ideal."

This somewhat formal remark led to a conversation, in which Alphonso could not but admire the mind exhibited by his friend; her delicacy of feeling attracted him, but an apparent coldness in her nature repulsed him; her slender figure was, alternately, in a state of perfect repose like a statue, or of light, rapid, spirit-like motion, neither of which expressed natural unrestrained grace, but something studied and artificial. The family now left the mother, to take their evening meal, but Alvina remained with her. Alphonso had entreated to be allowed to watch by his mother during the night, and found, when all the rest had retired, that Alvina was prepared to share this duty with him.

"For four weeks she has not left me a single night," said the mother, grateful as only sufferers can feel gratitude. "A few hours' rest during the day suffices for her refreshment. Ah! without

her, these long nights of pain would have driven me to despair!"

Alphonso gave Alvina his heartfelt thanks. Her manner of performing the various services she rendered, was even more valuable than the services themselves. A constant restlessness seemed to distress the invalid, even more than pain, and then the only thing that soothed her was to feel both her children's hands united in her own. But amid this unbounded devotion of her young nurse, Alphonso could not fail to remark that the latter was far from being at her ease. When any severe sufferings of his mother rendered her aid necessary, mildness, grace, and tenderness, seemed to animate her voice and all her movements, but as soon as the exigency was past, her cold cutting manner returned. And when the long winter night through which they had watched together was over, he hoped to find it was only the peculiarity of their position that had caused these apparent contradictions; his impatience to see her face increased every moment, but before the morning dawned, he was again disappointed, for his mother, with more severity than tenderness, ordered her to retire and take some rest. Alphonso himself needed refreshment. Two nights riding, and one passed by a sick bed, rendered it necessary for him to seek his couch—and, by some strange accident, it so happened, that, in his alternate hours of sleeping and watching during the two following days, he only saw his betrothed in the darkness of the sick chamber. He had passed both nights as he did the first after his arrival, in watching with Alvina, and all the circumstances were calculated to raise her in his estimation; for the nearer death approached, the more the excellence and elevation of her character was disclosed. With indescribable gentleness she bore the impatience of the sufferer, by a well-timed cheerfulness, she turned away her thoughts from her own sorrows, with pious tenderness she breathed comfort and confidence into the breaking heart, with undaunted firmness she supported the dying mother in her arms, during the long, violent death struggle.

In one of her last clear moments, the sufferer clasped the hands of the two young people, joined them together, and said to her son, with an effort that gave her voice a fearful tone:

"Regard not beauty, and in her you will receive your greatest blessing."

The cold sweat of death was on her hand, as she convulsively grasped theirs. Alphonso, overcome with horror, in the blue light that fell upon his dying mother's face, saw that she was striving to say something more; he looked up to Marie, to call her observation to his assistance,

and, as the same blue light fell upon her, he recognized, with a shudder, features that had once before terrified him; but, in an instant, the light vanished, and the dying woman sank on Marie's bosom and expired.

The veil of night, which had hitherto been wrapped around the two friends, must now vanish, and, with it, peace fled from Alphonso's spirit. From Alvina's heart it had long since departed. Most unfortunately, she had inherited from her father his extraordinary ugliness. Her mother, young, poor, and inexperienced, had looked upon her own marriage as a providential thing; and, its short duration, did not give her time to feel the evil consequences of it. After her husband's death, Alvina was the central point of her existence. Possessed of an ample estate, on which she lived alone, there was no one to contradict the conviction of her child's beauty, and when she appeared beyond its confines, her wealth procured flatterers, or a cold courtesy allowed her to remain undecieved. With a fine figure that was every year developing—with the highest endowments of mind and heart—Alvina had this unfortunate and daily increasing likeness to her father, so that all who saw her received the fearful impression of a death's head upon a beautiful body. Her mother, however, seemed to have no idea of it. If her husband had possessed the head of a Jupiter, she could not have been better satisfied with her daughter's likeness to him. She superintended her education with careful attention. No kind of instruction was wanting, and her own example taught her industry, goodness and piety.

Thus Alvina grew up, surrounded by rural pleasures, or busied with her lessons in Coblenz, where, for the sake of her education, her mother passed the winter. At an early age, she showed a great talent for landscape drawing, and her teacher was a whimsical old man, who, in his love of his own branch of the art, despised every other. It was thus quite possible to keep Alvina altogether unconscious of her unfortunate defects of appearance. Her daily companions, from being long accustomed to her, did not think of them, or were won by the loveliness of her character; strangers were too polite to notice them, and hoped that, as she approached maturity, her ugliness would be less striking; but, as her youth unfolded, it seemed rather to increase.

She was about fifteen years old, when a rich miller of the neighborhood left a considerable legacy for the purpose of adorning the church of his native village. A painter from Frankfurt was procured to paint two sacred pictures, and the whole neighborhood flocked to see the new ornaments. The artist belonged to a school

then highly renowned in Germany, and, as Alvina's mother had been mentioned to him as a wealthy woman, he took occasion to recommend his improvements to her especial notice; and when Alvina asked him some questions that denoted a love and appreciation of the art, he overcame the impression her ugliness made upon him, and pointed out to her "the lovely oval, the sure, maidenly forehead, the waving lines of the mouth, and the perfect harmony of the whole," all of which he suddenly awoke in the young girl's mind a distinct idea of the requirements of beauty, and the entire want of it in herself. She turned home in a thoughtful mood; her first impulse led her to the mirror, and yet she felt secret dread of comparing her own image with the rules the painter had laid down. She shut herself up in her room, and called to mind all the faces which in any way resembled the artist's daughter, and could not find a single feature like her own, and she now remembered moments when others had remarked this, felt and expressed without her understanding them. This discovery gave her infinite pain, but it was so associated with the picture of the Madonna, which had given rise to the conversation, and her habit of praying before her, that the sorrow was accompanied with religious submission. She alluded to what she felt on this subject, and her mother and other friends treated the sad girl with more affection than ever, it did not render her bitter, but more gentle and winning before.

From this painful discovery of her ugliness, she acquired a passionate love for drawing and painting. She prevailed upon her mother to take lessons in this branch during their stay in Coblenz, and studied the ideal of beauty in every face and every object. Beauty, exhibited in a flower or a human face, was an instructive lesson, to which she turned with a melancholy pleasure. But this was concealed in the depth of her heart, and her appearance conveyed an altogether different impression. Deprived of the means of free expression to her feelings, she acquired a stiffness of manner, an earnestness, a severity, increased in proportion to her warmth of feeling. From the fear of doing any thing as she would do it, there was a constant constraint upon her, and her mind unconsciously penetrating, analyzing character, that strangely with her youthful years.

Her father's proposition, to make amends for her unjust will by marrying Alphonso, with the opposition from her that had been expected. Alvina lived entirely of her own ideas; her conscious ugliness

was her own secret; she was accustomed to be loved, and this was all she needed. Her mother represented her relative as poor, unjustly defrauded, contracted in his means of living; she saw herself in possession of the means of enriching him, of repairing the injustice done him. She loved, in anticipation, the being whose happiness she could create; and, it quite escaped her, that there is a great gulf between gratitude and love,—that love which is founded upon gratitude on the man's side, promises but a doubtful happiness in married life. She answered the letter Alphonso had written to her by his parents' command, with so much feeling and dignity, that he ascribed the few peculiarities he noticed in it, to an embarrassment resulting from the circumstances under which the intercourse of estranged relatives was thus renewed.

Her mother died soon after: she came to Alphonso's parents, and here all deception regarding herself was soon at an end. In Mannheim, no one took particular interest in her; she was no longer an heiress, residing on her own estate. There were none to flatter; and few, even, noticed her. She saw herself rudely stared at; she heard exclamations which heartless strangers suffered to escape from them. Alphonso's mother, who from the pressure of limited circumstances, had learned to over-estimate the value of wealth, would, for the sake of her fortune, have willingly chosen a still uglier daughter-in-law; but to Alvina, she felt she owed no gratitude,—the fortune she brought was only a restoration not a gift. Alvina saw herself deprived, for the first time, of love and happiness. She was now really unhappy. Her mother's will left her no means of sharing her property with Alphonso, except by this marriage, or, she would gladly have purchased her freedom with half her fortune. She soon perceived, that her future parents, designedly hindered her betrothed from knowing her personally, and she looked forward to the time when this could no longer be avoided, as the final destruction of her happiness. But even this long, sad interval, was not without its alleviations. Her goodness had overcome the prejudices of her relatives; she had won their love, and awakened feelings, which, in their contracted household, had long lain dormant; and when Alphonso's mother had, from policy, sent her son away during his first vacation, she afterwards continued to do it from sincere anxiety, lest the lust of the eye should tempt him to disregard a treasure whose value she could feel rather than understand, and which now seemed to her more precious than mere gold.

Having gained the affection of those around her, Alvina became more reconciled to her lot, when

disease attacked the mother. And now Alvina seemed like a beneficent angel; the mother forgot the past, and longed for the moment that would unite her two beloved children. Thus the moment arrived when she summoned her son to her dying bed. Alvina, meanwhile, had contrived a plan by which to circumvent her mother's will. She resolved to declare to Alphonso, after his arrival, that she was willing to go through the church ceremony, but as soon as this had secured him a share of her property, he, as well as herself, should possess unlimited freedom as far as honor and conscience would permit. She hoped to be able to live on her estate on the Rhine. The sick mother rendered this plan impracticable. When she expected her son to arrive, she besought Alvina, with the greatest earnestness, to let her arrange every thing, so that her son might have some time to know her before he was aware of her appearance; he would then love her too tenderly to care for it. Alvina sat up with her every night; her son should see her only by faint lamp-light, and with a veiled face. Alvina could not oppose a dying mother, she thought she could still hold the affair in her own hands, and listened to these earnest entreaties.

Alphonso came. The mother's plan succeeded imperfectly; Alvina's was altogether frustrated. Alas! she had not reflected that her heart might not always be free to rule over circumstances. Alphonso had excited a passion in her heart, and her reason was no longer the sole guide of her future destiny.

The mother had breathed her last; Alvina gently laid her head upon the pillow; a long silence followed; at length Alphonso embraced his father and led him out of the room. The windows were opened, and the bright light of a winter morning streamed in; the various things which the necessities of the invalid had required, were removed, and Marie restored order and purity to the chamber of the dead.

She was thus occupied, when Alphonso entered. Had not the ghastly light before revealed Marie's plain features when she received his mother's last embrace; he would not now have been so overcome by her appearance; he looked upon that momentary glimpse as the effect of his own over-excited nerves. But as he now approached her, and in the clear sunlight that fell upon her, distinctly saw beneath her hood the same death-like visage, that, when a child, had repelled him from his grandfather, an expression of astonishment escaped him, which the unfortunate girl interpreted too truly. Suddenly changing to her stiff, cold manner, she said, with apparent calmness,

"This place, my cousin, is too sacred for our childish cares; as soon as my duties towards the dead will allow, we will speak together of our dream of life."

At the same time she made a motion for him to depart, which Alphonso felt obliged to obey, and left the room.

A verbal explanation with her betrothed, was the thing of all others that Alvina most dreaded. But, to a strong, yet wounded spirit, that which requires most effort often seems easiest. After some hours had elapsed, she sought her cousin, and, without touching upon her reasons, disclosed to him her plan. She called the agreement of their parents an unwarrantable transaction; her mother's will a proof of our defective laws, and required his consent to her proposition as a right belonging to her personal freedom.

Alphonso was now quite perplexed. Had Alvina's appearance been less repulsive, he felt he must have loved her; there seemed to him a possibility that he might still love her; for he had expected it, known it, and yet, at moments, quite forgotten it. That she wished to give him up, wounded his vanity, wounded his heart; if he consented to her proposition, he would slight a maiden whose moral worth filled him with esteem; if he insisted on their marriage, he would seem grasping and avaricious, and would impose on himself fetters, whose continued pressure he felt might be onerous. As she concluded what she had to say, he was still less capable of deciding; for her magnanimity and feeling had conquered her assumed coldness, and thrown an attraction about her to which the young man was by no means insensible. His own reason, too, revolted from accepting her proposition, and he, therefore, persisted in rejecting it.

"If she insisted upon it, he must renounce her; but, he valued her too highly, and was himself, too proud to enter into any agreement of the kind."

Alvina's heart was touched by this semblance of love; but her reason gained the victory, and she broke off an interview whose consequences she mistrusted.

The funeral took place the next day, and Alphonso and Alvina, who, as children of the deceased, headed the procession, were too much overcome by the solemn ceremonial to think of any other feelings. As Alvina, concealed by her long veil, stood by the grave, and, at the last words of the funeral hymn, trembled with emotion, Alphonso supported her in his arms, and felt, with indescribable tenderness, that he was supporting his future wife.

Some days after, he was passing through the part of the house appropriated to the housekeeper,

and heard the loud laughter of children in one of the rooms. He opened the door, and, without being observed, saw a group of several children, to whom Alvina, seated on a low chair, was telling a story. Two little orphans, grandchildren of the housekeeper, were in her arms; he saw with what tenderness they hung around her, particularly the boy, who held her hand to his bosom, and gazed in her eye with indescribable affection. The little creature seemed to receive, behind its disfigured covering, the painful soul that was struggling for freedom from its dark prison. Alvina, with a lively voice, and a child-like simplicity, was relating a little story, which combined bright and striking pictures with a touching moral, so that the children, with repeated joyous laughter, more or less excited by the conclusion, surrounded the story teller, and thanked her with many caresses.

In the evening, Alphonso invited Alvina to walk with him. He now began to understand the two-fold nature he had perceived in his betrothed: he felt it was probable that the comfort of being loved would restore a harmony to his nature, that would soon reconcile him to his appearance. The winter evening was mild and clear. Alphonso proposed they should walk in the garden of the castle, and see the stars reflected in the calm waters of the Rhine. Alvina consented; she was now composed and untroubled; the children had loved her, and she had been happy; now, in the darkness of the night and shrouded in her veil, she felt more than ever that Alphonso treated her with sincere affection. She begged to be allowed again to speak of the proposal she had proposed to him. Both of them listened to themselves and each other, for when they reached the house, Alvina had promised to comply reservedly, to the wishes of the dead. This was one happy evening of Alvina's life; it was the happiest too, for her friend. When the preparations for the night, both children and adults, relieved themselves on the road to domesticity.

A true hearted, considerate person, had told Alvina that it was not the ugliness, the natural character of her manners, that was repulsive to Alphonso, the happiness of living might have been the type of her beauty. The eye becomes accustomed to ugliness, for it is always the same; but the unnatural, that constantly varies in its expression, continues to offend. But Alvina had never heard her who would thus venture, at this hour, to rescue a life from unhappiness. This apparent contradiction in her conduct and manners, increased, in proportion to the interest it produced.

A few days after the walk we have mentioned, Alphonso was obliged to leave Mannheim. He was to graduate in Gottingen, and the next summer undertake the duties of his father's office. The latter wished to retire to an estate which Alvina had restored to the family. The correspondence of the two lovers, was not more favorable to the growth of their feeling for each other, than a nearer intercourse, and yet it bound their hearts more firmly together. As soon as Alphonso perceived the unhealthy state of Alvina's mind, he strove to remedy it, but forgot that admonitions, coming from one who suffers from our faults, always seem like reproaches. But reproaches weaken love, and instead of liberating Alvina from the yoke of her own self-distrust, they strengthened her conviction that she could never call forth love. When Alphonso's letters did not touch upon this point, their hearts became more united, their sympathies strengthened, and Alvina sought to apply, in her daily life, the truths and principles recommended and enforced by her friend.

The period now approached which was to unite them by an indissoluble tie. His father wished their marriage to be celebrated on their estate in the Rhinegau, where Alvina had been brought up.

She manifested the most perfect indifference about the arrangements which an elderly relative, commissioned by the father, was making for the future comfort of the establishment. But her heart was agitated by feelings which contrasted strongly with this apparent indifference. She had found, in the neighborhood, a friend of her early youth, who had been sent to school before her own removal to Mannheim. They had parted as children, and they now met as accomplished young ladies. Sara was a perfect blonde and very beautiful; she, too, was engaged to be married, and expected her lover just at the time appointed for Alphonso's arrival.

Alvina, whose noble heart was incapable of envy, admired Sara's beauty with all the enthusiasm of an artist; she painted her as Hebe; she adorned her with roses, like Iphigenia; she dressed her like a Madonna, put an officer's helmet on her head, and called in the whole household to admire her as Joan of Arc. Alphonso at length arrived. Could it be otherwise than that Alvina's former constraint should be doubled in Sara's presence? It was her constant endeavor to do nothing which could give rise to the thought that she tried to imitate this charming girl. Alphonso tried to remove this constraint, by convincing her that she entirely satisfied him, but here he erred and went too far; he forced upon himself an assiduity, a studied expression of tenderness, which did not suit the circumstances of the case.

Alvina saw through it, and, the coldness with which she returned his attentions, made him appear ridiculous. Sara, who had no suspicion of the conflicting feelings that agitated her friend's bosom, endeavored, by increased cheerfulness and gaiety, to amuse her and make the time pass pleasantly.

One evening, when Alvina, with self-tormenting attention, had been watching each beautiful feature in Sara's countenance, as she laughed, played, and attitudinized, and in her giddy spirits carried Alphonso along with her, the poor girl's heart was filled—not with jealousy—but with despair of her own happiness, so that she suddenly left the room and fled to the furthest recesses of the garden. Alphonso was not so carried away, that the struggle had escaped his notice; but, trusting to her better genius, he hoped his own unembarrassed manner would have helped her to conquer her feelings. Alarmed and full of remorse, he soon hastened after her. While Sara was playing off her little airs, he had felt, in the most lively manner, how much more happiness for life was insured by Alvina's refined and cultivated mind, than by such fleeting fascinations as these.

Occupied with these thoughts, now mingled with some anxiety, he found his friend amid the thick foliage beneath the dark, evening sky, kneeling on the grass and sobbing as she prayed. Full of sympathy, her unhappiness and his own overcame him; he clasped her in his arms; he tried to comfort her, to convince her; she passed from the sorrow of despair to the joyful belief that she was loved, and in the ecstasy of this sudden transition, both thought they held a pledge of their future happiness, and felt themselves indissolubly united.

Trembling, but happy, they returned to the house arm in arm. They had scarcely entered the garden parlor and greeted Sara, when the door opened, and a handsome young man entered, dressed in uniform. With a loud cry of delight, Sara flew to meet her Edward. After the first joyous welcome, she led her lover to her friend, and it was scarcely possible to behold a handsomer couple. Each with an arm around the other, they looked the picture of youth and joy. Alphonso, with Alvina on his arm, stood opposite to them. Alvina was lost in loving admiration of them both, when her eye, guided by a secret impulse, fell on the large mirror that hung beside them; Alphonso's eye followed hers, and there stood her unfortunate face beside this blooming pair. Alphonso shuddered inwardly; she felt it by the movement of his arm, and from that moment her resolution was taken. With all the indifference of perfect stupefaction, she saw

the next two days, the last before the wedding, pass by. Alphonso did not try to rouse her, he feared to interrupt this ominous silence. Those in the house perceived that she was much agitated by the visit of the clergyman, who came to pass the evening before the wedding with the young proprietor. She entreated Alphonso, who found a comfort in being with her, to leave her this evening to the solitude her spirit needed. Her maid saw her write and seal up papers, and observed that the old steward brought her a considerable amount of ready money.

The marriage took place the next day, without ceremony, in the presence of a few friends. Sara was bridesmaid and had arrayed herself like a Flora; Alvina was veiled from head to foot. The delicate texture concealed her from the curious gaze of the spectators in the village church, but it did not prevent her from seeing Alphonso's deathlike paleness, and feeling his hand tremble, as he spoke the decisive "I will." She afterwards seemed unconstrained, very gentle, and kind in her manner to her friend. The company broke up at an early hour, without any of the old fashioned pastimes, or more modern diversions for killing time. Alvina suddenly bade her husband good night, and assuming her former deathlike coldness, said that her health required rest. The next morning they waited long for her to awake; an unnatural stillness pervaded the whole house, and every one feared the worst; Alphonso, worn out with weariness of mind, waited till the morning was far advanced, and then went to her chamber. It was empty: so was her bed, but on the pillow lay the following letter superscribed "To my husband."

"The sacrifice has now been nobly accomplished on both sides. You have resolved with a firm spirit to devote your life to me; I have the courage to dedicate mine to you. But not as an object of your compassion, to struggle with the temptation to arraign Providence, who laid on me this oppressive burden, while it planted in my soul an infinite thirst for free, noble, adoring love. My mother's will is now complied with; you are master of my property, from which I now beg you, and from time to time shall continue to ask you, to give me as much as my moderate wants may require. I now go where I may weep and pray without disturbing your peace, seek where you may, you will not be able to find me. The time is not far distant when the law will be able to separate you from a wife who has faithlessly deserted you; you will recover your freedom before your heart is healed of its injuries, for I know that it will be deeply wounded—and justly—for I feel that the pain of forsaking you can only be surpassed by that of living with you, and that you too will feel."

This letter was signed as his wife.

Alphonso endeavored in every possible way to discover the road she had taken; her decided reference for a southern climate, several expressions she had used when reading travels to Landedoc and Bayonne, and her skill in the French language, convinced him that she had directed her steps towards France. He hastened to Coblenz. As she had no letters of exchange, but only ready money, he supposed she must have bought some a banker here. He found a Jewish house of exchange, who showed him in their books that a young lady, closely veiled, who represented herself as owner of Ellisbach near Ellfeld in the Rhenish, had purchased large exchanges payable at Lyons. Alphonso hastened after her. Although she had but twenty-four hours started, he could discover no trace of her, and the banker at Lyons had seen nothing of her notes of exchange.

Alphonso sought her in every part of the region described in the travels he supposed to be the route of her flight; he went as far as Bayonne and found no traces of her presence. The autumn far advanced when he returned. His heart for the unfortunate girl, whom he had robbed of her peace and driven from her home. His spirit revolted at the quiet circumspection which his father had instituted inquiries, as most assiduous in securing to him his property.

It was in this memorable year that the reigned-absolute, like all other German princes, was to send levies to Napoleon's army, destined for the northern campaign. Morbid grief had filled Alphonso's mind a longing for something of greater interest than his own personal safety; he joined the troops on their march. He witnessed the fate of thousands who conquered; at the fatal passage of the Beresina he was amid those waves of human misery, and a plank escaped to the shore with a few companions. An accident separated them, many terrible days of flight, from the main army and they pushed on northwards. They crossed about the marsh lands of Litherania, driven by suffering and danger, ignorant of the separation from the army, approached the frontiers of Kurland. One night, when falling in with Russian skirmishing paraded them from seeking the neighboring men, Alphonso was the most active in using snow to protect one of his companions killed, from the keen north east wind blew a frozen mist upon them. He was exhausted. Wet through with perspiration his severe labor, he laid down close by his friend, trying to warm him. The sick man away the sorrows of life, for this chill

was his last suffering. Alphonso was awakened by the noise of his companions, who at the dawn of day were preparing to resume their flight like frightened deer.

With difficulty he raised his heavy head from the stiff breast of his companion, and begged the others not to begin their path through this unknown country in the darkness of night. His companions pointed to the east where the glowing redness of morning was scattering the thin clouds. Alas! Alphonso never saw the morning dawn again. The coldness of the night and the dead man beside him had struck upon his eyes, and they never again saw the light of day. He wanted to stay there and die, for flight seemed to him too dear a price to pay for the life of misery that now lay before him; but the sight of his affliction gave new strength to his companions; they would not listen to his entreaties to be left; they led him on, took care of him, he drew forth compassion for them when they ventured to approach men; and thus they dragged on a miserable existence till they reached Mitau. This place had suffered too much from military violence to share in the triumph which the elements had procured them over the hostile army. Hospitality had ever been the presiding genius of the place. The inhabitants treated with the greatest kindness the straggling fugitives that reached them; and Alphonso was consigned to one of the most opulent families in the place. Two of his comrades led him there. He could tell by the carpet on the room he entered; and the bright light to which his eyes were in some degree sensible, that he was in a mansion of considerable size; he heard female voices, and, on the side where they whispered, colors seemed to mingle with the darkness that surrounded him. His companions began to relate his misfortunes to the master of the house, for since that fearful night he had been able to utter nothing but inarticulate sounds. Then he heard a sudden shriek from one of the females and was told a lady had fainted. Alphonso could easily understand that the sight of miserable, half clothed creatures, and of his own face, so disfigured that it had lost the semblance of humanity, must excite horror. He joyfully allowed himself to be led to the neat chamber they had prepared for him. Here, the first time for several weeks, he sank to sleep without being in danger of his life; here, for the first time, he awakened without being compelled to fly from destruction. His animal nature first recovered strength, while reason, memory and fancy scarcely seemed roused to action. He slept and eat and enjoyed his clean linen, and caressed like a little child the hand that bathed his brow with refreshing perfumes, and when he

instinctively murmured his thanks wondered that the person withdrew sobbing loudly. Alarmed at this, he asked if he had done wrong. Fear of doing wrong, was indeed the only trace of moral feeling that he exhibited for many days, and, owing to this, he still retained the stamp of a gentleman.

In order to restore the wounded muscles of his face, the surgeon employed bandages which prevented him from endeavoring to speak. As soon as the perfect rest he enjoyed had given more clearness to his thoughts, he took advantage of the time of dressing these wounds, to beg his kind nurse, whom he was taught to call Friedlef, to write a letter, apprising his father of his fate, and his good fortune in now being under the care of such kind people. Friedlef consented, and soon after read him a letter in which she told his story in the most simple and touching manner. Alphonso seemed to struggle with his feelings for some minutes and then loosening his bandages, said—

“Friedlef add now; could any thing be heard of Alvina it would alleviate my misery, and my life would acquire some value in my eyes.”

Friedlef silently added it to the letter. Alphonso feared he had given her too much trouble, felt for the hand that had written, folded it in his own, and turned his poor bandaged face towards her in the attitude of a suppliant. Suddenly he heard her fall down at his feet, she pressed his hand to her lips, to her bosom and spite of all her efforts could not restrain her tears. Alphonso was amazed that a stranger should feel so strong a sympathy for his sorrows; but he thought this violent expression of feelings might have been caught by the inhabitants of Kurland from their neighbors the Poles, among whom it always strikes a stranger. Grateful for her sympathy, and deprived of any other means of expressing himself, he stretched out his hand and it touched her cheek; his sense of touch was now acute and he felt he had laid his hand on a sunken cheek, which made him think that Friedlef too was sick and suffering. He now pictured Friedlef to himself with features like Alvina's, and the impossibility of expressing and thus correcting his ideas, combined with his bodily weakness, caused this notion to take such complete possession of his mind, that as he recovered he found it impossible to get rid of it. Friedlef herself possessed every characteristic that could strengthen it; she was like his guardian angel, spared him every feeling of helplessness by anticipating his slightest wish, refreshed his wearied spirit with her cheerful conversation and the elevated tone of her thoughts; and as soon as his increasing strength would allow, read to him such books as elevate and

ennoble man, while they remind him of his connexion with the universe of being.

He had long before this discovered that he had no ordinary servant to wait upon him, and, as soon as he was able to enter into conversation, his kind hostess informed him that Friedlef was a friend, who, from religious motives had devoted herself to the care of the sick. She had, indeed, with all faithfulness, fulfilled the duties of her pious calling towards Alphonso, though her pains were but partially rewarded. His eyes were incurably blind and his mind could no longer control the expression of his features. His power of articulating returned, but his voice had lost both strength and clearness. Those who had never known him before looked with sorrow on his disfigured face; but those on whom the sightless eyeballs had once beamed good will, and the stiff cheeks smiled with pleasure, might well have shuddered with horror at the change.

An answer came to the letter that Friedlef had written to Alphonso's father, but it brought no news of Alvina. The poor convalescent listened sadly and silently as Friedlef read it to him. He was still so weak that he could not control his disappointed feelings. His stiff cheeks did not feel the tears that ran from his eyes, but they fell like burning lava upon Friedlef's heart—for Friedlef was the Alvina for whom they flowed.

After the violent conflicts with herself she had passed through during her engagement, the unfortunate moment when she saw herself in the mirror beside Sara and her lover, produced an indelible impression on her mind, and she felt it would be impossible for her to stay. With an eagerness which her reason scarcely controlled, she sought for some means of securing her flight and was successful. A poor Jew pedlar whom she had often assisted came to offer his wares, while she was arranging her future movements. Her resolution was immediately taken. She told him to wait for her on the evening of her marriage at the end of a wood near the house. All the stragglers and idle people of the vicinity were collected about the house where Alvina had caused dancing and a feast to be prepared for them. She gave the Jew a wallet to carry, containing her clothes, and the money she had concealed among them. She herself took a smaller one to hold her jewels. She went as far as Geissenheim on foot; there she took a boat and told the Jew to inform the boatman he was hastening with his sister to see his dying mother in Coblenz, and would pay him handsomely for taking him in a short time, as he wished to draw up her will. The boatman knew the pedlar, and, considering his urgent haste, it was natural to offer a handsome reward; nor did he wonder at

Alvina's disguise. He had often heard that the Polish women veiled their faces when in grief. A light boat shot over the waves, the current strong, and thus Alvina reached Coblenz where her departure was discovered.

Her plan of misleading her family as to the direction of her route, succeeded. Taking with her exchanges upon Lyons, she crossed the Rhine, denying her German origin, passed for the wife of a French officer, who was following her husband. She arrived safely at Marburg, where she found, in an hotel, the wife of a French captain seriously ill. The rough landlord declared he no longer kept a stranger who had no means of support. Alvina took advantage of the opportunity here offered her. She went to the woman, brought her a handsome present, and offered her a considerable sum if she would sell her passports. The French lady accepted her proposition with pleasure, she feared no impediment in the way of going to France, and her health rendered the completion of her journey to Russia impossible for a season. Thus Alvina found herself in possession of all the papers necessary to insure a safe passage through every province to the north.

Years before she had become acquainted with a family from Mitau, and had formed a friendship with one of the daughters, now happily married to a wealthy man. In her letters she expressed a wish that Alvina might come and witness her happiness. It had been her plan from the first to take refuge with them, and the possession of the French passports secured its fulfilment. In Cassel she had as her servant, a poor maimed French soldier who in his many campaigns in Germany, had learned enough of the language to spare her on the journey, and though he had the use of only one arm, he served her diligently and faithfully.

Alvina, to escape discovery, still continued to act the part of a French woman; and she wore a sad smile when Florentin repeated the rough jokes of postmen and landlords to her. "Ugly French woman" with all the peculiarities to his nation, the pride of an aristocrat, and the virtuous indignation of a good woman, Alvina often pretended not to understand of his quarrels; but when she asked him why he got himself into such a scrape, he indignantly replied: "Honored sir, these are barbarians who can neither appreciate nor pity misfortune. Ah my lady! I honor you if they knew how willingly I would shed my blood to defend you from these rascals." Alvina smiled and continued her journey with her mutilated companion.

Alvina found her friend as affection-

ate as before, and as happy as she had described herself. She found her husband to be a man of firm, noble character. She confided her story to them, and they furthered her plan of passing for a French officer's wife, allowing it to be supposed that her husband fell in one of the next battles, and she remained as a widow in Mitau. She made a slight change, however, in the circumstances; becoming again a German lady, who had married a French officer, and Florentin, the only witness of her assumed nationality, had long before been sent home to his own country with a handsome reward for his services.

Alvina soon found a wide sphere of active usefulness in Brand's family—so the husband of her friend was called. Soon after her arrival, the family was increased by the birth of a child, and in the confidential conversations she enjoyed with her friends in this period of happy seclusion, she formed the resolution of devoting herself to the cause of education, and thus giving an object and value to her future life. Alvina thought with trembling that even here she might have to overcome the prejudices excited by her appearance, but she was now cured of all false pride and hoped in time to overcome these prejudices. She was not disappointed. After living a few months in her friend's family, she gained the confidence and affection of the whole circle of their friends and relatives, and she was urgently entreated to adopt the very plan she had proposed to herself; many intelligent mothers implored her to devote her talents to the instruction of their children.

Alvina was now reconciled to her fate, for they who renounce, will soon begin to enjoy; only the entire uncertainty in which she lived respecting Alphonso, continued to depress her. Her love for him increased in tenderness amid the quiet repose her heart now enjoyed. For all that Providence had denied her, for all that she had sacrificed to him, she had retained nothing but this strong love, and in the full consciousness of doing right, she gave him the place next to her maker in her heart. The storm of war frustrated all the plans she had formed for hearing news of him without being herself discovered, and she who had courage to face the greatest dangers, almost sank under the disappointment and anxiety of receiving no intelligence of him whom she wished for ever to avoid.

At this time fortune seemed to desert Napoleon's army; only the extreme waves of that stream of desolation that marked the retreat, reached Mitau; but the misery they bore was enough to prevent any noble spirit from brooding over its own unhappiness. Brand devoted his influence, his activity, his means to the relief of the unhappy fugitives; his wife and Alvina, like

the pious women in the early days of Christianity, stood at their door to receive the wretched strangers. One day when the cold had driven them into the house, Alphonso and his companions were consigned to their care. When Brand questioned the half starved creatures about their home, one of them answered that they came from Baden and mentioned Alphonso as their officer. On hearing the name of this German land so dear to her, Alvina looked into the face of the stranger and notwithstanding the blind eyes and the rigid features, recognized her unfortunate friend.

The first impression of this agonizing moment affected only her senses—she fell down fainting. During the slow return of consciousness, a dim idea of God's wonderful providence arose in Alvina's pious spirit; after a hard but resolute conflict with her poor heart, that clung more fondly than she herself had thought, to Alphonso's intellectual features, she thanked God who had now indissolubly united them. She did not even think whether she would remain unrecognized or how long; she only wanted to nurse him, to cure him and therefore there could be no surprise, no discovery, no excitement of his sad spirit. When she found that he did not recognize her and yet the remembrance of her lived in his heart, she found it difficult to discover herself. The certainty that he still sought for her, still wept over her, was so sweet to her, but it made her fear to make any change lest she should dispel so lovely an illusion.

Her friends who saw the poor invalid's critical condition, begged her to leave the recognition to circumstances, since Providence had so wonderfully placed in her hands the means of rendering herself indispensable to her loved husband.

Thus the time of Alphonso's recovery passed away, and each day rendered the discovery more difficult. While they were thus left constantly together, Alphonso imparted to his kind nurse the history of his unhappy marriage, and with that clear discernment which long illness sometimes gives to a strong mind, dwelt upon the consideration that it was now his lot to suffer in a higher degree, Alvina's painful feelings.

"For," said he, "when her beautiful spirit animated her features without being restrained, her ugliness was quite forgotten; but my poor half-dead face can never again bespeak the emotions of my soul."

Alvina's evident agitation during these conversations, did not surprise him; he felt his own misery too keenly to measure the degree of a stranger's sympathy. He soon began to feel that his heart was in some degree unfaithful to his first love; Friedlef was every thing to him that under these circumstances Alvina could have

been; and the fear of perceiving this more clearly, prevented him from endeavoring to discover either her feelings or his own. Alvina soon read his heart, and smiled at the strange fate which had destined her to win the love of her husband by his own unfaithfulness to her, but the time to apprise him of his error was now past; the discovery could only humble him and exhibit a magnanimity in her which might wound his delicate feeling. This embarrassed and distressed her, for whatever the future might have in store for her, it was clearly her duty never to forsake him who now required her aid; and to make herself more indispensable to his comfort and happiness, was now her highest aim.

The announcement of the physician that the invalid was now sufficiently recovered to undertake a homeward journey, sounded like evil tidings to both husband and wife though both had anticipated and desired it. Alvina trembled lest Alphonso should resolve to forsake her, and feared that a declaration of this kind would compel her to reveal her secret. Silent and thoughtful the two strange friends were sitting together after the departure of the physician, when Brand entered and said to them in a lively tone:

"The doctor is an odd fellow; he cannot conceive why you should not be delighted to receive your dismissal. To say the truth it put me quite in a fever when I thought of all that we should lose by it; but for some time past, my dear friends, I have thought much of you and your concerns, and have arranged them all for you. You, my dear Friedlef, cannot endure our cold climate another winter; your relations expect you home; now, therefore, accomplish the labor of love you have begun on our friend and see that he returns home in safety."

Alvina was rejoiced that Brand had thus devised a plan by which she might return with Alphonso without rendering a previous explanation necessary. He took his friend's hand, pressed it to his heart and begged her to continue her angelic kindness, and accompany him to his native place, where he could never hope to find any one whose society and kind care would make amends for her loss; but when he added, others will listen with gratitude and reverence when I tell them about you.

Thus her point was gained. Alvina continued to be the blind man's guardian angel to the banks of the Rhine. If the quiet of a sick room and the little circle of Brand's family had afforded them opportunity of becoming closely united, the long journey made them more entirely dependant on each other. The tenderness with which Friedlef afforded her friend every service the truest love could suggest, rendered her kindness

a source of greater happiness to him than to herself.

Their journey was now nearly ended, and, in the long passage from the Baltic to the Maine, Alvina had felt as great a reluctance as in Brand's hospitable house to undeceive Alphonso as to her rights and duties; she at last took the bold resolution (as timid people often do) to end her painful embarrassment by an open explanation, when they stopped for the night before arriving at Manheim. As they approached Wurzburg, she thought anxiously of the result of this disclosure. Alphonso had before travelled through this fertile region, when a youth in the full enjoyment of life; he now felt himself more than ever depressed by his unhappy condition, and sat leaning his head on his hand in the back part of a room whose windows overlooked the rapid stream of the Maine. Alvina was looking out on the setting sun as it gilded the vine-covered hills, and threw a fiery brightness on the dashing waves. An exclamation of delight showed how this fair scene had chased away her cares. It roused Alphonso from his reverie; he stood up, and Alvina hastened to guide him. He asked what had called forth her expressions of admiration, and listened with a melancholy pleasure to her simple but graphic description of the evening landscape that lay spread before her. In the fulness of her joy at again approaching the country of her birth she added—

"These shores are so beautiful, but how much more beautiful will be the Rhine!"

Alphonso laid his hand on hers that was leading him, and said, "And neither here nor there can my eyes look on their beauty again!—and Friedlef, that which has replaced to me the loss of sight and the fair beauty of earth, I must lose that also"—Alvina trembled; should he now renounce his wife, she could never forgive herself for her first false sensibility, and her procrastinating weakness afterwards.

She was silent, however, and after some moments he continued, "Friedlef, my head was so long weakened by suffering that I led a dreamy life. Forgive me then, a weakness which did not belong to my character before I was so miserable. In this dreamy state I often thought I saw my Alvina in you, and even when my consciousness returned, the resemblance to her in your mind and your goodness, made me happy. I could have wished to thank her whose sad fate depresses me even more than the darkness that veils my eyes, for all the thousand kindnesses I received from you, and while I thanked you I loved Alvina, and in loving Alvina—, oh Friedlef, forgive me, I loved you also! All hope of again finding my poor wife is now gone"—here

Alvina withdrew her arm from her friend's hand, and he was obliged to support himself against the window. She dreaded to hear the decisive sentence, and stood with her hands folded as if entreating him to spare her.

Alphonso continued: "But never can my hand belong to another, even if I were not a helpless cripple—the love of which my heart is yet capable would satisfy no wife; but your friendship, Friedlef, your society, has given me strength to guard myself from the terrors of a moral and mental death, and is thus the greatest possible good Providence has bestowed upon me. You seem solitary Friedlef; I am forsaken—" Here Alvina forgot her prudence, her precautions; she threw her arms around Alphonso and pressing him to her heart, exclaimed, with a voice half choked by tears; "Alphonso, you have never been forsaken—never! Alvina was with you!"—

She had forgotten her poor friend's weak condition: the surprise was too much for his shattered nerves, and without returning her embrace, he fell lifeless in her arms.

The physician who was called in seemed astonished; he insisted upon knowing the circumstances which had occasioned the accident, and entreated to be informed whether sorrow awaited the sufferer when he recovered.

Alvina was herself too much overcome, to give him any satisfactory answer. She sat in the most terrible anxiety beside her suffering husband, for the physician had apprized her of the fearful consequences this excitement might produce in a head so cruelly wounded and injured during his campaign. After many long hours of suspense, Alphonso pronounced the name of Alvina. Convinced that she would now hear from his lips that which would decide the future misery or happiness of her life, Alvina bent down over him and said in the anguish of her heart, "Forgive her the deception!" The tender joy with which he threw his arms around her, and the thankful prayer that flowed from his lips, were the pledge of her happiness.

In the death-like swoon into which Alphonso had fallen, nature had recovered her powers and his mind was now able to recall the past. He now joyfully received the wife to whom his parents from interest had united him and from whom selfish irritability had separated him.

The way in which they had been restored to each other continued to be the secret of their own hearts. After a few days they entered the Rhinegan and related to the father of Alphonso, where, but not how, Providence had brought them together. The joys of youthful love were denied to this married pair; but the never fading blossoms of spiritual love were their lasting portion.

Alvina's clear, bright mind replaced to Alphonso the light of his eyes, and in her ability to alleviate his misfortunes and cheer his sad lot, she found a recompense for all the sorrows of her youth. A blooming child now leads the blind father among the fruit trees of his garden in the fertile Rhinegan, and when he fondly takes it on his knee, Alvina whispers in his ear, "Alphonso, he looks like the man whom I once fled from with so sorrowful a heart."

For Arthur's Magazine.

BYRON AND WORDSWORTH.

BY E. FERRITT.

RS. MALAPROP, of facetious memory, has declared that "comparisons are odorous;" and who is there, living in this comparison making generation, that does not, with many a sigh and exclamation, admit the painful truth of what the good lady intended to express? Things, and men, are now contrasted and compared, between which, or whom, there never existed a shadow of analogy. Grievous torturings are inflicted upon both in trying to discover some feasible excuse for bringing them into juxtaposition; but so puerile are the efforts, that we are daily in danger of losing our equanimity over contrasts in which there is no apposite, and comparisons in which there is no similitude.

Among other nuisances of this kind, we have, of late, been pestered with an attempt to institute comparisons between Wordsworth and Byron; between whom, whether as poets or men, there is not a shadow of resemblance. To such an extent is this carried, that the admirers of either of these poets think that the truest way of displaying admiration for their favorite is to deny the other all claims to merit. This folly originated in cant—the origin of many evils. A certain class, sensibly alive to the probable immoral effects of Byron's writings, deemed it essential, in striving to nullify such evils, to deny his position among poets. They thought, that the most effectual way of preventing the circulation of his works, was to condemn them, not for their pernicious influence, but because they displayed no true genius. To do this effectually, some other poet must be pitted against him, and, accordingly, Wordsworth was written up on all occasions. Passages were selected from their various writings, descriptive of particular scenes, and those

of Wordsworth highly eulogised, those of Byron heartily condemned: not because the effect of one was soothing, and that of the other morbidly irritating to the mind; but because, as it was asserted, Wordsworth's descriptions were more graphic, more truthful, and more powerful than Byron's. For this sort of cant, I confess a most hearty contempt—I firmly believe that the general effect of Byron's entire writings must be highly injurious to unformed minds; but I cannot think that any sane individual, with sufficient intellectual development to comprehend genius, can ever have a shadow of doubt concerning Byron's powerful intellect.

It is folly to attempt a comparison between Byron and Wordsworth. Their varied, but thoroughly opposite abilities, admit of none. It would be absurd to institute comparisons between magnificently wild scenes of nature, and quiet, soft, calm ones—both are beautiful, both are natural—but their relative charms—the more or less, depends solely upon the mind which views them—nay upon the peculiar frame of the mind; for man does not differ more from his fellow men than from himself in different frames of mind.

About the power, the energy, the pathos of Byron, there can be no question. That some of his works are calculated to produce an evil effect, none can deny; but that a great portion of his writings abound in pure yet powerful descriptions of nature, cannot be disputed. Throughout them there is a raciness, a keen perception of every minutia, whether sublime or ridiculous, that distinguishes him above other poets. His descriptions are so vivid, yet so natural, that they come home to the reader; they are felt to be true. The imagination is appealed too conjointly with the perception, and both are satisfied of the beauty and truth of the poet's scene. What can be more natural than the descriptions which the different powers of creation give of themselves in the incantation scene in *Manfred*? They are graphic, and seem to

convey, at once, the idea of their different properties—the wild and bold, happily contrasted with the calm and quiet.

"Mont Blanc is the monarch of mountains,
They crowned him long ago
On a throne of rocks, in a robe of clouds,
With a diadem of snow.
Around his waist, are forests braced,
The avalanche in his hand;
But e'er it fall, the thundering ball
Must pause for my command."

in:

"In the blue depths of the waters,
Where the wave hath no strife,
Where the wind is a stranger,
And the sea snake hath life;
Where the mermaid is decking
Her green hair with shells;
Like the storm on the surface
Came the sound of thy spells."

another style:

"I'm the rider of the wind,
The stirrer of the storm;
The hurricane I left behind,
Is yet with lightning warm;
'o speed to thee, o'er shore and sea
I swept upon the blast;
he fleet I met sailed well, and yet
'T will sink e're night be past."

en for brevity:

My dwelling is the shadow of the night,
by doth thy magic torture me with light?"

There is so much of beauty to quote, it is to resist the temptation. The whole played abundantly in exquisite language; which the stirrer of true poetry must appreciate. His judgment may condemn the tone of them. Throughout Byron's works, descriptions of extreme beauty so frequently occur that it may seem ridiculous to particularize. Writing from memory, I quote those which made the deepest impression upon me, and being an enthusiastic lover of nature, I cannot help believing that they are due for their truthfully natural description. Childe Harold, among the multitude of poems, these from the part alluding to nature are some of the finest,—speaking of the group up of the ball:

and there was hurrying to and fro,
ring tears, and tremblings of distress;
all pale, which but an hour ago
the praise of their own loveliness."

How beautiful this forest scene:

and waves above them her green leaves,
nature's tear-drops, as they pass,
night inanimate ere griefs,
returning brave."

Again another passage of force and beauty:

"Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
Last eve in beauty's circle proudly gay;
The midnight brought the signal-sound of strife,
The morn, the marshalling in arms,—the day
Battle's magnificently stern array!"

For description of nature, what can surpass the following?

"Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempests; in all time,
Calm or convulsed—in breeze, or gale, or storm,
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
Dark-heaving;—boundless, endless, and sublime—
The image of eternity—the throne
Of the Invisible; even from out thy slime
The monsters of the deep are made; each zone
Obeys thee; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone."

Space does not allow of lengthened quotation, nor probably, would my readers thank me for quoting that with which they are more familiar, and more capable of appreciating, than I am; yet enough has been presented to show to all who from prejudice do not read Byron, that both beauty of versification—power of thought—and purity of sentiment, are to be found in his writings.

The tenor of Wordsworth's poetry is so even, so unvarying, so free from strife, that it is a much more difficult task to cull from his writings passages of unusual beauty. There is a calm and uniformly pleasing tone, throughout, that puzzles one to particularize. Few things strike in his verses: their beauty seems to creep into the mind unconsciously. To appreciate them, a certain tone of mind is necessary in the peruser. They cannot be taken up and enjoyed by one who is absorbed in the busy turmoil—the rush and struggle, of every day life,—his reader must be in a contemplative mood to appreciate the thoroughly reflective tone of the poet. An ill regulated mind will never discover beauty in Wordsworth's innocence of expression, and simplicity of style.

It is not often that he attempts to deviate from these, but, when he has done so, when he has essayed the bolder and more powerful order of writing, he has strikingly failed—becoming incomprehensible—losing his clearness and perspicuity, and degenerating into mererodomontade. As an instance of this, take the following passage from his introduction to the Excursion:

"For I must tread on shadowy ground, must sink
Deep—and, aloft ascending, breathe in worlds
To which the heaven of heavens is but a veil,
All strength—all terror, single or in bands,
That ever was put forth in personal form;
Jehovah—with his thunder, and the choir
Of shouting angels, and the empyreal thrones—"

I pass them unalarmed. Not Chaos, not
The darkest pit of lowest Erebus,
Nor aught of blinder vacancy—scooped out
By help of dreams, can breed such fear and awe
As fall upon us often when we look
Into our minds, into the mind of man,
My haunt, and the main region of my song."

This to me is a mere jumble of words—a string of epithets—"full of sounds, signifying nothing." Contrast with it the following exquisite passage, written in the style in which he is really at home :

"The floating clouds their state shall lend
To her; for her the willow bend;
Nor shall she fail to see
Even in the motion of the storm,
Grace, that shall mould the maiden's form
By silent sympathy.

"The stars of midnight shall be dear
To her; and she shall lean her ear
In many a secret place,
Where rivulets dance their wayward round,
And beauty born of murmuring sound
Shall pass into her face."

Or this passage from the *Excursion* :

"Oh! many are the poets that are sown
By nature; men endowed with highest gifts,
The vision and the faculty divine;
Yet wanting the accomplishment of verse
(Which, in the docile season of their youth,
It was denied them to acquire, through lack
Of culture and the inspiring aid of books,
Or haply by a temper too severe,

Or a nice backwardness afraid of shame)
Nor having e'er, as life advanced, been led
By circumstance to take unto the height
The measure of themselves, these favored beings,
All but a scattered few, live out their time,
Husbanding that which they possess within,
And go to the grave, unthought of."

Passages like these two last—either simply natural, or quietly reflective—make up the whole of Wordsworth's poetry—so even, so uniformly beautiful, and so rarely offering any striking sentence—that is to say, any sentence remarkable above its fellows—that it renders selection a difficult task. Were all the good passages to be chosen, nearly the whole of his poems must be given.

My object however is a simple one—merely to show the folly of a comparison between two poets so thoroughly dissimilar in all their characteristics as Byron and Wordsworth. If this object be not attained by the quotations which I have made, neither would it be were the entire works of both poets offered for contrast. Byron's poetry is essentially of the passions and feelings—Wordsworth's of the reason and reflection. By one we are carried away in spite of our reason; by the other our reason is convinced and satisfied. No man, with strong passions and affections, can fail to admire Byron, while every thoughtful and contemplative one, will appreciate Wordsworth. Many are so constituted, that they can comprehend both—feel with Byron, and think with Wordsworth.

HOME AFFECTIONS.

BY MRS. E. A. BACON.

Come, dearest, I have trimmed the lamp,
And by our cottage hearth,
Now let us, for one little hour,
Forget the woes of earth.

How many lines of anxious care
Are written on thy brow!
Who could have dreamed of such a lot
For one so good as thou?

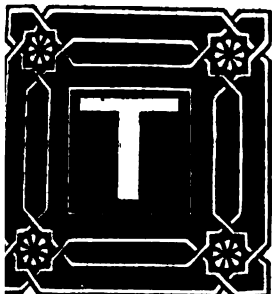
And yet amid these weary toils
Why should thy heart repine,

When there is such a world of love
Within this home of thine?

O blessings on thee for the love
That's beaming from thine eyes,
I know there's still an Eden left
To which thy spirit flies.

Then, dearest, when the cold world frowns,
Recall some sunny smiles,
And carry in thy heart the song
That weariness beguiles.

EDITOR'S TABLE.



THE new comedy of "Fashion," by Mrs. Mowatt, which has lately been produced in New York and in this city, is worth much more than the passing notice, which we can afford to give it. We are

among those who believe that the stage, properly conducted, would be a powerful auxiliary in the cause of virtue, and tend in a high degree to improve our morals and refine our tastes. Unfortunately, instead of holding the mirror up to nature, and showing us vice and virtue in their true colors, the stage has, for many years, presented mere caricatures of real life. Melodramatic performances of the wildest kind, or other representations in which overstrained and unnatural abilities are exhibited, are the too common characteristics of the ordinary drama.

In the play of "Fashion" few of these faults are visible. Its moral is palpable and undeviating, and its characters, as conceived by the author at least, are some exceptions, natural and life-like. These, combined with its evident honesty, purity of intention, and truly national sympathies, make us wish that such representations were more frequently given on the American stage.

For good or evil, dramatic representations make strong impressions. All minds, and especially youthful ones, are naturally more open to practical illusions of the deformities of vice and beauties of virtue, than to mere didactic instruction. The stage, therefore, while exhibiting an epitome of life, should go beneath the surface, and show how true happiness, and true nobility, depend upon the inner man, not upon the mere external,—how the poorest and humblest may be noble, while the rich and aristocratic may be contemptible; in short, how nature's gentleman is the only true gentleman. This lesson is inculcated in the play of "Fashion."

In accordance with its name, it exhibits the folly of the fashionable life, choosing by way of illustration an illiterate and vulgar minded woman, striving to assume superior elegance in her manners and style of living, imitating all the vices and follies of the European aristocracy, unaccompanied by any of the redeeming virtues, whose household god, as the Count, turns out to be nothing more than a cook!

The struggles of the lady to secure the Count's attentions to her daughter—the anxiety with which she strives to be fashionable at the cost of being unnatural, and the rudeness and neglect with which she treats her husband's oldest friend and because he comes from the country, and acts, and speaks, like a man, are admirably devel-

oped, although somewhat overdrawn, or, at least overdone by the actors. The old countryman, a true specimen of what an American ought to be—proud of his country and her institutions, despising all affectation of foreign manners and fashions, when adopted simply because they are foreign—full of overflowing kindness and sympathy for the good, and boiling over with indignation at the despicable and wicked—with his warm heart, benevolent disposition, unaffected piety, but impetuous temper, cannot but be loved and revered.

A young lady, a teacher of music in the family of the woman of fashion, who proves to be the old countryman's grand-daughter, is a simple and unaffected character—breathing goodness. Her lover, a Colonel in the army, does not inspire much interest, he is commonplace, and but for the fact of her loving him would be a nonentity. The fashionable lady's husband, a merchant, who, to maintain his wife's extravagance, has forged an endorsement as a temporary means of raising money, which is discovered by his confidential clerk, who, with all the littleness of a mean spirit, renders the discovery subservient to his own interest, and tyrannizes over his employer with a vigor that none but small minds can enjoy, is truthfully depicted. The foreign Count, with his folly and frivolity, and the subordinate characters are well drawn; the interest is unwavering, and the contrast between truth and falsehood so incessant and palpable that its representation cannot fail to be productive of good.

We sincerely trust that more of such plays will be produced upon our stage, that gradually our dramatic taste may be purified from every thing wishy-washy, and enervating, and that the time is not far distant when the stage will exercise a healthy and beneficial effect, inciting virtuous thoughts and actions in the minds of its patrons.

The present state of our dramatic performance, exhibits other faults beside its looseness of morals. Among the most prominent is the overstraining of passions in ordinary comedy or tragedy. Instead of showing what human passions are in peculiar situations in life, an actor overdoes them—gives an unnatural effect to love and hate, and throws a melodramatic tone over that which should be pure and chaste, and not overstep the modesty of nature; this is the fault of a vitiated and depraved taste in the public, who applaud this tearing a passion to tatters, and so induce actors, whose primary aim is popularity, to do that which pleases the multitude, without consideration for the natural and true development of human passions and feelings. The introduction of good plays of a high and pure moral tendency, would gradually elevate the public taste, which in the course of its improvement, would become disgusted with any deviation from nature, and thus in time, instead of the stage exhibiting life as it is nowhere to be found, it would fulfil its true duty, and "hold the mirror up to nature."

Although we by no means consider "Fashion" as

equal to many of the sterling old English comedies, our approval of it is cordial, because it is American; and, inspires a love of country; and because we see in the hearty reception that it has met, an earnest that new laborers are about to come into the field of dramatic literature, and give to it a newer and a better life. It would be easy to point out many faults both in the play itself, and in the cast of characters as it was produced here. But this would be of no use at present.

LITERARY NOTICES.

The Book of Chemical Amusement: A Complete Encyclopedia of Experiments in Various Branches of Chemistry, &c. By Henry H. Paul. Philadelphia: Getz & Smith.

To combine instruction with amusement is the most difficult task of the writer who labors for youth. Many have attempted it, but few have succeeded. The larger portion of books, designed for youth, belong to one of two classes,—they are either entirely imaginative, or wholly given up to dry and unprofitable details of truths, which possess little or no attraction to those whom they are designed to benefit. Both of these extremes are injurious; the one nourishes a vicious taste, and the other destroys all taste for reading. To clothe the truths of science in an attractive garb, and thus to render them pleasing, is an object, as worthy of desire as it is difficult of attainment.

In this little book, the author has well succeeded in accomplishing this purpose. The science of chemistry is, to many, not only difficult of comprehension, but unattractive. This is because they do not rightly enter upon its study. In the interesting experiments cited by the author, every ingenious youth will take pleasure, and in performing them he will acquire a sufficient knowledge of chemistry to make him familiar with the causes of most of its phenomena, and to lead him to further investigation. In this manner, the book will answer a useful purpose, while it will afford amusement. The wonderful feats performed by magicians, &c. which have so long astonished those ignorant of the science of chemistry, are many of them explained. The experiments are nearly all such as can be performed with perfect safety. We gladly hail the appearance of such books, and trust that the public will not be insensible to the benefits they confer on youth.

The Club Room, and other Temperance Tales. By T. S. Arthur. Philadelphia: E. Ferrett & Co.

A handsome 18 mo. vol. of one hundred and sixty pages, containing "The Club Room," "The Temperance Tract," "A Daughter's Love," "Jack Ketch," "What Shall I Do?" all temperance tales by the author of "Six Nights with the Washingtonians." The stories are intended to aid in the great cause of reform, as well as to give to the reformed man sustaining principles in the midst of temptations. "What Shall I Do?" was written especially for the last named purpose. It shows how the pledge is merely an external band, which pre-

cedes, and is lost in a deep religious principle, that shuns evil because it is sinful—the evil of intemperance as well as all other evils. The language of the story is—The pledge is a mere external, temporary safeguard, that must be superseded by a deeply grounded religious principle, or he (the reformed man) will be every hour in danger of falling. We must be supported from the centre and not from the circumference. The pledge is a hoop that is liable at any time to break; but obedience to God is a strong attraction at the centre, holding in perpetual consistence all things that are arranged in just order around it."

We believe this to be a solemn truth, and one that should be brought home to the heart and conscience of every one. It is a great work to rescue men from the horrible pit and miry clay of drunkenness; it is a still greater work to keep them on firm ground—to save them from the strong temptations that surround them, and from the snares laid for their unwary feet on every side. The only permanent safeguard for the reformed man, we believe, and so we have written, is in a firm reliance upon God, who gives strength to all who look to him to be sustained, where evil threatens to dash in like an overwhelming flood.

A Discourse on Instinct; With an analytic View of the Researches on Fossil Osteology. By Henry, Lord Brougham, F. R. S. and Member of the National Institute of France. Philadelphia: E. Ferrett & Co. 68 South Fourth St.

This work, as might be expected, coming from a pen of such distinguished merit, is replete with interest and instruction. It is written in the form of a dialogue; and is remarkable for its simplicity and ease of style, which is purely conversational. The reasoning upon the nature of Instinct is clear and forcible; the distinctions between Instinct and Intelligence are well defined; the positions assumed are admirably defended, and the deductions are generally irresistible.

The facts, which the author introduces to illustrate the several points under consideration, are not only curious in themselves, but they are so copious and so methodically arranged as to throw much light upon the various topics discussed. The book is not only interesting for casual perusal, but valuable as a manual of reference.

Voyages Round the World from the Death of Captain Cook, to the Present Time; Including Remarks on the Social condition of the Inhabitants in the Recently Discovered Countries; their Progress in the Arts; and more especially, their advancement in Religious Knowledge. New York: Harper & Brothers; 12 mo.

This volume is one of the series, entitled *Harper's Family Library*, and partakes of the instructive character of most of the books published in this connection. The accounts indicated by the title, are full, yet concise; while the descriptions of the manners, customs and social condition of the inhabitants of those portions of the world which are comparatively unknown, are clearly and forcibly drawn.

The book contains much valuable and interesting information.

The Warwick Woodlands; or, Things as they were there, Ten Years Ago. By Frank Forster, (Henry William Herbert). Philadelphia: G. E. Zieber & Co.

The author of this work has well accomplished his task, which has been to present to the reader a correct picture of the field sports of America, and to sketch the beauties of the wild scenery of this continent, together with the characters of those hunters about whom so little is known in the "clearings." The style is free, partaking of the nature of the subject, and will not fail to interest those readers for whom the book is intended.

Nan Darrell, or the Gipsy Mother. By Miss Ellen Pickering. Philadelphia: E. Ferrett & Co.

The list of sterling novels, in cheap form, was incomplete without *Nan Darrell*, by Miss Pickering, a book that has been more called for, since the death of its accomplished author, than any work of fiction known to the lovers of light and graceful literature. The publishers had great difficulty in procuring a copy from which to print; every copy of the high priced, two volume book-edition having long since disappeared even from the shelves of the circulating libraries and second hand dealers.

The Secret Fox, another of Miss Pickering's works, is in Press, and will be issued speedily.

The Wife, A Story for My Young Countrywomen. By T. S. Arthur. Author of *The Maiden*. Philadelphia: E. Ferrett & Co.

This book, the second in the series announced by the same author, is now ready. The "Mother" will follow, as soon as it can be prepared and passed through the press.

Pictorial History of the World. By John Frost LL. D. Philadelphia: Benj. Walker.

The third number of this splendid work has been published, and fully equals the first and second. Of its merits, in reference both to its matter and artistical execution, we have already spoken at some length.

THE OPERA.

We understand that the lovers of music are likely to have their taste gratified by the representation of Balfe's last opera "*The Daughter of St. Marks*," which, if only half so good as the praise bestowed by the London audiences would lead us to believe, will be a treat of no ordinary kind. The most enthusiastic eulogiums have been passed upon this last effort of Balfe's. The author, always a favorite, is said, in this instance, to have surpassed himself. An extraordinary sensation was created in London—meetings called, and a piece of plate presented to the composer, as some faint indication of the pleasure which the public had derived from his genius. We are informed upon credible authority that the new opera will be brought out here in the beginning of June, aided by the talent of Mr. and Mrs. Seguin

and Mr. Fraser. The numerous audiences which were delighted with the performance and singing of these distinguished artistes, during the representation of the Bohemian Girl, will not fail to witness "*The Daughter of St. Marks*" when produced.

We are glad to see the public taste for operas increasing. There is something humanising about operatic performances, which tends to elevate the character; and although we would like them constructed differently, with some care to the moral tendency, as well as the harmony; still we are convinced that no man who is fond of music, can listen to a fine opera without having his heart elevated and softened—without feeling purer and farther removed from any vicious tendencies which in his intercourse with the world may have crept into his character. When this powerful influence is directed to exalt our moral perceptions, as well as improve our taste, results highly beneficial to the community will inevitably follow.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

THIS number finishes the third volume of our magazine. We suppose, that there is not a single reader who has gone with us from the commencement of our work until this time, who will not readily admit that the third volume has been greatly superior to the two preceding ones. In the fourth volume, we shall make still further improvements. Thus far, circumstances have prevented our giving that attention to what is passing in the literary, musical, dramatic, and scientific worlds, that is due to the many readers of cultivated taste who have aided in swelling our subscription list. In future, we shall keep an eye upon these matters.

It may not be out of place, here, to say a word or two, in regard to the prospects of our magazine. It is always an up hill business, and requires considerable outlay of capital, for the first two years, to start a periodical. The second volume usually decides its fate. By that time, it is known well enough to receive encouragement, or to be passed by with indifference. Our own history is simply this:—"*Arthur's Magazine*" was commenced on the basis of a subscription list of a magazine somewhat different in character. It, therefore, had disadvantages and misconceptions to contend against. To overcome these was the work performed in the first volume. During the publication of the second volume, the public began to perceive the quality of the work. Commendation and encouragement flowed in from all directions. But the last half of the year not being the usual subscribing season for magazines, our list, though it steadily increased, did not go up rapidly. But, our firm adherence to all our pledges of improvement, and the acknowledged excellence of our work, produced a new state of things at the opening of the third volume. Subscribers began to pour in from all quarters of the country, far and near, and in the large cities our sales were very greatly increased. The encouraging result is, that, in six months, we have doubled our subscription list, notwithstanding the whole of our country subscribers for 1844, with very few exceptions, were stricken off at the close of the year. In the single

city of Cincinnati, for instance, we had but thirty subscribers last year, now we have over two hundred, and the list is increasing every month.

We close our third volume with a feeling of satisfaction. Our work is no longer an experiment. We have passed the period of probation. We have tried the public, and the public have tried us. We know and understand each other, and shall remain friends until we forfeit the favorable regard we have won, which will not soon be, if a good will, energy and activity avail any thing.

NEW ERA IN MAGAZINE LITERATURE.—Hitherto the very unequal post office laws have interfered seriously with the circulation of magazines, by taxing them, in the way of postage, exorbitantly. The new rates, fixed by the law which comes into effect on the 1st of July, 1845, reduce the postage on our magazine, to nearly one half. Instead of seven and a half cents for distances over one hundred miles, our subscribers will only have to pay *four and a half cents*.

Another great facility offered is in the reduction of letter postage. Under the present law, it costs to transmit a \$2 bill (the amount of subscription to our magazine) in a letter, from twenty-five to fifty cents. But, after the 1st of July *ten cents* will be the highest charge, and *five cents* the lowest, letters being rated according to their weight, and not by the number of pieces. All letters weighing under half an ounce are rated as single letters, and a sheet of ordinary letter paper, with one, two, or even three bankbills enclosed, does not weigh half an ounce.

Instead of being compelled, as is now the case, to trouble post masters to write and send money, persons wishing to subscribe for a magazine, can send the amount of subscription in a letter, themselves, direct to the publishers. The postage being so light a matter, as to be of but little consequence to either party. Hundreds, who have, heretofore, felt so reluctant to trouble postmasters, as to do without desirable works altogether, can, under the new law, procure them by writing themselves. This is the simplest, easiest, and most satisfactory way, and will make the communication between publishers and subscribers as it ought to be, direct.

CHEAP MUSIC.—The increasing taste for music renders the cheapening of it absolutely necessary. At the prices now prevailing, every piano becomes a heavy tax upon its possessor. To supply the constant want of music requires a large outlay of money. Many cannot afford this outlay, and, therefore, from the lack of new pieces, or an extensive variety of popular music, hundreds, after having spent much time in learning to play, lose their fondness for the piano. This is always to be regretted. A woman, who has once acquired the art of performing well, should never, if time permit, suffer her skill to depart from her. There is a power in music, and this power a woman can always use beneficially, whether in the office of a wife, a mother, a companion, or a friend.

The publishers of this Magazine design to meet the desire for cheap, not inferior music. The *Lady's*

Musical Library, which they publish, has now been in existence for nearly three years and a half, during which time over *five hundred pages* of popular music have been given, in a style fully equal, both as to paper and printing, to that purchased at the music stores. The character of the music itself may be inferred from the fact, that the work is edited by a well known professor of music, and has received the approval of many persons of high standing in the musical world, among others, that of *Mr. and Mrs. Seguin*.

But our present intention is not to notice particularly the *Musical Library*; but merely to allude to it in connexion with other operations in music. We designed, as we have just said, to make an effort to meet a want that has long existed: the want of cheap music. We have cheap books in abundance, but little or no cheap music; this ought not to be. As a commencement, we have published nine of the choicest gems from Balfe's popular Opera of the *Bohemian Girl*, for the extraordinary low price of *twenty-five cents*, printed on a fine white paper, with a handsome colored envelope. An advertisement of this music will be found upon the cover. In the same elegant style we have also issued "*The Music of the Ethiopian Sorenaders*,"—nine popular songs, and a set of quadrilles, for twenty-five cents. Also, a set of eight favorite Polkas for twelve-and-a-half cents. Other novelties are in preparation.

We do not intend to consult, in our operations in cheap music, alone the popular taste. We shall also publish from time to time, as the demand warrants, what is called "classic music." Sonatas, and other extended productions of Beethoven, Mozart, and Hayden will occasionally be published at about one-fourth or one-fifth the price at which they can now be obtained, and then, often, only after the trouble of sending to London for them. We would call the particular attention of professors and amateurs to this fact.

From what we have said, and from an examination of the music we have already issued, it will be seen, that while we give more than four times as much for the money as can be procured at other places, our publications are not of an inferior quality, but as worthy to lie on a lady's piano as any that can be found.

We hope that no one will lend an ear to the sweeping condemnation which is, and will be continued to be made against our music by those who are interested in keeping up the prices. Let every lady judge for herself. It is an easy matter to procure any one of the pieces we have published, at a trifling cost, and try and prove it.

Remember, that our music is not sold by the music dealers. It is to be found, where cheap books are found, at all the regular periodical stores in the country.

See advertisement of cheap music on the cover. Nine of the choicest gems from the Opera of the *Bohemian Girl* for 25 cents. Also nine songs of the *Ethiopian Sorenaders*, and a set of cotillions, for 25 cents. Fine white paper, and beautiful printing—nothing that surpasses this, in the way of cheap music has ever been attempted.

ARTHUR'S
LADIES' MAGAZINE,

OF

ELEGANT LITERATURE AND THE FINE ARTS,

EDITED BY T. S. ARTHUR.

VOLUME IV.

FROM JULY TO DECEMBER, 1845.

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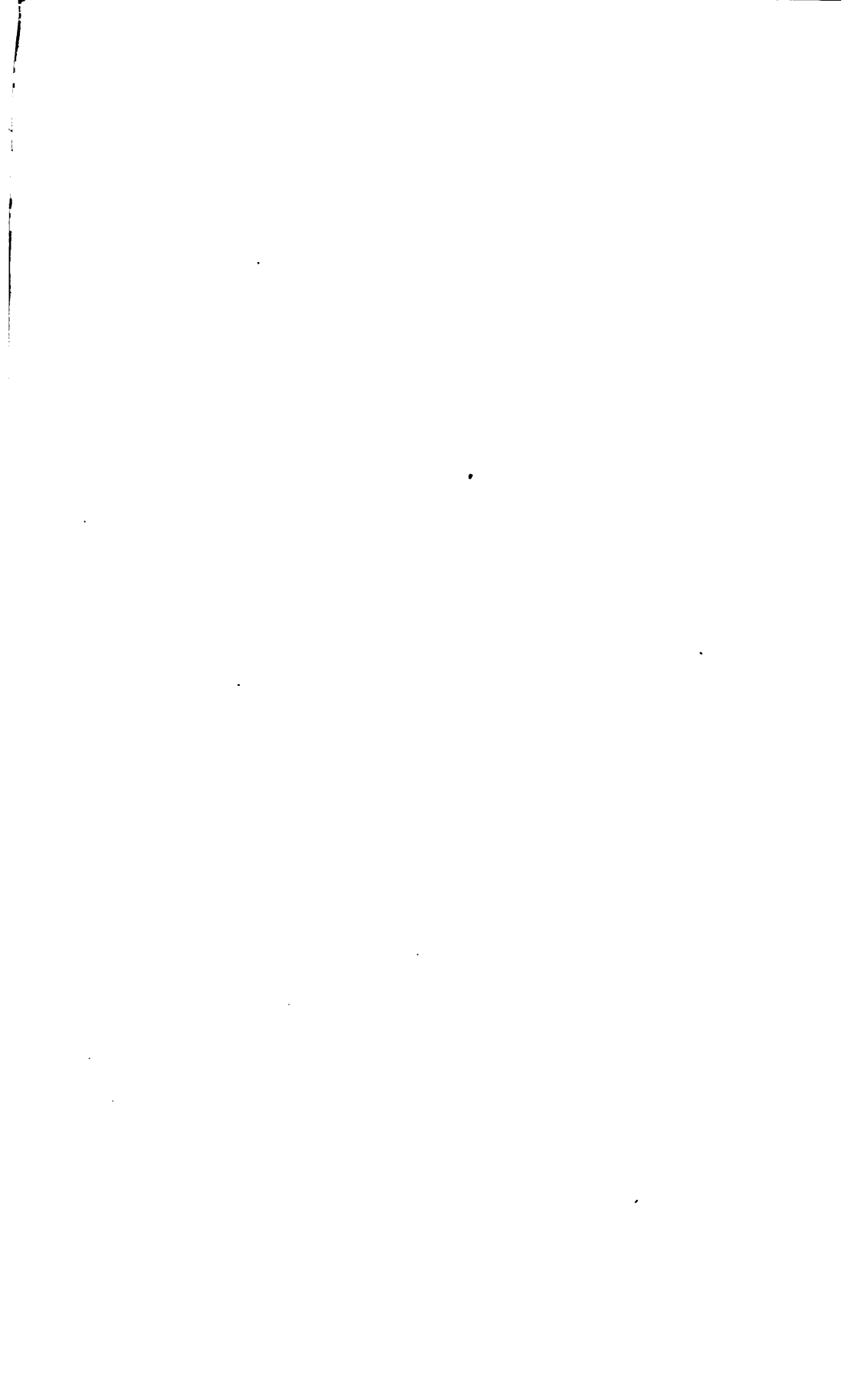
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EMBELLISHMENTS.

STEEL ENGRAVINGS.

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The Trusty Guardian.
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The Cotter's Saturday Night.
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Portia.
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The Black Mask.
Juliet.
The Child at the Fountain.



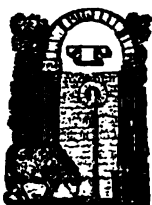
ARTHUR'S MAGAZINE.

JULY, 1845.

SHAKESPEARE GALLERY OF BEAUTY.—NO. IV.

OLIVIA.

(See Plate.)



HIS character is taken from the play of "The Twelfth Night; or What You Will." It is doubtless, inferior to many of Shakespeare's delineations; but, like them all, it is true to nature. And herein consists its excellence, which

is made the more conspicuous by contrast with certain inconsistencies, which are apparent in some other characters introduced. This play has been the subject of contest amongst critics; and has been much censured, defended, and praised by them. We think with Dr. Johnson, that, though the play is scarcely worthy of Shakespeare, it yet possesses too many merits to have been written by any one else.

The "Twelfth Night" seems to have been derived from one of two Italian stories, or from both. Some circumstances of the plot are found in the "Ecatommithi" of Cinthio; in which a Neapolitan gentleman is banished from his country with his two children, a son and a daughter, having incurred the displeasure of the King of Naples. The children bore a remarkable resemblance to each other. The vessel in which they departed was shipwrecked, and the father was lost; but the children reached the shore in safety. Here they were taken by two different persons, residing near the coast, and brought up unknown to each other. After the lapse of several years, the girl becomes enamored of a young man, and, by the advice and assistance of a friendly old

woman, goes to serve him, dressed as a page. Her master mistakes her for her brother, who had once been in his service.

Dunlop, in his History of Fiction, gives an account of a story of Bandello, in which all the circumstances are more fully developed and more closely resemble those of the drama,—the account is, as follows:

An Italian merchant had two children, a boy and girl, so like in appearance that when dressed in a similar manner, they could hardly be distinguished by their parents. The boy was lost in the sack of Rome, by the Imperialists, being carried off by a German soldier. After this event, the father went with his daughter to reside at Aix, in Savoy. When the girl grows up, she has a lover, of whom she is deeply enamored, but who afterwards forsakes her. At this time, her father being absent on business, and her faithless lover having lately lost a favorite attendant, by the intervention of her nurse, she is received into his service in the disguise of a page. She soon obtains the confidence of her master, and is employed by him to propitiate the rival who had supplanted her in his affections. This lady falls in love with the disguised emissary. Meanwhile, the brother, having obtained his liberty by the death of his German master, comes in search of his father to Aix, where he is seen and courted by the female admirer of his sister, who, deceived by the resemblance, mistakes him for the object of her attachment. At length, by the arrival of the father, the whole mystery is cleared up.

The lover returns to the mistress he had forsaken, and who had suffered so much for his sake, while the brother more than supplies his sister's place with her fair admirer. The disguise of the young lady, which is the basis of this tale, and the plot of *Twelfth Night*, is not improbable in the former, as it was assumed with the view of recalling the affections of a lover; but Viola separated from her brother in a storm, and driven on an unknown coast, forms the wild project of engaging the affections of the duke, to whose person she was a stranger, and whose heart she understood was devoted to another. Influenced by no passion nor motive, she throws off the decorum of her sex, and serves the destined husband of Olivia in an useless and unworthy disguise. The love, too, of the duke's mistress for the disguised Viola, is more improbable from the circumstances of her situation, and temper, than the passion of the Catella of the novelist. In *Bandello*, the brother has an object in coming to Aix,

where his father and sister resided; but it is difficult to assign a motive for Sebastian's journey to Illyria.

It is also more likely, as in the novel, that a lover should return to the mistress he had forsaken, on receiving a striking instance of fidelity and tenderness, than that the duke should abandon a woman he passionately adored, and espouse a stranger, of whose sex he had hitherto been ignorant, and who had not even love to plead as an excuse for her transgression of the bounds of decorum. A lady, disguised in boy's clothes and serving her lover as a page, or otherwise, for the interest of her love, is one of the most common incidents in the Italian novels, and the early British dramas. Besides *Twelfth Night*, and the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, it is the foundation of Beaumont and Fletcher's "*Philaster*," Shirley's "*Grateful Servant*," "*School of Compliment*," "*Maid's Revenge*," and many other plays, now almost forgotten.

THE BUTTERFLY.

BY MISS MARY C. DENVER.

O forth little rover—go forth to
the sun,
Thy day is soon passed and
thy triumph soon won;
I would not take from thee thy
innocent joy,
Thy moment of sunshine I
destroy.

enfold thee—her grave is thy



When her light hath departed thou 'lt rest
with the dead;

Then go little rover, go free for awhile,
Thy home is the sunshine, thy life is a smile.

I saw thy bright wings on the treacherous wave,
As flutt'ring they shrank in the watery grave,
That hovered beneath them, all eager to prey
On the beautiful pinions, so sportive and gay.

Thou art free from the wave, thou art free to the sun,
Thou art free from captivity, beautiful one!
Unfurl thy bright wings to the summer awhile,
For thy home is its sunshine, thy life is a smile.

LOST THOUGHT.



It's gone! 't is gone for ever!
It will not come again,
It will return, O, never,
To brighten memory's chain.
I know not how 't was banished,
From recollection's store;
It like a meteor vanished,
'T is seen, 't is seen no more!

I thought it was the brightest
I ever dwelt upon;
O yes! it was the lightest,
Its wings are spread and gone!
Could I recall, it never
Should lose the light it wore!
But 't is gone, 't is gone for ever,
It will return no more!

M. C. D.

THE HEIRESS.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

CHAPTER XIV.



CALLED in at the store, this morning, to get that advertisement prepared," Mr. Markland said, during the dinner hour, on the day after his unsuccessful effort to discover the residence of the young stranger in whom he had become suddenly, and, to himself, unaccountably interested. "But you were too much engaged, I suppose, to attend to it. Will you have time this afternoon?"

"I expect so," coldly replied Mr. Grant.

Nothing more was said. After dinner Mr. Grant said to his wife—

"What in the world has come over your brother? Can it be possible that he has a suspicion of the real truth. Can the girl he spoke of having seen last night, be the one who called upon you? And does he really dream that she is Anna's child?"

"Heaven only knows! You must n't put out the advertisement."

"I may not be able to help it. Your brother seems bent on having it done."

"And the moment it appears, the whole matter is at an end."

"Yes." And Mr. Grant arose, uneasily, and commenced pacing the floor.

"Sixty thousand dollars," he said aloud, yet speaking to himself. "It will ruin me."

"Ruin you!" ejaculated Mrs. Grant, in a voice of alarm.

"Yes, Mary. Ruin me!" returned Mr. Grant, passionately. "I have had that money in my business for years, and it cannot now be withdrawn."

Several minutes elapsed before any thing more was said; Mr. Grant continuing to walk the floor in an agitated manner. At length he paused before his wife, and said,—

"I wonder if it is possible to find this girl?"

"I do n't know. Why?"

"We might get her out of the way, possibly."

"How?"

"I can't tell. But, it might be managed, I think. We might hire some one to offer her inducements to return to Cincinnati, or go to some

other place, where the advertisement might not meet her eye."

Mrs. Grant shook her head.

"That is a vain hope," she said. "The girl knows, or suspects the truth, and I fear we cannot get rid of her. What I most dread is, that she will find out Joseph. In that event, all is over."

"Yes, all will be over, then. He will insist upon an immediate payment of the legacy, which cannot be done."

"Let him pay it himself, then; he is able, and equally responsible with yourself. If it comes to that, he will not be so very eager for an immediate adjustment. In the mean time, the girl can be kept in ignorance of the real truth, long enough to arrange matters."

"Long or short, Mary," returned her husband, in a quick voice. "I never can nor will beggar my children for the sake of this girl, or any one else. I am not, if all my affairs were brought to an issue, worth sixty thousand dollars."

"Then Anna's child cannot and shall not have a dollar. She has been raised to help herself, and let her still continue to do so. To make her suddenly rich, would be as great an evil as to reduce our children to poverty."

There was an angry bitterness in Mrs. Grant's tone as she spoke.

"But, stave off this advertisement, day after day, if possible. You may yet succeed in delaying it long enough to make our position secure."

"Depend upon it, I will try. Your brother will have to be much more decided and peremptory than he now is, before I yield."

When Mr. Grant went to his store, he found Markland already there. He was at a desk, writing.

"Here is the form of an advertisement, Mason," he said, handing the merchant a paper as the latter came in. Mr. Grant took it and read—

HEIRS WANTED.—If Mrs. Anna Gray, daughter of the late Thomas Markland of Philadelphia, or any of her children, be living, this is to inform them, that under the will of said Thomas Markland, they are entitled to a legacy of sixty thousand dollars. By

the provisions of the will, the heirs must be forthcoming before the 1st of November, 18—, else the sum above named will revert to the residuary Legatee.

MASON GRANT.

— — — { *Executors of the late
Thomas Markland.*

"If you like the form, just add your name to the advertisement, and have it inserted in The ——— Gazette, and The ——— Advertiser to-morrow morning," said Mr. Markland, after he had read it to Grant.

The merchant took the paper, and conned it over, deliberately.

"Yes; I suppose this covers the whole ground. I will see that it is done."

"You wont neglect it, Mason?"

"Neglect it?" in a half offended tone. "No, certainly not. Why should I neglect it?"

"Very well. We will see what comes of this," said the old man to himself, as he left the store of his brother-in-law, and, scarcely thinking why, walked up Second street, until he came to the neighborhood, where he had seen Anna in the morning. His eyes were all about him, but the form he so much desired to see, did not present itself. With a feeling of disappointment, he returned home, where he did not arrive until after dark. Tea had been served earlier than usual, and Mr. Grant had gone out. Mrs. Grant was in her own room. Ella waited on her uncle at the table; but was silent. There was a look and manner about her father and mother that had, insensibly, thrown a shade of pensiveness over her gay young heart. Mr. Markland's mind was too much occupied to notice this. After eating lightly, he arose, took a lamp, and retired to his own apartment.

"Strange that the thought of that girl should press itself so constantly upon me!" he said, seating himself by a table in a musing attitude. "Can it be possible that she is ———. No, I will not think so. It is mere romance. And yet, in real life, things have occurred far more improbable. There must be some cause for this suddenly awakened interest in a total stranger. Anna's child? No! Still even that may be. Oh, what would I not give to know the truth! Ah me! What a heavy burden of reproaches is mine. How could I have grown cold and indifferent towards one so worthy the name of woman as my twin-sister? Pride, pride—thou art a hard hearted demon! My life for years seems to have been a false dream—a state of moral insensibility. But I am awake now—fully awake. And if justice can be done, it shall be done. To-morrow the notice that should have been given years ago will be made. If this young stranger be Anna's child—strange thought!—she

will at once come forward and prove her identity. She is innocent; of that I am sure. And innocence is the groundwork of all virtues and graces. But, in a city like this, with snares all around, who can tell how soon her unwary feet may be entangled? Heaven defend her!"

CHAPTER XV.

It was hardly sun rise, the next morning, when Mr. Markland descended from his room and went to the door for the newspapers. He first opened the "Advertiser," and ran his eye hurriedly over it. But no where could he find the notification for which he was in search. The "Gazette" was next examined, but with no better success.

"This is too bad!" exclaimed the old man, throwing down the papers, and beginning to walk the floor with a quick, nervous step. "Too bad! What can he mean by such outrageous conduct? Does he really intend to put me off, still, as he has done for years? Has, he, actually a design in all this? We shall see. That advertisement must and shall be made, and that, too, forthwith. All is not right, I begin to fear. Mason has had the use of this money so long, with the hope, probably, that it would, in the end, be possessed of right by his children, that he has come to look on it as already his own. But, if Anna or any of her children are above ground, this illusion must vanish from before him. We shall see! We shall see!"

Impatiently did Mr. Markland wait, until his brother-in-law came down.

"I do n't see that advertisement, Mason," he said, with a stern look and voice, pointing to the newspapers.

"No," blandly replied the merchant. "After you went out, I looked more carefully over the advertisement, and found that it was inaccurate in its statements."

"In what respect, Mason?"

"In one respect, at least. It says that Mrs. Anna Gray, or her children, are entitled, if living, to a legacy."

"Well?"

"This you know is a mistake. The will states that the property is for her children, if she should leave any. She has nothing to do with it."

"It does n't matter, at all. If Anna is living, and has children, they will doubtless share with her. If she is living, and without children,—I should think her entitled to at least, some benefit in her father's estate."

"The will is explicit, Joseph, as you well

know. If no children of Anna's are found, the testator's will was that the property should go to my children; and I have no right to rob them of a dollar. And of course, shall never consent to do so."

"No matter. If there was a slight error in the form, it need not have delayed the notification. It committed no one."

"Still, it is much better, to be correct in all these matters. I wish to be so."

"Well, well," was the old man's impatient reply, "draw up an advertisement yourself, and word it as carefully as you please. If it gives the main facts, I will sign it. But there must be no more delay. Remember that. To speak out the plain truth, Mason, I do n't like this dilly dallying, if I must so call it. This putting off making an advertisement on one pretence and another. It does n't look well. The thing has got to be done, and it might as well be done at once, without farther parlying about it. It can't be possible that you wish to keep this money, even if the true heirs are living."

"That is speaking rather plainly, Joseph." Mr. Grant's face crimsoned over.

"It is. But, much as I wish to think otherwise, appearances force me to this involuntary conclusion. Why did n't you mention this defect yesterday, when I handed you the advertisement?"

"I did n't notice it then."

"Why did n't you leave word for me to that effect last evening. I would have put it all right, and had it out this morning?"

"Humph! I did n't see that it was a matter of life and death."

"It may be a matter of more importance than that, Mason."

"I do n't know. It seems to me that you have got into a wonderful hurry all at once. If you had been so disposed, you could have had the advertisement inserted years ago. But I do n't know that you ever showed much concern about it."

"I left the thing in your hands too much. I have spoken hundreds of times about this legal notice, but, although you promised as many times to attend to it, the thing was never done. I begin, really, to think that it was a predetermined system with you. To say the least of it, when viewed in connexion with your present apparent *huffing*, it looks very much like it."

"Joseph! You must n't speak to me after *that* fashion." The merchant was excited.

"Mason—you must n't make me a party to *any* of your underhand designs."

"I tell you, that I will not allow you or any *one* else to make such insinuations against me," *retorted* Mr. Grant.

"Put it out of my power to conceive such thoughts, by doing your duty at once as an executor of my father's estate. I am tried beyond any patience, and will not be trifled with any farther. I had set my heart upon seeing that advertisement this morning. I had reasons for wishing to have it appear just at this time. But it is put off on a frivolous pretence—I can call it by no better name. I shall be in to see you immediately after breakfast. Have the form ready, and we will both sign it, and, to prevent any more delays, I will make a copy myself, and take the advertisement to the printing offices."

"Very well. Come in as early as you please."

Mr. Grant turned away and went up stairs.

"I believe your brother is beside himself this morning," he said to his wife.

"He did n't find the advertisement?"

"No, and he is outrageous about it. The fact is, the thing will have to be done; but I tremble for the result. That girl will surely see it. Don't you think he said that he had very particular reasons for wanting it to appear this morning. What can he mean? Is it possible that he suspects the girl he saw in the street to be Anna's child. It really seems so. The old Boy seems to possess him."

"Verily he does. It is no better than a wish to rob our children. I thought he had some affection for them. But it seems he has n't a particle. Who knows, but if this low born creature is found, he will leave her every cent of his money. Oh, I wish she had been dead before she came this way to ruin all our best hopes. Too bad! too bad!"

"Yes it is too bad." And the husband fairly stamped about the floor.

"Can nothing be done? Must the advertisement appear?"

"It cannot be prevented. If I put it off another day; he will publish it himself."

"Can't you word it so that it will not attract much notice?"

"I have thought of that. But your brother designs to have it tell, and will not be satisfied with any thing that is not clear and explicit. I fear that there is no hope for us. But, let the worst come to the worst. Possession is nine points of the law. I have the sixty thousand dollars, and let her get it if she can!"

Grant set his teeth firmly together, and smiled with a grim smile of defiance.

"Yes: let her get it if she can. Not one cent will I give up."

"Trust me for that."

CHAPTER XVI.

After the silently passed morning meal, Mason Grant left the house, and, with his eyes upon the ground, walked slowly and thoughtfully to his store.

"I will try it, at least. There is nothing like trying," he muttered to himself, raising his head with an air of confidence after he had passed one half the distance. "I have heard of such a thing before. If it can only be done, the thing is safe; though it is a ticklish experiment. But, every man has his price. Money is a strong argument."

Half an hour after he arrived at his store, Mr. Markland came in. His face wore a grave, resolute expression. The form of the advertisement was already prepared.

"Will that do?" asked Grant, after the old man had read it over."

"Yes. But are you certain there is not some hidden defect in it, which will not be discovered until it is too late?"

"Joseph, I will not permit you to talk so!"

"No matter. I'll take it in myself, and then I shall be sure that all is right."

"That is not at all necessary. I will see that it appears to-morrow morning."

"I am afraid to trust you, Mason Grant." The old man knit his brows sternly.

The angry feelings of the merchant came near boiling over. But he controlled himself with a strong effort and said, with a forced smile.

"You are unjust to me, Mr. Markland. I don't wish to delay this matter, as you allege. And now, I insist upon putting this advertisement in myself, to show you that you are in error."

Still Markland persisted.

"I then claim it as a right," said Grant. "It is the only means left me to show you that you have wronged me, and I must be permitted to use it."

After some minutes reflection, Markland at length consented, saying as he did so—

"Remember! If this advertisement does not appear to-morrow morning, I will, before the day is half over, have it posted on the houses and fences all over the city; and on the next day, have it in every newspaper that is published. As I said before. I have my own reasons for wishing it done immediately."

"Never fear. It shall be done. But is there any use in having it in more than one paper."

"Certainly there is. It ought to appear in three or four papers. And especially in several western papers. But two will answer for the present. If no good result comes, then broader wings can be given to it."

Mr. Markland then went out.

"Two papers," mused Mason Grant. "I think one can be managed; but two? I'm afraid." And he shook his head.

Business requiring immediate attention occupied him for an hour. After he was free from this, he wrote a note, sealed it, and sent it out by one of his clerks. Half an hour after, a man, rather commonly dressed, came in and asked for him. He was directed back into Mr. Grant's counting room.

"Good morning, Layton. Take a chair," said the merchant, blandly.

The man sat down, with a look of expectancy on his face.

"Do you know the pressman at the ——— Office?" asked Mr. Grant.

"Very well," replied the man.

"Intimately?"

"Yes. I have known him for ten years."

"What kind of a man is he?"

"Clever. But a little free in his way of living."

"Drinks?"

"Yes. Occasionally."

"Has he a family?"

"Yes."

"Large?"

"A wife and three children."

"Hard work for him to make 'em comfortable I suppose?"

"They don't live in much splendor, ha! ha!"

"I suppose not. Very well. So far so good. Fifty dollars would be an object to that man!"

"I should think so; or to any journeyman mechanic with a wife and three children."

"Just so. To yourself for instance?"

"No doubt. Fifty dollars! I don't think I ever owned as much at one time, in my life."

"You can own that much to-morrow, and so can your friend into the bargain, if you can prevail upon him to do me a little service."

"What is it?"

"A mere trifle. Here is an advertisement. For certain reasons I do not wish it to appear, and yet it must be put in type. Can you not prevail upon your friend, after the regular edition of the paper is off, to take out some of the type and put this in its place, and print me a single copy."

"Is that all? O yes. I'll guarantee that."

"And will you, when the regular carrier leaves the paper in the morning at my house, have it removed, and the copy containing the advertisement put in its place?"

"Certainly I will."

"Then, so soon as it is done, I will give you a check for one hundred dollars. The money you and your friend can divide."

"That's just the ticket! I'm your man."
 "But there must be no failure."
 "You need n't fear any."
 "So far so good. But there is the ——— newspaper. The same thing must be done there."
 The man looked grave.
 "What is the prospect?"
 "Rather slim. R——, the pressman in that office, is a hard customer to manage. He is one of your independent kind of fellows, who prides himself on his honor, and all that."
 "Humph! Has he a family?"
 "No. But he has four hundred dollars in the saving's bank."
 "Indeed! That's bad."
 "It's a fact. I do n't believe he could be brought over."
 "Not for a hundred dollars?"
 "No, nor for five hundred, if he once got his pluck up."
 "Every man has his price."
 "But it is n't always money, Mr. Grant."
 Both of the men remained silent for over a minute. Layton broke silence by saying—
 "I can tell you what I might try to do."
 "Speak out."
 "R—— has one fault."

"He will get on a Jerry now and then."
 "Ah!"
 "And then he spreeds it for three or four days. I might try to make him drunk. When this happens, a man in the office has to take his place, who would sell his soul for five dollars."
 "He shall have twenty, and you fifty more than already promised you if the thing is done."
 "For my soul?" And Layton looked Mr. Mason in the face with a mock serious air.
 "If you please to call it so," was the grave reply.
 "I'll see."
 "See to it quickly then. Not a moment is to be lost. If I had only thought of this before, there would have been no difficulty whatever."
 "None at all, with two or three days ahead of me. But trust me to do my best as it is."
 "You shall be liberally rewarded. I will say a hundred dollars if you will put this R—— out of the way."
 "A strong inducement. Depend upon it I will work hard. Good morning!"
 "Good morning! Let me hear from you as soon as all is in a fair way."
 "Aye! Aye! You shall be fully advised."
 And the two men parted.

To be continued.

WRITTEN IN DESPONDENCY.



ARTH hath no joy that soothes
 the heart—
 Her dearest is bewildering
 pain;
 Tumultuous passion brings a
 smart,
 Its object cannot heal again;
 Oh, every earthly hope is vain!

How many a one this bleeding breast
 In fond idolatry hath borne!
 How many from their place of rest,
 Have been away in anguish torn,
 Leaving me sadly here to mourn.

Thus musing on the ills of life,
 I long with stricken Job to rest,
 Far from the crowd's perpetual strife,
 Upon the earth's maternal breast,
 My head—my heart—with pain oppressed.
 The wicked cease from troubling there;
 The weary ones lie down in peace;
 Hush'd into sleep is sighing care;
 The prisoner finds a sweet release,
 For there th' oppressor's judgments cease.

But, rising from this state, again
 I lift with confidence my eye;
 Quick flies like morning clouds my pain,
 I find my heavenly refuge nigh,—

Up towering towards the sultry sky,
 My sheltering Rock erects its head;
 Through all the scorched and weary land,
 Its cooling shadow round is spread;
 There, guided by an angel-hand,
 To gushing founts my feet are led.

And lo! a voice comes, small and still,
 The same that touched the Prophet's ear
 So sweet on Horeb's rocky hill,
 Whispering in peaceful accents near:
 "Why grieves thy soul? Why falls thy tear?
 Give me thy heart—I'll be its light—
 Its stay in trial's darkest hour;
 Its joy in pain, its shield in fight,
 In war I'll prove thy rocky tower;
 In peace be sheltering mercy's bower."

How sweet are bending Mercy's tones!
 They steal in rapture o'er the heart,
 Pure joy the trembling bosom owns,
 Nor feels affliction's piercing smart.
 Let Sorrow lift his iron dart,
 Or cold Neglect pass heedless by,
 Wrong tear each earthly hold away,
 Yet tears shall spring not to the eye—
 Where e'er our wandering footsteps stray,
 ONE journeya with us all the way.

T. S. A.

A DOMESTIC SKETCH.

BY FANNY GRAY.

HOW TO CORRECT A HUSBAND'S FAULTS.

OW just look at you, Mr. Jones! I declare! it gives me a chill to see you go to a drawer. What do you want? Tell me! and I will get it for you."

Mrs. Jones springs to the side of her husband, who has gone to the bureau for something, and pushes him away.

"There now! Just look at the burra's nest you have made! What do you want, Mr. Jones?"

The husband throws an angry look upon his wife; mutters something that she cannot understand, and then turns away and leaves the room.

"It is too bad!" scolds Mrs. Jones, to herself, commencing the work of restoring to order the drawer that her husband has thrown all topsy turvy. "I never saw such a man! He has no kind of order about him; and then, if I speak a word, he goes off into a huff. But I won't have my things for ever in confusion."

In the mean time, Mr. Jones, in a pet, leaves the house, and goes to his store without the clean pocket handkerchief for which he had been in search. Half of the afternoon passes before he gets over his ill humor, and then he does not feel happy. Mrs. Jones is by no means comfortable in mind. She is really sorry that she spoke so roughly, although she does not acknowledge, even to herself, that she has done wrong, for, every now and then, she utters, half aloud, some censure against the careless habits of her husband, habits that were really annoying and inexcusable. They had been married five years, and all that time Mrs. Jones had complained, but to no good purpose. Sometimes the husband would get angry, and, sometimes, he would laugh at his wife; but he made no effort to reform himself.

"Mr. Jones, why will you do so?" said Mrs. Jones, on the evening of the same day. "You are the most trying man alive."

"Pity you had n't a chance to try another," retorted Mr. Jones, sarcastically.

The offence given was a careless overturning of Mrs. Jones' work-basket, and the scattering of needles, cottons, scissors, wax, and a dozen little et ceteras about the floor.

The reply of Mr. Jones hurt his wife. It seemed unkind. He had brought home a new book, which he intended reading, but the face of Mrs. Jones looked so grave after the overturning of the work basket, that he felt no disposition to read to her, but contented himself with enjoying the book himself.

It must be said, that Mr. Jones was a very trying man indeed, as his wife had alleged. He could open closets and drawers as handily as any one, but the thought of shutting either, never entered his mind. The frequent reproofs of his wife, such as—

"Had you any doors in the house where you were raised?" or

"Please to shut that drawer, will you, Mr. Jones?" or

"You are the most disorderly man in existence," or

"You are enough to try the patience of a saint, Mr. Jones," produced no good effect. In fact, Mr. Jones seemed to grow worse and worse every day, instead of better. The natural habits of order and regularity which his wife possessed, were not respected in the least degree. He drew his boots in the parlor, and left them in the middle of the floor—put his hat upon the piano, instead of hanging it on the rack in the passage—tumbled her drawers whenever he went to them—left his shaving apparatus on the dressing table of bureau—splashed the water about and soiled the wall paper in washing, and spite of all that could be said to him, would neglect to take the soap out of the basin—spattered every thing around him with blacking when he brushed his boots,—and did a hundred other careless things, that gave his wife a world of trouble, annoyed her sorely, and kept her scolding at him nearly all the time. This scolding worried him a good deal, but it never for a single moment made him think seriously about reforming his bad habits.

One day he came in to dinner. It was a hot day. He went up into the chamber where his wife was sitting, and threw himself into a large rocking chair; took off his hat and tossed it over upon the bed right in the midst of half a dozen lace collars newly done up,—and kicked off his boots with such energy that one of them landed

upon the bureau, and the other in the clothes basket, soiling a white dress just from the ironing table. Poor Mrs. Jones was grievously tried. The husband expected a storm, but no storm broke. He looked at his wife, as she lifted his hat from the bed and put it upon the mantle piece, and took his boots and put them in a closet from which she brought out his slippers and placed them beside him, but did not understand the expression of her face, exactly, nor feel comfortable about it. Mrs. Jones did not seem angry but hurt. After she had handed him his slippers, she took the soiled dress from the clothes basket, over which she had spent nearly half an hour at the ironing table, and attempted to remove the dirt that the boot had left upon it. But she tried in vain. The pure white muslin was hopelessly soiled, and would have to go into the washing tub before it would be again fit to wear.

"If you knew, Henry," she said, in a voice that touched her husband's feelings, as she laid aside the dress, "how much trouble you give me, sometimes, I am sure you would be more particular."

"Do I really give you much trouble, Jane?" Mr. Jones asked, as if a new idea had broken in upon his mind. "I am sure I am sorry for it."

"Indeed you do. If you would only be more thoughtful, you would save me a great deal. I

shall have to wash out this dress myself, now, for the washerwoman is gone, and I can't trust Sally with it. I spent nearly half an hour in ironing it to-day, hot as it is."

"I am very sorry indeed, Jane. It was a careless trick in me, I must confess; and if you will forgive me, I will promise not to offend again."

All this was new. Both Mr. and Mrs. Jones felt surprised at themselves and each other. He had offended, and she did not get angry; she had been annoyed, and he was really sorry for what he had done. Light broke into both their minds, and both made an instant resolution to be more careful in future of their words and actions towards each other; and they were more careful. When Mr. Jones offended, as he still too often did, his wife checked the instant impulse she felt to upbraid him. He perceived this, and, appreciating her self-denial, compelled himself, in consequence, to be more orderly in his habits. A few years wrought so great a change in Mr. Jones, that, to use hyperbole, he hardly knew himself. He could shut a closet door as well as open it,—could get a handkerchief, or any thing else from a drawer, without turning it upside down,—could hang his hat upon the rack, and put his boots away when he took them off. In fact, could be as orderly as any one, and without feeling that it involved any great self-denial to do so.

POETIC GEMS.—[SELECTED.]

THE STARS.

THE hills

Must moulder, and the mighty pyramids
Shall crumble to their base, and float as dust
Upon the desert winds—and yet on high
The dwellers of our altered globe will view
Those bright star-sentinels still standing there,
Unconscious of decay.

Prentice.

HUMAN LOVE.

Oh! if there is one law above the rest
Written in wisdom—if there is a word
That I could trace as with a pen of fire,

Upon the unsummed temper of a child;
If there is any thing that keeps the mind
Open to angel's visits, and repels
The ministry of ills, 'tis human love.

Willis.

TIME.

TIME, in advance, behind him hides his wings,
And seems to creep deorepit with his age;
Behold him, when past by; what then is seen
But his broad pinions swifter than the winds?
And all mankind, in contradiction strong,
Rueful, aghast! ery out at his career.

Young.

CIVILIZATION.

BY E. FRETTY.

CIVILIZATION! what glowing harangues! what eloquence! what intellect! have been expended in lauding it. In striving to advance it, what energy has been exhibited. In seeking to secure its advantages, what patient endurance has been displayed, and yet it exists but in name. True civilization has hardly begun to dawn upon us. We are yet in a state of semi-barbarism; our passions are violent as whirlwinds, devastating every thing over which they pass; our selfishness is as cold and calculating as ever it was; our avarice as mean, sordid, and overwhelming; and our ambition as miserable, as destitute of every ennobling attribute. What is Civilization? It is considered to be an increasing population, increasing means, increasing exports, increasing imports, and increasing wants, increase of refinement, increase of luxuries and that which surely follows, increase of selfishness, increase of wealth to the few, at the expense of misery and labor to the many? We lay down railroads and rush over the ground with incredible rapidity. We extend our cities, increase our trade, and then say we advance in Civilization. How few of man's higher faculties are necessary for what is commonly called Civilization. Barter and commerce, supplying the animal wants—require only the exercise of a few of our intellectual faculties. Mere perception accompanied by acquisitiveness, and animal cunning, is sufficient to make a most successful speculator. In all our labors for existence; how few of our higher intellectual and moral faculties are exercised. We live in a maze of selfishness. Our highest achievement to make money—our greatest grief, the losing it. Surely, Civilization must be something different. Surely man is capable of something greater and more noble than worshipping dollars and cents. Surely the cultivation and daily exercise of all our higher attributes cannot be incompatible with an ordinary state of existence! As society is at present constituted, there certainly is little inducement, although great scope, for exercising our highest attributes. Were a man to act in a truly benevolent manner—to do to others as he would be done unto, he would stand a fair chance of being devoured by the sharks of society, who are ever on the alert to avail themselves of what they, in their selfishness, term the follies of mankind. He would be the victim of every class, high and low, weak

and powerful, alike would attack him—impose upon his good nature—despoil his means—trespass on his kindness—and after taking from him all he possessed, would unhesitatingly and unblushingly leave him to starve.

Oh! glorious Civilization. Murders are as numerous now as ever they were. We have crimes of every description perpetrated in every quarter. All the horrors that disgust our better feelings are of daily occurrence. 'Tis true, that the governments of different countries are opposed to these, and strive in legislating and in enforcing their law, to crush vice; but, even in the Governments, war is tolerated—the most miserable relic of barbarism is encouraged—the doctrine that killing one man, makes a murderer, a dozen a hero, still governs our actions and enslaves our reason, and never, while such belief is recognised, can a country or the world be truly civilized. True civilization must consist in constant exercise of the higher faculties of man. In a state which can truly be called "civilized," the moral and intellectual portion of our nature must be enthroned and reigning supreme—the physical part in abeyance; then man will delight in doing good—his pleasures will be of the most enlightened kind—mean and selfish acts will be unheard of—war will be forgotten—murder, and all the diabolical crimes that at present disgrace our social communities, will be among the relics of the past, and pure and elevated benevolence, the standard whereby to test every thing, be the great guiding principle of our Governments.

When crimes of horrible die have ceased to be even remembered—when extortioners, and narrow minded bigots shall no longer be even tolerated in society, when pure benevolence shall be the actuating principle of the great human family—when all projects shall be approved or condemned according as they advance to, or retrograde from, purity and virtue—when the strife of faction and party shall have discontinued, and all men shall struggle in fellowship for the advancement of the universal good, then, and not till then, we may call ourselves in a high state of civilization.

A country's civilization is not exhibited simply by the extent of its commerce—great wealth always has its attendant opposite of great poverty—but, by the number of its charities, by the purity of its institutions—by the justness of its laws—and above all, by brotherly love and benevolent feeling displayed on the part of its citizens one to another.

LUCK.

LUCK is a most unphilosophical word, but although its literal meaning is not believed by the more intellectual part of the world, it is still with slight variation in common use. The well informed man, think that there is "luck" yet they do not scruple to speak of "unlucky" people. For ours, honestly, that there is much in which we cannot account; among "luck" is, to us, thoroughly incompatible with our younger days, we eschewed the use of the word, with all the station of youthful knowledge, and simplicity. We held that there was no word that was called luck. We believed it was within the reach of every man; that certain effects must follow; and, as we marched along the elevated to the highest pinnacle of, in our ignorance, felt perfect wisdom.

in frailty, and human arrogance! through life, we gradually get the sharp angles are worn off; our receive shock after shock, until way entirely, or remain in such as to be scarcely recognizable. to be some people in the world only fortunate; with whom every or whom every venture turns out in good wives, affectionate children, good health, and unvarying and who, yet, are by no means sound judgment, or acute perceptual, they have been notorious for obtuseness of intellect. Why much good?—they are deficient in their mercantile speculation; they are destitute of energy—success succeeds. As a converse to many men of sound judgments, persevering industry, and unattribution, who never do succeed—ones always fail—who cannot in their desires, albeit they strive for energy, and apparently tenfold theirs. What can this be called? not fail, because he is deficient in essential to success, nor does the

other succeed through possessing an abundance of such attributes. But, by some unaccountable, inscrutable means; by the result of circumstances that neither party by any foresight could possibly control, one becomes rich and the other poor,—one is called "lucky" and the other "unlucky." Why is all this? What does it mean? No person can deny the truth of these two positions, and therefore no person ought to deny the existence of luck, or of some operation of events which is known by that name. Neither should it be considered unphilosophical or illiterate to use the term, because that which is true cannot be unphilosophical. When we look at the mighty mass of things likely to effect our success and happiness in every career—things over which we have no shadow of control—we must feel that however energetic, however able, our efforts may be, success in any undertaking depends upon something more than our own exertions. We may name it as we please,—call a horse whatever we like, it still remains a horse,—and, call the wonderful coincidences whereby some men succeed and others fail, any thing that we please, they exist nevertheless.

Plans laid with profound wisdom, are deranged and rendered nugatory by some unforeseen event, so improbable of occurrence, that previously thereto, a man suggesting it would have been laughed at. Thousands of such occurrences daily tend to create riches for one class, and poverty for another,—things that are thoroughly beyond the human ken, and that, consequently, no human foresight could provide against.

If this last fact be acknowledged—and how can it be denied?—it is perfectly clear that the affairs of life depend upon that which is commonly called "luck"—another name more properly belongs to it—but altering the name does not change the principle.

[The fact stated by our correspondent, is undoubtedly true. With some men, and they not always the best of men, every thing succeeds—whatever they touch, to use a common expression, "turns to gold;" while with another class, equally industrious, equally energetic, nothing turns out well. Two men send out an adventure in the same ship, with equal prospects for a good return—one of them makes a large profit, and the other sustains a loss. Two men build each a house; both insure, and both houses are burnt. One gets the insurance without trouble; while some defect in the policy, or some informality, prevents the other from recovering a cent. But much stronger

cases than these could be set forth to show that there is a power that rules man's destiny—

"A divinity that shapes our ends
Rough hew them as we will."

Our correspondent calls this power "luck," or, rather, says it "is commonly called luck," but that "another name more properly belongs to it." That name is "Providence." And the reason why some men do not succeed so well in their worldly affairs as do some other men, is because the creator and sustainer of the universe regards eternal ends, and never permits any one whose moral state would be rendered worse by riches, to acquire them. The constant anxieties and disappointments which some

men have to undergo, are necessary for them, and are therefore permitted by Him who desires for his creatures all blessings, both natural and spiritual, but who ever withholds natural blessings when to give them would occasion a spiritual injury. This, at least, is our philosophy, and we have found in it, during many severe struggles with the world, when all was dark around, a sustaining power. It has been an anchor by which we have ridden out safely more than one storm that has threatened to shatter our poor bark. With Watts we ever try to feel, and say when storms are above,

"Behind a frowning Providence
He hides a smiling face."

Ed.]

FANEUIL HALL.

(See Plate.)

FANEUIL HALL, of which we give a finely executed view in this number, is three stories high, 100 feet by 80, and was the gift of Peter Faneuil, Esq. to the town of Boston, in 1742. The building was enlarged in 1806 to its present size. Before the new market was built, the lower part of it was used as for meat stalls; it is now improved for stores. The Hall is 76 feet square 28 high, and has deep galleries on three sides. It is adorned with superb paintings of patriots, warriors and statesmen. A speech was pronounced in the hall on the 14th of March, 1763, by James Otis, Jr. Esq. He dedicated it to the cause of freedom, a cause in which he labored and suffered, and it has since received the appellation of *The Cradle of Liberty*.

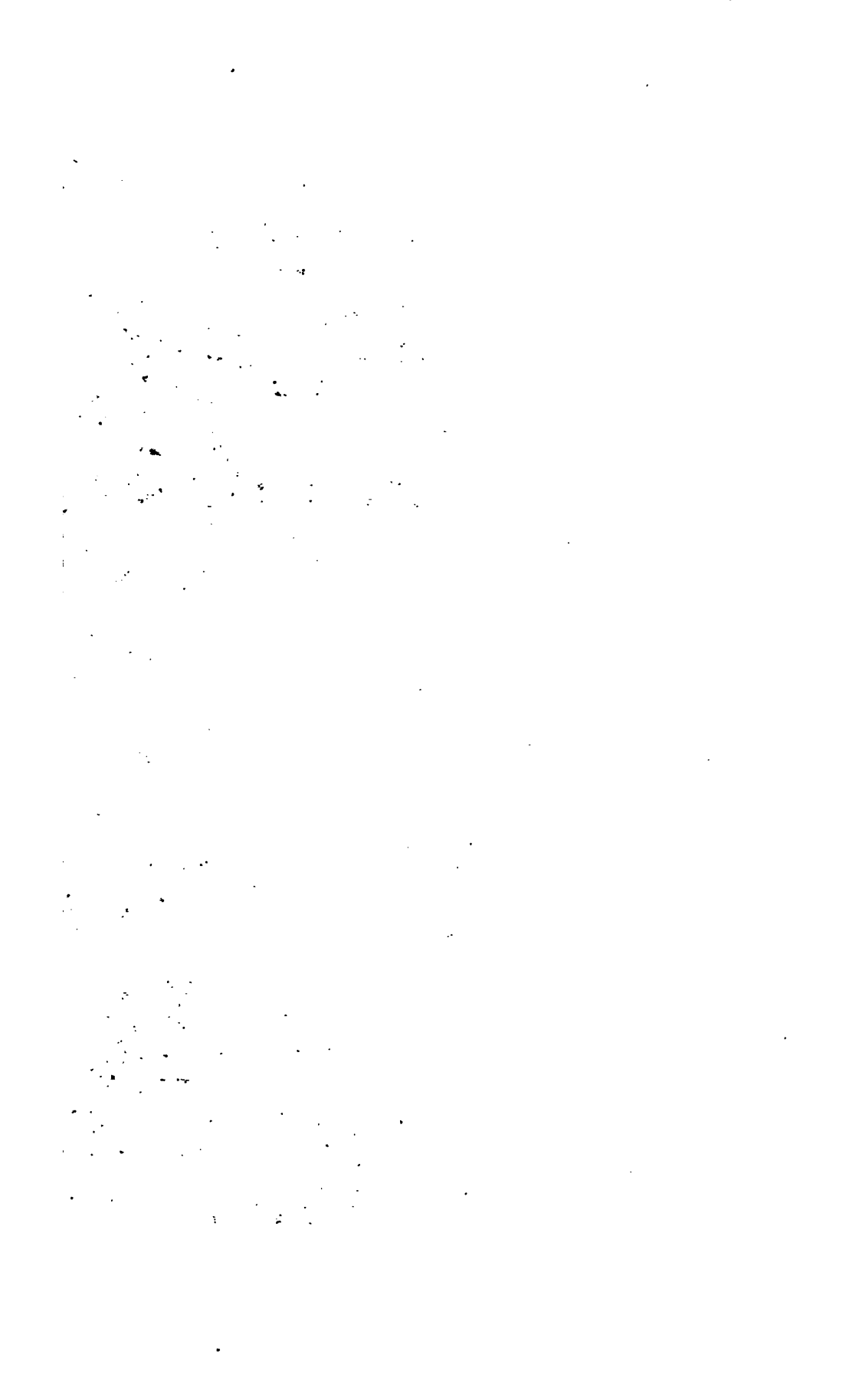
To every reader of American History, Faneuil Hall and the events connected with it are so familiar, that we need not repeat them here. The following spirited little poem, which we find in an old number of one of our periodicals, and which we think we recognise as from the pen of Mrs. Hale, is quite appropriate.

The gorgeous rays of sunset fall
Brightly upon that time-stained wall,
But on its front no forms I trace
Breathing of sculpture's classic grace,
Nor upon lofty columns rest
These fading glories of the west,
Nor falls that tinge of burnished gold
On massive towers of Gothic mould—
Then say what stream from mem'ry's tide
Calls to thy cheek that flush of pride
Why as thou look'st upon that spire
Flashes thine eye with youthful fire,
What feelings swell within thy breast,
Oh dweller of the mighty west?

Stranger, though many a nobler pile
Is gilded by the sun's last smile
And mem'ries of the mighty dead
A hallowed glory round it shed—
Yet this, as Freedom's holiest shrine,
Glows with a beauty more divine
Than ever graced Power's lordliest dome,
Or temple of imperial Rome.
Look backward—let Time's shadows pass,
Scarce seventy years, o'er memory's glass,
What eager hopes, what anxious doubts,
What words of fire, what joyful shouts
Then echoed through this silent hall,
Where now alone our footsteps fall.
Our freedom's cradle—is it not
In freeman's eyes, a hallowed spot?

When throbbed their hearts to fling away
The foreign despot's iron sway,
'Twas here that met the chosen band,
Pledged to the cause in heart and hand;
'Twas here they wooed the martyr's crown,
Nor thought, ere many years had flown,
To wave instead o'er million's free
The laurel wreath of victory—
Nor through the future's mist, I ween,
Unto that patriot few was seen
That when their standard first unfurled,
It promised freedom for a world!

Oh coldly oft the eye doth turn
From marble hall and sculptured urn,
But freedom's pilgrim lingers near
This holy spot, and musing here
Upon the past, with many a thrill
Of joy and triumph, prayeth still
That Time's destroying hand may fall
Gently upon "Old Faneuil Hall."



[illegible]

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the 1990s, the number of people in the world who are illiterate has increased from 1.2 billion to 1.5 billion. The number of illiterate people in the world is expected to reach 1.7 billion by the year 2015. The number of illiterate people in the world is expected to reach 1.7 billion by the year 2015. The number of illiterate people in the world is expected to reach 1.7 billion by the year 2015.

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THE PRETTY LITTLE MILLINER.

A COMEDY.

Translated from the German of Kotzebue.

BY DR. ROBERT ARTHUR.

CHARACTERS:

—A rich widow.
—Her only son.
A young orphan milliner.

Stolperfuchs.—A rich old bachelor merchant.
Berghof.—His step-brother.
A servant.

is a small, poorly furnished room, in the fourth story of the dwelling occupied by middle door opens upon the stairs, and a side door into an adjoining chamber. A side of which a bell is placed, looks upon the street. Head dresses, bandboxes, &c. are in the room.)

(*Pauline, alone, at work on a lace veil.*)

AULINE. Poor Pauline! poor orphan! My parents have left me nothing with which to oppose the power of a thousand allurements, but the example of their virtue. Employment and a cheerful life afforded me contentment even in my youth; but, since my heart has cheated me of its usefulness—(A knock is heard at the door.)—mocks? Come in!

Silver, who is known to Pauline as of Christiana, neatly dressed as a man.

Do I not trouble you?
Never, never! how often must I

Always busy.
Look, dear neighbor! the veil is

Then you have certainly been late at night.
Until toward morning, I confess—
By my rent to-day and I have need

(*Observing her, attentively, &c.*) I do not think the landlord

(*Laughing.*) O certainly not—he is a dismissive servant—I have turned him down. But let us talk of something. Have a little project in my head.

Mrs. Silver. What is it?

Pauline. I may be somewhat tedious, but you must permit me to begin at the beginning. After the death of my parents I found a second mother in Madame Berghof, formerly a rich lady whose millinery I was employed to make. She has often sat here, in my little garret, for hours together, encouraging me to labor, strengthening me in good purposes, and assisting me to add to my store of knowledge. (With emotion.) I shall never forget how much I am indebted to her.

Mrs. Silver. And what has become of her?

Pauline. Misfortune pursued her honest husband. Last year he became a bankrupt—his wife died in penury—his poor children have no other refuge than—oh! in her have I lost a second mother! But—dear neighbor—although I have known you only during the two months you have occupied the room near me, I already bear much affection toward you, and feel no hesitation in opening my heart to you. Your disposition, your uprightness, your delicacy of feeling—yes, it is in your power to repair my loss.

Mrs. Silver. Good child! at your age there is so much frankness, so great a readiness to trust in others.

Pauline. No, no, it is not so with me; I have, like Socrates, a warning demon. But to return to my project—have you not told me that your dead husband left you but little?

Mrs. Silver. Certainly, I find it necessary to economize closely.

Pauline. (Earnestly.) Suppose we were to unite our little households? We might both save by making common our receipts and expenditures.

Mrs. Silver. (With an air of surprise.) Certainly.

Pauline. (With increasing earnestness.) This little apartment and the adjoining chamber, there, will afford sufficient room for us both; so that half the expense of rent will be at once saved. I could assist you to bear your afflictions, and you could protect me from the evilly-disposed—I could lighten the burden of your old age, and you could direct my youth;—in this manner would our lives be reciprocally sweetened.

Mrs. Silver. Yes, yes, good Pauline, I accede to your proposition.

Pauline. Excellent! and I will call you mother.

Mrs. Silver. (Hastily and significantly.) Mother! yes, do so.

Pauline. But you must treat me as familiarly as if I were your daughter.

Mrs. Silver. That will I.

Pauline. We shall have, henceforth, but one purse.

Mrs. Silver. I will attend to the household affairs and what we save—

Pauline. With that will we assist the unfortunate! Oh! it is so sweet.

Mrs. Silver. But have you no fears that I may often be wearisome to you?

Pauline. Never, never.

Mrs. Silver. You receive visits from certain people—*(Pauline casts down her eyes)* to whom my presence will not be agreeable. Our old landlord, for instance; he comes every day!

Pauline. (Smiling.) Yes, he does.

Mrs. Silver. (Observing her closely.) And not he alone; a certain young man, also—

Pauline. (With half ludicrous displeasure.) Whom I love frightfully, I cannot deny.

Mrs. Silver. I saw him at a distance, only, but he appears to me—

Pauline. Ah yes, distracting! you saw his eyes! and the soul in his eyes! I owe him much—perhaps my life. Hear, mother, how good he is. As I was carrying some of my work home, last winter I fell on the ice and hurt my head so badly that I was stunned. A crowd of the rabble gathered about me where I was lying, unable to get up; but no one offered assistance, until he forced his way through, took me in his arms, and carried me, gently, home. On reaching my room I fainted, and when I recovered my senses I found a physician at my bed-side. He had brought him and was as earnestly employed about me as a loving brother.

Mrs. Silver. (Very much moved.) Go on my child! You do n't know how much your story interests me.

Pauline. For eighteen days I was in danger; during this time he inquired, with anxiety, daily and hourly after my condition. He begged every one for comfort. At last I recovered my health, but—my peace was lost! He became aware of it—how indeed could it be concealed?—He told me he loved me—I said the same to him—now mother, you know all.

Mrs. Silver. And what is the name of this young man?

Pauline. William Silver; he is from Dreden, and is the only son of a rich widow.

Mrs. Silver. Has he made you a proposal of marriage.

Pauline. Certainly, very often—but I did not dare to accept. His mother, who is said to be a very fine lady, has other prospects for him. This son is her only hope, and she loves him above every thing.

Mrs. Silver. And he?

Pauline. Oh he almost worships her! He calls her his best friend; he never speaks of her without tears in his eyes. *(Mrs. Silver strives to conceal her emotion.)* He loves her more dearly than any one on earth,—me excepted, of course—and could I do any thing which would afflict such a mother? Never! I have, therefore, determined to make known to her every thing, myself; for if no one comes to my assistance I shall find it impossible to tear myself from William. I am only a simple maiden; it gives me great pleasure to hear a handsome, noble hearted young man, say: I love you! Ah! good neighbor, do you not see how much I need your assistance?

Mrs. Silver. You would, yourself, discover all to the mother?

Pauline. Certainly. My letter is already written. *(She draws it forth from her bosom.)* Here it is. Ten times I have commenced, and ten times have I effaced what I had written; it is accomplished no better, however, after all. Before I send the letter, will you do me the favor to read it; in the mean time I will take home the veil. *(She puts the veil in a bandbox.)* When I return, you will give me your opinion—will you not?—your frank opinion?

Mrs. Silver. Certainly, my child.

Pauline. Good-bye; *(She embraces Mrs. Silver.)* you will love me, I hope.

Mrs. Silver. I love you, already.

Pauline. (Going.) Adieu, mother.

Mrs. Silver. Good-bye, my daughter.

Exit Pauline.

Mrs. Silver. An excellent, pure creature! Yes, I feel that I shall soon be her mother

s letter—she does not suspect that in the right hands; that I am William; and that I have assumed this disguise to know her; to prove her, that may be secured. But let me see written—*(She reads.)* “Your son I love him inexpressibly,”—very wishes to marry me, but I am poor & extraction; such an event would so it must not be.” Sweet soul!—have the courage to refuse the hand of William; but, without your help, I am off from him. Come quickly! not out of my heart—that no one out of my trembling arms, which, hence, I stretch toward you.” And, I will not take him from you. It is not good to be over hasty—your son has not seen me—he believes I am quietly remaining at Dresden and writing upon letter. *(She sits down to her knitting.)* I find it very difficult, when I hear his voice, to prevent rushing in and pressing him to

(Enter Stolperfuchs.)

s. *(As he comes creeping quietly.)* She is alone.

r. Ah! the enamored old bache-

s. *(Drawing near to her, simper-arest little Pauline—He recognizes—)* The devil! is it she?

r. Yes, Mr. Stolperfuchs, Pauline; but if you wish her to make any leave the order with me.

s. *(Aside.)* Ah! the old witch.

r. Why, you look like a card player trump.

s. Ever facetious, Mrs. Christiana. Deuce take her!

r. Ever gallant, Mr. Stolperfuchs!

s. What is to be done? When he is growing old, is rich, and has no child, it is time he should think of. For myself, there is quasi no content in the world than to render dear poverty.

r. Especially when dear poverty is pretty?

s. Ha! ha! ha! That is certainly. I see, very well, that Mrs. Silver is an experienced—*(Aside.)* cara

d.) I must confess to you, indeed, little Pauline, has quasi turned my hat have her, cost what it will.

r. That will not be such an easy

Stolperfuchs. O—o—o—o! I have money, Mrs. Silver, do you understand—much money.

Mrs. Silver. Pauline is poor, but she possesses the pride of virtue.

Stolperfuchs. Pride, bah!—ha! ha! ha! I know her better. She loves money—right dearly does she love it.

Mrs. Silver. What proof have you of that?

Stolperfuchs. Has she not lately accepted some from me?

Mrs. Silver. Pauline?

Stolperfuchs. Yes, yes,—Pauline!

Mrs. Silver. Pauline!—accepted money from you?

Stolperfuchs. Not for the first time either. She has received, from time to time, right handsome sums from me. It is true, notwithstanding, she always plays the cruel—laughs very mockingly in my face—oh! she is quasi a little fiend! But if you would only consent Mrs. Christiana, yes if you would—

Mrs. Silver. What?

Stolperfuchs. Oh pshaw—you understand me, well enough. Pauline has confidence in you, I know. If you would only say to her—that, for my age I am quite good-looking,—that I am a jolly fellow; rich, generous and quasi a man of honor—would make a very good husband—that she would eventually inherit all I—

Mrs. Silver. Strong grounds, certainly.

Stolperfuchs. Are they not? Well, I will place my cause in your hands, Mrs. Christiana, and you will have no reason to be sorry for the part you take in it. You must impress upon her imagination a great idea of my handsome person—

Mrs. Silver. Very good, very good!

Stolperfuchs. Do not say any thing to her about the money—it might make her angry.

Mrs. Silver. Certainly not.

Stolperfuchs. The little witch is so charming that I could quasi make a fool of myself about her. Good bye, Mrs. Christiana, make your cause good, and you will find that there is generosity—magnanimity! *(Exit.)*

Mrs. Silver. I cannot recover from my astonishment! What! Could Pauline have assumed her innocent manner? Is it possible that she can have received money from this old sensualist? But why should she have labored throughout the night, in order to earn money enough to pay her rent? Why has she desired that we should live together? I must solve this riddle.

(Enter Pauline.)

Pauline. Here am I, back again already.

Mrs. Silver. *(Endeavoring to recover her self-possession.)* Did the veil answer?

Pauline. Fully; and I was paid cash for it. Here is my little treasure. *(She shows a purse,*

containing money.) A good commencement for our housekeeping.

Mrs. Silver. (*Aside.*) I can hardly control myself.

Pauline. (*Very tenderly.*) Well, dear mother, have you read my letter?

Mrs. Silver. Yes, with true pleasure.

Pauline. Do you think I may venture to send it—will it not make William's mother angry?

Mrs. Silver. She will certainly feel—what I have felt.

Pauline. Yes, if she resembles you. You are so good, so indulgent—(*She grasps her hand, which Mrs. Silver gives, somewhat reluctantly.*) But what is the matter?

Mrs. Silver. With me? nothing.

Pauline. You are no longer so friendly,—so—what shall I say? so frank! Have I displeased you? That is possible, for I am, sometimes, so silly; but, good Christiana, it is never from my heart.

Mrs. Silver. (*Aside.*) If this tone, these features could deceive—

Pauline. There is certainly something wrong. Do not, I implore you, conceal any thing from me.

Mrs. Silver. I must confess that, during your absence—

Pauline. Well?

Mrs. Silver. I have thought more seriously about your proposition—Pauline, I thought, is hardly as old as I am—how long will it be before I shall become unable to labor; then will I be a useless burden—

Pauline. (*With affectionate feeling.*) Oh God, no! Suppose old age were to render you incapable of labor, and suppose I were so happy as to be enabled to support you by my industry; even then my indebtedness to you would not be removed. The guide of my youth, the protector of my innocence, will for ever remain my benefactress.

Mrs. Silver. Well be it so—but I have thought of a plan which, with your consent, will raise us both, for ever, above the possibility of want.

Pauline. (*Hastily.*) Ah! what is it?

Mrs. Silver. Stolperfuchs loves you.

Pauline. (*Laughing.*) Oh yes, he loves me to distraction.

Mrs. Silver. You might become his wife.

Pauline. What!

Mrs. Silver. Why not? he is very rich, stupid and foolish enough—

Pauline. (*Looking fixedly at Mrs. Silver.*) You certainly are not speaking seriously.

Mrs. Silver. I do not see why—

Pauline. (*With dignity.*) If I could suspect you to be capable of seriously entertaining such a thought, all were over between us. But no! you have only wished to try me—but such a trial is deeply painful. If you harbor such a suspicion against me, why do you not at once declare it? Friendship does not move in this clandestine manner. I am a poor orphan, but I will never, with God's assistance, give up the feeling of conscious integrity in my heart. (*She bursts into tears.*) Oh you have, indeed, caused me deep pain.

Mrs. Silver. (*Much agitated and drawn towards her.*) Forgive me! Yes, I doubted, that in your condition—at your age—such inducements—forgive me, good child. (*Forgetting herself.*) Reflect that the peace of my life, the happiness of a mother—(*recollecting herself.*) You have given me that name.

Pauline. (*Throwing her arms about her neck.*) Yes, now do I hear my mother again.

Mrs. Silver. You have conquered—every suspicion is removed. But explain to me what the miserable Stolperfuchs—

(*The bell outside of the window is heard to ring.*)

Pauline. This ring is familiar to me.

Mrs. Silver. (*Aside.*) It is impossible that vice could assume this appearance.

Pauline. (*Looking out.*) Is any one below? Yes indeed, it is William.

Mrs. Silver. (*Aside.*) My son—I must find a pretext to leave the room—

Pauline. (*At the window.*) Is the door locked? Go through the gate, then. (*She closes the window.*)

Mrs. Silver. I will leave you alone with him, whilst I pack up my little stock of household articles. I will move over this day in order to atone for my injustice to you. (*Goes out.*)

Pauline. (*Calling after her.*) As soon as William goes away I will come and assist you. (*She listens at the door.*) Yes, that is his step, or rather his spring, for he comes up two or three steps at a time. (*She draws back into the middle of the room.*) Shall I speak of the letter to his mother? No, wherefore should I trouble him before the time; it is possible, indeed, that—Ah! there he is!

(*Enter William.*)

William. (*Hastening up to her.*) My Pauline, (*attempts to kiss her.*)

Pauline. (*Holding him gently away.*) Whence, so early, mad cap?

William. This is post day; I expect certain letters from Dresden, and I am going, myself, to the post office—

Pauline. (*With a glance at the letter in her*

in Dresden, say you? From your
ably?

She will soon be your mother, also.
Ah that is very improbable, indeed!
dy—

Who only desires the happiness of

And a poor orphan!

You ungrateful little creature! Has
sture been lavish enough to you?
mother sees you; when she only

Yes, with your eyes.

Then will I say; Is she not beautiful?
mother, her soul is far more beau-

You will make me blush.

Well then, you will blush and be-
comes more pretty; my mother will
, kindly, with moistened eyes; will
, place yours in it, and call you,

Oh my friend, my dear William!
beautifully—

It is no dream! No dream! I
s upon a mother's love.

(Enter a Servant.)

A note for the young lady.

Takes the note, steps forward and
loud.) "Come not to me, my good
ould be vain. My creditors are in-
cannot procure the hundred dollars
myself by flight. Farewell! Pity
r!" Oh the poor children!

Observing her, uneasily.) She ap-
—perplexed.

After a moment's reflection.) Yes,
means. (She goes, hurriedly, to the
few words upon a scrap of paper

the servant.) Take this note, im-
the gentleman who sent you.

Yes, Miss.

Say to him that he must be careful
ration. He will understand.

Yes, Miss. (Exit.)

Who has watched this proceeding
—aside.) I know not what to

Without embarrassment.) Dear Wil-
is a riddle to you; I will solve it

But you appear so much agitated.

Oh no, not at all.

You stammer? You do not look
iam, could you harbor suspicion
e?

Suspicion? Heaven preserve me

My secret is of much importance

to me; but if it disturbs you—You shall know
all.

William. No! no! I will know nothing.
That would be humiliating to us both. Forgive me
that, for a single moment—I am deeply ashamed of
myself. The mail must have arrived, by this
time; I will fly to the post office, bring the let-
ter from my mother, and we will read it together.

Good-bye. (He goes toward the door.)

Pauline. You'll soon return.

William. (Returns and shakes her hand
warmly.) Love and confidence should never be
separated! Adieu. (Exit.)

Pauline. Noble youth! how were it possible
not to love thee! Heavens! what noise is that
upon the stairs? (She listens.) Ha! ha! ha!
The reckless William has thrown Mr. Stolper-
fuchs over the bannisters. How he complains,
how he mocks. Now all is quiet again. He
comes; spirit of my benefactress, hover over me!

Stolperfuchs. (At the door scolding and arrang-
ing his disordered clothes and wig.) Coxcomb!
senseless caperer! A quasi gentleman deserves
respect when he is met—(Coming forward) Ah!
ha! I find my dear, beautiful little Pauline at
home, this time.

Pauline. Is it you, Mr. Stolperfuchs?

Stolperfuchs. I myself, my charming child.
The young blockhead, who just came from here,
compelled me in a shameless manner to sit down
upon the steps.

Pauline. (Sympathizingly.) You have suffered
no injury?

Stolperfuchs. A few bruises on some of my
limbs, nothing more. (Seizes her hand.) Ah!
the dear delicate little fingers! If a man only
had such for breakfast every morning. (He kisses
her hand.)

Pauline. (Drawing it back.) As you are
here, I will pay you the rent which is due.

Stolperfuchs. Pay? yes, yes!

Pauline. Certainly, this is my rent day.
(She counts out the sum.) Here is the money;
give me a receipt, if you please.

Stolperfuchs. (Sits down to write.) Receipt?
Oh yes, willingly. (Simperingly.) But the
money—I will not take that?

Pauline. Certainly, you must take it; I pay
my debts, punctually; they must never be con-
founded with your presents—of the value of which
I am fully sensible.

Stolperfuchs. If that is true, my angel, why
are you ever so shy; you little satan!

Pauline. Bless me! what are you thinking
of? A heart is not to be won in a day. (A lit-
tle coquettishly.) You have great claims upon
my gratitude—and it is in your power to add to
them.

Stolperfuchs. How my treasure? how?

Pauline. I am just at this time in a difficulty.

Stolperfuchs. What is it? what is it?

Pauline. I have a debt to pay.

Stolperfuchs. A debt?

Pauline. A sacred debt! but I want.

Stolperfuchs. Well—out with it.

Pauline. A considerable sum.

Stolperfuchs. Yes, yes! but what have you done with all the money which I have already *quasi* given you? You dress always in the most simple manner.

Pauline. No matter. If I do not in a quarter of an hour procure a hundred dollars—

Stolperfuchs. A hundred dollars!

(*Mrs. Silver comes to the door where she stands, listening attentively.*)

Pauline. (*Coaxingly.*) It is certainly a great deal of money.

Stolperfuchs. (*Simperingly.*) Little witch!

Pauline. But you are such a charming old gentleman.

Stolperfuchs. Not so old, either.

Pauline. So *quasi* benevolent.

Stolperfuchs. Who could withstand the Circe?

(*He draws forth his purse*)

Mrs. Silver. (*Aside.*) Heaven! what must I see and hear!

Pauline. Oh! you do not know how happy you make me.

Stolperfuchs. I will hope for *reciprocé*. You must make up your mind, speedily. I have not the sum you desire with me, at present; here, however, are six louis d'or.

Pauline. (*Aside, as she places the gold on the table.*) Against my will the blood mounts to my face. What I am doing is not altogether right—but can I do otherwise.

Stolperfuchs. (*Aside.*) Long life to old Mrs. Christiana—She has used her influence, in my favor, to some purpose.

Mrs. Silver. (*Aside.*) The hypocrite is unmasked.

Stolperfuchs. I will go, immediately, and bring the balance. But, fair little Pauline; dare I not hope by this time, that such a ready acquiescence—

Pauline. Will be appreciated by me? Certainly. And you shall be recompensed for it, to-day, Mr. Stolperfuchs.

(*Mrs. Silver makes gestures expressive of horror and withdraws.*)

Stolperfuchs. (*In an ecstasy.*) At last! at last! you charming creature! You *quasi* little mouse! You will not be sorry for it. When you become my wife you shall live like a princess, like a queen! Happy Stolperfuchs! She is thine!

Adieu, my sugar plum; I shall be back again, directly. (*Exit*)

Pauline. Oh! this is too much—too much!—if I did not know how to ennoble his money—Yet, what keeps Berghof? He ought to have been here before this time. Heavens! if he should have fallen into the hands of the officers and my humiliation should be vain. Hist! I hear some one coming. It is he.

(*Enter Berghof.*)

Berghof. Here I am, as you desired.

Pauline. Stolperfuchs has not, however, seen you?

Berghof. No! I kept out of his way. But what hope—

Pauline. Your money is ready.

Berghof. What? Could my brother—after the many presents which you have already brought me from him—

Pauline. He saves you—and soon, I hope, will be reconciled to you.

Berghof. Can it be possible! Oh my good angel!

Pauline. To bring back happiness to the husband of my benefactress, is my most ardent wish. But some one is coming. Step quickly into the chamber, here, and do not come out till I call you.

(*Mrs. Silver appears at the door.*)

Berghof. (*Kissing Pauline's hand.*) Dear, noble Pauline! (*Passes hastily into the chamber.*)

Mrs. Silver. (*Aside, whilst Pauline is busied with Berghof.*) Let us see how far the shameless creature will push her baseness.

Pauline. Ah! dear neighbor, have you finished packing up your things?

Mrs. Silver. Yes,—I hope, to-day—but did I not hear some one speaking with you.

Pauline. Mr. Stolperfuchs has been here. According to his praiseworthy custom, he has been making his court to me.

Mrs. Silver. Take care, Pauline! The good name of a maiden more frequently suffers from indiscretion than vice. (*Significantly.*) A beautiful form, sometimes covers a black soul—but, early or late, truth avenges itself.

Pauline. (*Somewhat embarrassed.*) You fix your eyes so steadily upon me? Your tone is so significant. Do you wish, again, to try me?

Mrs. Silver. (*Almost scornfully.*) Try you? Oh no! that is no longer necessary. Such an effort would be thrown away.

Pauline. I see now, indeed, that you are not what you were an hour ago. The visits of our landlord are displeasing to you? Well, let them be discontinued. Oh! if you were never, never to ask of me a greater sacrifice—(*She hangs on her neck with childish affection.*)

ver. (*Aside.*) I can hardly con-

If, for instance, I should not permit
 ee me any more.

er. (*Deeply agitated.*) William!

In spite of the sweet hopes, with
 utter me, I shall ever fear that his
 not grant her consent.

er. (*Unable longer to restrain her-*
r! never!

(*In an alarmed tone.*) Heavens!
 with a severity—

r. Forgive me—I would spare you
 s.

(*Proudly.*) Disgrace? who can
 except myself? William's mother
 of her son—She may break my heart
 e me, she cannot.

r. I advise you, however, to break
 section with the young man; and the
 it the better.

Oh yes, this day, if it must be.
liam, upon whom she looks sorrow-
 William!

ver steps quickly aside to avoid
t by William.)

(*Hastening joyfully, towards Pau-*
ter in his hand.) Victory, dear
 ter from my mother—She is coming
 consents!—

(*Intoxicated with joy.*) Is it pos-

Listen. (*He reads.*) "I set out
 —After a searching inquiry, I begin
 at Pauline is as virtuous as she is
 f I find it is really so, I shall have
 your union."

Oh God! (*She hastens to Mrs.*
w, my friend, rejoice with me.

(*Perceives his mother.*) What do

r. William!

(*Rushes into her arms.*) My

(*Motionless with astonishment.*)

r. At last, I hold you again in

Who would have thought it! for
 Such an indigent life—

r. (*With much severity.*) You
 at that? Know, Miss, that to a
 rifice is too great which promises
 happiness of her son. Yes, under
 ave I desired—

To prove my Pauline; to convince
 she is worthy the name of your
 ill, mother, you know the dear mai-

den; have I said too much? (*He takes Pauline's*
hand.) Oh come! come! receive her blessing.

Mrs. Silver. (*Repulsing Pauline, coldly.*)
 Hold!

William. Heaven! what do you mean?

Mrs. Silver. Pauline is unworthy of you,
 my son.

William. Unworthy?

Pauline. (*Suppressing her tears.*) Have I
 not always said to you that I, a poor orphan—

Mrs. Silver. You do not misapprehend me.
 Like yourself, my son, I was infatuated with her
 charms. Heaven knows that my heart had,
 already, named her my daughter. But a single
 moment dissipated the illusion. She can never
 become yours.

William. Never? and wherefore?

Mrs. Silver. Follow me and you shall know
 all.

William. I? leave Pauline thus?

Mrs. Silver. (*Grasps his hand.*) Follow
 me.

Pauline. (*Throws herself between them.*) No.
 I will not permit you to go hence! You must
 not leave the room till I know the grounds of this
 cruel humiliation. (*Proudly.*) Not to you,
 madam, do I turn myself; maternal anxiety
 renders you insensible to the misery of a stranger—
 (*much agitated*)—but to my good neighbor—
 Christiana! to whom I have, so often, laid open
 my inmost heart! (*Hastily and despairingly.*)
 Madam, you are free to tear away your son—to
 rob me of the dearest treasure in the world—but
 be just! Leave me at least his respect and my
 own honor! I have nothing else in the world;
 but I will defend these with my life! (*She*
seems ready to fall; William supports her.)

William. Mother! if this is not the language
 of innocence—

Mrs. Silver. Very well—I see I am com-
 pelled to declare all.

(*Enter Stolperfuchs, out of breath.*)

Stolperfuchs. Here I am! here I am!

Mrs. Silver. You come just at the right
 time to assist me to unmask this hypocrite.

Stolperfuchs. Ha! what does this quasi
 mean?

Mrs. Silver. Has not this girl received
 money from you? here—a few moments since?

Stolperfuchs. (*Looks at each, alternately,*
without knowing what to say.) Hem! what?
 money?

Pauline. (*Collectedly.*) Yes, money. It is,
 certainly, true.

William. It is true?

Mrs. Silver. Were you not to bring more
 under the promise that you would receive some
 return for it to-day?

Stolperfuchs. Hem! what?

Pauline. That, also, is true.

Mrs. Silver. And have I not, Miss, surprised a man here who was showing you the most delicate attentions; who, in short, is now concealed in your chamber!

William. Oh! heaven! must I believe it?

Pauline. (Very sadly.) And you too, William? Love and confidence should never be separated! (She opens her chamber door.) Come forth, Mr. Berghof, for whom I have suffered so much, and testify to my innocence.

(Enter Berghof, from the chamber.)

Berghof. Who dares question your innocence?

Stolperfuchs. Great heaven!—my brother!

William. His brother?

Mrs. Silver. How is that?

Berghof. Yes, I am this man's step-brother.

Pauline. The husband of my dead benefactress.

Berghof. Through unexpected misfortunes, I lost my property. My brother suffered some loss in consequence of my failure, which estranged him from me—

Pauline. He was, vainly, implored to assist his honest brother; but heart and purse remained fast closed, whilst he heaped presents upon me. My benefactress was dead—her poor children were in want—my feelings of propriety, certainly, revolted against the idea of receiving the presents of this man—but in the hope of one day reconciling the brothers to each other, when I would stand justified, I had the courage, with a pure heart, to take for one brother what the other by his importunities forced upon me.

William. (Joyfully.) Yes, it is so!

Mrs. Silver. If it were true?

Berghof. (To *Stolperfuchs.*) Yes, she always brought the presents in your name, and I only regarded them as signs of your returning affection.

Stolperfuchs. Ei! Ei! So? So? That is certainly very Christian-like—very exemplary—(aside.) Then have I, indeed, a sour apple to bite. (Aloud.) Well, brother, you shall not be deceived by her, I *quasi*, open my arms to you. (The brothers embrace.)

Pauline. Thus have I kept my word; this was the promised recompense for your presence.

Mrs. Silver. I have much for which to make amends to you—daughter!

Pauline. (Falls into her arms.) Appearances were against me.

William. Mother, I am proud of my choice.

Stolperfuchs. His mother?

Pauline. (Smiling.) Certainly. The rich widow Silver, of Dresden.

Mrs. Silver. Whom, also, you have promised to reward, for her services.

Stolperfuchs. Phew! the deuce! and I have addressed her in such a beautiful manner.

Pauline. My good Mr. *Stolperfuchs*, you do not know any thing of women. They are too often, indeed, condemned upon simple appearances.

Stolperfuchs. And must I really be *quasi* ashamed of my conduct after all. But I have money; I will not be ashamed, and without any ceremony will put a good face on a bad matter.

THE STAR OF HOPE.

“HOPE ON, HOPE EVER.”



WHEN the sunshine of gladness
Has pass'd from the soul,
And the dark clouds of sadness
Unceasingly roll—
When the dim future only
A wide waste appears,
Where some thought winging
lonely

Far shadows the years;
The Star of Hope streaming
Through tempest and night,
Is kindly left beaming
Our pathway to light—
Inspiring and cheering
The lone and oppress'd,
To the weary appearing
A haven of rest,

Whose calm light reposes,
Mid sadness and gloom,
On the lilies and roses,
That bend o'er the tomb—
Like a seraph, sweet-smiling
Midst blight and decay,
Through the cold world beguiling
Our wearisome way—
In ill all-sustaining
To mortals below,
And shining and reigning
Wherever we go,
Forsaking us never,
Companion and friend—
Then “hope on, hope ever,”
And trust to the end.

St. Louis, Mo.

J. S. F.

MAMMOTH CAVE.

THE scenery of Edmonson Co. Kentucky, in which Mammoth Cave is situated, is unusually wild and picturesque. The surface is much broken, being, in fact, a succession of high hills, but a little distance apart, bare deep and narrow valleys. These valleys, or ravines, are con-
 veying, yielding soil, and are full of "k-holes," some of them of great led with a treacherous mire, the which is little greater than that of oil upon the hills is generally com-
 a vegetable mould of considerable has gradually formed upon a sub-
 ck, clay, or gravel. This wide formerly nearly destitute of vege-
 it has been called the "Barrens;"
 covered with a luxuriant growth of grass, vines, and wild flowers of
 r. This change has been effected
 ing the last thirty-five years. The
 us has been rendered more pleasing to
 ich is presented a view seldom sur-
 and solitary beauty.

Cave is situated in one of the deep
 ravines above mentioned, which,
 ving wider, extends to Green River
 the dark ocean-color of its waters)
 autiful stream, flowing within half
 mouth of the cavern. This cave is
 "world within a world," so numerous
 s of beauty and grandeur. To de-
 letely would be impossible, for the
 on would be but a cold epitome of

Nor will our limits allow more
 otice of a few of its more striking
 hich, we trust, will not be unac-
 r readers.

ce to the cave is thirty feet high
 t broad, the archway being com-
 ick stratum of lime-stone. The
 de by means of stone steps, which
 oor of the "Main Cave," which is
 wo parts, separated from each other
 water of which we shall speak in
 ce. The cave upon this side of the
 arkable for the gloomy grandeur
 of its scenery. It abounds in spa-
 precipices overhanging apparently
 lls, lofty galleries, and magnificent
 ig upwards hundreds of feet, which,

when brightly lighted, dazzle the eye with
 the brilliancy reflected from their chrystal walls.
 The feelings of the beholder are those of awe,
 and he is overwhelmed with a sense of the im-
 mensity of the place. That portion of the cave
 which is situated beyond the river, is less grand,
 but more beautiful in scenery, and is character-
 ized by the peculiar delicacy as well as the
 variety of the formations of gypsum, which hang
 from the ceiling. The general formation of the
 cave, however, is limestone.

The feelings of the visitor on entering the
 cave, for the first time, are those of awe, not
 unmingled with dread. If it be in the summer,
 he feels the cool air issuing from its mouth, as if
 it were the breath of some huge monster, and
 hears the distant sound of the hidden waterfall;
 fain would he penetrate with sight, before enter-
 ing, the darkness within, which has never yet
 been banished by the light of day.

After entering the broad mouth and passing
 the "Narrows," the "Rotunda" is the first object
 of note which presents itself. This is a spacious
 circular chamber, one hundred feet in diameter,
 and forty feet high. When illuminated by "Ben-
 gal lights" the formations upon the walls reflect
 the rays in a thousand different shades of bril-
 liancy;—the different avenues leading off in
 various directions, are also partially revealed,
 until the view is shut out by the impenetrable
 gloom beyond. The remains of the "Saltpetre
 Works," which were in operation here, during
 the war of 1813, are yet to be seen. The pecu-
 liar atmosphere of the cave has kept the wood in
 a perfect state of preservation.

To the right of the Rotunda is Audubon's
 Avenue, which is nearly as large as the main
 cave. In this, in the winter season are found
 great quantities of bats, hanging in clusters of
 thousands from the ceiling. Hence the avenue
 has been called after the celebrated ornithologist,
 although we can not say that we entirely acqui-
 esce in the propriety of the name. Beyond the
 "Bat's-nest," the cave grows wider and higher,
 from the walls of which, are huge rocky projec-
 tions to which has been given the name of the
 "Kentucky Cliffs," from their resemblance to
 the cliffs on the Kentucky River. These rocks,
 tower up to the distance of sixty-five feet. The
 remoter end of these cliffs assume, by degrees, the
 shape and appearance of a gallery, about midway
 between the floor and ceiling of the cave; hence
 the name of the "Church-gallery." This leads

to the "Church" a spacious chamber, three hundred feet square and sixty-five feet high. In the centre has been erected a stand for preaching, and meetings have frequently been held here. Beyond the "Gothic Galleries," which are elevated sixty-five feet from the floor, and which lead from the "church," is the entrance to the "Gothic Avenue," which takes its name from a resemblance between its structure and the Gothic order of architecture. The remote end of this avenue is distant two-and-a-half miles from the entrance of the cave. In this branch are the "Haunted Chambers," a series, or cluster of contiguous rooms, so connected together that the slightest noise made in one is re-echoed throughout all the rest. Beyond the haunted chambers, in the Gothic Avenue, are some splendid stalagmites and stalactites. The first and principal one is the "Port-oak Pillar" extending from the floor to the ceiling, and several feet in diameter, as if supporting the roof of the cave. A short distance beyond, in the "Gothic Chapel" is another pillar of chrystalised limestone. It is larger than the one already mentioned, and is called "Hercules's Pillar." Its diameter is eight feet, and its surface is covered with chrystals, which sparkle like diamonds in the light of the torches. Next to the Gothic Chapel, is "Vulcan's shop" with its huge limestone anvil, one of the most curious formations in this part of the cave, which boasts of many beautiful ones. Among these, the principal are the "Elephant's Head" and the "Arm-Chair." The first is an exact representation of an elephant's head; so correct is it, indeed, that, at first view it has the appearance of having come from the sculptor's hand. The second is formed by the union of a stalagmite and a stalactite. It is, in reality, a pillar, with a cavity on one side in which is a convenient seat and a foot stool. The "Lover's Leap" is temptingly near this place for reflection. It is a rock, projecting over a deep pit, into which the plunge would be fearful; the name given to it is well deserved—that is, if lovers now-a-days ever leap over precipices. But I had nearly forgotten to mention the "Flying Indian," one of the greatest curiosities of the cave. This is a black figure upon the ceiling, (that is perfectly smooth and white) formed by the dripping of water previously impregnated with some bituminous substance. This is retained and absorbed by the rock, which it has colored; while accident has given the outlines of an Indian—with outstretched arms, grasping his bow and arrows. The position of the figure has caused it to be named the "Flying Indian." In another portion of the cave is a representation of a panther upon the dead limb of a tree, which is singularly

correct. Near by is the "Giant's Coffin," a huge rock, fifty feet long and ten feet high, having the exact shape of a coffin. At this point is the "Acute Angle" of the cave, after turning which, you enter the "Star-chamber," decidedly the most beautiful curiosity in the cave, although there are other portions which may surpass it in grandeur. The ceiling is about seventy feet from the floor, and is perfectly black, but gemmed with chrystals, that, reflecting the torch-light, have the appearance of stars, while the black ground in which they are set, appears like the dark sky of night. The walls are white limestone, and slope gradually until they meet the ceiling, thus looking like overhanging precipices, while the loose rocks, lying confusedly in the bottom of the cave, give the appearance of the bed of some mountain stream, whose waters are dried. Look upwards, and you can see between the ragged precipices, the dark sky, gemmed with a myriad of stars, and calm and beautiful as it is of a summer's eve. The illusion is *perfect*; and this one dash of the pencil of nature challenges the imitation of human art. The imagination of a Raphael would drop, pinionless, in the attempt to soar to such daring sublimity of design, and his pencil would fall from his hand, its magic gone, in the execution! We remained here some time wrapt in admiration of this beautiful exhibition of nature's painting;—then, reluctantly leaving the spot, we turned from the main cave into the "Deserted Chambers." The first of these, is called the "Wooden Bowl," from its shape. In it is a clear spring from which we drank. We then passed through the "Archway," a narrow passage, to "Side-saddle Pit," sixty-five feet deep. Near this, is the "Bottomless pit," which we crossed on a wooden bridge. This pit is so called from its great depth, which is between three and four hundred feet.

Leaving the Main Cave again, at this point, we reached "Gorin's Dome" after ascending and descending one or two ladders. This is considered the "grandest" thing in the cave, being a perpendicular shaft measuring three hundred feet from top to bottom. Its walls are decorated with beautiful formations of chrystalized limestone, reflecting the powerful light with an intensity which renders it almost painful to look upon them. Human architecture could not produce, as a monument of its own perfection any work that could compare with this splendid dome,—so majestic in its proportions, and so perfect and exquisite in the ornaments which decorate its walls. I remember the expression of an Englishman, who, on seeing it, said that the sight of it alone, repaid him for his voyage across the Atlantic.

the main cave, we passed through "Shoot," the "Winding Way," the "and "Bacon's Chamber," to the quite a large body of water, and passing along the side of this, we reached the river "Styx" by a passage or cave above. We then crossed in a boat but little better or a bowl in which the "Three wise men" went to sea. Then climbing rocks and sand, we embarked in a canoe larger than the first, and reached "Jordan," the distance of half a mile. We thus found our way, navigating one mile under ground, the side of "Purgatory," (which we had cut off from all the rest of the oblivious waters of Lethe, the Styx, the sea of the Dead, and Jordan's ever-rolling flood.)

Singing several songs while crossing, affected by the echo upon the music, the trembling sounds and repeated over, as they died away, rolling cavern;—or rather, it seemed as if spirits, who were concealed in the darkness of these subterranean passages, sang the song by turns, and sung it once upon a lower key, and with a

Silliman's Avenue," we again purchased heaps of rock until we reached a point in which is a cascade falling sides. A short distance beyond, "Milky Way Side cut," that takes the incrustations on the ceiling, giving a surface, similar to that of the Milky Way, used this branch until we entered a passage in which are large beds of gypsum upon the bottom and sides, five feet deep. These, at first sight, look like marble.

At the end of Shelby's Avenue, at right angle, formed by a ledge of rock, it is high, resembling the stem and leaves of a tree. The model is almost perfect. It is called "Great Western." We here entered "Lodore," two miles in length, having which, we came to "Corrinna's," the most beautiful apartments in the cave, its height being twenty feet, entirely composed of crystallized iron and crystallized gypsum. We then went to "Boon's Avenue," and thence to "Side Cut" where is "Hebe's," a chain strongly impregnated with iron, entered "Cleveland's Cabinet," at a distance of nine miles from the mouth of the cave, the net is about three miles in length,

and abounds in crystallizations of various kinds. Upon the floor, in several places, are huge heaps of sulphate of magnesia (Glauber's Salt) and sulphate of soda, (Epsom Salt,) which are said to be more powerful than those usually sold at the Apothecaries. Near the entrance of Cleveland's Cabinet, is "Mary's Vineyard," so called from the beautiful circular crystals of limestone, hanging in clusters from the rock, and exactly resembling grapes. These "grapes" cover the wall for some distance, giving the appearance of a thriving vineyard. "Spar Hall," through which we next passed, is so designated from the numerous formations of spar, found in it. Next to this is the "Snow ball room," the ceiling of which is covered with formations of sulphate of lime, which resemble snow balls. In the remote end of this chamber is "Mary's Bower," a small dome, with a fretted ceiling of rosettes of gypsum formation. These rosettes are as natural as if sculptured from marble, in imitation of the natural rose. There are several grottoes in this portion of the cave, whose walls are covered with innumerable formations of gypsum.

The cave, which here commences to grow wider and higher, also becomes more rough and rugged, until reaching the "Rocky Mountains," a succession of high hills, formed of detached fragments of rock, at times rising to the height of one hundred feet. The last and highest of the "mountains," upon the side that overlooks "Dismal Hollow" is two hundred feet from its summit to the level of the cave beyond. Truly, this "dismal hollow" is well deserving of its name. From the top of the mountain it appears like a bottomless gulf. The abyss covers an area of eight acres, and its depth cannot be seen, for want of sufficient light.

In "Serena's Arbor," which we entered after climbing over rocks, for some distance, are many beautiful formations of crystallized limestone. Among them are two stalagmites, worthy of notice. One of them is a representation of a cedar tree, and is perfectly correct in shape and proportion; the other is a miniature of the celebrated "Cleopatra's Needle."

A pit, one hundred and sixty feet deep, terminates this avenue, at the distance of thirteen miles from the mouth of the cave. There are other avenues or branches, equally wonderful with the one described. Indeed, the cave as far as explored seems to be but one of several caves of equal grandeur and extent, one lying above another. The branches leading from the main cave, as already discovered, are two hundred and sixty-five in number, of which there are many extensive ones unexplored. The shortest of these is one-fourth of a mile, and the longest, is nearly

ten miles in length. In exploring that portion of the cave which we have endeavored to describe, we walked thirty-five miles. We were lowest, beneath the surface of the earth, when upon the rivers, having then made a descent of three hundred and twenty-five feet. There are several large bodies of water in the cave, many springs, pure and sulphurous, and numerous cascades, of which "Harrison's Cascade" is the largest, falling the depth of sixty feet. The only salts in the cave, are the sulphates of magnesia and soda. The formations are principally of chrysalised limestone, sulphate of lime, chrysalised and fibrous gypsum, olophalite spar, and petrified mud.

In the winter season, great numbers of bats are found hanging to the ceiling in a state of torpor. A white semi-transparent, and blind species of cricket are occasionally seen; also, in the rivers, blind fish from three to five inches in length, perfectly white and transparent, together with craw fish, which possess the same peculiarities. We could discover, on examination, no place or sock-

ets for the eyes, in either; on the contrary, the head was smooth on the top and sides, without the least inequality or indentation.

The air is agreeable and exhilarating, making the pulse beat full and strong, and respiration is performed with perfect freedom. The contrast, on emerging into the open air, is so great as almost to produce suffocation and fainting; the external air being loaded with a thousand disagreeable odors, and being heavy and feverish. This is caused by the extreme purity of the atmosphere within the cave, which is light and dry, and is always, during both summer and winter, of about the same temperature, (60° Fahrenheit.) Hence the air within appears warm in winter and cool in summer. During the former season there is a constant current of air blowing into the cave, sufficiently strong to extinguish a lighted candle or lamp; while in the summer, the current is reversed. This circulation is a preservation against the *fire damp*, of which there is none in the cave.

H. D. C.

THE POET LOVER.

BY MISS MARY C. DENVER.

HE wild bird shook her joyous wing,
Where close beside the clear,
cool spring,
The Poet Lover paused to sing
The pride of old heroic days,
But from his lyre no sound arose
Of deathless deeds and daring
foes,

But lyre and master sought repose
In love's serenest, softer rays.

Scarcely was heard a living sound
In all that wide extended ground,
Yet stern old trees were scattered round,
Lifting their gloomy heads on high;
And on their cold and earthen beds,
The meek-eyed violets drooped their heads
Within their broad-leaved palisades,
Raising to heaven alone their eye.

The poet marked their azure hue,
And thought upon an eye of blue,
And to his bosom gently drew
One little flower of constancy;
"O, token of true faith," he cried,
"Thou treasurest in thy heart no pride,
Yet evil mayest thy love betide,
If left upon the earth to lie."

The Poet saw the wild rose bring
Her leafy offering to the spring,
"O, passion-leaves," he cried, "why fling
Your fragrance on the fickle wave?
Why yield to them who will not seek?
Why answer them who will not speak?"
He thought upon a young rose cheek,
And snatched them from a certain grave.

He heard the wild waves' melody
Float on mysterious pinions by,
As if an angel hovered nigh
And caught the music from the stream,
Half sad, half solemn, half sublime,
Stealing upon the steps of time,
Sounding at every step a chime,
Like strange wild music of a dream.

"O, haunted spring," he cried, "how long
Shall I sit listening to thy song,
And mark the spirit-shadows throng
All dim and indistinct within?
I've heard on this enchanted ground
A thousand changeful voices round,
Yet cannot recollect one sound
Of all my thirsty soul drinks in.

"I've striven long, yet strive in vain
To catch one single magic strain,

me and float within my brain,
 so strangers on a foreign strand;
 half treasured and no more,
 going for a journey o'er,
 and look upon the shore,
 and then the joys of fatherland.

light the rose's changeful dye,
 and where meek-eyed violets lie,
 traces of cheek and eye,
 light else resembles love of mine;
 she, the wild wave's voice to me
 remembrance of thee;
 a heart's own minstrelsy
 seeks in music only thine.

as singing as once I sung,
 and falchion forward flung,
 never waved and bugle rung,
 when gallant Hotspur took the field,
 life into the cause he framed,
 of valiant Douglas claimed
 forth one Esperance and named
 own brave heart his only shield.

the venerated lays
 of old heroic days,
 place bound the mingled bays
 of death and victory round his brow;
 ink another strain
 make them call in vain,
 from this enchanted brain
 sounds that haunted it till now.

of wild, exciting war,
 of crimson glory's star,
 proud triumphal car
 in the front of victory;
 at watch, the wild alarms,
 of conflicts and of arms,
 of wild, exulting charms,
 of them—and sing of thee.

, yet thou art here
 in an attentive ear,—

A spiritual presence near

I ever feel yet cannot see,—
 Thou meet'st me in the woody dell,
 Thou meetest me by flood and fell,
 Ev'n in the lonely prison cell
 Thy soft blue eyes are turned on me.

“I feel like one, dear love of mine,
 Who, trav'ling in uncertain line,
 Finds first some undiscovered shrine,
 And stops in sudden ecstasy,
 So did my startled glances shine
 On a before unnoticed shrine,—
 I'll make it henceforth ever mine—
 When tremblingly they fall on thee.

“And ne'er hath Mecca's pilgrim crowd
 Before their Prophet's altar bowed,
 And called upon his name aloud
 With greater reverence than I;
 For I have found thy heart a shrine
 Where liveth feelings half divine,
 Like purifying flames, whence mine
 May look with confidence on high.

“Thou my Egina!—in thine eyes
 I see a thousand fancies rise,
 Too pure to dwell beneath the skies
 Where mind is like an ocean-shell,
 Which thrown upon the barren earth
 Sendeth a murmuring music forth,
 Yet ever of mysterious birth,
 For none the ocean-strains can tell.

“The gathered sounds shall all be thine,
 Poured out in numbers on the shrine
 That I have consecrated mine,
 Thou, Blanche, canst only tell how long;
 For thou hast changed my spirit's tone,
 And caused my simple lyre alone
 To breathe thy name, and made thine own
 The very music of my song.”

A LITTLE THING.

,” saith the jester;
 of carelessness
 heart to burn and fester;
 for his lightness, nor the less
 from in very thoughtlessness:
 wound is smarting,
 out of a sharp word thrilling through,
 in eyes that beam'd is starting;
 grief be born anew?

,” saith the scoffer;
 as uncontrolled,
 as their pure libations offer;
 mockery, and the jestings bold,
 among a peaceful fold.

There were holy drops of healing,
 Where the spirit-beauty (kindling) flashed and
 burned;
 But the bitter scorn dashed on, its pureness stealing;
 Is it little if the cup be overturned?

A little—little thing to the scorner,
 But he heedeth not the while
 How the shrinking, sorrowing anguish of the mourner
 Grows keener with the keenness of his smile:
 For scorn can only quicken—to defile.
 Has not earth enough of sorrow?
 Not enough of woe to wring, and pierce, and sting.
 But the poison darts of satire we must borrow,
 It is not, cannot be “a little thing.” H. M.

MODERN POETRY.—NO. VI.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

HE place at the head of this paper one of the first names in American literature. A professorship in the most distinguished of our colleges, a high reputation for scholarship, and foreign residence, have no doubt had their weight in recommending him to public notice; but his reputation could not have stood and grown as it has done without a solid foundation. His works have been widely circulated and read; the seal of public approbation has been set upon them; and we shall therefore, instead of dwelling upon their peculiarities, proceed, as usual, to some more general reflections.

The cant of criticism, which Tristram Shandy satirized, is not less absurdly displayed in our day than it was in his. The critic still applies his measuring rule, and judges the volume by its squareness, and the relation between its length, breadth, and thickness. Thus one author's style is "chaste and pure," another's "easy and flowing," another's "dignified," another's "tender," &c. &c. and by these *sar-marks*, his position on the sacred mount is determined. Just as if a question of female beauty were to be settled by the color of the hair and eyes, the shape of the nose, and the size of the mouth, and not by the *effect* produced by their peculiar combination.

Two women are equal in the symmetry of their forms, and the regularity and beauty of their several features. The brow of one is as fair as that of the other; the nose as truly Grecian; the mouth as sweet; the chin as delicately turned; and the cheek as rich; yet one bears the impress of heavenly beauty, and commands the willing admiration of all hearts, whilst the other is a mere creature of clay and passes by unobserved. So, too, with men. It is said that Washington impressed every beholder with sentiments of veneration; that no one could tell how or why, but there was something almost supernatural in his presence. Yet there have been other men as large of stature, with as well proportioned forms and as manly features who produced no such impression. Why is this? The effect is instantaneous; swift as the twinkle of an eye, as the flash of thought. It is not the result of criticism or of analysis; nor can you

explain it. But you acknowledge and *feel* the effect.

So it is in poetry; and these brief words of La Bruyère are worth all the canons of criticism: "When a book elevates our minds, and inspires us with noble and courageous sentiments, we need seek for no other test of its merits; it is good, and comes from the hand of a master." If it fails to do this, it has failed of its purpose; and though it may deserve praise for many of its separate qualities, it lacks the one thing needful, the *mens divini*or.

It is natural enough that those who have failed to strike the public attention should abuse the age as unpoetic; and accordingly this has been done so often and so long, that it seems now to be the settled opinion of the public themselves. Has it never occurred to those who make this complaint, that the fault is in themselves? that their voices are not heard because they are unworthy of the nineteenth century?

There has been much controversy respecting the merits of the Lake School of Poets; and to the attempt to uphold their system, and the almost universal imitation of their reveries, we verily believe, is in a great measure owing the languid character of modern poetry. Nothing could possibly be more adverse than the spirit of their poems, and the spirit of the present age. This is an age of bold speculation and of bold action. Men now dare and accomplish what would have been deemed madness by our forefathers. The realities of our day far surpass the romance of theirs. Steam ships carrying the mails across the Atlantic as regularly and punctually as stage coaches on a turnpike; the Daguerreotype, with no pencil but a sun-beam, in a few moments, producing pictures which the utmost skill of the artist never did and never can equal; the Magnetic Telegraph literally annihilating time and space; such are the realities of the nineteenth century; and yet the poets—to whom it belongs to rise superior to their age, and stir men's hearts with greater things than they have known or seen—dream on and seem unconscious that the glorious sun has passed the horizon, and is pouring a flood of light around them. In a faint voice the public attention is invoked to the odor of flowers, and the babbling of brooks. "Lines on a Sleeping Infant;" "Stanzas to a Humming-

d: "Verses addressed to a new-blown rose"—
h are the themes of these masters of the Lyre;
truly the execution is generally in every way
thy of the subject.

We must not be understood as meaning that
we can not extract poetry even from trifles;
depreciating wit and pathos. We trust that
we have an ear for the melody of verse, and a
not insensible to the livelier or to the softer
ones. Some of the "trifles" of the poets
among the works which we love best. But
almost the whole poetry of an age consists
less; where it is made a *rule* to select the
high and the low as the objects of poetry; and
these mean subjects are treated by men
the muse has never inspired, what wonder
"leaden age" should be the consequence?
other pursuit of life a theory or course of
which had been fairly tried, and had pro-
vailed instead of good consequences, would
be named and discarded. Have not the Lake
poets with Wordsworth at their head, fairly
ruined their system for almost half a century?
withstanding the fine genius of the master,
some of his followers, has not poetry,
the baleful influence of that system, driven
to general imbecility? Is not this
The world has become full grown, and
we are entertained with the amusements of
infants; and such poetry as we are
belongs to the nursery and not to the
man. At least, when it does rise above
nursery rhymes, it enters the regions
of abstractions.

Inductions never could, and never did
keep or lasting effect. In a listless
might amuse the listless; but in this
is deeper, stronger, and bolder is
reach the public heart. The fire and
every day events call forth must
beats inmost depths by him who would
be a poet now; and such poets of
this are now reaping their harvest of
glory instinctively from the driv-
ing school to the bold, vigorous men

country, especially, is a manly
world. Boldness and enterprise are
characteristics as a people. No man
can live among us without these
and then can we appreciate the
trifling in poetry? Individuals
of whom we will not. It is absurd to say
we have no taste for poetry. We are a
people beyond any other in the world,
in every thing. There is scarce a
man and that does not possess volumes
of which they are not read; and

notwithstanding all that has been said on the sub-
ject, both at home and abroad, it is our firm
belief that if some man of high and vigorous
genius were to arise, even now, and freeing him-
self from the trammels of rules and systems, con-
sult only nature, and the impulses of his own
heart, and the spirit of the age, his lofty strains
would be received with an acclamation such as
has never yet greeted poet.

To return to Professor Longfellow.

We recognize in some of his compositions a
degree of truth and nerve which redeems him
from the censure which we have been endeavor-
ing to express, and promises still better things
than he has yet given us. His admirers would
no doubt differ in their selections, but no one
can dispute that the true spirit of poetry breathes
throughout

"THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH

"Under a spreading chestnut tree
The village smithy stands;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

"His hair is crisp, and black, and long,
His face is like the tan;
His brow is wet with honest sweat,
He earns whatever he can;
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

"Week in, week out, from morn till night,
You can hear his bellows blow;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,
When the evening sun is low.

"And children coming home from school
Look in at the open door;
They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from a threshing floor.

"He goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits among his boys;
He hears the parson pray and preach,
He hears his daughter's voice,
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice.

"It sounds to him like her mother's voice,
Singing in Paradise!
He needs must think of her once more,
How in the grave she lies;
And with his hard rough hand he wipes
A tear out of his eyes.

"Toiling—rejoicing—sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes;
Each morning sees some task begin,
Each evening sees it close;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

"Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught!
Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought!"

Let the reader judge this after the manner of
La Bruyère and say whether it is not "good!"
But what shall we say of verses like the follow-
ing, from "Voices of the Night?"

"The leaves are falling, falling,
Solemnly and slow;
'Caw! caw!' the rooks are calling,
It is a sound of wo,
A sound of wo!"

We consign this to the nursery; and turn to
a poem worthy of our author and of his readers.

"EXCELSIOR."

"The shades of night were falling fast,
As through an Alpine village passed
A youth, who bore 'mid snow and ice,
A banner with the strange device
Excelsior!"

"His brow was sad; his eye beneath,
Flashed like a faulchion from its sheath,
And like a silver clarion rung
The accents of that unknown tongue,
Excelsior!"

"In happy homes he saw the light
Of household fires gleam warm and bright;
Above, the spectral glories shone,
And from his lips escaped a groan
Excelsior!"

"'Try not the pass!' the old man said;
'Dark lowers the tempest overhead,
The roaring torrent is deep and wide.'
And loud that clarion voice replied
Excelsior!"

"'O stay!' the maiden said, 'and rest
Thy weary head upon this breast!
A tear stood in his bright blue eye,
But still he answered with a sigh,
Excelsior!"

"'Beware the pine tree's withered branch!
Beware the awful avalanche!'"
This was the peasant's last good night,
A voice replied, far up the height,
Excelsior!"

"At break of day, as heavenward
The pious monks of Saint Bernard
Uttered the oft repeated prayer,
A voice cried through the startled air,
Excelsior!"

"A traveler, by the faithful hound
Half buried in the snow was found,
Still grasping in his hand of ice
That banner with the strange device,
Excelsior!"

"There in the twilight cold and gray,
Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay,
And from the sky, serene and fair,
A voice fell, like a falling star,
Excelsior!"

The chief poetical publications of Professor
Longfellow, are two small volumes of fugitive
pieces, one entitled "Voices of the Night," and
the other "Ballads and other Poems," and a play
in three acts, called "The Spanish Student."
He is but a young man yet, and we trust he will
long live to contribute to the elevation of his
country's literature. We close by quoting one
more fine poem.

BURIAL OF THE MINISSINK.

"On sunny slope and beachen swell,
The shadowed light of evening fell;
And, where the maple's leaf was brown,
With soft and silent lapse came down
The glory, that the wood receives,
At sunset, in its brazen leaves.

"Far upward in the mellow light
Rose the blue hills One cloud of white,
Around a far uplifted cone,
In the warm blush of evening shone;
An image of the silver lakes,
By which the Indian's soul awakes.

"But soon a funeral hymn was heard
Where the soft breath of evening stirred
The tall, gray forest; and a band
Of stern in heart, and strong in hand,
Came winding down beside the wave
To lay the red chief in his grave.

"They sang, that by his native bowers
He stood, in the last moon of flowers,
And thirty moons had not yet shed
Their glory on the warrior's head;
But, as the summer fruit decays,
So died he in those naked days.

"A dark cloak of the roebuck's skin
Covered the warrior, and within
Its heavy folds the weapons made
For the hard toils of war were laid;
The cuirass, woven of plaited reeds,
And the broad belt of shells and beads.

"Before, a dark haired virgin train
Chanted the death dirge of the slain;
Behind the long procession came
Of hoary men and chiefs of fame,
With heavy hearts, and eyes of grief,
Leading the war-horse of their chief.

"Stripped of his proud and martial dress,
Uncurbed, unreined, and riderless,
With darting eye, and nostril spread,

And heavy and impatient tread,
He came; and oft that eye so proud
Asked for his rider in the crowd.

"They buried the dark chief; they freed
Beside the grave his battle steed;
And swift an arrow cleaved its way
To his stern heart! one piercing neigh
Arose,—and, on the dead man's plain,
The rider grasps his steed again."

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE WEST.

BY A RAMBLER.



NOT more than fifty years ago, unbroken forests covered the broad regions which are now comprised in the boundaries of some of our most flourishing states. The changes which have given a totally different appearance to the western portion of this Union, have been no less rapid than wonderful. The prophecy of the poet, Campbell, who has made the name of sequestered Wyoming immortal, has already, in effect if not literally, been fulfilled.

"On Erie's stormy banks, where panthers steal along,

And the dread Indian chants a dismal song,
Where human fiends on midnight errands walk,
And bathe in blood the murderous tomahawk,—
There shall the flocks on thymy pastures stray,
And shepherds dance at summer's opening day.
Each wandering genius of the lonely glen
Shall start to view the glittering haunts of men;
And silent watch, on woodland heights around,
The village curfew, as it tolls profound."

Thus has the poet's dream of the future, become the reality of the present. Hideous Barbarism no longer holds her darkened sway o'er the broad and fertile regions bounded by the lakes, and watered by the Ohio and Mississippi,—she has dropped her iron sceptre, and fled abashed, before the advance of smiling civilization. The

wilderness now "blossoms as the rose," and the country which was once a Pandemonium, has become a Paradise. This truly wonderful change has been effected as if by magic. The son of the veteran pioneer, as he wonders at the spacious magnificence of some western city, may hear his father tell of the days, scarcely gone by, when the gloomy forests sighed over the spot on which are now reared the splendid structures of the growing metropolis of wealth and trade. The conception of the dream of Rip Van Winkle, would find an admirable application here. The sleeper might have sought repose beneath some venerable tree, waving in the midst of a thousand others, extending on every side, for as many miles, and on waking from his slumbers of a score of years, he would find himself surrounded by the bustle and enterprise of a growing city.

This rapidity of improvement, has given a peculiar appearance to the vicinities of many of our most flourishing western towns.

The city is frequently seen surrounded by the wilderness; and, as the great American novelist has said, a state of high civilization, infant existence, and portions of barbarity are often brought almost together. "The traveler, who has passed the night in an inn that would not disgrace the oldest country in Europe, may be compelled to dine in the shantee of a hunter; the smooth and graveled road sometimes ends in an impassible swamp; the spires of a town are often hid by the branches of a tangled forest, and the canal leads to a seemingly barren and useless mountain.

He that does not return to see what another year may bring forth, commonly bears away from these scenes, recollections that conduce to error."

Thus do nature and art strive for the supremacy. The landscape is diversified by villages teeming with life and enterprise, and surrounded by fields of ripening grain, while a little beyond, just at the place where the earth and sky seem to meet, the forest of a thousand years waves its stately tops in the breeze, unspoiled of a single tree which stood there a century ago. The hum of business rises from the midst of perpetual silence—unbroken solitude broods round the haunts of active life. The two extremes meeting, thus produce an effect as pleasing as it is novel. A striking instance of this singular collocation was presented to the writer, one beautiful summer morning, some years since, while sailing on Lake Erie, in one of those magnificent steamers, which ply on the vast chain of inland seas. I was seated on the hurricane deck, watching the swells as they rolled upon the shore of a long point of land, projecting out into the lake. Not a single dwelling was discernible upon the beach; a dark forest overhung the waters.

Suddenly the boat shot round the projecting land, and scarcely a moment elapsed before we were entering the mouth of a broad and beautiful bay, dotted with occasional green islands, and numerous sails. It extended to the west further than the eye could reach, and seemed large enough to afford anchorage for a fleet. Another moment elapsed, and as we gained the entrance of the bay, the spires of a beautiful town, situated upon a point, formed by the bay, and a cove receding to the east, were seen, glittering in the morning sun. The land on which the town is situated rises gently from the water's edge, to the distance of more than half a mile, and then stretches off, in a level plain to the east and south. The beauty of this view was as striking as it was unexpected. But a few moments before, the prospect had been bounded by the waters on the one hand, and by the forest on the other; now, we found ourselves in full view of Sandusky City, one of the most flourishing of western towns. The cheerful sounds of commercial enterprise were wafted across the waters; vessels coming to anchor, and spreading their sails for departure; wharves swarming with steamboats and other craft, and in the distance, along the shores of the bay, a train of cars leaving for the interior, all combined to heighten the contrast between the stirring scene, I saw before me, and the solitude which, a few moments previous, surrounded me. It was indeed a beautiful sight!

I shall never forget the expression of one of the "Fathers of the Town," who, when he first beheld the spot on which it is built, found it covered with the forest. Long after Sandusky had become flourishing and populous, the venerable citizen, surrounded by a cluster of friends, stood upon the elevated public grounds of the city, admiring the beauty of the scene, during a favorable season of the year. After gazing for some time in silence, he turned to his companions, and in momentary enthusiasm exclaimed, "We have the waters on the left hand, and the waters on the right; the blue waves of Erie are curling at our feet, and we are based upon the rock;—gentlemen, God Almighty made this town!" The old man spoke truly, for the west can boast of few lovelier spots.

After landing here, and remaining a few days, curiosity prompted me to pay a visit to the "Cold Springs," at the head of Cold Creek, a few miles distant from the place. This spring is remarkable from its size, and the singularity of its form and character. An immense body of water rising from one point out of the earth, has worn a reservoir, from which a large creek takes its rise. This reservoir, filled with water, almost as cold as ice, and clear as crystal, is of the shape of an inverted cone, of about eighty feet in depth, and sixty or seventy in diameter at the upper surface. The transparency of the fluid is such, that a pebble may be seen at the bottom of the spring, and to a person in a boat floating upon it, it seems as if he were resting in air. At a little distance beyond are valuable mill seats, where extensive mills have been erected. Near by, is the beautiful village of Castalia, so called from the pure and sparkling waters of the creek on which it is situated. This village stands on a spot rendered memorable by a tragical scene which happened there, in the summer of 1813. We will briefly relate the occurrence as it was told us, by one of the old settlers of the place.

The condition of the exposed settlements of Ohio and Michigan, after Hull's surrender, and prior to the restoration of security by the victories of General Harrison, is too well known to require detail. The whole western frontier lay exposed to savage massacre. The few who remained within reach of the tomahawk, were obliged to keep a constant watch over their families and dwellings, and to sleep upon their arms. In the summer of 1813, the Indians of nearly all the western tribes were unusually on the alert, and were constantly making incursions upon the white settlements. Among others, a party of Ottawa Indians, had been lurking about the head of Cold creek for several days, conceal-

ing themselves in the woods, and watching an occasion of attack upon the dwellings and females of the whites, while the men should be absent in the fields. The opportunity at length arrived, while the men were laboring in the cornfields, behind a hill which hid from their view the house, in which all the females of the settlement were assembled, according to custom, for greater security. The Indians, finding their prey within their grasp, stole from their hiding-places in the woods, entered the cabin in hasty silence, as if fearful of alarming the men,—secured the females,—plundered the house of every thing valuable, and then forced away the prisoners with all possible despatch. The captives were seven in number,—all females with the exception of two small children. On crossing the creek, the Indians, finding that one of the women was unable to travel with sufficient speed to suit their hasty retreat, murdered her, took her scalp, and left her body to be devoured by beasts. They were about killing the little boy of another of their captives, (a Mrs. Putnam) when she rushed forward, snatched him from the savage, and presented him to the chief of the band, saying,

"See,—he has Indian hair, and Indian eyes," (both being black) "I give him to you. The child of a pale face shall have a chief for his father."

The chief looked upon the mother for a moment, and then turned towards the boy, who, as if conscious of what was passing, returned his gaze with a smile. The heart of the savage relented. His stern features relaxed. He took the innocent in his arms, fondled him, and then placing him on his brawny shoulders, without speaking a word, he waved his hand to his warriors, to put up their tomahawks, and ordered and pursued their rapid retreat to the canoes. The route taken by the party lay through the deep and almost impassable morasses of Muscass, a point of land projecting into Sandusky Bay. Such was the haste of their retreat that several of the captives were on the point of yielding to fatigue, and they were only sustained in their perseverance, by a knowledge of the certainty of instant death should they falter.

At length, however, they reached the canoes, and crossed the bay in great precipitation, the Indians being fearful of pursuit from the whites. Landing upon a peninsula which forms the north-western boundary of the bay, they crossed, carrying their canoes to the mouth of Portage River, emptying into Lake Erie, and were soon again afloat for Detroit. They kept their canoes near the shores of the lake, and landing at night and kindling fires, the captors would give way to revelry, compelling their captives to join in the

war-dance. In this manner, the females were taken to Detroit, and from thence to the headquarters of the Indians. Here, they were detained in captivity.

Among the prisoners, were too young and beautiful girls. The eldest of these was the betrothed of a brave youth, who, at the time of her capture, was absent in the army which defended the frontiers. The soldier remained ignorant of the captivity of her who was to have become his bride. The men of the settlement, returning from the fields, found the dwelling in which they had left their families, plundered of its valuables, and deserted by its occupants. A vigorous search was instituted, but the mangled body of Mrs. Snow was the only trace that remained of the flight, and they were left in horrible uncertainty of the fate of the lost ones. Months rolled on, without relief to the captives, or tidings to those who remained at their desolated homes. The recital of their sufferings during this weary time would be superfluous, since so many similar instances are on record.

At length, however, relief came. The victory of the Thames under General Harrison restored security to the whole vast frontiers of the west. A portion of the army was disbanded, and the weary soldiers commenced their return to their homes. Among these was Woodruff, the betrothed of the captive girl. While at Detroit, he heard, for the first time of the fate which had befallen her. A desperate band was formed, and after a thousand adventures, the Indian camp was reached. Here a bloody encounter ensued, for the captors were unwilling to give up their prisoners, notwithstanding the recent cessation of hostilities. Victory declared in favor of the whites, who thus rescued their fair friends from bondage, and restored them to their families and their homes.

The above is an unvarnished account of facts, as they were related to me by one who had participated in the events of those dangerous times. I leave the imagination of my readers to fill the outline, for I have related but the sober truths of history, and the reality is of such a nature, as to scorn the useless decorations of romance.

The boy remained for many years among the tribe whose chief had adopted him as his son; but at length circumstances returned him to his friends.

A thriving orchard now grows upon the scene of the capture, and a crumbling chimney, scarcely rising above the low trees, marks the site of the cabin. But it is fast disappearing, and with it, is fading the remembrance of the sufferings undergone by the adventurers who laid the foundations of western prosperity.

CATHARINE BLOOMER.

OR, NEW AIMS IN LIFE.

BY MISS S. A. HUNT.

"But there is within the human mind an active and powerful principle, that awakens the dormant faculties, lights up the brain, and launches forth to gather up from the wide realm of nature, the very essence of what every human bosom pines for, when it aspires to a higher state of existence, and feels the insufficiency of this." MRS. ELLIS.

"LOUISA, are you almost ready?" asked a young lady, raising her eyes from the book she was reading, and glancing at her friend, who stood before the mirror of her dressing room, preparing to go out.

"I shall not be long, Catharine," was the reply, made in a sweet voice. "I'm afraid that book don't interest you much, for you look at me, yawn, then read a few moments, in regular rotation."

"Do I? Well, I don't know what I do, and what is worse, I can't find out what I want to do. I believe I have got that fashionable complaint, ennui; so I have called this afternoon to take you out walking in Broadway with me. That is the proper and fashionable remedy, is it not?"

"I believe it is in vogue; as for its propriety, I leave that to your own judgment."

"O, I do n't care for punctilious proprieties, if I can be amused by watching a thousand different countenances, and thus killing time, it is all I ask."

"It may be all you ask, but is it all you ought to ask?"

"No moralising, if you please, I came, that you might impart to me a little of your gaiety. So do n't be obstinate, and make me feel more doleful than I do at present."

"Have you any real cause for unhappiness, Kate?" Louisa inquired, turning round, and scanning closely the countenance of her friend.

"No cause, except what every one has, or might have. Every body thinks I am very happy; I have kind parents, wealth, and liberty to spend my time as I may choose. I have you, dear Louisa! yet my soul asks for something more. Will its cravings ever be satisfied?"

Louisa did not answer, but an expression of sadness went over her countenance. It was the first time Catharine Bloomer had ever, in the

slightest degree, given vent to her real feelings. The friends had generally been gay and cheerful in each other's society. Now the face of Catharine was touched with melancholy; her fine, proud features, were softened and subdued. She was silent for awhile, then arousing herself, she rose and approached her friend, saying in her usual careless tone, "Louisa, I really believe you are a little vain; I wonder how long you have stood before that glass, pulling your bonnet this way and that, to make it set straight, and look pretty."

"A singular kind of vanity," Louisa retorted, with a smile, "for I was scarcely conscious of what I was doing."

"You want me to believe that speech, do you, you vain little gipsy?" said Catharine, touching her chin, with an air of playful fondness.

"Yes, I want you to believe it, and I further desire you to retract your words, or we will surely have a duel."

"Suppose we have a duel then, by way of variety. Here is my gage," and stooping down, Catharine picked up a tiny satin slipper that was peeping from beneath the bureau.

"I accept your pledge, most noble knight," replied Louisa, seizing her slipper. After flinging it in a corner, she threw her arm around her companion's waist, and said as she led her from the room, "Now I am ready to go out in Broadway and fight, as becomes a valiant lady chevalier. But, Catharine, to be serious, do you think I am vain?" For a moment the young girl addressed was silent, her lips closed firmly in thought. Presently she answered with a frank decision,

"Yes, I think you are." After a moment's pause, she added, "You know we entered into a compact to tell each other our faults, when we noticed them."

"Yes," was the brief and somewhat cold reply. They gained the street, and walked about half a block without speaking. Louisa was slightly hurt, and the deep glow of mortification was

upon her cheek. But she was an affectionate girl, and loved her friend too well, to feel more than a momentary coldness towards her. She broke their unwonted silence, by pressing Catharine's hand, and saying, "Thank you, you are a true friend. Whenever you think I betray any vanity, tell me of it. I am sure I desire to get rid of all my faults."

"I know it. I should be a different person, perhaps, if my desires were as active as yours always are. I see my own faults, and the faults of my neighbors. But in regard to myself, I am indolent—careless. Give me enjoyment, and I suppose I am too indifferent whether my faults or virtues are called into action. You never tell me of my faults, Louisa, except the single one of sarcasm; I am sure I have a thousand more than you."

"Well, I think it is very hard to listen with patience and right feeling, to one who is pointing out our faults. Do you know, Kate, I was almost indignant, when I found you were in earnest about my vanity. It is so very agreeable to have your friends think you are just about right."

"Do you think so?" laughed her friend, shaking her head a little.

"Do n't you? Is praise and admiration disagreeable to you? I thought you were proud of your gifts. I have seen your eye flash with pleasure, when your mental superiority was felt, and acknowledged." Catharine answered by an impatient, "pshaw!" and thus the subject was dismissed. By this time they had reached the house of an acquaintance. Louisa paused, and laying her hand upon Catharine's arm, said, "suppose we give Mrs. Belcher a call, she would not like it, if she knew we passed her house without stopping in."

"Just as you please," returned Catharine, "I am perfectly indifferent."

"You are in a queer mood just now," Louisa replied, as they ascended the steps, not "very complimentary to Mrs. Belcher, I must say."

"I tell the truth, if I am not very complimentary. The society of Mrs. Belcher never adds one whit to my enjoyment; why should I be otherwise than indifferent? I wish society was so organized that we would never be obliged to say all sorts of pretty things about the weather, fashions, &c. to people for whom we do n't care a fig. It almost makes me sick to rattle on an hour or two about things in which I have no interest whatever. I would rather be alone. fifty times than with such people. I wish there was a little more independence in the world."

"*Sois tranquille, ma chère!*" said Louisa, touching the shoulder of her friend, on hearing a

hand on the knob of the door. They were speedily ushered into the elegantly furnished parlors of Mrs. Belcher, where they were left alone for a time.

"I feel very fluent this morning," playfully remarked Catharine, throwing herself on the sofa, "I presume you have observed it, friend Louisa. I could mount this sofa, at the shortest notice, and deliver an extempore lecture on the evils of visiting uncongenial acquaintances."

"Kate, you are too bad," returned Louisa, trying to suppress a smile. "I have a good long lecture to give you, and you shall have it, depend upon it. Now promise me you will be a good girl during this call, and not act as if you were perfectly unconscious of all that is said. Be a good listener. I do n't ask you to talk much. You appear like a different person, when you care to please, and when you do not."

"I promise any thing to please you. But, then, afterwards I shall argue with you, until you come over to my side of the question, and—"

"How?" interrupted Louisa. "Why this is my doctrine. I do n't approve of spending hours in visiting and receiving persons, who are the very antipodes of ourselves, in tastes, dispositions, and every thing else, that makes social intercourse delightful. Why can't we cut short such acquaintance, and mingle only with those more congenial. It would be better for us. I hate this vapid, fashionable society."

"You know we should not regard our own happiness entirely, in the company we go in."

"Yes, yes, I know that. But we confer very little happiness, where we are not happy ourselves."

"It is selfishness that prevents us from being glad that we can give pleasure to any one. You know if you should exert yourself, you could impart a great deal of pleasure, even to the class of people you speak of. Do n't yield to what you consider silly in them, only so far as you may, by this means, turn them your own way, to more sensible things."

"Can't take the trouble, Louise; it is out of the question. I can't stem the torrent, when it is so little worth stemming. So I fall in with it, or pass by."

The conversation was here interrupted by the entrance of Mrs. Belcher. "Ah! ladies, good morning! how are you?" she exclaimed, tripping lightly into the room. "Very happy to see you. Charming day, is it not? I intend to go out shopping before this fine weather is over. Can't you take off your hats, young ladies, and stay to dinner?"

The visitors politely excused themselves. "O, Stewart has got some of the sweetest muslins,"

the lady went on to say. "They are splendid for dresses. Have you seen them?"

"No, we have not!" answered both the girls.

"Well, I can't find out whether straw hats or silk are going to be worn most. Do you know, Miss Bloomer?"

"I really do not," the young lady replied, looking intently in Mrs. Belcher's face, and speaking in a slow, puzzled tone, as if her ignorance was cause for serious and thoughtful anxiety. Louisa bit her lip, to keep from smiling. Mrs. Belcher then turned to Miss Hollman and said, "My milliner says straw will be worn most, but I do n't like to run the risk of making a purchase on her assurance alone. What do you think?"

"I can't tell, I am sure. I have not thought much about it." There was a short pause, which Catharine broke, by saying, "Shall you leave the city early this summer, Mrs. Belcher?"

"I shall leave in July for the Springs. I should surely die if I were not there. I wonder who will lead the ton this year, I should like to know."

"Perhaps you will, Mrs. Belcher," suggested Catharine, gravely.

"O, no," replied the lady with a pleased smile. "I suppose I must be satisfied with having been the belle before I was married."

"Ah! were you ever the belle?" questioned Catharine in real astonishment, for she had not imagined the uninteresting face of the lady before her, had ever belonged to a bright, particular star.

"When such things are past, young ladies, we feel free to talk about them. Yes, I was the belle at Saratoga for several summers." No reply was made to this. Each of the visitors had intuitively decided in her own mind, that Mrs. Belcher had only been the belle of her own fair dreams. After a little more conversation the young ladies arose to go. "Well," said Mrs. Belcher, as they stood in the hall, "do n't you incline to think that straw hats will be worn most?"

"It is highly probable, they may," returned Louisa.

"Should n't you think they would, Miss Bloomer?"

"I think they will be worn a great deal."

"Then you would advise me to get straw, instead of silk."

"That is my advice," was the reply of Catharine, who thus hoped to bring the tantalizing discussion to an end.

"And what do you say?" the fashionable lady then appealed to Louisa.

"I say, be guided entirely by your own taste, Mrs. Belcher. I would rather not advise, in such matters."

"O, I never blame any body that advises me, let the consequences be what they may. So tell me your candid opinion."

"I must be excused. You will excuse me, wont you? We must go now! good morning."

The damsels hurried off, as if they expected every moment to be called back, in order to sit in judgment upon new bonnets.

"I'm positively nervous!" said Catharine, hurrying along the street with quick, impatient steps. "Do tell me, Louisa, what earthly good that call has done? I am sure you must agree with me now, that there is no use in visiting such harrasing people. I feel really fidgety after it. This is the last time I go there."

"I do n't think Mrs. Belcher would benefit any one, very much I must confess," replied Louisa. "And I will further say, I do n't think you would either, just now."

"Indeed, Miss Hollman! Very grateful."

"But Mrs. Belcher is an exception to the generality of people," Louisa said, after a brief smile at her friend's remark. "She rattles on at such a desperate rate, you can't say much, and whatever subject you may introduce, she dismisses it with the utmost nonchalance, if it does not suit her taste, and spins her own top again. She seems to possess a mind in which nothing will sink; you can only strike the surface, which sends every thing back with a rebound. Yet we know there are germs of goodness in her, as well as in other people."

"Of course, I suppose so," was Catharine's half indifferent reply.

"Still," pursued Louisa, "it must be our duty to keep within the sphere of the best people, unless we are sure we may not be influenced by others, more than we can influence. I am perfectly willing, and even desirous to lessen an intimacy with Mrs. Belcher, as far as we may, without exciting unpleasant feelings in her."

"Nonsense," returned Catharine, "it wont hurt her, if her indignation is a little roused. Her sphere, as you call it, and mine do n't agree, I can assure you. There are some persons, I always leave in a somewhat fretted state of mind, even if nothing has occurred, but what appeared perfectly pleasant. I am a great believer in spiritual affinities,—the tones of my heart don't harmonise with every one. I have often only had one good look at a person, and my feelings have gone forth in glad friendship, which has grown a thousand times warmer, on acquaintance. Again I have met a person daily for months, and have felt little more interest than if an article of furniture had fallen in my way. I act upon such impulses."

"That is not to say you act rightly. But

wait until we get home, free from the noise of these rattling carriages, then we will have a talk!" They quickened their pace.

"Catharine," said Louisa, seriously, when they were again seated in her dressing room. "You told me of a fault this morning; now let me tell you of one; and listen to me, without any bursts of impatience. You are very gifted, and you know it. You are brilliant—you joyfully pour out the riches of your mind, where you know you will be appreciated and admired. But those who cannot sympathise with you mentally, you treat with an indifference, which, in my opinion, springs from selfishness."

Catharine's proud lip curved at this charge. The impetuous blood rushed over her face, and retreated again, before she made her calm reply. "Why do you think it springs from selfishness?"

"Because you only try to please where you will win the meed of admiration from a superior mind. You never try to make a feeble heart lighter and stronger by your gifts."

"It is only a noble intellect that can arouse my slumbering powers—a weak one cannot bid its treasures flow forth. Perhaps you are right, perhaps I am selfish. I know I am. I am a strange being, I suppose," and Catharine's voice grew sad. "I sometimes feel as if my powers are bound in—as if I am nothing. It is only when I touch a chord in some gifted heart, that vibrates with a strangely joyful thrill, and tells me what I am—full of stifled, unsatisfied aspirations—of glorious thoughts, which seldom, too seldom meet an echo,—then I learn what I might have been, if placed in a congenial atmosphere; if suffered to commune with kindred and higher spirits. The society I go in chokes up both heart and mind; what wonder is it that I am, as I am? Day after day, this ceaseless monotony; when I taste the cup of mental joy, it is only to regret afterwards, that it was dashed away. My God! must it always be thus?" The young enthusiast paused; the glow of her cheek had deepened, and as she raised her eyes upward filled with the light of strong feeling, a hot tear fell; both were silent for a time, with upspringing thoughts busy at their hearts. Catharine went on more calmly: "I have sometimes wished that I was a gentle being, formed to soften—and bless—to be beloved by every one. I yearn for sympathy,—to be appreciated,—I ask for one deep draught of the joy of Heaven. And then again, a flood of bitterness, such passionate bitterness falls upon my soul. Intellect and feeling! Yes, they are called gifts, blessed gifts—what have they made life to me? What is life, but a tissue of pain and care, and crushed feeling? a bright spot so rarely seen. Am I as happy—"

The young girl stopped without finishing the sentence, and leaning forward, burst into a flood of passionate tears. The deep flush that had crossed her listener's cheek, while she was speaking, the tears that sprung to her eye, and the quiver of the lip she tried to render firm, showed that the words of Catharine had stirred up in her breast, feelings which once might have responded more quickly. Seating herself on a low stool at her friend's feet, she buried her face in her hands a moment, then raising it, she pleaded in her low, earnest voice.

"Catharine, oh! Catharine, for your own sake, do n't feel so. You do no tlook upon life as you should. You see all through your own perverted vision,—you are morbid in your feeling. You garner up a world of intense bitterness, and spend it upon your own aching heart. I have felt so, and sometimes, even now, that some fountain of bitter waters is unsealed, and I see only darkness around me, mirrored from the darkness within. But we must let our sympathies go out to others, and for others; we must not bring all to ourselves. We must look upward for the light—upward for ever, and the radiance of Heaven will not fail to be poured upon our spirits. With hearts made strong, by pure thoughts and sweet affections, we will go forward cheerfully, and steadfastly. We must not ask how much of joy will be poured into my bosom? But rather, how much of God's love may my heart shed abroad among my fellow creatures? whose sorrows may I sooth—whose joys increase! We should bless God for his gifts, and use them not selfishly, but gratefully, for all." When Louisa ceased speaking, Catharine clasped her hand tightly in her own, and kissing her cheek, said in a choked voice, "Bless you, my friend, I will try to look upward."

How sweetly those words fell upon the ear of Louisa; with what a thrill of mingled joy and sadness, she heard Catharine's softened sobs, and felt the frequent pressure of her hand, in token of gratitude for her gentle consolation. A vein of holier thought and feeling was touched in Catharine's heart; her bitter emotions she wept away, and from the altar of her inmost soul, there went up a prayer that she might no longer waste and turn into a curse, what the father of light had given her so bountifully in his infinite love. "What have I ever done to make one human being better or happier?" she asked sadly.

"You have made me happier, dearest," replied her companion, a tear trembling in her eye, and a smile breaking gently over her features. "Your better nature is active now. You will yet be all you are capable of being,—your influence will be exerted in their best and noblest of all charities;

the awakening of pure thoughts in slumbering hearts—the strengthening of faint resolves.”

“Ah! Louisa,” said Catharine, and her subdued face, suddenly lit up with an expression of flashing hope and joy. A smile with a volume of bright, unspoken meaning in it, parted her lips. “If I could but stir up in other hearts, the feelings you have stirred in mine; if in other hearts, I could but aid to stop the current of ungrateful bitterness, and wake the sweet emotions, that flow from higher and purer fountains,—if the influence of my soul could go forth as yours does, only to strengthen the tie that may bind us to heaven; but I am too hopeful; my own heart is yet an untamed wilderness, oh! will it ever be otherwise? I tremble for my weakness.”

“God is our refuge and strength,” replied the gentle Louisa. By this time the shadows of twilight had fallen; a haziness had breathed over the few golden clouds that lingered in the west, and the blue sky had taken a more dreamy tint. The young girls parted affectionately, with an assurance of soon meeting again.

“Ah! my dearest, how do you do?” cried Miss Hollman, flinging open the door of her friend’s apartment, and giving her a hearty greeting a few weeks after the foregoing conversation. “Well, it looks oddly enough, to see you busy over any thing but a book or something of the kind. What little girl is this?” she lowered her voice, and looked at a pretty child; who was deeply engaged in sewing on a dress for her own little person.

“My protégé,” replied Catharine smiling. “she is the daughter of our washerwoman, and I am sewing for her. Look at my forefinger! The way it is scratched, pronounces me a creditable seamstress, I’m sure.”

“Very,” said Louisa, laughing, “but tell me of this sudden freak. You used to say, you never would trouble yourself with sewing, unless you were obliged to do it.”

“I know it,” returned the new seamstress, shaking her head. “But I have made better resolves, and I intend to follow them out. I shall conquer my indolent habits. You set me to thinking the other day, Louisa, and I have made up my mind to live a life of usefulness. I may not pass out of the world without having performed my part. By employing my hands, and calling into exercise my best feelings, I hope to grow better and happier. You know, with me a thing is no sooner decided upon, than it is done, if possible. What do you think I am going to do now?”

“Educate that child?”

“Yes, don’t you approve the plan, she is a bright affectionate little thing, and her mother is

poor, to destitution.” Louisa threw her arm around Catharine’s neck, and gave her a heart warm kiss. “Do n’t give up my dear girl!” she said earnestly.

“Oh! no, I am happier now, than I have been in a long time. Every thing is sunny to me now. Rainbow tints touch all. A thousand blessings are showered upon me; how could I speak so bitterly when I have kind, affectionate friends. How much more I shall try to do for their happiness than I have done. If we would only do all the good accident throws in our way, how many beautiful spots we could look back to, in after years. But I am an enthusiast, Louisa; all comes to me so glowingly. My aims in life are fixed now, I hope. I have triumphed, but I have had many prayers, and tears, and struggles since I last saw you. It has been a hard thing for me to resolve to yield up my day dreams, my idle feelings, my talents, my all to better purposes, than my own amusement. But now, now it seems a sweeter thing to pour out my sympathies—to make others joyful—it is a blessed power. We do not realise what we are, the pure happiness we are capable of, until we feel thus. It seems so delightful to me, to be full of plans, eager and interested, like other people. I am as full of romance as ever, but I shall look on life, and weave around real incidents the charmed spell. I shall no longer fly from the common place, but I will breathe over it the poetry of kindly affections. I shall not selfishly avoid the society of all, but a chosen few. I shall observe and study; I shall do any thing,—every thing to wake up my mind from its lethargic dreams. I will keep a journal to watch over my wayward heart, and note down my resolutions and short comings. It shall benefit me by being my confessional, and it shall amuse me with its own unequalled pure romance. Now have n’t I as great a tact for creating sources of happiness, as I had a few weeks ago, the talent for discovering miseries? Oh! I shall yet be happy creature, and a good one too, I hope.”

Louisa listened to this gush of happy feeling, with a smile beaming from her blue eyes, and softening every feature. Never had the dear voice of Catharine sounded so sweetly musical. Her own experience, though brief, told her that clouds followed the joyful sunshine; but it also told her that those clouds would break again; and from the bosom of the Heavens a flood of yet purer light would descend, she sought not to damp the ardor of her friend, by reminding her of the changeful states of mind to which we are subject, the hours of stern conflict with feeling, and motives which we thought we had abandoned entirely. She had seldom seen Catharine’s strength

of character thoroughly roused, but it had sometimes flashed forth with a light, that assured her it could burn brightly and steadily, if principle, undying principle, were but there to feed the flame. Casting aside these reflections, for the present, she yielded with her friend, to that delicious freshness and childhood of the heart, which all must have felt for a time at least. She rummaged among the books on education, lying on Catharine's table, sometimes laughing and jesting about her new dignities, and again entering into a serious discussion. At last, to little Susy's great delight, she took her dress from her, and occupying her vacated seat, began to sew with a charming energy. When the protégé had Catharine's permission to disappear, Louisa said gaily, "Why, Kate, we are as happy as queens here, in our capacity of seamstresses. So you are really going to give that little bright eyed damsel a first rate education; going to take the whole charge of her! Is she very smart?"

"Yes, and generous and sweet tempered. I shall not waste any accomplishments on her, but I shall cultivate and strengthen her mind, and see that the best affections of her nature are called forth, as a matter of the first importance."

"Oh! you will make a bewitching teacher, you talk like a book. Who would have thought a wild, careless girl like you could speak so judiciously on such a subject?"

"Ah! indeed," said Catharine, with her hearty mischievous laugh, "these wild girls do n't get the credit of even being in their sober senses. I suppose my acquaintances will think I am daft as the Scotch say: Well, be it so! I can be laughed at, if it is distressing, but I can't be moved."

"We would be in a pretty bad plight, if we depended on the opinions of our friends entirely, instead of our own convictions of duty," remarked Louisa.

As weeks rolled on, Catharine was fretted, worried and tormented with little Susy, as only untrained children know how to fret, torment and worry. Hasty words sometimes sprung to her lip, but the strong, upright will came off conqueror in the end. She went into society with a different spirit.

"Such a delightful time we will have to-night," were the eager words that escaped her lips, as she and Louisa, were tripping along Broadway one afternoon, "we must not stay long at Mrs. Belcher's; I hope she is not very sick."

"Oh! I hope not," answered Louisa; then taking up the subject that most occupied her thoughts; she exclaimed in a lively tone, "I shall have just the kind of company you like, the talent and genius, and you shall be the star. I

won't have to coax you to be bright to-night, will I?"

"*Taisez vous!*" said Catharine with a laugh and a blush, "I don't like flattery. But here we are; now we must not stay long."

"No, indeed; a quarter of an hour, at most. I have oceans of business at home; but as Mrs. Belcher expressed a wish that we should call on her, I think we ought."

"Certainly, I think so too." In a few moments, the young girls stood by the sick bed of the fashionable lady. Her face was pale and thin, and wore the sad, thoughtful look, sickness and sorrow can give to the merriest or most inexpressive countenance.

"Ah! I am glad you have come," she said, extending her little white hands to the girls as they approached her; she smiled kindly as each, in turn, bent over her and kissed her. "Bring your chairs here close by me. I am so lonely. All my friends just send to the door to inquire after me. I knew you would not be careful to avoid a sick bed, so I sent for you. The greater part of the time I only see my nurse."

"We had not heard of your sickness before," said Louisa.

"I thought not."

"Is your husband out of the city?" Catharine inquired thoughtlessly; she had heard some vague rumors about Mr. Belcher, but had forgotten them.

"No, oh, no," was the brief reply, but in that tone, and in the expression that crossed Mrs. Belcher's face, the young girls read volumes. Her husband was a gambler, and his wife had learnt it but three weeks before, when he started suddenly for the South. Her kind hearted visitors stayed longer than they had intended; they felt that they had lightened the tedious hours of the invalid.

"We will come and see you often," said Catharine, tenderly.

"As often as you want us," Louisa added, with a sweet sad, smile.

"I can't bear to have you leave me, dear girls," Mrs. Belcher said, in a half pleading voice. "I do n't expect to sleep all this weary night. If one of you could only stay with me? But I should not ask it."

"I wish we could!" answered Louisa. Catharine was silent, her heart throbbled with sudden disappointment. She thought of the pleasure she had been anticipating. It came before her with glowing vividness, arrayed in the sunny warmth with which fancy prepares us for expected enjoyment. And then she thought of the kindness, by which she might sooth the neglected wife. There was a powerful struggle in her breast; the good triumphed. Speaking to Mrs. Belcher in rather

a low tone, she said, "Louisa expects a number of friends at her house to night. She of course cannot be excused, but I will stay with you, and read to you, or amuse you the best I can."

"Thank you!" exclaimed Mrs. Belcher gratefully, "but perhaps you intended to spend the evening at Louisa's?"

"I am going to spend it here now, at all events," Catharine replied, with her own peculiarly decided wilful smile.

"I wish it was convenient for me to stay too," said Louisa, as she pressed Mrs. Belcher's hand at parting. Then turning to her friend, who had approached the window, she said in an under tone, "Ah! Catharine, my pleasure is gone too. I shall think of you all the time; so lonely, and I will be where all is gaiety." The pitying drops actually started in Louisa's eyes. "March home as fast as you can go," said Catharine in the same low voice, leading her companion to the door, and dashing away a tear that came, in spite of a smile. "You unman me, you charming little baby. Just look here!" and she pointed to a crystal drop, that was rolling with "solemn gait and slow" down her cheek. Louisa disappeared, with a mischievous light chasing away her pathetic tears. Catharine moved around the invalid's bed, and deep, gentle affections came clustering about her heart. She felt happy in the consciousness of having done right; her half-pensive smile, and tender voice, was a balm to the wounded spirit of the sufferer. She led the conversation along gently to subjects most adapted to give consolation to the sick and sorrowful. Gradually and slowly she opened in Mrs. Belcher's

heart the good and tender feelings, so long hidden under the smile of prosperity, on the callousness of worldly cares and pleasures. With the coloring of her own sun-bright fancy she spoke of life and its objects. She cheered her desolate bosom, with hopes and thoughts of all that future, expansive life, we may all win by our labors here. And the weary sick one listened earnestly, as Catharine touched a chord in her breast no kind being had ever sought to touch before; she felt that she had friends here, and friends in the watchful angels—and a friend in our Father in Heaven. More hallowed sympathies were gently aroused—a more soothing sadness breathed over her spirit. Tears coursed slowly and silently down her pale face. With a gush of feeling, Catharine leaned forward, and folded her arms around her slender form, as if that might protect her from sorrow.—She pressed her lips upon her forehead, and her own warm, kind tears fell, and mingled with those of the invalid. The hope she had expressed to Louisa, had come to pass. In that lonely bosom, she had awakened to a sad, yet sweet music, the string that could vibrate to hopes, higher than those of earth. When morning bathed all in its welcome light, did that young girl regret her act of self-denial? Let those who have had a similar experience answer. To change the whole current of our thoughts and feelings, is not the work of a moment; yet there must be a time when that work must commence. With Mrs. Belcher it had just begun, and through the influence of Catharine and Louisa she became, in time, not brilliant nor gifted, but what all may become, gentle, upright and good.

MUSIC.

MUSIC in the sheltered glen!
Music in the wild wood!
Speaking to the thoughts of men,
To the heart of childhood:
Rung from flowers faintly fair,
Murmured o'er the meadow;
All throughout the quivering air
Blent with sheen and shadow.

When the morning stars rejoiced,
Music rolled among them;
Anthems full and deeply voiced,
Loving angels sung them,
Through the ocean, wild and strong,
Solemn sounds go sweeping,
All the scattered tones of song
From the storm-wind reaping.

Aye! but deeper music makes
Silver-tissued wooing,
When the soul from bondage breaks,
Sin and strife subduing:
Sweeter than the fountain sings
Through its mellow murmur;
Happier than the wood-bird sings
To the leaves in summer.

Make thy heart an instrument,
For such spirit-playing;
Acting with a true intent,
Trusting and obeying,
Pour thy love out, full and free,
Wasting not the treasure;
Then the soul of song shall be
Thine without a measure.

SCRAPS FROM MY NOTE BOOK.

A DAY AMONG THE ALPS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SKETCHES OF ITALY."



TOWARD the close of a warm spring day in the past year, I found myself seated at the window of a wretched cabaret in the abominably dirty little town of L'Hospital, on the St. Gothard.

Early in the morning I had started from Fluelen which lies at the southern extremity of the Lake of the Four Cantons. My route had led me through Altorf, the scene of Tell's great feat, where, if the positions occupied by himself and son are correctly marked by the fountains which stand upon the supposed localities; the distinguished Switzer shot upon that occasion with a very long bow indeed.

From this point to L'Hospital, the scenery becomes each moment wider and more impressive. The deep gorges through which the brawling torrents force their noisy way; the steep, bold mountain sides; the rich green slopes of the valleys, and the Glaciers and snow capped mountains combine to make the scenery upon this route as magnificent as any in Switzerland. The "Devil's Bridge" merits a detailed description both from the wild grandeur of its scenery, and the interesting historical associations connected with it.

After leaving the village of Wésen, the road soon plunges into the gloom of the savage defile of Schellinen. This narrow gorge is traversed by a pathway which is cut into the steep mountain side. The Reuss dashes along its rocky bed hundreds of feet below you, and the dark rocks, bare of verdure, save here and there a cluster of Alpine roses peeping out from an occasional fissure, rise bare and frowning above and around. The glad sunlight scarcely penetrates the dark ravine, and the hoarse roar of the swollen torrent alone breaks the stillness of a spot seemingly consecrated to the genius of desolation. By a series of winding terraces, you slowly overcome the difficult ascent—now skirting the very edge of the precipice—now crossing the path of some recent avalanche, and now plunging into the darkness of a long tunnel cut through the heart of some gigantic rock. Thus toiling on with

weary footsteps and a heart oppressed by the stern character of the scenery around, you at length turn a projecting ledge, and the thunder of a cataract startles your ear, and, just before you, the single arch of the Devil's Bridge spans the foaming torrent.

It is not in the crowded thoroughfares of a great city—not amid the conflict of human interests, and the rush of a busy multitude from which looks out no familiar face, that man most feels his insignificance; but in such a spot as this, where the grandeur of the material world surrounds him, and he shrinks awed and abashed before the majesty of nature. The spot is one of savage wildness. From the bed of the stream the rocks rise smooth and perpendicular to a height of four hundred and fifty feet. The hardy lichens alone have found soil enough for their scanty vegetation. The steep slopes of the opposite mountains have been stripped of their trees by the frequent avalanches which have swept down their sides, and the eye, weary of desolation, finds nothing on which it can rest with pleasure, but the blue sky that hangs tent-like over this wild glen. The Reuss pouring down from its glacier-home, writhes in countless whirlpools and swift eddys, until seemingly weary of its rough channel, it leaps over the obstructing rocks, and flings its turbid waters into the bosom of the ravine below. The Bridge, though stoutly built of stone, seems to *shake* with the fierce concussion. The spray dashes over its parapets and clings to the trembling traveler, who gazes fearfully into the "hell of waters" which is raging beneath him.

The impression which these things produce, is deepened by the historical associations connected with the spot.

It has been a *battle-field*. The narrow ledge of road has been contested inch by inch. The old bridge which once spanned the river where he stands, was a scene of bloodiest conflict—and when crowded with soldiers, was blown up, and its ruins, with the mangled bodies of its possessors, were swept away by the fierce torrent. I have stood on many a famous battle-field, but never saw I one so strange as this. Could Sal-

vator Rosa have been a spectator of that bloody conflict between the French and Austrians in the campaign of 1799, what a subject it would have presented for his pencil!—a scene in consonance with his own wild genius, and worthy his immortal canvass!

From this spot the road passes through the gloomy tunnel of Unerloch, and emerges into the wide valley of Unseren, which spreads out, green and beautiful, in delightful contrast with the gorge of Schellinen. Traversing this, and passing through Andermatt, we soon reached our starting point in this tour of retrospection, the village of L'Hospital, where, if it please you, we will light our segar, and join the group which has gathered at the door of the "Golden Lion."

"We shall have a rough time to-morrow," exclaimed one of my companions, as I approached the party; "Anderson has just come down the Furca, and reports the summit of the pass to be covered with snow."

This intelligence was by no means agreeable, for however pleasant it may be for the imaginary tourist who sits in his snug parlor at home, to traverse in fancy these snow covered Passes, and leaning back lazily in his well stuffed chair, dream over the romance of Swiss travel; my experience of the *actual*, had taught me the wide difference between it and the *ideal*, and my exclamation of impatience testified to the disagreeable nature of the news.

"Yes," said Anderson, "we had several miles of very hard work. The snow is fresh and the tracks are nearly obliterated. How far do you mean to go to-morrow?"

"To the Hospice of the Grimsel," was the reply.

"Well, you must make an early start, or you may have to pass the night upon the Mayenwand. We have been since breakfast walking from the Rhone Glacier, and you know that is just about half way, and hard work we had, by the by, to cross the Rhone, for the snows are melting above, and the river fills the valley. Our guide, in jumping from one of the rocks, fell in, and Frank and myself richly earned a medal from the Humane Society for our exertions in getting him out."

"Well, sufficient for the day is the evil thereof," was the careless answer; "who is for a stroll?"

The party started up the valley, and while they pursue their walk, I may as well give the reader some idea of the geography of to-morrow's tramp. In order to reach the Hospice of the Grimsel, it was necessary to cross the Pass of the Furca, traverse the Rhone Glacier, ascend the Mayenwand, and toil over the rugged sum-

mit of the Grimsel. We were *en route* for the Giesback Falls and Interlachen, and the Hospice was simply one of the termini of a day's walk. The Inn, or "Hospice," as it is usually called, is a very rough but strongly built edifice of stone. It was originally intended as a refuge for the traders who pass from Hasli to the Vallais, but it is now greatly frequented by travelers, sometimes to the number of ninety in a single day. Its situation, says Murray, is as dreary as can be conceived. Lying in a rocky hollow about a thousand feet below the summit of the Pass, surrounded by soaring peaks and steep precipices. The rocks around are bare and broken, scarcely varied by patches of snow which never melts even in mid-summer, and by strips of grass and moss, upon which the goats eagerly browse. During the winter, the Hospice is tenanted by a single servant, who is provisioned for his period of banishment, and keeps with him two Alpine mastiffs to detect the approach of the occasional traders, who, even at that season, penetrate into the valley. The landscape is worthy of Spitzbergen or Nova Zembla. The Hospice has, upon two occasions, been overwhelmed and crushed by avalanches, and although rebuilt in a very substantial manner, it occupies the same locality and is constantly liable to a like casualty.

I have now, my good sir, or madam, given you some idea of to-morrow's walk, and, so paved the way for a sketch of "A Day among the Alps," which shall be sufficiently detailed to give you some idea of the troubles and dangers to which the tourist in the magnificent "Switzerland" is frequently exposed.

The morning of the 23d of June dawned clear, cold and bright, and about the time the sun had thoroughly washed his face in the mists that formed the curtains of his bed chamber, our merry party gathered around a well supplied table in the back parlor of the "Lion," and did ample justice to all the delicacies of a Swiss breakfast. We had honey as clear as crystal—chamois meat nicely roasted—capital cheese, a *little* strong both in smell and flavor, but one soon gets used to that—trout fresh from the mountain stream—some very passable "vin ordinaire," and to crown all, voracious appetites. "Our lot" to adopt the phrase of Grinder in the "Curiosity Shop," consisted of five Americans and one Spaniard, as fine a fellow, by the way, as ever sat down to chamois and trout in the village of L'Hospital. Breakfast despatched, and our flasks filled with cognac, we mustered in the street, buttoned our overcoats up to the chin, and mounted the queer looking beasts, half

horse and half mule, which were to take us up to the summit of the Furca. The first few miles of our route passed along the bank of a quiet little stream, and through the midst of a rich pastoral valley, and we worked off some of our extra exhilaration of spirits in races over the smooth sward. Soon, however, the road began to ascend, and the business of the day commenced in earnest. Along the face of a steep mountain, some 3000 feet high, wound a narrow bridle-path, scarce wide enough for a single mule. Upon one side rose the dark rocks, bald and abrupt; on the other, the eye glanced fearfully down a swift slope of some eight hundred feet to the far bed of a torrent, which growled through the ravine below. The soil of the mountain side was loose and crumbling, and each instant the stones, displaced by the horses' feet, would go whirling down into the stream; suggesting to the mind of the traveler, thus perched in mid air, highly curious speculations about the velocity with which he would be apt to accomplish the descent himself, should an incautious step precipitate horse and rider from the uncertain path. Although accidents of this sort do not very often occur, owing to the wonderful sagacity of the mountain horses, yet it is well to be watchful and guarded; and one is very apt to lean far over in his saddle toward the mountain side, and to sit with his feet loosely in the stirrups, ready to tumble himself off *up-hill*, should accident precipitate his beast down.

The horses which are used for this description of travel, are small, stoutly built, and very rough in appearance. Their sagacity is wonderful, and at every spot of peculiar peril, it is advisable to trust wholly to the instinct of the beast you ride, and laying the reins quietly on his neck, derive consolation in your hour of peril from the prudent manner of his progress. With nose close to the ground—ears laid back—eyes intent upon the path before him, he stretches out his foot and feels every inch of ground, before he ventures on it with his whole weight. It is a very serious process, independent of the interest which our connection with it forces you to feel, and as you sit loosely in your saddle, ready for a jump, you eyeing the path before you, and now glancing down the steep precipice along whose crumbling edge you are skirting; you will find yourself, if timid or religious, murmuring a quiet prayer, or excited by the novelty of the danger and poetic your memories, you will call to mind the beautiful sketch which Rogers has given of kindred scenes, as the beast on whose sagacity your depends creeps along;

running the loose stone on the precipice,
 feeling suspicious—while with sight—smell—touch—

Trying—detecting where the surface smiled;
 And with deliberate courage sliding down
 Where on his sledge the Laplander had turned
 With looks aghast."

These animals are used to convey packages of merchandise across the mountains, and as these are liable to strike the projecting rocks, which rise upon one side of the narrow pathway, they have acquired a habit of walking upon the very edge of the precipice so as to prevent this collision; and thus the danger seems magnified to the eye of the inexperienced traveler.

In this manner we slowly ascended the Pass. The road was in wretched condition. The mountain side had not long before been swept by an avalanche, and the "debris" which it had started in its progress, had fallen in the path and greatly obstructed it. Another form of danger was to be encountered in crossing the many chasms or gulleys which occurred along the route. These are sometimes one or two hundred feet deep and very wide. During the winter they are filled with snow up to the level of the mountain side. As the spring advances the snow slowly melts, the water from above percolates the mass, and winding through, it issues forth at the base of the mountain, and, gradually, the snow beneath the surface is worn away, leaving an arch or bridge of varying thickness spanning the gulf. In crossing these, great caution is necessary. The Guides go before, and sound the snow with their long iron shod poles—the cavalcade then slowly advances—the mules following strictly in the steps of their leader. In crossing one of these frail bridges, just as my horse put out his foot to touch the firm ground, and I was chuckling at having got over so well, his hind legs sank through the yielding mass up to the body, making an angle of inclination very unpleasant to his rider, who speedily tumbled himself off, and rolled to a respectful distance. Finding that the snow did not seem to yield any more, and that the beast was stuck fast; we went to work and extricated him from his disagreeable position, and the rest of the party found a safer passage higher up the mountain.

When we reached the summit of the Furca, we found the whole mountain covered with snow. The prediction of our friend Anderson was about to be realised. The snow was fresh and soft, and the horses sank so deeply and toiled along so painfully, that we were forced to dismount and send them back somewhat earlier than we had intended.

Shouldering our knapsacks, and grasping our alpenstocks, we continued our route, and the next hour and a half brought little to interest either ourselves or the reader. We had snow around us

and beneath us—at each step we sank deeply in the soft slush, and as it soon penetrated our boot-tops, we had to toil on with our feet wet and half frozen.

Our slow and disagreeable progress at length brought us in view of the great Glacier of the Rhone. This mountain of ice fills the deep gorge between the Furca and the Mayenwand, and from its base far down in the green valley, the turbid waters of the Rhone first start forth on their long journey to the Mediterranean sea. Imagine the floods of Niagara, pouring from the crest of a mountain eight thousand feet above the level of the ocean—the huge waves rushing down a rough descent of a thousand feet at an angle of 45° between two precipitous mountains, whose garniture of pine and fir stretch down to the very brink of the foaming waters; and then at a moment of wildest commotion, when the curling billows are dashing highest to heaven, and the dense columns of mist rise loftiest from the deep abyss, fancy that, clear above the thunder of the cataract, the chaotic waters heard a voice of power which said to them “*be still*,” and instantly the descending mass hardened into ice—the waves arrested in their mid descent flash back the sunlight from shining surfaces of every wild, irregular shape, that fancy can conceive of: the pillars of mist, glittering and sharp, cut the air with their delicate outline, and the roar of the headlong flood, sinks into awful stillness. Fancy this, and you may have some faint idea of the Rhone Glacier.

After a short sojourn at the rude chalet which lies at the base of the mountain, we started up the Mayenwand. The ascent is very rapid, and the rocks are occasionally hard either to get round or get over. Ere we had fairly got under weigh, it began to rain, and, for an half hour, it came down in torrents. This of course greatly retarded our progress, as the path soon became very heavy and slippery. By the time, however, that we reached the snow line, the rain ceased and we were favored with a change of weather. The shower had been a donation from a passing cloud, which was sailing down the valley just over our heads. When we stood upon the broad table land which stretches from the summit of the Mayenwand to the edge of the Grimsel, the heavy clouds which were banked up before us gave token of their kind intentions by an occasional flake of the purest white, which, as we advanced, came faster and thicker, and we were soon in the midst of the severest snow storm which I ever encountered on the Alps.

The tract of land over which we were passing, was very much broken by projecting rocks, steep slopes and gulleys. It is covered at all seasons

of the year with snow, and as the path is tortuous and somewhat dangerous, as you approach the descent of the Grimsel, lofty poles with red streamers are planted at intervals to mark out the path. The great utility of these signal staffs we were about to test. The snow fell so thickly that we could scarcely see one another at a distance of three or four rods, and the cold wind which swept round the rocks and through the clefts of the mountain, forced us to draw our caps over our faces, and struggle on with our heads bent down half frozen and well nigh blinded. To increase our perplexity, we found that the guides were in doubt about the path—the tracks were all filled with snow, and, unable in the height of the storm to find any of the poles, they were fairly lost. Our situation was now sufficiently romantic to satisfy the most fastidious.

On the summit of a bleak mountain—eight thousand feet in the air—miles of snow before us ere we could attain the sheltering Hospice—a fearful storm raging around us—the path lost, and each onward step fraught with danger. We were truly in a nice “fix.”

After consultation, it was agreed that one guide should go upon a voyage of discovery, and the other should remain with the party until the track was found.

As standing still, under the circumstances was about as unpleasant as going ahead was dangerous. I determined to join my good friend “John” with whom I had previously seen some trouble of a similar kind; and trust myself to his skill in the present emergency. With our alpenstocks pushed ahead, we felt our way rather than saw it, and ere long the voices of our comrades died away, and John and I, were left alone in our glory! For about half an hour we pushed along, making all sorts of turns and detours, so that I soon lost all idea of the position of my party as well as my own. I was trotting along just behind the guide, with my head bent down, and my eyes intent upon his heavy boots, as he alternately jerked them up from the deep snow, and thinking to myself whether Swiss travel was indeed as pleasant a thing as it was cracked up to be: when the boots suddenly turned a sharp corner, and, as I raised my head to try and get a glimpse of their owner, bang, came my hump of causality into contact with a projecting rock—a fierce gust swept a snow drift full in my face—my cap went up in the air, and my body went down a steep slope head over heels, some ten feet into a peculiarly soft bed which seemed to have been made up in view of just such a catastrophe.

When I had clambered out of the gully, shaken myself well, and found my cap, I made some remarks to John about the “imminent deadly

breach" into which I had tumbled. As no answer was vouchsafed, I looked about for the boots—they had vanished—their owner, unconscious of my accident, which had occurred suddenly and without any noise, had quietly plodded ahead, and was now entirely out of sight! I tried a quiet "hillo, John!—hold on for me"—no answer—then came a succession of "hillos" and "Johns," rising higher and higher in the chromatic scale, until I got too hoarse to bawl, and stopped to think. It was high time to think. I was in a combination of "fixes." In what Mrs. Malaprop, would call a "parlous" state. What was I to do? Go back? I did not know how—follow John? I could not—the drift which upset me had obliterated the tracks of those blessed boots which were as guiding stars in my hour of trouble—stand still? No, I thank you. It was rather too cold for that. The result of the council was a determination to push ahead at any risk. My position was about as unpleasant as it could well be, so on I went. My progress for some time was exceedingly cautious; the mountain horses could not have been more careful; and I gave out an occasional shout, partly for fun, and partly because, to be honest my dear reader, I was becoming very anxious to hear the sound of a responding voice. Before I had gone very far, the wide field of snow was diversified by something dark which I could not exactly make out until I stood beside it, and I then found myself on the edge of a Lake, not very large but very unpleasant looking. I remembered that I had heard the guides talking of a body of water on the summit of the Pass, which the peasants called the "Lake of the Dead." I cannot say I admired their taste in choosing a name. It had a very disagreeable sound to my ear. I turned away from its dark waters and, a few rods farther on, found a large rock which jutted out to some distance, and made a snug little cavern beneath which the snow had not wholly penetrated. Into this, after trying the efficacy of a farewell shout in my very best style, I crept, and stretching myself upon the muddy floor, with the water trickling down from the cracks above, I prepared to make myself as comfortable as possible.

The first thing which prudence and experience suggested, was to slip off my canteen, and take a long pull at the "cognac—"

I was thoroughly soaked between snow and rain, and my quarters were rather damp, so I took the creature, *medicinally* of course. This duty to my health honestly discharged, I composed myself for a little more cogitation, and to that end I took out my tinder box and lighted a segar; for it is a settled principle in my philosophy, that smoking is an aid to thinking.

I have great faith in the weed. If I have hard study before me, I put a segar in my mouth—if I desire to dash off an article for "maga," I smoke—if I have just parted with a sweet girl whose bright smiles and gentle words have so charmed the flying hours that the "iron tongue of time" tolls midnight, ere the silver tinkle of the tea bell has died away in mine ear, I go to my quiet room, and the blue smoke of my segar is as a magic mirror wherein I see how the swift hours flew so unheeded by?—If I am in trouble—if a friend has proved false—if evil tongues have done me wrong—if the Future looks dark to the eye of despondency, and the cares of life load down the wings of the Present; then with each "puff" comes up a fragment of philosophy, and the fire of my segar shines out from its shrine of ashes like a bright star in an unkindly heaven.

Oh believe me, there is much virtue in a good segar; high intellectual enjoyment in a genuine Havana. It clears the head—it fires the fancy—it soothes the spirits—it puts a man in a good humor with himself, and makes him charitable to all the world besides—in fine it is—"The D——! why John is that you?" was the sudden exclamation which interrupted my reverie, as the figure of a man passed before the entrance of my retreat, and springing out, I saluted with intense satisfaction, the worthy wearer of the boots. The honest fellow had been prevented by the wind from hearing my shouts, and had gone on for some distance without missing me. When I showed him the Lake of the Dead, he was at home again, and leaving me, before long he collected the rest of the party, and in much better spirits we started once more one after another in Indian file, each man's eyes steadily fixed upon the pedal extremities of his leader. In about three quarters of an hour we reached the edge of the descent, and far down in the rocky valley beneath us, lay the Hospice of the Grimsel. The violence of the storm had somewhat abated, and we could just make out the dark mass of the refuge, in whose sheltering walls we so heartily wished ourselves.

But although we could see it, we were by no means in it. Our party was collected upon the crest of a mountain which shelved down with a rapid slope of over a thousand feet to the bed of a stream, which ran between its base and the Hospice. The ordinary descent was by a series of zigzags, which wound gradually and by an easy path into the valley. The large quantity of snow which had recently fallen, however, had filled up the road, and the whole side of the mountain presented a uniform appearance, smooth, white and glittering.

We looked at each other—at the snow, and at

the Hospice: how were we to reach it? The guides suggested that we must *slide down*. Now I knew from the experience of my school-days, that sliding was fine fun—most excellent sport—I had done a good deal of it in my time, and the swift descent of "Pleasant Street," or "Court House" hill, was all well enough; but the idea of a slide of a thousand feet down the face of an abrupt mountain, was another thing altogether. However, the Guide said it was nothing, and as the Hospice was certainly at the bottom, why it was *nothing—in comparison*.

The Guide sighted down the hill, chose his starting point, and seated himself just on the edge of the descent. I sat down, drew my mackintosh around me, stuck my legs straight out—fixed my alpenstock under one arm somewhat in a style of a rudder, and nodding a good-bye to the fellows who stood watching the experiment, slid myself over the crest of the mountain. For the first minute or two, I shot ahead pleasantly enough. I got into the spirit of the thing—all idea of danger vanished and romance got the better of reality. As I acquired momentum I flew ahead like an arrow—the speed of a locomotive was nothing to my progress—like lightning I slid over the smooth snow—when about half way down I saw John turn partly round, and gesticulate violently toward the left, and I could indistinctly hear him shout something in which the words "*a gauche*," "*a gauche*," were alone audible. In the midst of his warning he came into violent contact with something beneath the surface, and bouncing up into the air, he rolled down the balance of the descent like a barrel. Sticking my foot deeply in the snow, and pressing in my alpenstock, I endeavored to change my direction, but it was too late. In a moment after I struck a ridge of rock which ran across the face of the mountain, and felt myself hurled up into the air. When I recovered, I was rolling head over heels down the mountain, and I soon brought up in a snow bank in which I was half smothered. After shaking myself I found that I had escaped a frightful danger. We had started too far to the right, *and in my precipitate descent, I had just grazed the edge of a precipice of some two hundred feet. A foot or two more, and I should have been hurled upon the sharp rocks which jutted up from the rushing waters of the torrent below!*

When I recovered from the shock of my perilous descent, I seated myself in the snow, and watched the movements of my companions—my friend the Spaniard, to whom I have before alluded, adopted my mode of transit. He was very near sighted, and without his spectacles which he constantly wore, could scarcely see six

inches from the end of his nose. In addition to his specs, he carried in the breast pocket of his coat, an opera glass which he used to survey objects at any distance. Hardly had he got fairly under weigh, before he became alarmed at the rapidity of his progress, and I could see him digging his hands and feet into the snow in order to retard it. His efforts were vain, and ere long he was astounded by sudden contact with the ridge which I had struck; and as he bounded up his specs dropped off, the opera glass flew out of his pocket, and he performed the remainder of the descent in a highly curious manner—now with his heels uppermost—now his head, and then rolling over and over, with constantly increasing velocity until he plunged head foremost into the snow bank, as though it were a house of refuge, and I could hear him giving vent to his horror in a series of exclamations in French, broken by gaspings for breath, and pathetic inquiries as to his whereabouts, so droll that I rolled over in the snow perfectly convulsed with laughter.

When I turned to comfort him, he had commenced crawling up the mountain on his hands and knees in vain search for opera glass and spectacles, talking energetically to himself all the time.

Knowing that in his blindness he would never succeed in finding his lost treasures, I mounted and recovered them for him.

The rest of the party came down the mountain in a more cautious manner. Standing upright, and leaning heavily upon their alpenstocks which they trailed behind them, they were able to slide down at a less rapid rate.

The ridge alluded to, however, generally wrecked them, and a series of ground and lofty tumbling wound up the descent.

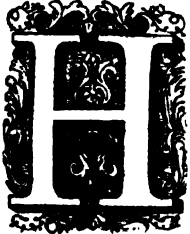
Altogether it was a scene so fraught with danger, novelty, excitement and fun, that I shall never forget it. Mustering at the foot of the mountain we passed over the Aar by jumping from rock to rock, and entered the welcome Hospice as thoroughly soaked and fagged out with our tramp of about thirty miles, as we could well be. After bathing from head to foot in brandy, and taking an hour's nap between blankets, we gathered about seven in the evening around the dinner table, with excellent appetites and capital spirits, and in discussion of the good things provided for us, soon forgot the perplexities and troubles of our "*Day among the Alps*."

J. M. H.

Baltimore, Md.

The Alpenstock to which reference is made in the above article, is a pole of stout wood, surmounted with a chamois horn, and heavily shod with pointed iron—it is of great service in getting over the ice, and is a constant companion of the Swiss pedestrian.

EDITOR'S TABLE.



HIRAM POWERS, THE SCULPTOR.—In the National Intelligencer of May 1st, is a letter, which was addressed by J. MORRISON HARRIS, Esq. of Baltimore, to the Hon. John P. Kennedy, during the late session of the National Legislature, asking him to call the attention of Congress to the claims of the distinguished Sculptor, whose name stands at the head of this paragraph. The occasion of writing the letter, was a movement in the Senate in reference to an equestrian statue of Washington, which Persico, an Italian artist, had proposed to erect, and for which he had furnished a model. Mr. H. objects to Persico's receiving a commission from Congress to execute a national work, on the ground of his being an Italian, while we have a native born artist fully his equal, and who should be employed in preference. He then sets forth the following facts and opinions in regard to Powers, which every American will read with interest :—

"One of the greatest pleasures which the American traveler in Italy can enjoy is to visit the studios and study the works of our own artists. His emotions of pride and gratification are great when he finds that forms of beauty have sprung into existence beneath the chisels of his fellow-countrymen, which so warmly challenge his admiration, even after his standard of excellence in the art has been formed by an inspection of the great works which are found in the galleries of the Vatican, the Museo Borbonico, and the Uffizi. In that land, where "at each step he treads upon empire's dust," the traveler learns to look for all excellence and beauty into the past; the glory of the antique world is written upon column, capital, and fane, and the great works of art, which appeal most strongly to his heart, are all relics of the elder time. This feeling induces the belief that modern art can produce nothing excellent, and the compliment to the artist is consequently greater when this idea is dissipated by men who, coming from a land where the arts are comparatively unknown, have produced such evidences of unquestionable genius.

"The reputation of nearly all of the American artists now in Italy is high—both painters and sculptors—and at the head of those who have devoted themselves to the latter art stands HIRAM POWERS.

"I will not weary you by alluding to the events of his early life. His career in Cincinnati gave frequent proof at once of his genius and his energy, and a review of it would be strikingly illustrative of his character, but I prefer to pass at once to some proof of his high reputation in Italy.

I could not, perhaps, better show the high estimation in which he is held by eminent judges there than by extracting briefly from a very favorable review of him which appeared in the October number for 1840.

of the "Giornale Arcadico," published in Florence. This article is from the pen of Professor MIGLIARINI, of the Grand Ducal Gallery, who is one of the most learned archeologists of the day. It commences with a sketch of the celebrated LYSIPPUS, who, without the benefit of a master's instructions, attained so high a reputation as to be admitted into the distinguished trio who alone were deemed worthy to perpetuate the likeness of Alexander the Great. The three were APOLLO in painting; PRIGOTELES in intaglios; and LYSIPPUS in bronze statues.

"By the side of this great artist M. MIGLIARINI places POWERS; and then proceeds to speak of his accidental acquaintance with some one in Cincinnati who taught him how to take a cast in clay; and says :

"Eagerly to endeavor to imitate the works of this individual; then to make an attempt from life, first with a view to equal, and then to surpass what he had seen; finally, to succeed in making beautiful likenesses, such certainly as he had seen no example of before: all this was so rapidly accomplished that it is not easy to relate the steps of the progress, so swift was his flight, borne on the pinions of a happy genius.

"If this artist, urged by native inclination, had succeeded in imitating nature servilely, though with exactness, it would not have been matter of great astonishment. But at the very first glance Mr. Powers rose to the just conception of a kind of representation *which should contain in union with all the characteristic parts, the natural and expressive spirit of each individual.* He has dedicated himself to the preservation of the whole character, while at the same time he imitates the porosities and habitual wrinkles of the skin, so that he might be called the *Donner of Sculpture.* Such a union of rare capacities becomes *marvellous* in one who could have no previous knowledge of the labors of the Greeks, nor of the works of Donatello, of Mino di Fiesole, and Gamberelli."

"The learned critic then goes on to compare the busts of POWERS for truthfulness and perfect finish to the paintings of APOLLO; and, after noticing an objection which had been urged by some, that although our artist might make a fine *bust*, yet he would not produce good full lengths, he concludes thus :

"He who has been able to make such progress without a master, will easily achieve whatever is yet wanting now that he is placed in a situation more favorable to his progress. Wherever there is the gift of a happy genius, joined with assiduity and a passion for the chosen art, together with the modesty necessary to a constant search after improvement, there it is safe to predict a complete and easy success."

"In speaking of this article, our distinguished Minister at the Court of St. James, himself a judge whose opinions are entitled to great weight, remarks :

"This praise of M. Migliarini is evidently

bestowed in good faith and with good will. It is not only the language of a panegyrist, but is framed with care to avoid shocking national partialities and wounding the sensibility of eminent contemporaries among his own countrymen. He weighs every word in the golden scales of learned criticism, and yet not only institutes an elaborate comparison between Mr. Powers's case and that of Lysippus, but justly states that the case of our countryman in attaining such excellence not only without a master, properly so called, but without the advantage of a general contemplation of works of art, *is without a parallel.*

"Language like this from such as Professor MICLIARINI and EDWARD EVERETT is of high value, and the thousands of English, Italians, and Americans who, since the period alluded to by these gentlemen, have thronged the studio and torn themselves away with so much regret from the works of HIRAM POWERS, will warmly approve the sentiment and echo the eulogy of the passage I have quoted.

"Since 1840, however, our artist has passed with the stride of a giant into another and higher department of his profession. Then he was praised for the perfection of his *busts*, and his success as a maker of full-length figures was matter of *prediction*. Now he has achieved in this branch of his art a reputation even higher than he had won in the other. *He is in every sense a sculptor, and I hazard nothing in saying that no contemporary artist in Italy, whether English, American, or to the manner born, is his superior.*"

The writer of this communication, (the same with our correspondent who furnished the admirable "Sketches of Italy," which appeared in our February and March numbers,) then gives a glowing description of Powers's two most elaborate works—*Eve and the Greek slave*—(For an account of which, see the article in our February number, just referred to,) and concludes by strongly urging his claims upon the attention of his countrymen, and upon Congress. "It is not," he says, "for the sake of the money to be earned that the friends of this artist pray for him this commission. He is no beggar for this or any other favor at the hands of Congress. His reputation secures his perfect independence. But the commission is asked in order that one of the first artists of the age may have an opportunity of giving to the nation a work which will reflect honor upon it as on him; that one of the warmest and truest Americans that ever lived may bring the fire of his fancy, the magic skill of his chisel, and all the energies of his nature, to the execution of a great work for his country."

We trust that this appeal will not be without some good result. It is said that genius is universal,—or rather, that genius speaks a language that comes home with equal force to all hearts in all nations; that it creates beautiful forms that appeal with like power to the sense of the beautiful in all minds. We think that this doctrine is not true in the broad sense in which some receive it. We think that the truth will be found to lie in a somewhat modified statement. Were it true, there would be but one school of painting, sculpture, and architecture for the whole world. But, we know that there are many, and that the masters in each of these are, with slight exceptions, of different nations, and that they are as widely

distinguished from each other as are the people themselves. Each partakes of the peculiar genius of the nation to which he belongs, and stamps that peculiarity upon his works, and thus is able to elevate his nation (for he speaks to something in them that is common to the whole nation,) into a true appreciation of the beautiful.

Is it possible, we would ask, for an Italian to give to a statue of Washington what an American of equal ability as a sculptor, who had loved, revered and honored the Father of his country from his earliest childhood, could give? We believe not. The one would stamp upon him something that would be essentially Italian—the other would mould a form that every American citizen would *feel* to be a Washington. All that goes to make up a man's moral and intellectual character, must come out in his works and give them certain peculiarities distinct from the works of other men. If this be true of individuals of the same nation, how much truer is it of individuals of different nations. From this cause alone, if there were not deeper and more radical grounds of difference, (which we hold that there are,) should native artists of every country be chosen to execute national works.

Let Congress, then, in the selection of artists, look to American genius for the execution of national works, and, in selecting from these, take such as stand highest in their respective arts.

UPWARDS AND ONWARDS.—To the work of editing a new volume of our magazine, we come with a feeling of calmer confidence than we have yet experienced. As we explained in our last number, we have passed over the rough times of trial which every magazine has to encounter, and are now beginning to gather in some of the reward of our labors. Our work is no longer an experiment. It is based firmly. We have appealed, with straight forward earnestness, and an honest purpose, to the intelligence, taste, and moral sense of our readers, and such an appeal is rarely made in vain. For the future, we have no wordy promises to make—we do not expect to startle the nerves of our readers with sudden shocks of literary electricity; nor to blaze up before them like a rocket, with its green and blue, and golden fires filling the air for a brief season, and then fading away, and leaving a deeper darkness around. Our course has long since been marked out—It is onward and upwards.—Slowly, steadily, but surely, will we pursue that course, without envy towards those who advance more rapidly into public favor, or fretfulness towards the meaner souls, who, conscious of possessing no merits, hope to blind the public to their own defects by transferring them to others, and then growing warm in their condemnation.

SKETCHES OF NAPLES, translated from the French of ALEXANDER DUMAS, By A. ROLAND: Philadelphia, E. FERRITT & Co.

Our readers all remember the deeply interesting sketch of *Masaniello*, which appeared some months back in our magazine, taken from a recent work of Dumas entitled "The Corricolo." The finest portions of that book have been translated, and under the title of "Sketches of Naples," issued in a cheap

form for 25 cents, making one of the richest and raciest publications of the day.

Love and Duty, by the author of "Two Old Men's Tales," "Mount Sorel," &c. has also appeared from the press of the same publishers, in cheap form, also *Wild Western Scenes, a narrative of events in the Western Wilderness forty years ago*. By a *Squatter*: also, *The Two Husbands and other tales*. By T. S. Arthur.

AN INTERESTING BOOK.—From Appleton's Literary Bulletin, we learn that the "American Ethnological Society," of which the Hon. Albert Gallatin is President, will publish in a few days the first volume of its "Transactions," in one large octavo volume. This work will consist of articles by members of the Society, relating to various topics of interest to the Antiquary and Philologist. The first article, filling more than half the volume, is by the venerable President of the Society, on Ancient Mexico, its History, Chronology, Language, Civilization, &c. including an analysis of Lord Kingsborough's great work. Mr. Schookcraft has 'an Essay on the Grave Creek mound of Virginia.' Mr. Turner a 'Dissertation on the Hiamyaritic Inscriptions lately discovered in Southern Arabia,' together with notices of the Ancient Hamyarites. Mr. Catherwood has an article giving an account of his visit to the site of ancient Carthage, with a particular account of the Lybia-Phœnician Monument at Dugga. The volume will contain numerous engravings."

Boys' and Girls' Monthly Bouquet, Philadelphia: Cox and Catlin.

This is a neat little juvenile monthly, well worthy of the name it bears. The contents are varied, useful, and entertaining—just suited to the capacities and tastes of little readers. Publications of this kind are very useful; and the "Bouquet" we believe to be a very excellent work. It is neatly printed, and contains many pictorial embellishments, which are always necessary to a juvenile book or magazine. As this is, we believe, the only publication of the kind in our city for children, we hope it will obtain an extensive circulation.

The Secret Foe. By Miss Ellen Pickering. E. Ferret & Co. Philadelphia.

The Secret Foe has been pronounced one of the best of Miss Pickering's novels. Cromwell figures largely in it, and rarely has the "Protector" been sketched by a more competent hand. The present edition is a cheap reprint.

The Dramatic Authors of America. By James Rees, author of "The Philadelphia Locksmith, &c. Philadelphia: G. B. Zeizer & Co.

Quite an interesting book, and one which fills a vacuum that has heretofore existed in our literature. We were quite surprised to find so many names in the list of American Dramatic Authors. Something like one hundred and forty in all! The author says, in his preface: "It is our intention to give the name of every play that has been written, published, or

acted in the United States, with the names of the authors as far as we have been able to obtain them." This design appears to have been well carried out. To all interested in these matters, the publication will prove a very acceptable one.

On the Life and Institutes of the Jesuits, By the Rev. Father De Ravignan, of the Company of Jesus. Philadelphia: W. J. Cunningham, 104 South Third St. 1845.

The Sinner's Conversion Reduced to Principles, By F. Francis Salagar, S. J. Philadelphia: W. J. Cunningham, South Third St. 1845.

We have received from the publisher the above named books, designed for members of the Roman Catholic Church, to which they will, no doubt, be acceptable. Of their particular merits it is not in our province to speak.

"*The Tripod*" is the name of a new semi-monthly magazine, published and edited by Mr. L. A. Wilmer. It is pledged, says the editor, to the declaration and maintenance of the truth on all subjects suitable for public discussion. Terms \$1 per annum, or fifty cents for six months.

A NEW OPERA, called 'the "Enchantress," by Balfe, has been brought out in London, and been very successful. Madam Thillon made her debut in it. It is said, by the press, to contain some ballads "full of captivating simplicities, and just the things to throw the metropolitan drawing rooms into ecstasies of delight."

THE NEW OPERA, —LEONORA.—For some weeks previous to the production of LEONORA, a new opera by Mr. William Fry of this city, public expectation was kept constantly on the tiptoe by newspaper paragraphs, and conversations in private circles, all tending to create the impression that a most brilliant triumph was to be achieved by the author in this new field for the expansion and activity of American genius. On Wednesday evening, June the 4th, the new opera was produced in a most effective manner, having all the aid that exquisitely beautiful and imposing scenery and dresses, a full and powerful chorus, and a well trained, effective and strong orchestra, could give to it. The house was crowded from top to bottom, and the reception of the opera enthusiastic. Mr. and Mrs. Seguin and Mr. Frazer took the principal parts.

The plot of the opera is the same as Bulwer's Lady of Lyons, and, of course, full of deep and passionate interest.

Whether expectation was raised too high, and, therefore, not, in the very nature of things, met; or whether the music of the opera had so little in it that was truly original; or whether both of these causes combined to disappoint those who had no particular interest in the success of the piece, we are hardly prepared to say. The fact, however, cannot be denied, that "Leonora" has not made as favorable an impression as was hoped. To us, it seemed *head* music, and not *heart* music. The author seemed to us to have *thought out* and arranged his music for

the various scenes in the deeply interesting plot, instead of having first felt the sentiment, and then poured it forth in musical expressions that every heart would have recognized to be true to nature. To do this, is the work of a great composer,—one who has the heaven-sent gift of genius. A man of highly cultivated musical taste, and skill in arranging music, may write an opera that will have in it much fine effect, and please for a time; but only he who feels through his whole subject—only he who hears music that touches no mortal ear but his own, can speak to the universal heart, and thrill it with melodies and harmonies, at once felt to be new and true and beautiful.

We do not think that "Leonora" is such a performance, and therefore we cannot say so. But still it is a work of merit, and displays fine musical ability. When it comes to be produced in the same way that we have had "Fra Diavolo," "Norma," "La Sonnambula" etc. its merits will receive a truer test. At present, every thing is so effective in the manner of its production, that it is a little difficult to get at the exact merit of that part of it which we owe to the composer alone.

DEATH OF THOMAS HOOD:—Recent news from England brings intelligence of the death of Thomas Hood. In referring to this event, the London Spectator says:—"His humor, which commonly took a punning shape, was ready and ingenious to a marvel; but his sense of sterner realities was keen; and some of his later songs set forth the natural sturdy feelings of the poor in memorable rhythm, with a force seldom attained since the time of Burns. Although abounding most in jokes, the humanist predominated over the humorist. When death approached, the fancies of the jester assumed a more solemn turn; and, speaking of his weary days of mortal sickness, he declared that to him time seemed growing more and more like eternity. As he passed away, the general esteem was shown in the solicitude to learn the state of his health; and the fact that his last days were solaced by the reflection that his pension was secured to his widow, will gratify many far beyond the circle of those termed his personal friends."

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

CHEAP MUSIC.—We would call the particular attention of all who purchase music to the fact, that we have commenced the publication of well arranged, handsomely printed music, at one fourth the price at which it has heretofore been obtained. Our design is to extend our operations in this branch of business so widely, as to furnish the market with a supply of choice and popular music at rates so low that any one may purchase for the same amount of money four times the quantity, that can now be had. Thus far we have published, in neat colored envelopes—

MUSIC FROM THE OPERA OF THE BOHEMIAN GIRL.

Part I. Six songs and three pieces, for 25 cts.

Part II. Seven songs and pieces (different from Part I.) - - - - - 25

Part III. Gems from the Bohemian Girl, arranged for the Piano, seven pieces, - - - - - 12½

MUSIC OF THE ETHIOPIAN SERENADERS.—Nine songs and a set of cotillions, - - - - - 25

EIGHT FAVORITE POLKAS, - - - - - 12½
Eleven of Lover's songs, - - - - - 25
Melodies of Ireland, eight songs and five pieces, 25
Gems from La Norma, seven pieces, - - - 25
A Set of eight Strauss' Waltzes, - - - 12½

Our music, it will be seen is classified. Each 25 cent part contains 16 pages, and is laid in a beautiful fancy colored cover; and each 12½ cent part contains 8 pages, also tastefully enveloped. It is as beautifully printed, and on paper as fine and white as any that is issued. We employ a well known professor and composer to arrange our music, so that it shall be in every respect equal to that for which four times the price is charged. In a short time we will be able to offer the public a variety to select from that will meet the extensive want that exists.

¶ After the 1st of July, we will send this music to all parts of the United States, *free of postage to the purchasers.*

OLIVIA. A MEZZOTINT.—The fourth number of our Shakespeare Beauties we give this month. It is a very sweet mezzotint by Mr. Gross, a pupil of Sartain. He bids fair to make an artist of distinguished ability. Mezzotinting, though effective, is an inferior style of engraving, and cheaper. It will not bear close examination; and, therefore, we have, as our readers know, always, with but one previous exception, give line and stipple plates. But this Olivia was so fine a specimen of work, that we were tempted to insert it in our magazine.

The difference between a mezzotint and a line or stipple engraving may easily be seen by comparing Olivia with "*Calantha*," in the February number, or with the exquisite plate of *Fanemil Hall* which appears this month.

EVERY MAN HIS OWN AGENT.—Remember, that after the 1st of July next, all remittances of money for this magazine can be sent *at our charge for postage.* Those wishing to take our magazine, need not apply to any agent or post master, but write direct to us, enclosing a year's subscription, (\$2) or the price of a club, in funds current in the state where they reside, and we will pay the postage. This simplifies the whole matter of subscription, perfectly, and makes the communication between publishers and subscribers, as it should be, *direct.*

POSTAGES. ¶ Take notice, all whom it may concern, that, after the first of July next, only such letters addressed to the publishers of this magazine as contain remittances of money, will be taken from the post office, unless they are post paid.

¶ Our brethren of the press will please bear in mind, that, as we have to pay the postage on newspapers sent to us in exchange, we will esteem it a great favor if they will send us only those numbers that contain notices of our magazine.

BOOKS AND MUSIC BY MAIL. See our advertisement on cover, of books and music by mail.

¶ Our Prospectus for the fourth volume will be found on the cover.



1. The first part of the document is a letter from the President of the United States to the Congress, dated January 1, 1861. It is a very important document, as it contains the President's message to the Congress at the beginning of his first term.

2. The second part of the document is a letter from the President to the Congress, dated January 1, 1861. It is a very important document, as it contains the President's message to the Congress at the beginning of his first term.

THE PRESSY CLAPDIAN,

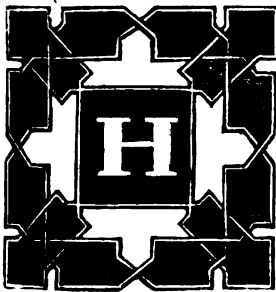
ARTHUR'S MAGAZINE

ARTHUR'S MAGAZINE.

AUGUST, 1845.

THE TRUSTY GUARDIAN.*

BY FANNY GRAY.



HARRY! that was wrong. How could you strike old Rover?"

"Because he stepped on my kite with his big heavy foot, and like to made a hole in it," replied the boy, a

lad of ten years old; who had been reproved by his mother for striking a faithful old house dog.

"But Rover did n't do it on purpose. He did n't mean to break your kite."

"I do n't suppose he did. But he had no business to tread on my kite. He's big enough to know better, I should think—and old enough too."

"He's old enough to be a very wise dog, Harry: and so I think he is—much wiser as a dog, that you are as a boy. If he had been as foolish and passionate a dog as you are a boy, he would have

turned round and bit you, instead of walking off as he did with a look of grief at your bad treatment. I am sorry that you should treat Rover unkindly—*you* of all others."

"Why me of all others, mother?"

"Have I never told you how Rover saved your life?"

"No! How was it mother? When did he save my life? Tell me."

"Are you not sorry that you struck the faithful old dog?"

"Yes, I am; I was a naughty boy. But tell me how he saved my life, mother."

"You were once a very little boy, just like your dear brother Willy. It was in the summer time, just as it is now, and you used to run about in the garden, and gather the flowers and pick fruit, and sometimes lie down and fall asleep upon the grass. Rover was younger then; and a fine, large, active dog. He was very fond of you, and when you were out alone at play he would always keep with you, as if he were afraid you might get into danger.

"One day you went into the garden with your little basket, and gathered it full of flowers. Rover was asleep on the other side of the house, and did not see you go out. I was looking from the window, and all at once I saw Rover start up and come running into the house. He acted as if some one had called him. After running through all the rooms below, I heard his big feet on the stairs. He came up with two or three heavy bounds. Entering into my room, he looked all around and then up into my face.

* The steel plate accompaniment to this little sketch, as well as the sketch itself, will please, perhaps, the juvenile members of the family circle better than their grown up brothers and sisters, aunts and uncles, whose tastes are more critical and severe. The mothers will all be on the side of the little folks. And with them in our favor we shall do very well.

The plate itself, though a great deal of work has been put upon it by the artist, is not finished up in the delicate graceful style, so much in vogue now. But the subject was so fine a one, that we took the engraving in spite of the drawback just mentioned.—Ed.

"Where's Harry, Rover?" I said, for the thought of you came instantly into my mind. "Go and find him, sir."

"The dog understood me. He turned short away, sprang down stairs, and out into the garden. I followed him, for I felt strangely concerned about you. As I approached the lower part of the garden, I heard Rover growling, and soon saw him shaking something in his mouth with great violence, while the hair on his body stood out straight stiff like bristles. Close beside him, you lay asleep calmly on a bank. You may suppose I was almost horror struck, when

I came near enough, to see a venomous snake in Rover's mouth. The faithful dog had, doubtless, saved your life. And you,—ah Harry! think of it—and you have been so thoughtless and cruel as to strike Rover!"

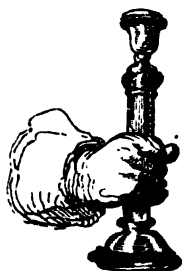
The boy, at this, burst into tears, and hid his face in his mother's lap. He continued to weep for some time; then he went after the faithful animal, and when he had found him, he caressed him, and talked to him in such a kind way, that Rover, who never held resentment, forgot in an instant the blow he had received, and was as happy again as an old dog could be.

THE GAMBLER'S WIFE.

BY MRS. SARAH J. HALE.

"SHE walked among the great of earth
And went in gay attire,
And spoke in gladsome tones of mirth,
Like music from a lyre—
But lo! a change is on her life—
Her days of glory gone."

MELLEN.



WAS journeying in Vermont;—it is many years since, and in the interval I have both enjoyed and suffered much; but the scene I then witnessed still rises before me, clear and defined as a landscape under the bright beams of an unclouded April sun.

If the snow king ever holds his levee in our republic, I think his drawing room must be Vermont; and whoever wishes to witness a snow-storm, in all its gloom, grandeur, sound and fury, let him cross the Green Mountains about the first of February, and travel to Middlebury, with a north-wester raging in his path, and sweeping onward like a host moving to battle.

"A pretty severe storm, sir, and blows like a hurricane," said the landlord to my uncle.

"Well, we must face it as far as Brandon, at any rate," said my uncle. "Susan dear, wrap your cloak more closely, so—high up over your face; you will hardly care to look about you this cold morning."

"But, uncle, I must see where I am going; pray let me have one eye uncovered. You know I never am cold," said I, as my kind uncle was proceeding to envelop me in tippet, shawls and wrappings, with as much zeal as though we were undertaking an expedition to the north pole.

"You will hardly make that boast when you reach Brandon, young lady," said the landlord, as he spread his great red hands over the fire, with a shiver that made my blood chill.

"I promised your mother that you should be well taken care of," said my uncle, continuing his swathing operations. "The morning is very cold and tempestuous, and if I were not obliged to reach Brandon to-night on business of importance, I would not hazard the danger of exposing you to the storm. As it is, we must go on, but I shall guard you as far as possible from the danger. Your mother will be thinking of you all day, Susan."

This appeal touched my heart, for I well knew my mother's solicitude respecting my health, which was not good, though the buoyancy of youthful spirits sustained my own hopes and cheerfulness. But as the image of my mother rose before me, in all her care and affection, the

injunctions and warnings which that affection had prompted were well remembered. How often had my mother told me of those who had injured their constitutions, and brought on severe and dangerous disorders, by imprudent exposures to the cold and damps of our changeable climate! "O, yes, the precious life of many a fair American girl," my mother would say, "is yearly sacrificed to her passion for display!"

Strange infatuation, which can induce a delicate young lady to go abroad in the cold winter weather, displaying her beautiful feet, in open-worked silk hose and thin soled shoes, on the frozen or damp pavements! Each step is towards her tomb. Yet will she often laugh at the solicitude of those who warn her of the danger, even while she feels the chill of disease or death creeping over her exhausted frame. Are reason and fashion always to be incompatible? Must comfort and common sense always yield to the demands of variety and the passion for show? But I am inditing a story, not a lecture.

Fortunately for our safety, we had crossed the Green Mountains before the storm gathered its power; but on the morning we left Rutland the whole horizon was dark and thick with a tempest of snow. It seemed to fall in masses, as the strong and terrible wind gathered it up, and poured it around and over us with a fury that more than once caused the stout and well-trained horses of my uncle to stop and cower down in the path like frightened sheep, till his voice and whip roused and forced them to exertion.

We traveled in an open sleigh, as was the universal winter fashion, in the interior of New England some five and twenty years ago. There were then few mail coaches, and every gentleman drove his own vehicle, when he took a journey—his wealth and respectability being inferred from the beauty and worth of the horses and sleigh,—and I remember I was not a little proud of the show my uncle's made.

How piercing was the terrible cold! It makes me shudder, even now, to recall the sensations of that day's ride. The events were not of much consequence. I had nothing to occupy my mind, save thoughts of keeping myself warm and closely covered. The first was impossible. The seven-fold shield of Ajax would not have excluded the keen and bitter air. But I kept snugly enveloped in the shawls and furs, and made no complaints, for which good behaviour my kind uncle gave me, afterwards, much praise.

Some writers call patience a frigid virtue; perhaps for the reason that excessive cold makes us indifferent to whatever may happen. This kind of patience it was that I exhibited; though my uncle ascribed it to much more worthy feeling

We reached Brandon alive, though I was hardly sensible of life, late in the afternoon, and found the common parlor filled with fugitives from the storm; every body complaining of the dreadful cold, and telling of hair-breadth 'scapes and dangers innumerable. There must be, in the human mind, an innate propensity to hear "dreadful accidents," or to tell them,—I am not certain which it should be termed.

"Susan," said my uncle, when he had become sufficiently warmed to take an observation—"Susan, I must see Mr. — this evening, and shall, probably, be obliged to pass the night at his house. You cannot remain among this crowd of people. I will order a fire in a private room, and direct the landlady to furnish you with books, and a cup of tea, and you must order every thing you want and make yourself as comfortable as possible; travelers are always at home in a public house!"

"Home!" the word brought tears to my eyes. This was my first journey: I was but a child, hardly entered on my teens, and I confess I was so frightened, that I trembled at the thought of passing the night in such a strange place, with no friend or protector near me. My uncle, intent on his own important business, did not seem to notice my emotion, but summoned the landlady, and very formally, for he was precise as a Prussian officer need be, entrusted me to her care. She was a queer looking woman, and so oddly dressed, that, had I not felt in some trouble, I might have found it difficult to restrain a laugh at her appearance. But she smiled kindly on me, and I really was grateful when she said,

"Ah, trust the little Miss to me—I will take as good care of her as though she was my own *dafter*." This was the first and only time I ever heard the word *daughter* so pronounced; but why should it not follow the same rule as *laughter*, pronounced *lafter*? Has Noah Webster solved this question?

At last my apartment was ready, and the landlady conducted me through a long entry or hall, and several winding passages to a small room, which she said was her own parlor in the summer, "because its window opened on the garden, and she so loved to see the flowers!"

I remember looking on her with amazement at this declaration. Could such an old, ungraceful looking woman have any taste for flowers? How apt is youth to judge the mind and heart by external indication! It is only by experience we learn that things of lovely seeming are not always the loveliest.

The apartment, however, pleased me; so neat and comfortable, and the capacious fire-place, piled with dry wood, blazed gloriously. It was

a beautiful sight to me, yet shivering from the effects of my cold ride. The good landlady arranged a deep cushioned chair close to the hearth, drew the table near, on which she placed two lighted candles, closed the shutters, and telling me that my tea should be sent in soon, was leaving the room.

"But a book, madam."

"Ah, yes—here is the prettiest one in the house;" and she handed me "The Exiles of Siberia."

The book seemed very appropriate to the season, and though I had read it, that was no objection, as I could then find pleasure in reading over and over a work that interested me. Children and youth are fond of this repetition, if their minds are not excited by injudiciously presenting novelties and tempting them to continual change and consequently excess, which as surely vitiates the mental taste, as the confectionary and condiments often allowed children, destroy their relish for healthy simple food.

I was soon deep in the story of poor Elizabeth; and in the horrors of a Siberian writer had quite forgotten my own sufferings from the cold. Indeed, my mind was so completely engrossed, that I did not hear my door open, nor notice the entrance of the landlady with a party of travelers, till the loud cry of a child sounded close to my ear. I started up, and before me stood a vision of female loveliness, such as I had sometimes dreamed of, when reading the description of a heroine of romance, but which I had never seriously thought could be found on earth—such as I never saw before or since that time.

The lady had evidently been sometime in the common parlor, and had partially warmed her, and thrown off her outward wrappings; her velvet bonnet was untied, and the heavy plumes floated over her shoulder, from whence hung, in graceful folds the ermine-lined cloak, which had been unclasped from her fair throat, and as it fell back, disclosed the richly embroidered traveling habit, with its chemisette of the finest worked French muslin; among the plaits glistened a beautiful gold chain, which was linked in many a curious fold, as though it sustained something very precious to the wearer.

I name all these particulars of her costume, (which a glance revealed, though a word cannot describe) not as enhancing the loveliness of the lady, but because of the effect of the whole on my own feelings. It was like enchantment. Such beauty of person—such elegance of dress—such majesty of mien! and to meet thus, in a little village in Vermont, with the perfection of those charms and graces which I had supposed could be found only in the capitals of the old

world, where titled and high born ladies were trained in courtly halls and accustomed to princely grandeur! Was not this lovely creature an exile from some splendid palace? The thought crossed my mind, and naturally enough, for I had been reading of the exiled Sobieski.

I presume the lady was aware of my admiration, for she smiled with that peculiar sweetness which the complacency arising from gratified feelings inspires, as she said—"Are you willing to admit a party of poor, perishing wanderers to the comforts of your pleasant room?"

I do not recollect my answer; but I know well that I urged her to accept the cushioned chair, and then hastened to assist in unrobing the child, which the nurse, with her frozen fingers, could scarcely perform. The little creature had been nearly smothered by the carefulness of the nurse to guard her charge from the cold; and when relieved from her bondage of blankets, she used her liberty, like the majority of the newly emancipated, in making all the uproar and trouble possible. We had just succeeded in quieting her screams, when in stalked a tall, dark looking man, closely buttoned in his over coat, and without a word or look of recognition to the lady, he drew a chair and seated himself so near the fire as to intercept its warmth from her; a very rude piece of conduct, I thought, and I felt quite indignant.

"My husband," said the sweet lady, turning to me—"my love (addressing him,) this young lady is so kind as to allow us to share her parlor, otherwise we must have suffered great inconvenience."

He gave me a slight bow and a broad stare, and then settled his steadfast gaze on the fire. What a contrast did that couple present! I thought of many comparisons, but a fiend and an angel was the most significant. Yet the man was not ugly. I dare say he had, when single, been called a prodigiously fine young gentleman, and that too by ladies of good taste. He was not ugly, but he looked wicked; and his manner to his wife struck me as unkind and repulsive; all her attempts, and she made many, to draw him into conversation, were vain; he would answer only in monosyllables, and it appeared to me that he did not heed or hardly hear a word she said. I did not dare open my lips to speak before him, and glad enough was I when tea was over and the gentleman rose to go.

"You will return soon, Mr. Erskine?" said the lady, inquiringly, and in a soft, pleading tone.

"Yes—in an hour,"—he replied, gruffly.

"Why can she wish to have him near her?" thought I, as he closed the door. But I saw she

looked troubled or tired, and I hastened to inquire if I could do any thing for her.

"Only read to me a little, if you please. It will save me from thinking." She took my book—"Ah, the Exiles of Siberia! I too am an exile."

"I thought so—I was sure you must be from Europe," said I eagerly. "I was sure you must be a—heroine."

She smiled—"I have been in Europe, dear, and enjoyed many romantic scenes; but I am not a heroine of romance—I have had too many *real* sorrows."

"And are not the sorrows of a heroine *real*? I am sure I have wept over novels, often and often, and felt that the griefs described were real."

She shook her head and looked so sad, that I fancied she was about to tell me her own story, which I was longing to hear—but after a few minutes she smiled cheerfully again, and began to describe her travels in Europe. She had lived more than a year in Paris, had visited Florence, Rome, Naples, Vienna—and she ran over, to me, catalogue of wonders. I remember, even now, with what delight I hung on her fascinating descriptions. Her grace of manner, the ease and eloquence of her language, the matchless beauty of her countenance, whose expression varied with every varying emotion she felt or communicated—I combined to hold me spell bound. I would have looked and listened for ever. She seemed as if made to be worshipped—*almost*.

"What is the hour?" said Mr. Erskine. He came to me in very abruptly and stood beside us.

"Bless me—half past nine already!" said his wife. She had drawn out her watch, which was, as I observed, set with brilliants.

"Let me see," said the husband, and he took the watch from her hand as though he would hold it nearer the candle. "Let me have it a few minutes," he continued, endeavoring to take it from her neck, which I thought she resisted. "Let me take it, I say," and he bent his eyes only upon her.

"Oh! no, my love—do not take it. See it is round and round. Do not take it. Why should you want it?"

"Just to see how long it takes me to write my letter. I will return it. Don't be a fool!" He took it roughly; and as if unable to bear such rudeness before a witness, she yielded the watch and came to him.

There was a long silence after he had left the room. I saw, by the heaving of her bosom that she was agitated, but she did not shed tears, and would not offer any pity. I feared to speak, lest it should distress her to answer; and

I therefore sat still, though my heart throbbed with indignation against that ungenerous husband, and I was wishing him no good, when the landlady opened the door to say that it was almost ten, and perhaps the young lady would like to retire: if so, she would warm the bed, and prepare it for her.

"Pray, is my husband in the house?" said Mrs. Erskine, starting up and looking earnestly at the landlady.

"Oh, yes, ma'am—he and another gentleman have got a fire in a chamber by themselves, to do some private business, they said, and nobody must be allowed to disturb them. Your husband was terribly discomposed because there was no lock on the door; but, says I, you can fasten it with your knife; so I showed him how; and I dare say they are fast enough."

While the landlady was speaking, I observed the countenance of Mrs. Erskine change. She grew pale, her lip quivered, and a rigid expression passed over her forehead and eyes, as though some intense pain had wrung her heart: she sank down in her chair and pressed her hands tightly on her bosom. But I noticed she turned her face from the landlady, as though she would not have her see this distress.

"I cannot retire now; I must sit with the lady. Go, and I will let you know when I am ready," said I.

"But your uncle charged me to take good care of you."

"He did not desire you to send me to bed. I will go soon, but not now." The woman departed very unwillingly. The kind creature thought she was only doing her duty; most people think "taking care" means interfering, in every possible way, with the luckless wight placed under surveillance.

The moment the door was closed, I sprang to Mrs. Erskine, and found she was in strong hysterics. I had once witnessed a similar scene, and recollected that they loosened the dress and rubbed the hands of the invalid. This I endeavored to do for my lovely guest, though I trembled like an aspen. She also strove mightily against the emotions which were overwhelming her; but it was many minutes before that death-like rigidity could be overcome. Drops of cold perspiration covered her pale forehead, and the convulsive risings in her throat suspended her breathing, till I was several times on the point of screaming for help, thinking her to be dying. But she had my hand clasped in hers, and there was something in her manner, for she never entirely lost her consciousness, that seemed soliciting me not to expose her. At last she threw her arms around me, and drawing me into a chair be-

side her, laid her head on my shoulder and burst into a passion of tears. How she did weep and sob—and I wept with her.

Blessed power of sympathy! What balm its expression carries to the wounded heart! Without sympathy, there would be no companionship on earth; the human race would be lonely as wandering stars. In prosperity, sympathy is like sunshine to the flower, making the bright and beautiful still lovelier. In adversity, it is the precious diamond that gathers every ray of light, and appears most pure and priceless in the darkest depths of misfortune and sorrow.

That lovely lady told me her griefs. All may be comprised in one word—her husband was a GAMBLER! He had squandered his own princely fortune; he had nearly ruined her father and her only brother, by involving them in his liabilities—he had treated her most cruelly—all in consequence of being a GAMBLER!

Mrs. Erskine had been separated from her husband nearly a year, residing with her parents in Providence, R. I. She had promised her father never more to quit the paternal roof; but Mr. Erskine came and besought her to pity and forgive him. He told her that he had relinquished play; he took the most solemn oaths never to touch a card again; he assured her that he was in good business in Montreal, and had a house prepared to receive her; and he showed her and her father letters and credentials from gentlemen of the first respectability which vouched for the truth of all that he asserted.

"I was deceived," continued she—"yet how could I believe him so false as he has proved? I had loved him most devotedly; he was the father of my child; he was at my feet, humbled, in shame and sorrow for his past conduct. He plead, even with tears, that I would forgive and trust him once more. I could not refuse. I left my good, kind parents, and I had not been two days in the power of Mr. Erskine, before I discovered that his sole object was to get possession of all my jewels and valuable ornaments." She covered her face, as she made this humiliating confession of her husband's baseness, and sobbed like a child.

"He will return you the watch, again, will he not?" at length I ventured to say.

"Oh! no, no! He has met here with some of his gambling associates. They are now at play—and he will never leave till the watch is lost—or, at least, he will never return it. Oh, no! I shall never see it again. It was his present to me on the first anniversary of our marriage. I prized it for his sake. I intended it for our daughter: it was all I had for her. Oh! it is

so terrible to be obliged to despise the father of my child, and to feel that I must teach her to avoid him!" And again she wept and sobbed.

"But how could he have obtained those letters from respectable gentlemen?"

"He—he, or his associates, must have forged them!"

It was midnight before I retired. I left Mrs. Erskine alone, in my parlor; her husband had not appeared, but she had become quite calm. As she kissed and bade me good night, she added—"You have witnessed a sad scene; may you never suffer in a similar manner. God bless you, my love; you have comforted a broken heart."

I thought that I could not sleep, when I laid my head on the pillow. The storm without was still howling, as I lay repeating—

"Blow, blow thou wintry wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude!"

But in spite of sentiment and sympathy nature will enforce her homely demands for food and rest. I presume I was in a sound sleep in a very unromantically short time. I knew no farther troubles, till the maid roused me to say that breakfast was waiting, and my uncle had returned.

"Is the lady gone?"

"No—but she is just going."

I hurried as for life, and was soon in my parlor. Mrs. Erskine was cloaked and all ready for her journey, with the nurse and child. My uncle and the landlady were also in the apartment. Mrs. Erskine greeted me most tenderly; she had entirely regained her composure, and except that she looked very pale, no person unacquainted with her story, would have surmised that sadness was on her heart, that her soft beaming eye had so lately been weeping bitter tears, or that the sweet smile which played over her beautiful features, like the morning light of a drooping lily, was assumed to conceal intense anxiety and deep despair.

"What a — set of careless loons they have in these country towns!" exclaimed Mr. Erskine, bursting into the room. "I have met with a fine loss!"

"What! what!" cried the landlady.

"What!—why my watch, or my wife's rather, that cost me three hundred guineas in Paris—I have lost it somewhere in the yard or stables, going to look after my horses, because I never can depend on your ostlers!"

I stole a look at Mrs. Erskine; her face was crimson. Sure I am that she suffered more from this exposure of her husband's mean artifice, which she felt I would understand, than from the loss of the watch.

She grasped my hand with a strong pressure, her lip quivered, but she did not attempt to speak; then gathering her cloak around her, she hurried from the room, followed by her reckless husband,

complaining all the way of the loss of his watch, which he made no attempt to find.

I have never heard of those people since; but when reports of the prevalence of *gambling* among our young men—who call themselves *gentlemen*, reach me, the image of that beautiful and injured woman rises on my mind, and I could weep to think what the *wife* of a GAMBLER must endure.

THE HEIRESS.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

CHAPTER XVII.



H! Layton. How are you now?" said Mr. Grant, as the individual he addressed entered his store, about five o'clock in the afternoon. "Have you been able to do any thing?"

"All right at the — office."

"So far so good. But what of R——; that the name, I believe."

Layton looked grave.

"Have you seen him?"

"Yes."

"Can't he be managed?"

"I'm afraid not. He has just come to work, er spreeing it awful hard for a week, and is as ious and penitent as a condemned criminal. sked him to go and take a drink with me; but said 'no,' with a decided shake of the head." "Bad—bad," returned Grant, knitting his ws. "What is to be done? Is there no way et him off?"

"I'm afraid not. For weeks after he has on a spree, you can't prevail on him as h as to look at a glass of liquor. He seems ath it, and himself too, for his folly." he merchant cast his eyes to the floor, and ed long in deep perplexity of mind.

"You shall have two hundred dollars, Layton, ou will keep this advertisement from appear," he at length said. "It is of the very first rtance to me that it should not see the light. k again. I am sure that you can aid me if will only set your wits to work."

"It might be done," was replied to this, in a

slow, thoughtful voice, after some moments had elapsed.

"How? Speak out freely."

"At some risk, however."

"I will compensate you for all risks."

"I know. But the thing might fail, and I get into trouble without aiding you at all."

"What do you propose? Or have you any new plan clearly defined?"

"Not clearly."

A pause followed. Something seemed to be upon the mind of Layton that he hardly dared venture to speak out.

"Do n't be afraid of me. I am prepared for any thing. The advertisement must be kept out at all hazzards."

"It will be a dark night. I might knock him down as he goes to the press-room to-morrow morning at two o'clock!"

"Humph!"

"How does that strike you?"

"It will do, if it can be done so well that your other friend will be obliged to run the press."

"There need be no fear about that. It can be done so effectually that he will keep his bed for a week."

"Do it then, by all means. But have you nerve enough?"

The look that Layton cast upon the merchant, satisfied him that he had nothing to fear on that head.

In order to provide against all unforeseen contingencies, Layton secured the prospective co-operation of the man who would have to take the place of R—— at the press, by a promise of twenty-five dollars in the event of his suppressing the advertisement.

About half past one o'clock on the next morn-

turned from me as she had before turned from my mother. Shall I go to her again? No! no! While I have health, my own hands will bring me all I need."

To language like this, Mrs. Grand had nothing to object. It was but a response to her own feelings.

Mrs. Grand was a woman who had seen many vicissitudes in life, and passed through many very painful trials; but out of all, so far, she had come, like gold from the crucible, brighter and purer for the ordeal. Some, as they grow older, appear to become selfish, impatient, penurious, irritable; or, exhibit some other defects of character, that make them burdensome to all. It is not that their characters have really changed with age. It is only, that, with age, external restraints, such as love of reputation, or the good opinion of the world, have become less active. These have lived to no good purpose. They may have accomplished much in the world during the period of active manhood; but the best, and highest, and most important work given them to do—self conquest, and self elevation—have been neglected. Ah, it is a sad sight to see the true interior states of the aged becoming manifest, when those states are thoroughly unregenerate! It is a sad sight to look upon an old man, and feel that he has lived in vain.

But Mrs. Grand had not lived in vain. She entered upon life with a profound respect for religion; and yet she was not what is called a "pious" woman. That is, she was not one who talked much about her own elevated state, or gaged her religion by her feelings. In her external deportment and appearance, she differed but little from those around her. The broad difference was in her principles of action. She performed all her duties in life with a profound regard for justice and judgment. Her religion was not a mere Sunday religion—it suited all days, and its spirit pervaded, benignly, all her works. It was founded upon the two commandments on which hang all the Law and the Prophets—"Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and thy neighbor as thyself."

With a basis like this to her character, the trials of life could only elevate, strengthen, and purify her. And such was the result. As years came stealing quietly on, and external influences became less and less active, no unseemly aspect of mind was presented. Her intellect was clearer, her whole character was softened, and all her passions were under the control of right reason.

Mrs. Grand was, therefore, a woman just suited to guide and counsel a young girl like Anna Gray. Anna's mother, amid all the painful vicissitudes of her life, had been sustained by a feeling of pride.

As to religion, she thought of it but rarely, and derived from it no support. What she did not herself possess, she could not present to her child. Anna, therefore, had never been taught to look upon life with the eye of christian philosophy. To enable her to do this, was the work of her new found friend. But it proved a difficult task. Religious ideas, if not presented to the mind in childhood, rarely ever enter it fully. It is the prayer said beside the mother's knee, with the lesson about heaven and the angels, and the deep reverence expressed to the child in regard to God, that does this work most effectually. It is a law of moral life, that all which succeeds partakes of the quality of that which precedes. The child, it is proverbially said, is father to the man; and this is true according to the law just mentioned. Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined, is another axiom expressing the same thing. The first ideas a child receives, give his mind a certain form, and as form modifies all influent life, whether vegetable, animal, intellectual, moral or spiritual life, it must be that the man's whole character will be modified by the peculiar circumstances, ideas, and impressions of his childhood. Let a child's earliest thoughts be directed to God as a good Being, who sends his angels to take care of him while he sleeps, and who protects him from harm at all times; who makes the sun shine, and the fruits grow; who loves the good and is angry with the evil; and, no matter how much he may stray from the paths of rectitude in after life, he can never in this world wholly lose a regard for religion, or a certain reverence for God.

On the other hand, if a child is not so instructed, and he, yet, have inherited certain qualities of mind that make him a good citizen and an honest man, no matter how anxious he may be to believe the truths of inspiration, and to rest with confidence in the assurance of a Divine over-ruling providence, he will find it very hard to do so. He may, after awhile, see clearly, and feel in the profoundest depths of his heart that there is a God, and that He is the rewarder of them that diligently seek him. But, it will be after passing through a dark night of doubt and fear, before the day star arise and the morning break joyfully upon his spirit.

Anna Gray did not understand, very clearly, the first ideas that were presented to her mind by Mrs. Grand. The effort to make her see that in the death of her mother there must be a dispensation of good, entirely failed.

"No—no—It is not good for a young girl like me to lose her mother!" was replied with all the deep pathos of conscious truth.

But Mrs. Grand did not despair. There was good ground in Anna's mind. In the morning she

sowed her seed, and in the evening withheld not her hand, trusting that it would find an entrance somewhere, and spring up and produce fruit. She did not attempt to blind her understanding and subdue her heart with a religious awe by the presentation of mysterious dogmas that must be believed or the soul sink, irretrievably, into ruin. No—hers was a milder faith. Love was its ruling principle—love to God and love to the neighbor. She knew that it was good that saved—not blind faith. Good of life from a religious ground. And so she endeavored to make Anna both see and feel. She did not press the subject upon her; but led her mind, almost insensibly, to reflect upon the relation that exists between the creature and the creator.

Her end in doing this was simple and good. She believed, and believed truly, that only just so far as any one came into true moral order, which must involve an understanding of divine and moral laws, and a life according to them, could there be safety on earth amid its thousand evil allurements. For Anna she felt a genuine affection, and that prompted her to seek her good—yea, her highest good. She knew but one way to do this, and in that way she sought, diligently, to bless with the choicest of blessings the gentle, pure-hearted girl that Providence had committed to her care.

CHAPTER XX.

SOME months passed, before Mrs. Grand was able clearly to see the fruits of her labor. The result had been so gradual, and almost imperceptible, that, even while looking for the signs, she did not perceive their presence. They were first apparent in a calm elevation of countenance, and a more cheerful tone of voice. While looking for an expression of sentiment, she had passed by these. But when she did notice them, her heart warmed with emotions such as only they who seek, unselfishly, the good of others, can feel.

Nothing of particular interest to the reader occurred for nearly ten months from the period Anna came under the roof of Mrs. Grand, further than the gradual reception of higher truths into her mind than she had ever before known. But then an event took place, than which nothing could have been more afflictive. Mrs. Grand was taken suddenly ill, and died, after suffering for three weeks the pains of a malignant disease.

Thrown again upon the world, friendless, Anna Gray was once more compelled to look around her for a sheltering nook where she might hide herself from want and danger. In losing Mrs.

Grand, just at a time when she had created in her mind a thirst for pure and elevating truths that were to give her character a just basis, and form it upon a right model, she felt most keenly the bereavement. When her mother died, she lost a natural guide and counsellor—now she had lost a spiritual guide and counsellor.

"I am indeed alone!" she murmured, as she sat weeping in the little room where, for nearly a year, she had listened to the words of wisdom as they came in such gentle and earnest tones from the lips of Mrs. Grand. The solemn services for the dead had been performed, and the body carried forth and buried. The few friends that had come to pay the last sad tribute of tears to the virtues of one whom to know was to honor, had departed, and Anna was left alone. Though cast down in spirit and afflicted, she did not yield herself up to murmuring despondency. She had been taught a better lesson in life, and that from the lips of her now so sincerely mourned. But it was impossible not to feel sad in her affliction, and to be infested with doubt and fear for the future.

The slowly falling twilight, as evening came stealing on, deepened the gloom that, spite of all she could do to rise above it, oppressed her heart. Darkness came down, and she felt more than ever alone. She lit a lamp, but to her, the light was not a cheerful one, and failed, as of old, to dispel from the room night's dusky shadows. Fears of a superstitious kind, do what she would to dispel them, stole over her.

"Oh, I cannot stay here, alone," she said aloud, as these fears grew more palpable, glancing timidly around, and inwardly trembling lest from the shadows of the room should start forth some fearful vision.

"But where can I go?" she added. "I have no other home, and, even here I cannot remain long."

A rap at the door caused her to start, and the blood to curdle in her veins. This was only for a moment or two. Her self-possession quickly returned, and going to the street door, she opened it and found that a young acquaintance named Laura Woods had called to see her.

"I thought you would feel very lonesome," Laura said, "and so I have come round to stay with you all night if you would like me to do so."

"It is very kind in you," Anna returned, with a full heart, warmly pressing the hand of Laura. It was all she could say. They had been acquainted for only a short time: but the oftener they met, the more they felt drawn towards each other. Laura was, like Anna, an orphan, and, like her, almost friendless. She had a very delicate constitution. To the eye of one skilled in

detecting the marks of a hidden disease, her bright eye, her pure complexion and semi-transparent skin—her narrow chest and stooping form accompanied by a frequent, but not painful cough, would have been a too sure premonition of decline.

Laura staid with Anna that night. Her thoughtful regard for her peculiar situation awoke tenderer feelings in the breast of Anna than she had yet experienced. A fuller confidence was the result. She opened all her heart to Laura, and she, in turn, told of her bereavments and trials in the past—her hopes and fears for the future. This sealed them fast and tenderly united friends. Laura had been engaged for the past two years in going out and sewing by the week in a number of families. She had more work than she could do, and it was soon agreed between her and Anna, that they should take a room together, and while Laura went out to sew, Anna was to remain at home and work. Laura could always get as much as Anna could do from the families in which she was sewing. Every evening she was to come home.

This arrangement was entered into. Anna took care of the room and worked at home, while Laura went out to sew by the week. What they earned was common property, and used as their wants required.

One Saturday evening, about six weeks after Mrs. Grand's death, Laura said to Anna,

"I am going to a new place on Monday, and where do you think it is?"

"I am sure I cannot tell, where?"

"To your aunt's."

"To Mrs. Grant's!" exclaimed Anna, rising up quickly.

"Yes. Mrs. T—— for whom I have been sewing, recommended me to her, and I have promised to go."

"Did you see Mrs. Grant?"

"Yes. She was at Mrs. T——'s to day, and engaged me."

"And you are going?" said Anna in a bewildered manner.

"Yes, I told you I was."

"So you did. But what you say has confused me so that I can scarcely think. When did you say you were going?"

"On Monday."

"I thought you promised me that after you had finished for Mrs. T—— you would rest for a few days. You are not at all well."

"I know. But Mrs. Grant says that it is indispensable to have me at once, and so I shall have to wait another week before taking rest."

Anna looked sober. The past came back too strongly upon her.—Her mother's wrongs and suffering, and the insult and cruel repulse she had received at the hands of her aunt, were remembered too vividly.

"I wish you would not go there, Laura," she said, giving way to her feelings.

"I have promised, you know," was calmly replied.

"True. And it is weakness in me to feel so."

"To tell the truth, Anna, I am glad for your sake, of the opportunity this will afford me to learn all about your mother's relatives. You have spoken of her brother—he may be living, and, if so, I will learn for you where he is. He may have a truer heart than his sister."

"He cast off my mother. I want, therefore, no favors at his hand," Anna replied firmly.

"Of that he may have long ago repented. It will be your duty, at least, to give him a chance of atoning for the errors of the past."

Anna shook her head. But even while she did so, arose the wish in her heart to be received by her uncle, for her mother's sake, if he were yet alive.

To be Continued.

THE CONFESSION.

BY E. S. BARRETT.

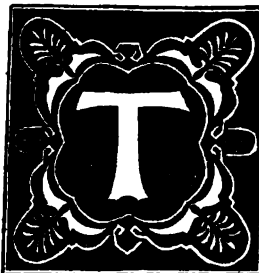
THERE is a language by the virgin made,
Not read but felt, not uttered but betrayed,
A mute communion, yet so wondrous sweet,
Eyes must impart what tongue can ne'er repeat.
'Tis written on her cheeks and meaning brows;
In one short glance whole volumes it avows;
In one short moment tells of many days,
In one short speaking silence all conveys.

Joy, sorrow, love, recounts,—hope, pity, fear,
And looks a sigh, and weeps without a tear.
Oh! 'tis so chaste, so touching, so refined,
So soft, so wistful, so sincere, so kind!
Were eyes melodious, and could music shower
From orient rays new striking on a flower,
Such heavenly music from that glance might rise,
And angels own the music of the skies.

Selected.

CHARITY.

BY E. FERRETT.



TRUE charity is the offspring of benevolence, although charity, so called, the mere giving of alms, frequently has very little in common with benevolence. Giving alms, mixing

with societies, and various other deeds by which some folks procure the character of being charitably disposed, frequently indicates ostentation and a love of public estimation, rather than true charity—many give without kindly feeling. It has been somewhere observed, that a certain class of people will afford a man more pleasure in refusing a favor, than others do in granting it; knowing that it is not simply relieving distress that exhibits true charity. Pure charity is often lost by those to whom fortune denies the means of affording pecuniary aid, and many who give generally have no charity. We once knew a gentleman, whose name was at the head of every charitable subscription, who passed for an angel of mercy, but who, in reality, would not give a cent unless his name was first on the list.

Charity may be exercised in our daily life in endless variety of forms. Charitable connections of the words and actions of others—charitable consideration for the feelings and wishes of others—and charitable forbearance in outraging the sensibility of our brethren, are only a few operations of the greatest of all virtues. In all relations of life, from the earliest to the latest period—in the highest and lowest, in war, peace, the offspring of charity, secures happiness, while its absence insures misery. In the domestic circle—in home relations more especially—charity should be our constant attendant guide—it teaches us to consider others and not ourselves—it induces us to investigate actions, and when about to condemn those of others, to enquire what our own would be under similar circumstances? It teaches us to know ourselves—not to estimate too highly our own virtues—begets humility and meekness—frees from arrogance and assumption—and makes all possessors really amiable people.

In this world of unkindness, where harsh and ill-natured constructions teem—where every action and word of doubtful tendency, invariably have the worst face put upon them by the good-natured mass, it is a positive relief to meet with a truly charitable person; one who will not readily condemn, who allows the benefit of doubt to all criminals, and believes every man innocent of a bad action and evil intention until clearly proved against him, and then thinks that there may be some excuse, some mitigating circumstances which palliate the offence. We are all too prone to judge our fellows,—we see and hear of deeds that are horrible, and unhesitatingly condemn the authors, without thinking that the temptation to sin might to ourselves have been as irresistible as it had proved to those whom we condemn.

Let us endeavor to look upon all things in the best light,—this world, though a troublesome one, is not all evil. Good can be extracted from every thing, provided our knowledge of alchemy be sufficient,—the bee sucks honey alike from every flower, whether odoriferous or not, and we may if so minded see

“Books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.”

To accomplish this much to be desired end, true charity is essential—it engenders a kindly feeling for our fellow creatures—softens and tones down their foibles, errors, and short comings—renders us suspicious of, and sceptical concerning our own desserts, and willing and able to discover good intentions, where without its aid, we should observe only selfishness.

Like perceives like in the human mind, and, consequently, selfish people are ever the most acute in detecting selfishness in others, while benevolent men will discover kindness and self-denial, where the worldly minded see nothing but unmitigated love of self.

To the lovers of ease, and the believers in practical philosophy, it must be no slight recommendation to charity that like mercy “it is twice blessed,” “it bleaseth him that gives and him that receives.”

Charitable constructions of other people's deeds renders us happier,—a man who is ever on the alert to discover bad intentions, is the

victim of his own suspicions, whilst the opposite character is in charity with all men—happy himself—and so secured by his charitable disposition, that even the envious and malicious pass him, awed by his repose.

Charity begets charity, so that a charitably disposed man, must inevitably partially call into

operation the charitable feelings of all those with whom he associates.

We should think of the influence which our conduct has upon society, for however insignificant an atom we may be, we still form part of the great whole, and in our sphere can do much good or evil.

IONE.

BY MARY C. DENVER.

HERE is all thy mirth departed.

Lady of the drooping eye?
I have seen thee sad and silent
When no cause for grief
Was nigh,
Pale, and spiritless, and weary,
By the fountain's lonely side,
Thee, when the festal,
Its ornament and pride.

Illness, all was beauty,
By footsteps chose to stray,
Forest's lengthened shadows

Stole upon the steps of day.
Leaves were whispering to each other,
Of the beams upon their breast,
When the spirit of the breezes,
Woke them from their sunny rest.

And that clear and laughing fountain,
Sparkling as the skies above,
Filled the bosom of the forest
With the angel-song of love.
And the flowers were thick around it,
Listening to its laughing voice,
Sometimes peeping in its bosom,
Wondering how it could rejoice.

How within so sweet a temple,
Could I wonder thou shouldst stray,
All neglectful of the banquet,
And the glittering array.
But thy brow was sad, and shaded
Was the lustre of thine eye,
And thy pale cheek spoke of sorrow,
When I saw no sorrow nigh.

I have had a vision lately,
Of a proud and jewelled throng,
Where were eyes like diamonds flashing,
Where arose the voice of song.
Snowy brows and raven tresses
Shone within the festive hall,
And a vase of fragrant flowers
Shed a perfume over all.

Brilliantly the lamps were flashing,
On the brilliant forms below,
Where was heard the voice of gladness,
Where was seen the cheek's warm glow.
Of the many lovely faces
Gleaming 'midst the festal,
Thou didst bear the palm of beauty,
Queen of beauty over all.

Worshipers were crowding round thee,
And the voice of praise was heard,
Till the lurking pride within thee,
From its deep repose was stirred.
And it listened to the homage
That was offered at thy shrine,
Till thy cheek was warm and fevered,
And thy thoughts no longer thine.

But all suddenly and silent
Passed the glow from off thy cheek,
And the thoughts thronged to thy bosom
Which thy tongue might never speak.
Flattery's voice received no answer.
And her tones were heard no more,
When I saw a noble stranger
Enter at the open door.

Proud, yet gentle was his bearing,
And his eye was blue and deep,
As the violets of the morning
Waking from their azure sleep.
And his brow was pale and lofty,
As a poet's brow should be,
And his smile was soft and sudden,
As the sunlight on the sea.

Many an eye was flashing round him,
Following as he passed along,
Many a whispered word was spoken,
As he moved amidst the throng.
And methought thy cheek was crimson,
When his eye by chance met thine,
Ah! fair Ione, sad Ione!
Do thy dreams respond to mine?

Doth thy heart enfold a secret
In its deep and inmost cell?
Hath thy bosom found a treasure
It hath guarded long and well?
Ah! in vain the heart may moulder
Round the secret of its wo,
When the drooping eye betrays it
And the cheek's unconscious glow.

Thou hast wandered sad and lonely
To the fountain's lovely side,
To indulge in thoughts thy bosom
Hath no wish but that to hide.
Drink not the delicious poison,
That such loneliness can impart,
For the chords of love will tighten
Round thy warm and trusting heart.

Lady why thus fly his presence,
He round whom thy thoughts revolve
With a strange mysterious feeling,
Which thou canst not, will not solve?
Dost thou shun his presence ever,
But to muse upon his worth?
After draining poisoned chalice,
Darest thou the cup to earth?

In the bosom dwells a tenant,
Dwells a strange and wayward one,
Now he revels in the tempest,
Now rejoices in the sun;
But a sudden thought steals o'er him,
Like a ghostly form at noon,
And the gladness of his glory,
Yields to disappointment soon.

Aye! the heart will sometimes triumph
In the mis'ry it endures,
Crushing hope and seeking shadows,
Where no meteor star allures;
Shunning paths that soon would lead it
To the haven of its hopes;
Ah, the strange and wayward pilot,
Seeks the storm with which it copes.

Shun not thou a noble spirit,
And an intellectual brow,
Can he ever hope to worship,
Cold and shy as thou art now?
Should two hearts whose ev'ry feeling
Might so nearly be allied,
Take the icy garb of coldness,
And thus fester side by side?

• "THE WORD IS VERY NIGH THEE, IN THY MOUTH, AND IN THY HEART."

Deuteronomy, xxx. 14.



REAMS shall bind my
soul no longer,
Darkly to the valley
clod;
Ever shall its slight grow
stronger,
Soaring upward to my
God;
Near unto me,
Thrilling through me,

His kind voice shall never cease
Whisp'ring words of truest peace.

When the night is round me sweeping,
Like a wide protecting wing;
Ere mine eyes are dark with sleeping,
Breathes that voice from every thing;
I shall hear it,
But not fear it,
Echoed through my bosom's core:
"Go beloved—and sin no more."

Then—though evil hands be wresting,
Written scriptures from my sight;

Inner joy goes on, attesting
God's high word of love and light:
Never dimming,
Ever hymning,
To the long enduring breast,
"Come—and I will give you rest."

His dear mercy, very surely,
Shall be near for ever more;
If—confidingly and purely,
God—my God I still adore:
From his altar,
Never falter;
Bearing in his blessing part,
"Blessed are the pure in heart."

At the last, when o'er me thickly
Gather dim the damps of death;
And the prayer—"Come! Jesus quickly,"
Struggles through my fleeting breath:
God forgive me,
And receive me
In his mansions, bright and blest,
Entered into heaven's rest.

THE DAUGHTER-IN-LAW.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

SHALL love your mother very much, Charles: but do you think she will love me?" said a graceful young creature, leaning with an air of tender confidence upon the arm of her companion, and looking up earnestly in his face. She was a little above the ordinary stature, with a form so delicate as to appear almost fragile—a pure semi-transparent skin, and a cheek—

"Like the apple tree blossom,
By the dew fountain fed,
Was the bloom of her cheek,
With its white and its red—"

Eyes of heaven's own blue beamed with love and delight, as they wandered over the frank, honest face of the young man, who stood looking down into them, as they reflected back his own image. He could not love himself, without harm to himself; but he could gaze on and love to gaze for ever upon the image of himself pictured in those dear eyes, and yet be innocent.

"Love you, Ellen? How can she help loving you?"

"I do not know why any one should love me," was the artless reply.

"I do not know how any one can help loving you."

"Ah, you may think so. But every one does not see with your eyes. And may be, you are only blinded. I am not perfect Charles. Do n't forget that."

"You are perfect to me, and that is all I ask. But say, Ellen, dear, sha'n't we be married in a month?"

"I am so young, Charles. And then, I ought to be certain that your mother is willing. Does she know all about it? You have written to her, have you not?"

The young man did not reply for some moments. Then he said.

"Never fear, Ellen. My mother will love you as her own child, when she sees and knows you. I have not written about you to her, because, as I must tell you, my mother, though one of the best of women, is a little proud of her standing

in society. The moment I write to her on this subject, she will have a dozen grave questions to ask about your family, and whether they are connected with this great personage or that?—questions that I despair of answering, in a letter, to her satisfaction. But your dear face will explain all, and stop all inquiries, when I present you to her as my wife."

"Do n't be so certain of that, Charles. If your mother is proud of her family, she will be mortified and displeased should her son marry an unknown girl."

"The proudest mother on earth would receive you into her bosom, and call you her daughter, without an emotion of wounded pride!" was the lover's confident reply. "I know it. I know my mother too well not to be confident on this subject."

"You ought to know, Charles. But I would much rather be certain. I love you better than my life—but if I thought that your marrying me would separate you from your mother's love, I would never consent to a union. Ah, there can be no love so pure, so deep, so unselfish as a mother's love. A mother! Oh, how sweet the name! How holy the office! I can remember, though but faintly, my mother. I was but a little girl when I lost her, but I still see her face as it often bent over me while I lay in my little bed, and I still, at times, can hear her voice. Oh, what would I not have given had she lived! Ah, Charles, be sure that in no act of your life you wrong your mother, or give her pain."

Charles Linden belonged to a family that claimed descent from some distinguished ancestor on the mother's side—some one who had come from England a long time ago, and who, when there, ranked as one of gentle blood. Of the worth of his principles, little was known. He may have been a high minded and honorable man, or he may have possessed qualities worthy of the detestation of all. Be that as it may, Mrs. Linden valued herself highly on having come down in right line, through three generations, from this distinguished individual; and there were plenty to estimate her by her own standard. As a woman, taking her for what she was worth, she would have done very well, and received from all sensible people due consideration. But, her true character as a woman was glossed over, and

somewhat defaced by her pride. She did not regard her own qualities of mind as any thing—her standing as one of the true aristocrats of society was every thing. As for her husband, little was ever said about his ancestors. He had no scruples while living about an investigation; for he feared none! His father was a wealthy merchant, and his grandfather an honest farmer who had fought for his country during the whole Revolutionary campaign. The old soldier left to his son the inheritance of sound moral principles, a good education, and an enthusiastic love of his country. With these as his only patrimony, he started in the world. At the age of fifty he died, leaving to his children an untarnished name, and forty thousand dollars apiece. The father of Charles Linden had been in business several years when this event took place, and had already acquired by his own exertions, as well as by marriage, a handsome property. He died when Charles, his eldest son, was but sixteen, leaving three children, two sons and one daughter; and a widow estimated to be worth a hundred thousand dollars. To each of the children he left fifty thousand. This did not please the aristocratic notions of the mother:—It would have been more in consonance with her views, if but one third of the whole property had been left to her, and the balance to their oldest son, with the reservation of small annuities for the other children. In her own mind, she determined to will all she had to Charles, with the distinct proviso, that he took possession of it only on the condition of dropping his father's name, and assuming that of her family—which was Beauchamp.

Long before he was twenty-one years of age, she commenced her insidious attacks upon his native manliness of character, which showed itself in a disposition to value every thing with which he came in contact, according to intrinsic worth. He never thought of the family of any one with whom he was thrown into association, but of qualities of head and heart. At school he had learned how to estimate individual worth;—books, truly American books, conceived by American minds, strengthened the right impression so made. When, therefore, Mrs. Linden attempted to show him that family was the primary thing to be considered in his associations with people, her efforts were altogether fruitless.

All persons of Mrs. Linden's way of thinking, make it a point to take the marriage of their children pretty much into their own hands, believing that their external views on the subject are far better than the internal attraction towards an object that can be truly loved, which their children imagine they feel,—or, as they say "imagine."

The mother of Charles understood well her duty in this matter. Long before her son had passed his fourteenth year, she had made a selection for him in a little Miss, younger than he was by two years, named Antoinette Billings. Antoinette's mother was a woman after Mrs. Linden's own heart. She understood the first distant hint made on the subject, and readily came to a fair and open understanding with Mrs. Linden. Then it was managed so that the children were much together, and they were taught to look upon each other as engaged for marriage at some future day.

Charles was a fine, noble hearted, independent boy; but Antoinette was a spoiled, pert, selfish creature, and had but little control over her tempers, that were by no means amiable. It was not long before the future husband, so called, wisely determined that Miss Antoinette should never be his wife, and he told his mother so in very plain language. She tried every art in her power to influence Charles, but it was no use. He inherited too much truly noble blood from his independent, right-thinking father.

At the age of twenty-one, he left his native place and entered into business in a neighboring city. His mother parted with him reluctantly; but there were strong reasons why he should go, and she did not feel that it would be right to oppose him.

About a year after his removal from P——, to his new place of residence, Charles Linden met Ellen Fleetwood. She had come, recently, from one of the Eastern States, and resided in the family of a distant relative. His first impressions were favorable—each subsequent meeting confirmed them,—and, at length he found himself really attached to her. So little of his mother's peculiar spirit had he imbibed, that it did not once occur to him to ask about her family, until he had made up his mind to offer himself in marriage. Inquiry on this subject resulted in the discovery, that Ellen's parents were distinguished from the mass in no particular way. They had married early and her mother died early. Her father, whose very existence seemed to have been wrapped up in that of his wife, went away soon after her death, and never returned. It was believed by his friends that he did not survive her long. Ellen was then five years old. An aunt adopted her, and raised her as her own child. A year before Linden met her, this aunt had died, leaving her a small income. She removed, shortly after this event, at the request of a relative—the only surviving one, as far as she knew—and now lived with her. Of the precise character of the father and mother, he could learn nothing. Ellen, therefore, neither lost nor gained any thing in his eyes by birth. For what she

was to him, and for that alone, he loved her—and loved her purely and tenderly.

An engagement took place in a few months after their acquaintance commenced. It was shortly afterwards that the conversation detailed in the opening of our story commenced, from which it will appear, that Charles had not yet ventured to inform his mother of the choice he had made. Knowing the strength of her peculiar prejudices, he had every thing to fear, so far as opposition was concerned. The fact that Ellen appeared so anxious to obtain her favor, made him less willing to risk the consequences of informing his mother that he had made his choice of a wife. He knew that she would oppose a marriage most strenuously. What the effect of such opposition upon the mind of Ellen would be, it was impossible for him to tell;—it might, he feared, lead her to decline his offer. For this reason he urged an immediate union; and wished it to take place without his parent's knowledge. Ellen opposed this, earnestly, but was, finally, induced to yield. They were married, and started the next morning to visit Mrs. Linden. Two days before Charles had written to inform his mother of what had taken place, and of his intended return home, on a short visit with his bride.

"My dear mother," a portion of his letter read,—"I know you will be grieved, and I fear, offended at what I have done; but wait only for a day or two, until you can see my Ellen—your Ellen, let me say,—and you will be grieved and angry no longer. She will love you as only an unselfish child can love a mother; and you will love her the moment you see her. I have talked to her from the first about you, and she has already so pure an affection for you, that she is longing to see you, and throw herself upon your bosom. Oh! let me beg of you to receive her in the spirit with which she is coming to you. Be to her a mother as she wishes to be to you a child."

It was not without many misgivings at heart that Charles Linden set out to visit his mother. These could not be felt without their effect being perceived by Ellen, who was tremblingly anxious about her reception. Her spirits, became, in consequence, depressed, and more than once, Charles found tears stealing from beneath her half closed eyelids. He understood, well, the cause, and strove, but vainly, to assure her that all would be as her heart could wish.

It was nearly night-fall when the carriage that conveyed them from the steamboat landing, drew up before the elegant residence of Mrs. Linden. Charles hurried in with his young bride, his mind in a tumult of anxiety. A servant was sent up

to announce his arrival. Five minutes passed, and they still sat alone in the parlor, Charles deeply agitated, and Ellen looking pale and frightened.

"What can keep her so long?" the young man had just said, in a husky whisper, when the door opened, and his mother entered with a slow, dignified step, her face calm, but serene, and her tall person drawn up to its full height. Charles started forward, but the instantly raised hand and forbidding aspect of his mother, restrained him.

"Do n't come near me," she said, coldly—"You have done that for which I shall never forgive you. Go at once from my presence, with the mean-spirited creature who has dared to suppose that I would acknowledge as my daughter one who has corrupted and robbed me of my son. Go! We are mother and son no longer. I dissolve the tie. Go!"

And the mother, whose assumed calmness had given place to a highly excited manner, waved her hand imperatively towards the door.

Ellen who had started up the moment Mrs. Linden appeared, now came forward, and throwing herself at her feet, clasped her hands together, and lifted to hers her sweet pale face and tearful eyes. For an instant the mother's face grew dark with passion; then she made a movement as if she were about to spurn the suppliant indignantly, when Charles sprang before her, and lifting Ellen in his arms, bore her from the house, and placed her, half fainting, in the carriage that still stood at the door. A hurried direction was given to the driver, who mounted his box and drove off to a hotel, where they passed the night, and, on the next morning, returned home to the city they had left on the previous day.

It was long before a smile lighted up the countenance of the young bride. In silence she upbraided herself for having been the cause of estranging from each other a mother and her son.

"It was so wrong," she said, in a sad tone, when, after the passage of a month, the subject was conversed about between them with more than usual calmness. "You should have, first of all, written to your mother, and asked her consent."

"But I knew that she would not give it. I knew her peculiar prejudices too well. My only hope was the impression your dear face would make upon her. I was sure that for her to see you would be to love you. But, I was mistaken."

"Alas! too sadly mistaken. We have made her unhappy through life. Oh! how that thought distresses me."

"She deserves all the unhappiness she may feel. For me, I do not pity her." Charles Linden said this with a good deal of bitterness.

"Oh! Charles,—do not speak so—do not feel so. She is your mother, and you acted against what you knew to be one of her strongest prejudices," Ellen said, earnestly. "I do not feel angry with her. When I think of her, it is with grief that she is unhappy. The time may yet come,—pray heaven it come quickly!—when she will feel differently toward one whose heart she does not know,—when she will love me as a daughter, and I will love her as a mother."

"She does not deserve the love of one like you," was the bitterly spoken reply.

"Ah, Charles! why will you speak so? It is not right."

"I can no more help it than I can help feeling and thinking, Ellen. I am indignant, and I must express my feelings. What a poor substitute is birth, or family connexion, or standing in society, for a mother to offer her son, instead of a pure heart that can love fervently. If I had yielded to dictation on this subject, I would long ago have been the unhappy husband of a vain, selfish, proud creature, whom I never could have loved. No—no—Ellen. I cannot help being angry, if I may so speak, at the thought of such unjust, unwise assumption of prerogative in a parent. It is God who joins together in orderly marriage—not man; and when man attempts to assume the place of God in this matter, his work is evil. I would give my child, were I a parent, all the light, all the intelligence in my power to give him, and then let him choose for himself. To do more would be in my opinion, a sin against God, and, as such, I would shun it with horror."

In time, the deep affliction of mind that Ellen had experienced, subsided. She felt the injustice of Mrs. Linden's conduct, and, though she had no indignant or unkind feelings towards her, she thought of her without an emotion of filial regard. Year after year went by, and, as no notice whatever was taken of Charles and his wife by Mrs. Linden, they did not again venture near her, nor take any steps to conciliate her favor. Her treatment of Ellen had so outraged her son, that he tried to forget that he had a mother; for he could not think of her without a bitterness which he did not wish to feel. The only means of knowing what took place at home was through his sister, between whom and himself had always existed a warm affection. She wrote to him frequently, and he, as well as his wife, wrote to her often. Their letters to her were, at her request, sent under cover to a friend, to prevent the unpleasant consequences that would ensue should the proud, overbearing mother, become aware of the correspondence.

From his sister, who had something of his own independence of feeling, Charles learned that his

brother William, at his mother's instance, was about to marry Antoinette Billings. And, also, that an application had been made to the legislature to have his name changed to Beauchamp, his mother's family name. As an inducement for him to gratify her pride in this thing, Mrs. Linden had promised William, that, on the very day the legislature granted the petition, she would transfer to him the whole amount of her property, with the exception of about twenty thousand dollars. Subsequently Charles learned that the name of his brother had been changed; that the marriage had taken place; and, that his mother had relinquished all of her property, with a small reservation, into the hands of her son. All this took place within three years after his own marriage.

The next intelligence was, of an attempt being made to force Florence, his sister, into a marriage most repugnant to her feelings. This aroused his indignation afresh. He wrote to her strongly; and conjured her by every high and holy consideration not to permit the sacrifice to take place. Florence possessed too much of his own spirit tamely to yield in a matter like this. His frequent letters strengthened her to resist all the efforts of both mother and brother to induce her to yield to their mercenary wishes. Finding that she was firm, a system of persecution, in the hope of forcing her to an assent, was commenced against her. As soon as Charles learned this, he went immediately to P——, and saw Florence at the house of a mutual friend. He had little difficulty in persuading her to return home with him. Neither her mother nor William showed her any real affection, and they were both plotting against her happiness for life. On the other hand, between her and Charles there had always been a deep attachment. She not only loved him, but confided in him. She had never seen his wife, but Charles had written so much about her, and Ellen's letters pictured a mind so gentle, so good, that Florence loved her only less than she loved her brother. And there was another there to love, of whom she had heard much—a fair haired child named Florence. Is it a subject of wonder that she fled from her mother, to find a paradise in comparison to what she had left, in the home of Charles and his pure hearted companion? We think not.

The meeting between her and Ellen was one in which both their hearts overflowed—in which affections mingled—in which two loving spirits became united in bonds that nothing could break.

We turn, now, to the disappointed Mrs. Linden. Knowing that to inform her mother of the step she had resolved to take, would do no good, but only cause her to endure a storm of passion,

Florence left home without the slightest intimation of her purpose.

In settling upon her son William her whole estate, with the small reservation before mentioned, Mrs. Linden gave up to him the splendid mansion in which she lived, with its costly furniture—and the entire control of it, as a matter that followed of course, to his young wife. Many months had not passed before doubts of the propriety of what she had done began to creep into the mind of Mrs. Linden. Her pride of family had been gratified—but, already, had her pride of independence been assailed. It was plain that she was not now of as much importance in the eyes of her son as before. As to Antoinette, the more she came intimately in contact with her, the less she liked her. She found little in her that she could love. The scheme of marrying Florence to a young man of "one of the first families" (the only recommendation he had) was heartily entered into by this worthy trio, and while there was a prospect of its accomplishment, they drew together with much appearance of harmony. The end united them. But after Florence had broken away from the toils they had been throwing around her, and they became satisfied, from the strong independent letters which she sent home, that all hope of bending her to their wishes was at an end, the true character of each began to show itself more fully.

Mrs. Linden had an imperious will. She had always exercised over her children a rigid control, at the same time, that in their earlier years she had won their affections. The freedom of mature years, and the sense of individual responsibility which it brings, caused all of them to rebel against the continued exercise of parental domination. In the case of Charles and Florence, the effect was a broad separation. William had sinister ends to gain in appearing to yield a passive submission to his mother's will. When the bulk of her property was transferred to him, those ends were gained, and he felt no longer disposed to suffer any encroachment upon his freedom. In one act of obedience, he had fulfilled all obligations of filial duty, and was not disposed to trouble himself further. He had consented to give up his father's name, and to marry a woman for whom he had no affection, to please his mother, and to get a large estate. The estate set off against these, balanced the account; and now, there being nothing more to gain, he had nothing more to yield. When, therefore, after the design of marrying Florence to a man of "good family," had failed, the first effort on the part of his mother to exercise control over him, was met in a very decided way. His wife, likewise, showed a disposition to make her keep in her own place.

She was mistress in the house, now, and she let it be clearly seen.

It was not long before the mother's eyes were fully opened to the folly she had committed. But true sight had come too late. Reflection on the ungratefulness of her children aroused her indignation, instead of subduing her feelings. An open rupture ensued, and then came a separation. Mrs. Linden left the house of her son—but a short time before it was her own house—and took lodgings in the family of an old friend, with a heart full of bitterness towards her children. In Antoinette she had been miserably disappointed. A weak, vain, passionate, selfish creature, she had shown not the slightest regard for Mrs. Linden, but had exhibited towards her a most unamiable temper.

When it was communicated to Antoinette by her husband, that his mother had left them, she tossed her head and said—

"I'm glad to hear it."

"No you must not say that," was William's reply, with an effort to look serious and offended.

"And why not? It's the truth. She has made herself as disagreeable as she could ever since we were married; and I would be a hypocrite to say that I was not glad to be rid of her."

"She is my mother, and you must not speak so about her," returned William, now feeling really offended.

"How will you help it, pray?" was the stinging reply. And the ill-tempered creature looked at her husband with a curl of the lip.

Muttering a curse, he turned from her and left the house. The rage of a husband who is only restrained by the fear of disgrace, from striking his wife, is impotent. His only resource is to fly from the object of his indignation. So felt and acted William Beauchamp. A mere wordy contention with his wife, experience had already proved to him, would be an inglorious one.

Fearing, from his knowledge of his brother's character and disposition, a result, sooner or later, like that which had taken place, Charles Linden, although he held no correspondence with any of his family, had the most accurate information from a friend, of all that transpired at P——.

One evening, on coming home from business, and joining his wife and sister, between whom love had grown into a strong uniting bond, he said,

"I have rather painful news from P——."

"What is it?" was asked by both Ellen and Florence, with anxious concern on both their faces.

"Mother has separated herself from William and his wife."

"What I have been expecting to hear, almost every day," Florence replied. "Antoinette has ever treated mother as if she had the slightest regard for her. As to love, she has but one object upon which to lavish it,—that is herself. She cares no more for William than she does for other, and is only bound to him by external considerations. But, where has mother gone?"

"To the house of Mrs. R——."

"An old friend."

"Yes. But she must be very unhappy."

"Miserable." And tears came to the eyes of Ellen.

"In the end, it will no doubt, be best for her, Florence," said the brother. "She will suffer terribly, but her false views of life, let us hope, will be corrected, and then we shall have it in our power to make her last days the best and pleasant of her life."

"Oh, how gladly will I join you in that work!" Mrs. Linden said, with a glow of pure enthusiasm on her face. "Write to her, dear husband! Write, and tell her that our home shall be her home, and that we will love her with an unflinching love."

"Not yet, dear," returned Charles Linden, in a voice scarcely audible from emotion, turning to Ellen and regarding her for a moment with a look of loving approval.—"Not yet. The time that will come; but it is not now. My mother's heart is full of haughty pride, and she will spurn, indignantly, any overtures we might make."

"Which conversation passed as to what should be her future conduct in regard to the mother."

"Mrs. Linden was anxious to make advances at once, but her husband and his sister, who knew Mrs. Linden better than she did, objected."

"Time will indicate what it is right for us to do," her husband said. "Let us only keep our hearts willing, and we shall have the opportunity before many years pass by."

"Years?" said Ellen, in an earnest, doubting

"may be only months, dear,—and yet it may be years. It takes time to break a haughty will, to subdue a proud heart. But you shall yet see the day when my mother will love you for yourself."

"I never grant that it may come soon!" was Ellen's silent response.

"Months passed away, and yet the mother remained as before—unreconciled. He told himself accurately informed in regard to her, as accurately informed as it was possible for him to be. During that time, she had never been seen abroad. Those who had known her represented her as being greatly changed.

All the softness of character, that had been assumed in her intercourse with the world, had been laid aside. She was silent, stern and cold to all who met her.

Deeply did this intelligence afflict Charles, and he yearned to draw near his mother. But he feared to do so, lest in her haughty pride, she should throw him off again, and thus render a reconciliation still more difficult, if not impossible.

While in this state of doubt, affairs assumed a new feature. Charles received a letter from a friend that the banking institution in the stocks of which his mother's entire property was invested, had failed, and that she was penniless.

"O, Charles! Go to her at once!" was the exclamation of Ellen, the moment her husband read to her the intelligence. "It is time now. All else has failed her."

"I do not know," he said, doubtingly. "This circumstance will make William sensible of his duty; he will, no doubt, restore her a part of the property received from her hands. This is the least he can do."

Florence differed with her brother. She did not believe that either William or his wife would regard their mother in any way. Both were too selfish, and too unforgiving. Much was said all around; but no clear course of action was perceived.

"I'll tell you what you can do!" spoke up Mrs. Linden, her eyes sparkling. A thought had flashed over her mind.

"What is it, Ellen?" asked her husband.

"You can send her, under a blank envelope, a thousand dollars, or more, and thus keep her above the bitter feeling of dependence. More can be sent when more is required."

"True! true!" was the husband's quick reply. "And I will do it."

When the news of the failure of the bank in which the little remnant of her property was contained, reached the ears of Mrs. Linden, her spirits sunk. Pride had kept her up before. But now, her haughty self-dependence, her indignation, her bitterness of feeling towards her children, gave way, and in conscious weakness she bowed her head, and prayed for oblivion. She felt deserted by all; but indignation at this desertion was not the feeling that ruled in her heart. She felt weak, and lonely, and powerless. From a high position, which she had held with imperious pride, she had fallen, almost suddenly, into obscurity, desertion and dependence. A week passed, and she began to think of her children. None of them had yet come near her, or inquired for her. The thoughts of William and his heartless wife, caused old feelings of indignation to

awaken, and burn. But, when the image of Charles and Florence came up before her mind, her eyes were ready to overflow. It was now that she remembered, with changed emotions, the cruel manner in which she had spurned Charles, and the wife of his bosom. A sigh struggled up from her heart, and she leaned down her face upon the table before which she was sitting. Just at this time a small, sealed package was handed to her. She broke it open, carelessly. But its contents made her heart bound, coming as they did just at that crisis. Under cover was a bank bill amounting to one thousand dollars—and this memorandum:

"It is yours."

Quickly turning to the direction, she read it over two or three times before satisfying herself that there was no mistake. Then she examined the writing within and without, closely, in order to ascertain, if possible, from whom the timely aid had come, but without arriving at any certain conclusion.

This incident caused a new train of thoughts to pass through the mind of Mrs. Linden. It brought before her, she could not tell why, the image of her son Charles, with greater distinctness than ever; and, with that, came thoughts of his wife, and regret that she had thrown her off with such cruel anger. Acute pain of mind succeeded to this. She saw more clearly her own position in that act, and felt deeply the wrong she had committed.

"I will write to my son at once, and ask his forgiveness, and that of his wife whom I have wronged," she said, with a suddenly formed resolution.

But pride roused up instantly.

"No, no," it objected. "Not now. You should have done this before. It is too late. They will not believe you sincere."

A painful conflict ensued, which continued, with increasing violence, until, in consequence of prolonged mental excitement, a slow, nervous fever took hold of Mrs. Linden's physical system, and, in a short time, reduced her to a very critical state. Intelligence of this was conveyed to her son William, but, from some cause or other, neither himself nor wife visited her. At the end of a week, she was so low as to be considered in great danger. She no longer recognized the person of her attendant, or appeared conscious of what was passing around her.

A letter from a friend, through whom he was kept informed of all that occurred to her, apprised Charles Linden of his mother's critical situation.

"Florence," he said to his sister, in reading the letter to her and his wife. "I think you and I should go to P—— immediately. You can

be mother's nurse until she recovers, and then it may not be hard to reconcile all that is past."

Ellen looked earnestly in the face of her husband;—something was on her tongue, but she appeared to hesitate about giving it utterance.

"Does not that meet your approval?" asked Charles.

"Why may I not be the nurse?" was asked in hesitating tones.

"You?" said Charles, in a voice of surprise. "That should be the duty of Florence."

"And my privilege," returned Ellen, speaking more firmly.

"What good would be the result?"

"Great good I trust. Let me go, and be the angel of her sick chamber. She is too ill, to notice any one. She will not, therefore, perceive that a stranger is ministering to her. As she begins to recover, and I have an inward assurance that she will, I will bestow upon her the most assiduous attentions. I will inspire her heart with grateful affection for one whom she knows not; and when she asks for my name, I will conceal it until the right moment, and then throw myself at her feet, and call her 'mother.' Oh! let it be my task to watch in her sick chamber."

Neither Charles nor his sister said one word in opposition. On the next day, they all started for P——. Charles Linden went with his excellent wife to the house where his mother was residing with an old friend, and opened to this friend their wishes. She readily entered into their plans, and Ellen was at once constituted nurse. For the first two days, there were few encouraging symptoms. Mrs. Linden was in a very critical situation. At the end of a week, the fever abated, leaving the patient as helpless as an infant, and with scarcely more consciousness of external things. During this time, Ellen attended her with something of the feeling with which a mother watches over and ministers to her babe. Gradually, the life current in the veins of the sick woman became fuller and stronger. Gradually her mind acquired the power of acting through the external senses. Ellen perceived this. Now had come the ardently hoped for time.—With a noiseless step; with a voice low and tender; with hands that did their office almost carressingly, she anticipated and met every want of the invalid.

As light began again to dawn upon the mind of Mrs. Linden, she could not but notice, first, the sweet-faced, gentle, assiduous stranger, who had become her nurse. Her first feeling was one of gratitude, blended with affection. Never before had any one been so devoted to her,—never before had any one appeared to regard her with such a real wish to do her good.

"What is your name, my dear?" she asked one day in a feeble voice, looking up into her face.

A warm flush came over the cheeks of Ellen. Her eyes dropped to the floor. She hesitated for several moments. Then she replied, in a low voice—

"Ellen."

Mrs. Linden looked at her earnestly, but said nothing in reply.

"Who is this nurse you have been so kind as to procure for me?" Mrs. Linden said to her friend, a few days subsequently. She had gained much in a few days.

"She is a stranger to me. I never saw her before she came, and said that she had heard there was a sick lady here who wished a nurse."

"She did?"

"Yes."

"She must be an angel in disguise, then."

"So I should think," returned her friend. "I have never met a lovelier person. Her face is sweetness itself; her manners are full of ease and grace; and her heart seems a deep well of love to all."

"Who can she be? Where did she come from? I feel towards her as if she were my own child."

"But she is only a nurse," said the friend. "Do not forget that; nor your station in society."

Mrs. Linden shook her head, and murmured—

"I have never found one like her in the highest places, no, not even in my own children. Station in society! Ah, my friend, that delusion has passed."

As Mrs. Linden recovered more and more, Ellen remained with her, waiting only for a good opportunity to make herself known. She did not wish to do this until she was sure that she had awakened a feeling of affection in her mother's bosom.

Mrs. Linden had been sitting up for two or three days, so far had she recovered, and yet Ellen did not feel that it would be safe to venture a full declaration of the truth. Up to this time neither William nor his wife had visited her, or sent to enquire about her. This fact Mrs. Linden knew, for she had asked about it particularly. The name of Charles was never mentioned.

In order to try its effect, Ellen said to her—

"You are better, now, Mrs. Linden, and will be well in a little while. You do not need me any longer. I will leave you to-morrow."

"Leave me!" ejaculated Mrs. Linden. "O, no, Ellen, you must not leave me. I cannot do without you. You must stay with me always."

"You would soon tire of such a one as I am."

"Never, my good girl: never! You shall always remain with me. You shall be—not my nurse, but my child."

Mrs. Linden's voice trembled.

Ellen could hardly help throwing herself at her feet and declaring that she was really her child. But she controlled herself, and replied.

"That cannot be, madam. I have other duties to perform."

"You have? Where? What? To whom?"

"To my husband and children."

"Gracious Heaven! What do you mean? Who are you?"

"One who loved you before she ever saw you. One who loves you now."

"Speak child! Oh speak!" exclaimed Mrs. Linden, turning suddenly pale, and grasping hold of Ellen with both her hands. "Who are you? What interest have you in me? Speak!"

"Do you love me?" asked Ellen, in a husky whisper.

"Love you? Yes! You have forced me to love you! But speak out! Who are you?"

"Your daughter," was faintly replied.

"Who?"

"The wife of one who has never ceased to love you. The wife of Charles Linden!"

Mrs. Linden seemed paralyzed for some moments, at this declaration. Her face became pale—her eyes fell to the floor—she sat like one in a dream.

"Dear mother!" plead the anxious wife, sinking on her knees.—"Will you not forgive your son? Will you not forgive me that I loved him so well? If you knew how much we love you—how anxious we are to make you happy, you would instantly relent."

"My child! Oh can it be true?" This was said in a choking voice, by Mrs. Linden as she threw her arms around Ellen, and held her to her bosom. In a few moments she withdrew herself, and fixed her eyes long and earnestly upon Ellen's face.

"Ah what a loving heart have I wronged," she murmured, putting her hand upon the brow of her new found child, tenderly. Then she drew her again, almost convulsively, to her bosom.

All that was passing within was heard without, for Charles and his sister were at the door. They entered at this moment.

"My mother!" exclaimed Charles, springing towards his mother.

"My son—my dear son! God bless you and the dear child who has watched for days and nights like an angel about my pillow!"

The mother and son were in each other's arms in a moment. All was forgiven.

From that hour the proud woman of the world saw with a purified vision. From that hour she knew the worth of a pure heart.

DON PHILLIP VILLANI.

A SKETCH OF CHARACTER,—BY DUMAS.

Translated from the French.

BY A. ROLAND.

NE day while we were in Naples, as we passed through For- great a crowd red the street vere compelled nd from the in which we ing, and con- way on foot.

As we elbowed through the crowd, we enquired the cause of the assemblage, and were informed that a trial was in progress, between the Fraternity of Pilgrims and Don Phillip Villani. The defendant, having been buried some days before, at the expense of the said Fraternity, was summoned to prove, legally, that he was dead. From the original nature of this trial, it will be readily seen, that it was sufficient to draw a crowd together. We asked for some information with regard to this Don Phillip Villani; at the moment an individual passed, in great haste.

"There he is," we were told.

"The person who was buried a few days ago?"

"Himself."

"But how can that be?"

"He must have been resuscitated."

"He is a sorcerer, then?"

"The nephew of Cagliostro."

It was true, that, thanks to the authentic filiation, by which he was attached to this illustrious ancestor, and a number of tricks of juggling, more or less strange, Don Phillip bore the reputation of a sorcerer. They did him wrong. Don Phillip Villani is more than a sorcerer; he is a type. Don Phillip Villani, is the Neapolitan Robert Macaire; with this difference, however, the Neapolitan has a great superiority over the French sharper. Our Robert Macaire, is, to us, an imaginary being, a social fiction, a philosophical fable; whilst the Neapolitan Robert Macaire is a personage composed of flesh and

bone, a palpable individuality, a visible eccentricity.

Don Phillip Villani was about thirty-five years of age; he had black hair, piercing eyes, an expressive countenance, and was remarkable for his numerous and rapid gestures. Don Phillip had studied every thing, and knew a little of all. He knew something of law, something of medicine, something of chemistry, something of mathematics, and something of astronomy. In comparing himself with the society, in which his lot was cast, he discovered that he was a superior being, and, consequently, resolved to live at the expense of society.

Don Phillip was twenty years of age, when his father died, and was left just enough money to create some debts. He found it necessary to borrow before he was entirely ruined, and his obligations were, always, promptly met, when they became due; his object was to establish a credit. But every thing must have an end, in this world. On a day, when one of his notes became due, Don Phillip was absent from home; the next morning he had gone out early, and in the evening had not returned. The note was protested. The result was, that Don Phillip was obliged to pass from the hands of the banker to those of the broker, and, instead of paying six per cent. to pay twelve. At the end of about four years, Don Phillip had used the broker as he had done the banker; he was obliged to pass into the hands of the usurer. This new descent was accomplished without any sensible shock, except that, instead of twelve, Don Phillip was obliged to pay fifty per cent. About two years after, Don Phillip, who wanted a thousand crowns, had great difficulty in finding a Jew who would lend it to him at one hundred and fifty per cent. Finally, after a number of negotiations, in which Don Phillip brought to bear all the inventive resources, with which he was gifted, a descendant of Isaac presented himself at his house, with three thousand francs and a bond for seven thousand five hundred, which was to be signed by the borrower. The business, as the

terms had been already agreed upon, was soon settled. Don Phillip took the bond, and, casting a rapid glance over it, extended his hand, carelessly, toward his pen; dipped it, apparently, in the ink, and placed his signature at the bottom. Throwing some blue sand over the humid ink, he handed the bond, open as it was, to the Jew. The Jew looked over the paper; the signature was in large and legible characters; he bowed, with an air of satisfaction, folded the bond, and placed it in an old pocket book, where it was destined to remain, until the day it became due; the obligation of Don Phillip had, long since, ceased to be negotiable. On the day when the term, specified in the bond, expired, the Jew presented himself at the house of Don Phillip. Contrary to custom Don Phillip was at home, and, contrary to the anticipations of the Jew, he was visible. The Jew was shown in.

"You have not forgotten, sir, I hope," said the Jew, saluting his debtor with a low bow, "that, on this day, your little bond falls due?"

"No, my dear Mr. Felix," (such was the Jew's name,) replied Don Phillip.

"In that case," said the Jew, "I hope you have taken the precaution to be in readiness to settle it."

"I have not thought of it for a moment, I assure you."

"But you are aware that I will sue you at once."

"Very well, you may sue."

"You are not ignorant that, for a debt of this nature, your body is held responsible."

"No, I am not."

"And, that you may not have it in your power to pretend ignorance of my intention, I forewarn you that I shall have you summoned."

"You can do so, if you think proper."

The Jew went away, grumbling, and Don Phillip was summoned, at his instance, to appear before the court, in eight days. He presented himself, on the day of trial, at the tribunal. The Jew stated his case.

"Do you acknowledge the debt?" asked the judge.

"I not only do not acknowledge it," replied Don Phillip, "but must say that I am entirely ignorant of the cause for which I am made to appear in this place."

"Prove your claim," said the judge to the prosecutor.

The Jew drew forth the bond, from his pocket-book, and, without opening it, handed it to the judge. The judge unfolded the paper and, casting a glance over it:

"Yes," said he, "this is certainly a bond; but I do not see any signature."

"What!" cried the Jew, growing pale.

"Examine it, yourself," said the judge; and he handed it to the Jew, who started back, with astonishment, when he saw that the signature, as if by magic, had disappeared.

"Infamous robber," cried the Jew, turning toward Don Phillip, "you shall pay for this."

"Pardon, my dear Mr. Felix, you deceive yourself; on the contrary, it is you who will have to pay." Then, turning toward the judge, "I ask permission of your excellency," said he, "to institute a suit, in consequence of the insult to which I have been subjected, without cause, in the presence of the court."

"It is granted," replied the judge.

Don Phillip immediately commenced suit against the Jew, for defamation, and, as the insult had been public, judgment was soon obtained. The Jew was condemned to three months' imprisonment and ordered to pay a fine of a thousand crowns.

We will now explain the miracle. Don Phillip, instead of dipping it in the ink, had, simply, put the pen in his mouth, and written his signature with saliva. The blue sand, which he threw over it, adhering to the humid writing, formed the letters, which disappeared as soon as the paper became dry. Don Phillip made six thousand francs by this little trick of legerdemain, but he lost the remains of his credit; it is true, however, that his credit would not, in all probability, have brought him six thousand francs.

But a thousand crowns, no matter how well they may be husbanded, will not last for ever; Don Phillip, besides, had sufficient faith in his own genius, to avoid pushing his economy to such an extent as to become miserly. He attempted to negotiate a new loan, but the affair of poor Felix had made much noise, and, although no one pitied the Jew, all showed a decided repugnance to trusting a juggler, skilful enough to efface his signature in the pocket of his creditor.

Meanwhile the first of April arrived. The fourth of May is, at Naples, the day of general removal. Don Phillip owed two months' rent to his landlord, who had signified to him that, if the amount were not paid in twenty-four hours, he would take the necessary measures to eject him, at the end of the term. The end of the term came and, as Don Phillip had not paid the rent, all his furniture, with the exception of his bed and that of an old family domestic, who remained by him, through all his vicissitudes, was seized and sold. On the day, before he was to be turned from the house he had occupied, he set out in quest of other lodgings. His design was not easily accomplished; Don Phillip was becoming known in Naples. Despairing, at last, of

finding a landlord with whom he might hope to make a friendly engagement, he determined to provide himself with a domicile by force or surprise. He knew a house which the owner, an old miser, allowed to fall into ruins because of the money it would cost to repair it. In former times, Don Phillip would have regarded this house as unworthy of him, but, in his adverse fortune, he had become easy to satisfy. He ascertained, during the day, that the house was unoccupied, and, at nightfall, his old servant and himself, carrying their beds with them, set out on their way toward their new domicile. They found the door closed; a window was open, however, into which Don Phillip clambered and opened the door for his companion. He selected one of the best chambers, directed his servant to do the same, and, in a little while they were snugly installed.

Some days after, the old miser, on visiting his house, was surprised to find it inhabited. This was a windfall for him, as the house was in such a ruinous condition, that he had been unable, for two or three years, to rent it to any one. He did not go in, but, after calling two neighbors, to witness that his house was occupied, went away, without saying a word. On the last day of the term, Don Bernardo, presented himself, to his tenant, and, after a great many bows:

"Sir," said he, "I have come to receive the rent, which, in making me an agreeable surprise by taking possession of my house, without my knowledge, you have desired to owe me."

"My dear, my estimable friend," said Don Phillip, squeezing his hand, affectionately, "inquire, where I have hitherto lived, if I have ever paid my rent, and, if you find a landlord, in all Naples, who will reply affirmatively, I agree to pay you double the sum which you pretend that I owe you, as truly as my name is Don Phillip Villani."

At this redoubtable name the landlord grew pale. Up to this moment he had been ignorant of the illustrious personage, who had done him the honor to occupy his house. Don Phillip's supernatural reputation, flashed across his mind, and he believed himself not only ruined, by having an insolvent tenant in his house, but eternally lost in consequence of having had business with a sorcerer. Don Bernardo retired, to reflect upon the proper course to pursue. If he had been the Devil on Two Sticks he would have carried away the roof, but as he was, simply, a poor devil, he decided to let it fall; an event which, in consequence of the dilapidated condition of the house, could not be long delayed.

The rainy season had set in, and it is well known that when it rains, at Naples, the water

falls, in earnest, when the landlord, again, entered his house. Don Phillip had removed from chamber to chamber, to escape the deluge, and the landlord believed, at first, that his tenant had decamped; but his illusion was of short duration. Guided by the tones of Don Phillip's voice, he entered a little closet, somewhat more impermeable than the rest of the house, and found his worthy tenant in bed, holding an opened umbrella above him, in one hand, and, in the other, a book, from which he was declaiming, in a loud voice, the lines of Horace:

"Impavidum serient ruinae!"

The landlord remained, for an instant, mute and motionless, at the sight of the enthusiastic resignation of his tenant, then at last, recovering his power of speech:

"You do not intend to go, then?" said he, in an alarmed and tremulous voice.

"Listen to me, my brave friend; hear me, my worthy landlord," said Don Phillip closing his book; "to get me away, it will be necessary to commence a suit; that is evident; we have no lease, and I have possession. Now, I will let judgment go by default, one month; I will file an opposition to the judgment, another month; you will be compelled to re-summon me, third month; I will enter an appeal, fourth month; you will obtain a second judgment, fifth month; I will sue for an annulment, sixth month. You see that, in this way, and I make the lowest calculation, a year will be expended besides the costs."

"The costs!" cried the landlord; "why you will be condemned to pay the costs."

"Doubtless; I shall be condemned to pay the costs, but you will pay them, nevertheless; for, as I have not a sou, and as you are the prosecutor, you will be required to advance the money."

"Alas, it is but too true," murmured the landlord, with a deep sigh.

"This is a matter of six hundred ducats," continued Don Phillip.

"Very nearly," replied the landlord, who had rapidly calculated, in his mind, the fees of judges, lawyers and clerks.

"Well, let us do better than that, my worthy friend, let us compromise."

"I could not ask any thing better; what is your proposition?"

"Give me half the sum and I will leave your house—voluntarily,—on the instant,—in a neighborly manner."

"What! give you three hundred ducats to leave my own house, when you, already, owe me two months' rent?"

"The payment of the money will procure a discharge."

"But this is impossible."

"Very well. I made the proposition merely to oblige you."

"To oblige me, wretch!"

"Come, no big words; they did not succeed, you know, with papa Felix."

"Well!" said the miser, with an effort to control himself; "I will give half the sum you ask."

"Three hundred ducats," said Don Phillip, "not a grain more, not a grain less."

"Never!" shouted the landlord.

"Take care that I do not ask double this sum when you return."

"Well, I will risk the suit, even if it cost me six hundred ducats."

"Do so, my brave man, do so."

"To-morrow you will receive the summons."

"I shall expect it."

"Go to the ——."

"Adieu, my dear friend, I shall look forward with pleasure to our next meeting."

And, as Don Bernardo went out, in a transport of fury, Don Phillip continued his ode: *Iustum et tenacem.*

The next day passed away, the succeeding one followed, a week rolled by, and, as Don Phillip had expected, no summons made its appearance; so far from it, on the fifteenth day after, the landlord presented himself, as gentle and humble as on his departure, he had been savage and menacing.

"My dear tenant," said he, "you are so persuasive that it is impossible to resist you; here are the three hundred ducats you have exacted and I hope you will keep your promise. You said that, if I brought you three hundred ducats, you would, voluntarily, leave my house, at once, in a neighborly spirit."

"If you had paid me the sum, on the day I made the proposal, I should, most certainly, have done so; but you must remember I said that, if you delayed, the amount required should be double. You did not accept my proposition, at once, so pay me six hundred ducats, my dear sir, and I shall retire."

"Why this will ruin me."

"It is but the twentieth part of the sum which was, yesterday, offered for your house."

"What! you say—"

"That Milord Bloomfield will give you ten thousand crowns for it."

"Are you a magician?"

"I thought that was known. Pay me my six hundred ducats, my dear friend, and I retire."

"Never!"

"At your next visit it will be twelve hundred."

"I will give you four hundred and fifty."

"Six hundred, my friend, six hundred, and remember, if you do not give a reply to Milord Bloomfield, by to-morrow, Milord Bloomfield will purchase the house of your worthy brother, papa Felix."

"Come," said the landlord, drawing pen and paper from his pocket, "give me your obligation; although they say that your obligation and nothing are equivalent."

"What! my obligation! my receipt you mean."

"Give me your receipt, then; and say nothing more about it. Here is your money."

"Well; here is your receipt."

"Now," said the landlord, showing him the door.

"That is just," replied Don Phillip, moving away.

"But your servant?"

"Marie!" cried Don Phillip.

The domestic made her appearance.

"Marie, my child, we are going to remove; take my umbrella, bid adieu to our worthy landlord, and follow me."

Marie took up the umbrella, made a curtsy to Don Bernardo, and followed her master.

The landlord waited all the next day, in expectation of the visit of Milord Bloomfield. He waited all the following day; he waited all the week but, Milord Bloomfield did not make his appearance. The poor landlord visited all the hotels in Naples, but no one knew an Englishman of that name. One evening, however, dropping into the Fiorentini, Don Bernardo saw an actor, who bore as close a resemblance, to the invisible lord, as two drops of water to each other. He thought that the actor might, possibly, have some connexion with Don Phillip. Upon inquiry, he learned that they were not only intimate friends, but that the actor would comply with any request of the sharper, to whom he was indebted for the puffs of his personations, which appeared in the only literary journal of Naples, the "*Rat Savant*."

Thanks to this smile of fortune, Don Phillip was enabled to take comfortable lodgings for which, to gain the confidence of the landlord, he paid a month's rent, in advance. He purchased, besides, some necessary articles of furniture. Six hundred ducats, however, with a man to whom the future so certainly belonged, could not last for any great length of time; but, the exactitude, with which he paid his accounts, gave him some credit again, and, by the time the six hundred ducats were exhausted, he managed to borrow five hundred more. These five hundred ducats diminished, like the others; they disap-

peared, at last, but the bond remained. There are two things which never cease to exist, a bond and the remembrance of a favor conferred. Every bond has its pay-day; that of Don Phillip's arrived; the creditor followed pay-day, the bailiff followed the creditor and an execution followed the bailiff.

On the eve of the day, on which the execution was to take effect, Don Phillip came home, carrying a quantity of the most magnificent and rare old porcelain. It is true that every one of these pieces of porcelain was in fragments, but it is true, also, that not one of these fragments was broken. With the assistance of his old servant he drew a table up against the door, arranged the porcelain upon it, and then went to bed to await, calmly, the course of events.

This it was very easy to foresee. At eight o'clock, next morning, the bailiff knocked at the door: there was no response; he knocked a second time: the same silence; he knocked a third time: nothing. The bailiff went for a commissary of the police, and a locksmith; the three made their appearance before Don Phillip's door. The bailiff knocked again, as uselessly as the first time; the commissary gave the locksmith authority to open the door; the locksmith introduced an instrument into the key-hole, and the bolt receded. Something, however, still obstructed their entrance; the door did not open.

"Must I force it?" asked the bailiff.

"Force it," replied the commissary.

The locksmith applied his shoulder, the door gave way, and a crash was heard like what might have been produced by the overturning of the stall of a porcelain merchant.

"Help! help! murder! thieves!" cried a loud voice. "I am a lost man! I am ruined!"

The commissary entered, the bailiff followed the commissary, and the locksmith followed the bailiff. They found Don Phillip, tearing his hair over the fragments of porcelain, which were infinitely multiplied.

"Ah! wretches!" cried Don Phillip, when he perceived the officers; "you have broken two thousand crowns' worth of china for me!"

This would have been, at least, the price of the china if it had not been previously broken. The commissary and the bailiff were, however, ignorant of this fact; they found themselves face to face with the fragments; the table had been overturned, and the porcelain was in pieces; this misfortune was attributable to their agency, and though they were not legally bound to make good the loss they were not the less bound to do so, conscientiously. It may be well supposed that, at such a time, nothing was said of the execution. It was entirely out of the question to

think of seizing, for the paltry sum of five hundred ducats, the furniture of a man, for whom they had broken two thousand crowns' worth of porcelain!

The commissary and bailiff attempted to console Don Phillip; but he was inconsolable, not, precisely, on account of the value of the porcelain, for he had, in his lifetime, met with more considerable losses; but he was only a depository. The owner was an amateur of curiosities, he would come to reclaim his trust; Don Phillip would be unable to make good the loss; Don Phillip was dishonored.

The commissary and the bailiff conferred together. If the affair became known it would operate much to their prejudice. The law gave them the power to seize furniture, but not to break it. They offered Don Phillip three hundred ducats, as part indemnity for his loss, and promised to use their influence, with his creditor, to obtain a month's respite. Don Phillip displayed a great deal of delicacy toward the bailiff and the commissary. True grief is no calculator. He consented to every thing, without discussion. The commissary and bailiff retired, extremely grieved at the distressing result of their visit.

The respite granted to Don Phillip, rolled by, without his having dreamed, as may be suspected, of paying his creditor a sou upon account. The result was that, one morning, when Don Phillip looked carefully out of his window, a precaution which he always observed when a warrant was out for him, he saw his house besieged by officers. Don Phillip was a philosopher. He determined to pass the day in meditation upon the vicissitudes of human life and go out in the evening, only. Besides, it was now the heat of summer and, in the heat of summer, who, with the exception of dogs and constables, traverse the streets of Naples? Eight days passed, during which the officers kept strict, but fruitless watch. On the ninth Don Phillip rose, as usual, at ten o'clock in the morning; Don Phillip had become very indolent since he had determined to keep within doors. He looked out of the window; the street was empty; not a single officer was to be seen. Don Phillip knew the activity of the enemy, with whom he was at war, too well, to suppose that, without any reason, he had been left at liberty on such a fine morning. His persecutors had either hidden themselves, for the purpose of seizing upon him, at the moment he put his foot outside his door, to respire the fresh air, for which he was famishing; (the expedient was unworthy both of them and himself!) or, they had gone to the president for the purpose of obtaining authority to enter his house, and arrest

him. This idea had scarcely passed through the head of Don Phillip when, with the instinct of genius, he felt it to be the true reason of his respite. The danger had, at last, become worthy of him, and it was now necessary to make preparations to meet it.

Don Phillip was one of those skilful generals who never risk a battle, except when success is certain, and who, when it is necessary, know, like Fabius, how to temporize, and, like Hannibal, how to use stratagem. On this occasion it was not his policy to give battle. The object he had in view was to effect a safe retreat to a church: a church at Naples being an asylum for thieves, assassins, parricides, and also, for insolvent debtors. But it was not so easy to reach a church, the nearest one being, at least, six hundred paces distant. There is as we have stated a book entitled "Naples without sun," which points out to pedestrians the means of traversing the streets of Naples, without the inconvenience of exposure to the burning rays of the ruler of the day; but there is none entitled "Naples without officers." A sublime thought, suddenly, passed through his brain. On the previous evening his old servant had been a little disposed. He went into her room, and found her still in bed. He felt her pulse.

"Marie," said he, shaking his head, "my poor Marie; you are worse this morning, than you are yesterday."

"No, your excellency; on the contrary," replied the old woman, "I feel so much better if I am about to get up."

"No, my good Marie, I cannot allow you to do so; you must be very careful. The pulse is all, quick, sharp and full; there are symptoms of plethora."

"Oh heaven! my dear master, what is that?" "It is a congestion of the vessels which carry venous blood to the extremities, and bring the arterial blood back to the heart."

"Is it dangerous, your excellency?"

"All disease is dangerous, my poor Marie, to a philosopher, but to the christian it is a subject of adoration; death itself which is a source of terror to the philosopher is, to the christian, one of rejoicing; the philosopher endeavors to fly from it, but the christian hastens to prepare himself for it."

"Do you believe the hour has come when it is necessary to think of the salvation of my soul?"

"We should always think of it, my good Marie, that we may not be taken in an unpleasant condition."

"Do you think the time has come when I should make the last preparation for death?"

"No, no, you are, certainly, not so bad as that;

but, were I in your place, I would, notwithstanding, have the holy sacrament administered."

"Ah! good heaven!"

"Come, come, courage! if you do not think it necessary, yourself, have it administered for my sake. I am very much troubled, and it would relieve me, I assure you, if you were to do so."

"Ah! I feel much worse!"

"There, you see!"

"And I do not know if there is yet time."

"It is pressing, undoubtedly."

"Oh! the sacrament, the sacrament, my dear master!"

"On the instant, my good Marie."

The porter's boy was despatched to the parish Church, and in ten minutes after, the sacristan's bell was heard at the door. Don Phillip breathed again. Old Marie performed her last devotions with a humility and faith which were very edifying to all the spectators. These finished, her pious master, who had given her this good counsel, and who had not quitted her bed side, during the whole time, took one of the staffs of the canopy, under which, on these occasions, the officiating priest walks, to accompany the procession to the Church. As he stepped out of the door of his house, he found in waiting, the police officers, who, with their warrant in hand had come to arrest him. At sight of the holy sacrament they fell upon their knees, and saw pass, before them, first, the sacristan ringing his bell; two lazzaroni, representing angels; the workmen of the parish: a portion of whom are required to take part in these ceremonies, with torches in their hands, marching in pairs; and finally, the priest, bearing the holy sacrament, accompanied by their debtor grasping one of the poles of the canopy, with both hands, and singing at the top of his voice: *To Deum Laudamus*. They had the satisfaction of seeing him pass before their eyes without daring to arrest him. When he reached the Church, and found himself in a place of security, he wrote to Marie that she was no more sick than himself, and requested her to join him, immediately. An hour after, the worthy couple were re-united. The creditor found in the deserted domicile, four chairs, a table, and four baskets of broken porcelain; the whole was sold by the crier, for ten carlini.

Don Phillip was no longer in need of furniture, he had found, for the time, furnished lodgings. His friend the actor, who so admirably counterfeited the English, had suddenly become a millionaire by one of those freaks of fortune, which are as unexpected as welcome. An Englishman, immensely rich, had an attack of spleen and had come to Naples, for the same purpose that all

other Englishmen come there. He had gone to see Polichinello, and had not laughed, he had listened to the sermons of the Capuchins, and had not laughed, he had witnessed the miracle of Saint Gennaro, and had not laughed. His physician looked upon him as a lost man. One day he took it into his head to go to the Fiorentini, where they were to play. "*Anglais pour rire*," by the most illustrious signor Scribe.

In Italy every thing is by Scribe. I have seen performed, "*Marino Faliero*," by Scribe; "*Lucretia Borgia*," by Scribe; "*Antony*," by Scribe, and, when I left, the "*Sonneur de Saint Paul*," by Scribe, was announced.

The patient went, as we have said, to see "*Anglais pour rire*," by Scribe, and, at the sight of Lelio who performed one of the characters, (Lelio was the name of Don Phillip's friend,) our Englishman laughed, so much, that his physician feared, for a moment, that his spleen was not affected. The next day he went, again, to the Fiorentini. The "*Deux Anglais*," by Scribe, was performed, and the invalid laughed still more than at his former visit. On the following day the patient who was not sparing of the remedy, which did him so much good, visited the Fiorentini for the third time. He saw the "*Grondeur*," by Scribe, and laughed still more than he had done on either of the preceding nights. The result was, that the Englishman who had become unable to eat or drink, recovered so rapidly that in about three months after, indulging to excess in Macaroni and Calabrian Muscat, he died of indigestion. Full of gratitude to Lelio, who had cured him, the worthy islander left the actor an income of three thousand pounds sterling. The player retired from the stage, styled himself Don Lelio, and rented the first story of a handsome palace, on Toledo street, where, faithful to the duties of friendship, he offered Don Phillip Villani an apartment. It was this offer, made only the evening before, which rendered Don Phillip regardless of the loss of his furniture.

A year passed away, and nothing was heard of Don Phillip Villani. Some asserted that he had gone to France, where he had become a contractor upon one of the rail roads; others that he was in England, where he had invented a new gas. No one, however, could say, positively, what had become of Don Phillip Villani, when, on the 15th of November, 1835, the congregation of pilgrims received the following notice:

"Sire Don Phillip Villani, being deceased of spleen, the venerable Fraternity of Pilgrims is requested to give the necessary orders for his obsequies."

That our readers may understand the import of this notice, we will explain the manner in which

funeral ceremonies are conducted at Naples. The dead, in accordance with an old custom, are buried in the churches. It is an unwholesome practice: the decomposing bodies, poison the air, and produce plague and cholera; but, no matter it is the custom, and, from one end of Italy to the other, all bow before this word. The nobles have chapels, which belong to their families, enriched with marble and, gold and ornamented with pictures, by Domenichino, Andrea del Sarto and Ribeira. The common people are thrown pell mell, men and women, old persons and children, into the common grave, in the centre of the great nave of the church. The paupers are carried, in a cart, by two *croque-morts*, or undertakers' men, to the Campo-Santo. This is regarded as the most terrible misfortune, the deepest abasement, the most cruel punishment which can be heaped upon the unfortunate wretches who, having fought against misery all their lives, feel its weight, after they are dead, only. On this account every one, during his life time, takes precautions to escape the *croque-morts* and the cart of Campo-Santo. To accomplish this end societies have been formed for the purpose of securing suitable funeral rites to citizens, and they take out insurances, not upon life, but death.

The general form of reception, into one of the fifty dead clubs of the gay city of Naples, is as follows: One of the members of the society, presents the neophyte, who is elected a brother, by a secret ballot. From this time, whenever he wishes the performance of any religious ceremony, he goes to the church of his brotherhood, which is now his adopted parish, and, for a small monthly contribution, receives the sacrament, is confirmed, married, has the extreme unction administered during life, and is, finally, magnificently interred after death.

If, on the contrary, this formality has been neglected, it is not only necessary to pay, dearly, for all these ceremonies during life, but the relatives of the deceased, no matter to what class he belongs, or how rigidly he may have observed all his religious duties, are compelled to expend incredible sums to purchase that funeral magnificence, which is the pride of the Neapolitan.

If the defunct should have belonged to one of these societies it is quite another matter. The relatives have nothing in the world to do but weep, more or less, for the dead; all the arrangements, all the expenses, and all the splendors are taken care of by the fraternity. The deceased is pompously conveyed to the church. He is deposited in a particular grave, upon which is written his name, the dates of his birth and death, and yet more: his virtues are recorded in two lines, at the discretion of the relatives. During a whole

year masses are said, daily, for the repose of the soul of the deceased. But this is not all: on the second of November, the fête day of the departed, the catacombs of all the Fraternities are opened to the public; the squares, in front of the churches, are covered with black velvet, flowers and perfumes scent the air, and the vaults are lit up like the Saint Charles theatre, on the grand gala evenings. The skeletons of the brothers, who have died during the past year, arrayed in their finest clothes, are placed, religiously, in the niches prepared for them, around the saloon. They then receive their relatives who, proud of them, bring their friends and acquaintances, to show the seemly manner in which the dead of their families are treated. After this ceremony they are definitively interred in a garden of orange trees, called *Terra Santa*.

These corporations have very respectable rights, privileges and revenues. They are governed by a prior, elected every year, from amongst the brotherhood. There are fraternities for all classes: for the nobles and magistrate, for the merchants and the workingmen. One, only, the Fraternity of Pilgrims, which is among the most ancient, admits, with an equality that does honor to the manner in which they have preserved the primitive spirit of the church, both nobles and plebeians. In this body not the slightest privileges are granted to any particular portion; all take their seats upon the same benches; all wear the same costume; all obey the same laws, and the republican spirit, of the institution, is pushed to such an extent that the prior is chosen one year from amongst the nobles, and the next, from the plebeians. The order has never once been inverted since the institution came into existence.

It was of this honorable fraternity that Don Phillip Villani made a part; and he felt, so sensibly, the importance of remaining a member that, low as he had been cast by the wheel of fortune, he had always, piously and scrupulously, paid his part of the annual and general assessment. There was affliction, but not surprise, when the notice of the death of Don Phillip was received at the office of the brotherhood. The choice of the majority had fallen, this year, upon a celebrated fish merchant, who enjoyed a reputation for piety which, at any period, would have been remarkable, but which, in these days, was truly wonderful. It was his province as prior, to execute the orders for the interment of Don Phillip Villani; he, therefore, sent his workmen to No. 15 Toledo street, the last residence of the defunct, to put the chamber in mourning, convoked the brothers, and ordered the chaplain to hold himself in readiness. Twenty-four hours after the decease, the time required by law, the procession took up

its march toward the house of Don Phillip. A count, selected from amongst the most ancient Neapolitan noblesse, bore in front the standard of the fraternity. Then came the brothers, two by two, preceding a coffin-case of massive silver, richly carved and chased, and covered with a magnificent red velvet pall, embroidered and fringed with gold; this was borne by twelve vigorous porters. Behind the box walked the prior, alone, bearing in his hand, his ivory headed ebony staff, the sign of his office. Finally, behind the prior, the procession closed with the respectable body of the paupers of Saint Gennaro.

As we are treading upon ground little known to our readers, they will pardon a new digression, which has for its object the explanation of what is meant by the paupers of Saint Gennaro; after that is accomplished we will take up our interesting history, at the place where we left off. At Naples, when domestics have become too old to serve their masters, who are, generally, very difficult to serve, they change their condition, and enter into the service of Saint Gennaro, the most easy patron that has ever existed. When a domestic has reached that age or attained to that degree of infirmity, which is necessary before he can become a pauper of Saint Gennaro, and his diploma is signed by the treasurer of the Saint, he need trouble himself about nothing more, except to pray heaven to send as many interments as possible. There is no funeral, indeed, at all fashionable, without the paupers of Saint Gennaro. All the dead, who respect themselves, should have the paupers of Saint Gennaro in their procession. They are invited, and go to the domicile of the deceased, receive three carlini a head, accompany the body to the church and to the place of sepulture, each holding in his hand a little black banner, on the end of a lance. Whilst they are in company with the procession, the greatest respect is paid to the paupers of Saint Gennaro; but there is no medal, however richly gilded it may be, without its reverse side. The moment the unfortunate paupers lose the protection of the coffin, the spell which, hitherto, protected them, is gone, and they have become, simply, the *death-lancers*. They are then hooted, spit upon, pursued and driven home under a shower of orange peeling and cabbage stalks, unless by good luck, a dog, with a saucepan tied to his tail, pass between them and their assailants. It is well known that, in all parts of the world, a dog and a saucepan, united by a string, make an event of grave consequence.

The standard-bearer, the brothers, the coffin case, the porters, the fish merchant, and the paupers of Saint Gennaro, reached No. 15 Toledo street; and there the procession, as this was its

destination halted. Four porters ascended to the first story, took up the coffin, descended, and deposited it in the silver box; the prior struck his staff against the ground, and the procession retook the way by which it had come, and slowly entered the church of the pilgrims.

On the evening following the obsequies, the prior having been, all day, closely confined at his counter started out to take his customary turn upon the Mole. He was, mentally, reciting a *De profundis*, for the soul of Don Phillip Villani as he walked along, when on turning the corner of San Giacomo street, he saw a man coming toward him, who so nearly resembled the defunct, that, astonished at the sight, he was unable to proceed. The man continued to advance, and, as he drew nearer, the resemblance became more and more striking. At last, when he approached within ten steps, there was no longer any room for doubt: it was the shade of Don Phillip Villani, himself. The spirit without appearing to observe the effect it produced, advanced straight towards the prior. The poor fish merchant was unable to stir, the perspiration poured down his brow, his knees struck together, his teeth chattered with a convulsive movement; he attempted to call for help, but, like Eneas, at the tomb of Polydorus, his voice died in his throat, and a heavy and inarticulate sound, only, resembling a cry of agony escaped him.

"Good day, my dear prior," said the phantom, smiling.

"*In nomine Patris et Filii et Spiritus sancti*," murmured the prior.

"Amen!" responded the phantom.

"*Vade retrò, satanas*!" cried the prior.

"What is the matter, my dear sir?" asked the phantom, looking round, as if seeking the cause of the poor fish merchant's terror.

"Go! kind soul!" continued the prior, "and I promise that masses shall be said for thy repose."

"I do not need your masses," replied the phantom, "but if you will give me the money, you purpose to devote to that good work, it will be agreeable."

"It is, indeed, he," said the prior; "he returns from the other world to borrow; it is indeed, he."

"He! who?" demanded the phantom.

"Don Phillip Villani."

"Well, who the deuce would you wish it to be?"

"Pardon, my dear brother," said the prior, trembling; "may I, without indiscretion, inquire where you live, or rather where you did live?"

"No. 15 Toledo street; but why do you ask the question?"

"Because three days ago, being informed that you were dead, we went to your house, placed

your coffin in the catafalco, carried you to the church, and interred you."

"I thank you for the condescension."

"But how is it that, since you died, three days ago, and were buried yesterday, I meet you to-day?"

"I am resuscitated," said Don Phillip.

And, giving the good prior a friendly tap on the shoulder, he pursued his way. The prior stood for ten minutes on the same spot, watching Don Phillip who, finally, disappeared around a corner of Toledo street. The first thought of the good prior was, that heaven had performed a miracle in favor of Don Phillip, but, upon reflection, the choice seemed so strange that he called a meeting of the chapter of the Fraternity, in the evening, to solve his doubts. The worthy merchant related to the meeting, his encounter with Don Phillip, and how Don Phillip had spoken and informed him that he had risen from the dead. Of the ten, who composed the board, nine appeared disposed to believe the miracle; the remaining one shook his head.

"Do you doubt my statement?" demanded the prior.

"Not the least in the world," replied the incredulous brother; "but I have little faith in ghosts, and as, under this occurrence it seems to me, some new trick of Don Phillip may be hidden, I think it would be advisable for want of more ample information, to enter suit against him for damages, for having allowed himself to be buried, at our expense, when he was not dead."

On the next day a summons was left with the porter of No. 15 Toledo street, couched in these words:

"This 18th of November, in the year 1835, at the instance of the venerable Fraternity of Pilgrims, I, the undersigned, bailiff of the civil tribunal of Naples, summon the late Don Phillip Villani, deceased on the 15th of the same month, to appear in eight days, before the said tribunal, to prove, legally, his death, and in default thereof, to be condemned to pay, to the said venerable Fraternity of Pilgrims, one hundred ducats damages, the expenses of the interment, and costs of the suit."

It was on the day, when the trial of this cause was to come on, that we found ourselves in the midst of the crowd which awaited the opening of the court. The court room opened, the crowd precipitated itself into the audience hall, and carried us along with it. Every body expected the defunct would be condemned by default, but all were deceived. The deceased appeared, to the great astonishment of the crowd, which opened to give him passage with a shudder; showing that those who composed it, were not quite certain

that Don Phillip was still a being of this world. Don Phillip advanced, with that grave and solemn step, usual to phantoms, and stopping before the tribunal, bowed respectfully.

"Mr. President," said he, "it is not I, who am dead, but one of my friends, in whose house I lodged. His widow charged me with the duties of his interment, and as, at the time, I needed money more than sepulture, I allowed him to be buried in my stead. What does the venerable Fraternity require? I had a right to one place of interment and funeral obsequies for one. My name was upon their catalogue; my name is stricken

from it. We are even. I had nothing more to sell and I sold my obsequies."

It was, in truth, poor Lelio who, although he had made others laugh so much, had himself died of spleen, and was interred in the place of Don Phillip. The latter was acquitted, to the great satisfaction of the crowd by which he was carried with shouts, and in triumph, to his door, No. 15 Toledo street.

When we left Naples, it was reported, that Don Phillip Villani was about to marry the widow of his friend, or rather, her three thousand pounds sterling.

"ABIDE IN ME."



BIDE in me;" saith the voice of love

To the pure and true of heart:
As the branch must cleave to the parent vine,

Or else the life depart;
Fair fleeting flowers, and meteor gleams,

In the world ye still shall see;
Ye shall walk in safety among them all,
If ye but "abide in me."

"Abide in me" while the light of youth
Thrills on through thy pulses fleet,
And the years go merrily dancing on,

Like the bounding heart and feet:
Sin bringeth wo in the earth below,
But joy springs full and free,
For the "clean of hand, and pure in heart,"
For they "abide in me."

"Abide in me," while ye walk the earth,
With pain and care oppress;
And the light shall be clearer, more warm the love,
In my holy Heaven rest;
"In the world ye shall suffer;" bitter drops
In your life-cup oft shall be;
"But be of good cheer" saith the "still small voice,"
And for ever "abide in me."

H. M.

LET US BE FRIENDS.

SPEAK to me friendly words,
Pleasant and warm;
Coldness has chill'd me so,
Passion has thrill'd me so,
With its wild storm;
Yet can a friendly voice,
Loving and true,
Wake into life again
All that most blessed me, when
Life's joy was new.

Meet me with thoughtful eyes,
Earnest and deep:
Though—from their living day,
Mine own be turned away,
Often—to weep:

What shall the sorrow be,
When earth has past?
Angels shall sing to me,
God's word shall bring to me,
Peace at the last.

Give me an ardent heart,
Pure in its faith:
Then shall mine own be blest,
On its true strength to rest,
Changeless—till death.
Let the warm light of love
O'er me ascend;
I will not alter then,
Wander or falter then,
Unto the end.

H. M.

THE ECHO.

FOR EVER thine! when hills and seas divide,
When storms combine;
When west winds sigh, or deserts part us wide—
For ever thine!

In the gay circle of the proud saloon,
Whose splendors shine;

In the lone stillness of the evening moon—
For ever thine!

And when the light of song, that fires me now,
Shall life resign,
My breaking heart shall breathe its latest vow,
For ever thine!

From the German.

SKETCHES OF ITALY.—CONTINUED.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'A DAY AMONG THE ALPS.'

NAPLES.—THE ASCENT OF VESUVIUS.

NAPLES! beautiful Naples—the old Parthenope—amid the gloom and obscurity of a far distant age, we seek in vain to trace out her early history.

Founded some thirteen hundred years before the Christian era by a wandering Argonaut, peopled and enriched by Greeks from Rhodes, Athens, and Chalcis—shaken by earthquakes—flooded with fire—visited by pestilence—torn by revolutions, and ravaged by hostile armies in the lapse of the succeeding centuries; she still sits calm and queen-like upon the borders of her loveliest of bays, and beneath her fairest of skies, one of the most attractive and beautiful cities in the Garden of the World.

Thousands of miles from her battlements and domes, I see her at this moment as distinctly as when, the morning after my arrival, I first looked out upon her white walls and sleeping waters from the terraced roof of the Crocella.

Naples, once seen, is not readily forgotten. The impression made upon the stranger by the rare combination of beauties which he finds in her midst, is deep and abiding; and he must live long and journey far ere the Toledo and the Chiaja; Torrento and Posillipo; Vesuvius and Pompeii, fade from the vision of memory.

About the city and its environs: the Toro Faresi, and the Museo Borbonico; the people, their amusements and their habits, a book might readily be written: but start not reader, I have no idea of inflicting one upon you. I simply wish you to understand that what might well occupy a whole volume, cannot by any effort of ingenuity or condensation be compressed into a single article, and so you will please skip every thing else attractive in and about Naples, and prepare for an excursion to Vesuvius. This is after all the great lion. The approaching traveler, as the steamer rounds the promontory of Misenum, or the diligence rolls along the broad

and wooded avenue to Capo di Monte, looks ever for the column of smoke which, high above the crowded habitations of the city, rises to heaven from the cone of the burning mountain; and during his whole stay in the city, it is more than likely that his first look in the morning, and his last as he strolls home in the evening, will be directed to the same quarter.

The volume and height of the column of smoke are eagerly scanned, and if the red flames are seen fiercely shining out from their black shroud, then look out for a *ruck* on the part of the stranger-population. The volcano is about to be invaded—curiosity and enthusiasm are astir—Resina and Portici will be swept through at full trot by countless vehicles, and the little children in the streets will stand in especial need of the services of that good angel, whose business it is to keep them from being run over.

For several days after my arrival in Naples, I kept up this surveillance upon the movements of the volcano, with the assiduity of a policeman watching a suspected stranger whose passport is not *en règle*, or an Englishman who has been pocketing bronzes at Pompeii; and my patience was about giving out, and I was resolved to visit the mountain, whether any lava were flowing or not, when, as good luck would have it, my morning glance was gladdened by an unusual cloud of dark and heavy smoke, which poured up from the mouth of the crater like a jet d'eau from an immense fountain, and lurid at intervals with tongues of flame, which could be seen in its midst. This was a chance not to be lost; so getting into a carriage on the Toledo with a couple of friends, off I started. As the carriage rolls along, however, I may as well tell you what is to be seen en route.

Dashing through the Largo al Palazzo, we passed the handsome palace of Ferdinand, and, turning to the right, drove by the San Carlos, the largest and most splendid Opera House in Italy. Passing through a crowded and dirty quarter, we reached the quays, and entered upon the broad street which leads along the shore of the bay to the town of Resina. The drive along the water side revealed some strange views of

lazzaroni life. This class is very numerous in Naples. They have come to be numbered among the objects of legitimate curiosity, and, to those who wish to learn how much wretchedness is compatible with continued existence, they are worth observation. They are the most perfect representatives of the genus *loafer* to be found in the world. How they live was ever a marvel to me. They are all too lazy to work,—many of them too lazy to beg, and, really, some of them seemed to me too lazy to eat. They drop the long strings of half-boiled macaroni into their upraised and gaping mouths so slowly and indolently, that it would appear as if the food slid through lips, throat and gullet, into their stomachs, without the least labor of mastication.

If you are out late at night, as you trace your way home, carefully keeping the middle of the street, and looking around you every moment, for fear a draft upon your purse might suddenly be enforced by a stiletto in your side; you will see some of these miserable creatures stretched sound asleep beside the houses, or in the shadow of the court yards. If you rise early, you will see them emerging from all the bye-places and holes of the city, looking so dirty and wretched, that, ten to one, you make them suddenly rich by the bestowal of a carlino. They are notorious thieves, and so expert, that they will abstract purse or handkerchief from the pocket of the unwary stranger, as he saunters up the crowded streets, in broad daylight, so delicately that he will never even dream of their proximity. Indeed, such is their known attachment to handkerchiefs, that no stranger ever pretends to carry one in the streets of Naples, unless stowed away in a breast pocket or hidden in his hat. The first week of my stay in the city, was marked, among other things, I remember, by a rapid and startling decrease in the number of my *mouchoirs*. Every day that I went out, I had to take myself to task for my strange forgetfulness in not putting a handkerchief in my pocket;—the neglect was a matter of serious inconvenience to me, for in a warm climate my need of the article is frequent and pressing. I would have to go into a store on discovering my want, and purchase one. The very first time I paused to examine some specimen of lava in a shop window, and chanced to need my handkerchief, lo! it was among the missing. At first this was very inexplicable;—I was not wont to be so careless—I began to suspect something,—I kept my eyes open, and I soon unraveled the mystery. In fact, if a man wants to learn the art of stealing, he need only station himself at a corner of the *Toledo* and watch the operations

of the prowling lazzaroni in his vicinity, and he will soon be rewarded by a specimen of most dexterous thieving.

While speaking of this class, I may as well mention a fact which astonished me a good deal, at first, as it indicated a stage of wretchedness new to me even in Italy.

I had frequently noticed the little beggars in the streets and about the cafés, running eagerly after the ends of cigars, or quids of tobacco which were thrown away; and could not determine to what use they were applied. Passing along the quay one morning, however, I observed a number of women and dirty men, sitting upon the broad flag stones, Turkish-fashion, and before them spread out for sale upon sheets of papers, I saw these sweepings of the streets, whilst around were lazzaroni chaffering for cigar stumps and old quids,—in fact, buying the second hand and sun-dried tobacco for their pipes!

The scene upon the shore of the bay was truly animated. On the beach were groups of fishermen, in their picturesque garb, engaged in mending their boats, or spreading and drying their nets; whilst scores of dirty children, in conditions of perfect or imperfect nudity, rolled in the sand in the complete abandonment of infantile enjoyment.

Lazzaroni in every possible and imaginable state of filth and clothing,—some stretched full length, with their face to the sun, upon the stones of the street,—on the ledge of the quay, upon old boats,—basking in the sunshine and fast asleep;—others, with scarcely rags enough in the lot to make one garment, gathered in unstudied but striking groups, around some post or beside some stall, mutually assisting each other in an operation, which, in this region, is at once a luxury and a necessity,—*scratching*. Every moment we encountered a crowd gathered around an ambulatory theatre, wrapt in admiration of the queer antics of Punch. And such crowds!—made up of the oddest imaginable materials—alike in nothing save the manifest amusement they derive from the spectacle.

Market women, with their baskets of fish or vegetables upon their heads;—ragged children;—dirty friars;—neatly dressed shop girls;—bronzed fishermen, with their pantaloons rolled up to the knees, their blue shirts, and long red caps falling negligently upon one side;—sturdy lazzaroni, elbowing for places among the best;—and soldiers, off duty, dazzling the eye with the sheen of their brazen buckles and the whiteness of their pipe clayed accoutrements. Our whole continent could scarcely furnish forth such a medley;—so much beggary,—so much wretchedness,—so much filth, and so much happiness;—

for it seems to matter little in what condition of body or mind a Neapolitan may be, the contortions and shrill cries of Punch, never fail to gladden his heart and brighten his countenance. Punch is his god of Fun. Every day in the year he hears and sees him, eternally the same scolding, querulous, mountebank,—yet, he never tires. The three hundred and sixty-fifth exhibition, elicits as broad a grin and calls forth as loud a “bravo,” as the first, and, let who will lack followers, Punch is ever sure of his attendant and joyous crowd. It is a curious spectacle to one from northern lands, to see the extacies into which an Italian mob is thrown by such exhibitions. When the Italians are amused, they *are* amused;—when they laugh they *do* laugh;—the whole soul is poured forth in the extatic shout;—they give rein to their mirth in a manner which is as surprising to an Englishman or American, as it is impossible for him to imitate. You observe them yield to such extravagant demonstrations of feeling upon what, to our colder blood, seems such inadequate causes, that you are apt to think there is nothing noble or manly beneath the surface, and you feel tempted to despise a people who can so play the buffoon, when their land is groaning under the weight of a foreign despotism. And it seems stranger than all to you, that Naples should wear so smiling a face, and send up such hearty “vivas” at the fooleries of Punch, when it is the seat of the most grasping tyranny that rules in Italy. Yet, true as are these reflections, in the main, there are many and notable exceptions;—there are noble spirits in the land, who wear sackcloth for the degradation of their country, and who would strike for her deliverance at the risk of liberty and life, but that effort seems vain. The chain which European policy has cast around the beautiful limbs of the “Mother of Arts and Arms,” is too strong to be broken by any effort of theirs;—the redemption of Italy must be accomplished by the progressive spirit of the age, and by its influence upon the mightier governments who stand behind the scenes. But a truce to such speculations; let us hasten to our mountain.

At Portici we passed the royal palace, a large and handsome edifice. As we drove by, the quick, rattling noise of the wheels, changed into a deep, hollow, reverberating sound, as if we were driving over some vast excavation. *And so in fact we were.* One hundred feet beneath us, shrined in lava, were the palaces and temples, the monuments and habitations—all the evidences of the extent and wealth of a luxurious city. Cast one glance at yonder mountain, with its pillar of fire and cloud, and then descend

with me into the midnight gloom of Herculaneum!

The shaft through which you grope your downward way, *is cut for a depth of eighty feet through solid lava.* This fact, which has rendered the excavation a work of extreme difficulty, gives to the descent an element of awe, that produces upon the mind an impression wholly different from those we experience on a visit to Pompeii. *There*, all is open to the day,—the light pervades every room,—the flowers spring up in the old gardens, and the vines creep over the walls—all is ruin,—yet the fresh air fans your cheek, and your eye roams freely over the antique wreck.

But at Herculaneum, how great the change! The eye cannot pierce “*the palpable obscure*,” the heart sinks under the impression of awe, and an undefinable sensation of *dread* makes one almost tremble.

By narrow passages and uncovered steps, you grope onward and downward, between walls of dark and solid stone,—your guide, stopping at times, and throwing the torch light upon broken columns or on ruined seats, tells that you stand in the old Theatre, that here, sat the people—that there was the Proscenium, and here the consular station. Leading on through dark and narrow vaults, he points out upon the walls rich arabesques and stuccos, stained with Tyrian purple: he tells you that you are resting in the home of a Senator—that here the guests were welcomed,—in that room the family assembled,—here was spread the noonday meal,—there were the chambers for repose. You long for some token of life. You ask yourself if, indeed, these dark halls were ever the abode of man,—and if so, where are their inhabitants,—“*where?*”—and the uplifted torch throws its sullen glare upon the outline of a human face impressed in lava,—a fearful but sufficient answer.

As we mounted the hill at Resina, we saw a large group of men collected near the house of the guide, whose business could very readily be divined. No sooner had the carriage passed into the court yard of Salvator's house, than the swarm was upon us. Beggars, guides, women and children—vociferating, shouting, begging, pushing and cursing;—the horses biting, the mules kicking, the children screaming;—whilst, we, the unfortunate objects of all this attention, and the unwilling cause of all this commotion, were hemmed in by a dense circle of brutes and men—stunned by the clamor, and maddened by the crowd; until we absolutely fought our way up the steps of the house.

From the security of the upper story I surveyed the scene below at my ease. The motley

strong filled the yard, whilst in a street beyond stood a reserve corps, ready for an onset in case we should slip out the back way. The scene was as rich one for a sketcher's pencil.—Some fifty sun burned faces were turned up to the balcony,—each guide shouting the peculiar qualities of his horse or donkey, and the lowness of his demands for his valuable services,—while a line of beggars leaned against the walls in the sunshine, and seemed patiently waiting for their time to come after the guides had succeeded.

The women held up their ragged brats whose hands were stuffed full of specimens of lava and various ores found about Vesuvius, and while they urged you to buy of the children, they begged you to give to them. A few coppers thrown among them, got up a glorious row, and, after giving it fairly under weigh, I turned to inspect the interior of the mansion.

Salvator is quite celebrated as a guide, and he doubt finds the business a lucrative one. He wishes both men and beasts, and is more worthy of confidence than the outside barbarians. I should say by the way, that the carriage road to Vesuvius stops at this village, and the ascent of the mountain from this point must be made partly on horses and partly upon foot. After finally arranging the important preliminaries in the way of horse and man hire, and providing ourselves with walking canes, cut upon the mountain side, we descended into the street and mounted the queer looking beasts waiting to receive us. In size they somewhat resembled Canadian ponies, but, on the whole, seemed by long association with the donkeys of the village, to have acquired some of their liablenesses; and looked half horse and half donkey. They are, however, strong and sure-footed animals. As we passed out of the village, and I caught a glimpse of the road I was about to travel, I was instantly and strongly impressed with the fact that if they did not turn out to be the beasts we were cracked up as being, there existed a strong probability that a nameless individual, for whom I have rather an affection, would stand a chance of getting his neck broken. The road was nothing better than a succession of steps cut in the hard lava, and filled with loose stones. As we slowly and carefully ascended, the view from our elevated position became each moment more beautiful. On either side of us luxuriant vineyards, producing the famous *Christina* wine—the vines springing from cultivated lava—below us lay Resina and its environs, and further on, the beautiful city, circling the crater in a more beautiful bay. As we neared the Hermitage, we left vegetation behind us, and by a path impassable to any horses but the light, sure-footed beasts adapted to such travel, entered a

region of frightful desolation—all around spread masses of lava, rough and uneven, broken now, as if by the passage of a plough, brown and cloudb-like in appearance; and again heaved into huge waves of black and shining stone. In different parts of this wide field of horror, we could distinguish by their differing color, the floods which successive eruptions had poured upon that devoted plain. After a laborious climb, we reached the Hermitage, and dismounting, entered the small and roughly plastered house which bears this name. Its inhabitant is a hale and sunbrowned veteran, who told me that he had passed twenty-three years of life beneath the smoke of the mountain, and he seems as safe and happy as if no sea of lava round him told of a fearful death. His house stands upon a bluff or promontory, which stretches almost to the base of Vesuvius, and at its foot, the floods of old eruptions have parted, as waves are parted by a vessel's prow, and it lifts its verdant ridge from the ocean of lava, green and unscathed. After drinking a bottle of fine *Lacrima* to the health of the Hermit Monk, we started once more upon our route—and, descending the hill, we traversed for a half hour more, the torrent of the last eruption. This part of the ascent gave proof of the peculiar fitness of the little horses which we rode, for their dangerous and laborious work. The sagacity with which they chose their way, was striking and amusing. When the increasing steepness of the ascent rendered them useless, we dismounted and addressed ourselves to work. Rejecting all aid of straps and hands, I started just behind the guide, and began the hardest climb on record in my history.

With a scorching sun, pouring down upon my back—rays which seemed red hot, and which went through clothing as though it were not—with a steep mountain before me, growing higher and steeper each time that I looked up to mark my progress—with coarse and sharp edged scoria and rocks beneath, which slipped from beneath the descending foot, and slid one down far faster than he could clamber up—now, ankle deep in ashes, now clinging to some projecting ledge—now winding round some larger mass than usual—half roasted, panting and wearied, yet keeping close behind the guide, I toiled on, and in thirty minutes from the base, I stood upon the summit of Vesuvius, and forgot in an instant, my labor and fatigue. Below me, in depth some five hundred feet, and more than a mile in circumference, spread the fearful circle of the crater. From its bed of lava, here cooled and hardened into waves of inky blackness, with bright fringes of sulphur—and there glowing with intensest heat, and yet rolling over in masses of fused and

burning stone; arose a sharp and perfect cone, some eighty feet in height—from the sides of this, the light blue smoke *oozed* out in delicate *flakes*, and crept up to the summit, from which burst a vast volume of dark smoke, with incessant flashes of lurid flame, and masses of lava and red hot stone. When I descended into the crater itself, and walking over the hardened, but yet warm lava, saw in the fissures over which I stepped, far below, the sea of fire above which I was treading; and approached as nearly as I dared some mass of burning lava yet rolling onward; and felt the heat of the surface growing each instant more insupportable, and the hot breath of the volcano burning my cheeks; the feelings of the moment were such as defy description.

After enjoying for a long time the *grand*, we descended to the *romantic*, and standing beneath the cone, and surrounded by burning lava, we made a most delicious *lunch*; a refreshment rendered doubly pleasant by the fatigue of the ascent, and the circumstances under which it was taken.

We had eggs which we had roasted in the hot sands of the mountain side—oranges which we had purchased upon the summit—and a bottle of delicious Lachryma Crista, which we emptied in toasts to friends at home, and by way of desert I lit a genuine Havana at a wave of fire which was slowly rolling over, and puffed a cloud in opposition to the volcano!

I left the crater and ascended to the summit, in time to witness a glorious sunset. By just such a light, should such a scene as spread beneath me be beheld—it was worthy of the richest hues of Heaven, and the loveliest tints I ever dreamed of, made beautiful the deep blue which hung over it. The West was bright “with all the rich and golden clouds which hang about the rising and the setting sun,” and the earth and water grew lovelier in the soft atmosphere of an Italian clime, as the great orb of day, sank slowly into a bed of gold which closed above him.

From the still waters of the Bay, facing the city, rose the fair Island of Ischia—next to the west came Procida—then stretched out into the wave, the far capes of Missenum—then intervened the charming Bay of Pozzuoli—next Posillipo reared his sacred head, and the lingering sunset fell on Virgil's Tomb—then came Castella d' Uova, and back of it, up from the kissing waters

of her encircling Bay, the white and gleaming city climbed up the hill sides and hid herself in vineyards. Next came the village of Portici—then Resina lay on the hill side, and on the brink of the glass-like waters, Torre del Greco, and Del Annunziata, looked out from lovely villas. Then came the Convent of the austere Camandoli, seated on the rocks, and lifted high above the lava fields around—beyond, a distant spot of white, fringed with green woods and fields, reveals the desolate Pompeii—yet farther on, Castel a Mare, shines in the parting sunlight, while above, Mount St. Angelo lifts high his rugged head, and the far Cape of Lorrento, and Capri, yet clearly seen and beautiful, completes the circle of the Bay.

After bidding the sun good night, I started on a stroll around the crater. The increasing darkness added grandeur to the scene. From the height above I could look down into the very mouth of the flaming gulf. Above me rose and rolled volumes of smoke, and flames shot up into the night, with bursts of lava, and showers of falling stones; while at each outbreak of fire, the hills around would echo the quick and startling panting of the mountain, as it labored in its fierce throes. Some hours passed before I could consent to take the downward path. The descent is made upon a side different from that which we had clambered up. It leads into the old crater, and the steep mountain side is covered deep with ashes.

We went down at a run, some times sinking knee deep in ashes—and sometimes striking a concealed rock, which would check our career with a shock which threatened to pitch us head foremost into the gulf beneath. In ten minutes we were down, gave a *buona mano* to the soldiers on duty on the mountain side; mounted our horses, and after a fine moonlight ride, entered the carriage at Resina, and rattled off to Naples. We enjoyed a fine view of the Bay as we drove through Portici. The torches in the boats of the fishermen shone like stars set in the silver waters; and the long line of glittering lights which marked the outline of the city, encircled her like the girdle of a Venus.

J. M. H.

Note.—The descent into Herculaneum can at present be made only from the side of Torre del Greco. The King has suspended the excavations at Portici, lest the town should cave in.

Baltimore, Md.

LOVE IN ABSENCE.

On! my dear peerless wife!
By the blue sky and all its crowding stars
I love you better—oh! far better than
Woman was ever loved. There's not an hour
Of day or dreaming night but I am with thee:

There's not a wind but whispers of thy name,
And not a flower that sleeps beneath the moon,
But in its hues of fragrance tells a tale
Of thee, my love, to my fond anxious heart!

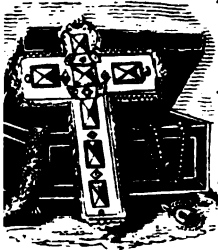
BARRY CORNWALL.

THE SACRIFICE.

BY AUG. J. H. DUGANNE.

PART FIRST.

I.



HE king is in his banquet hall,
His belted knights around;
And harps are ringing gaily
To the hautboy's shrilly sound;
And joy is on each countenance
Throughout that lofty hall,

For the monarch and his gallant knights
Now hold high festival.

II.

A martial step approacheth,
And a martial form draws nigh,
And his heavy armor rattleth,
And his plume is waving high.
"Now, by heaven!" quoth king Stephen,
"Seek ye thus your monarch's board?
Would ye join your liege lord's revels
With the dagger and the sword?"

III.

The knight sank on his bended knee,
His visor up he threw;—
The monarch frowned no more, for well
That countenance he knew:
"Now save thee, fair Sir Corydon—
Why kneel you thus to-night?
The banquet waits your presence, now,
And smiles of ladies bright."

IV.

"Ah! ladies bright are not for me—
A boon—a boon—I crave—
A boon, as thou art just, O, sire—
A boon, as thou art brave!
Dishonor foul, hath marr'd my name!—
O, monarch, grant my prayer—
charge thee, by thy knighthood, king,
And by thy lady fair!"

V.

The monarch raised the kneeling knight—
"Thy pray'r is granted, now—
To hand of gentle demoiselle
Thou'lt ask of me, I trow."
I crave a deadly fight, O king,
With Arnold of the glen—"

"Ha! God! sir knight, thou wouldst not beard
The Lion in his Den?"

VI.

"Sir king, he hath dishonored me—
A craven knight is he!
And I will teach the coward slave
To bend his crest to me.
His blood I'll have, sir king!"—"Hold, hold!"
My royal word is pledged;
The knight shall meet thee—nerve thy arm—
Thy steel be doubly edged."

PART SECOND.

I.

The knights bestride their foaming steeds.
Their lances set in rest;
And grimly flash their steel-barr'd eyes.
And towers aloft each crest.
And now the herald's voice rings high,
And now the trumpet's blast;
And like a mighty avalanche
The war-steeds thunder past!

II.

The dust-clouds roll around the steeds
And hide the riders' forms;
The ground doth shake and quiver,
As it felt the mountain storms.
And now they crash together,
In a mighty, heaving, shock,
As the thunder-bolt of heaven meets
The adamant rock.

III.

Now the clouds of dust are rended,
And the sun looks forth again,
And the steeds are stretched and dying
On the trampled battle plain.
But the knights have left their coursers,
And they wield their iron blade.
While their war-cries, loud resounding,
Wake the echoes of the glades.

IV.

Now their blows fall thick and heavy—
And their shields are hacked away;
And their armor-seams are sundered.
In the fierce and fitful fray;
And the crimson tide is gushing
From beneath their shattered mail,
While the blows of death are falling
Like the stormy northern hail.

V.

Hark! a woman's shriek resoundeth—
 And a woman's form is seen—
 And she cometh like the sunbeam
 All the stormy clouds between.
 Through the barrier she fieth,
 And across the lists she speeds,
 Where her brother wields his falchion,
 And her craven lover bleeds.

VI.

O, tell me, what is woman's love,
 That still it will burn on,
 When faith and vows are broken all,

And even hope is gone?
 It slumbers like volcanic fire
 While all is ice above—
 Consuming still unseen, the heart—
 O, this is woman's love!

VII.

She springs between the combatants—
 But ah! too late to save;
 Their falchions pierce her bosom,
 She hath found a bloody grave:—
 And the dying knights bend o'er her
 With their falchions in their hands,
 And the sacrifice is bleeding
 On the hot and thirsty sands.

THE LOVE OF LATER YEARS.

THEY err who deem Love's brightest hour in bloom-
 ing youth is known:
 Its purest, tenderest, holiest power in after life is
 shown,
 When passions chastened and subdued to riper years
 are given,
 And earth and earthly things are viewed in light that
 breaks from Heaven.

It is not in the flush of youth, or days of cloudless
 mirth,
 We feel the tenderness and truth of Love's devoted
 worth;
 Life then is like a tranquil stream which flows in sun-
 shine bright,
 And objects mirrored in it seem to share its sparkling
 light.

'T is when the howling winds arise, and life is like
 the ocean,
 Whose mountain billows brave the skies, lashed by
 the storm's commotion.
 When lightning cleaves the murky cloud, and thunder-
 bolts astound us,
 'T is then we feel our spirits bowed by loneliness
 around us.

Oh! then, as to the seaman's sight the beacon's twink-
 ling ray
 Surpasses far the lustre bright of summer's cloudless
 day,
 E'en such, to tried and wounded hearts in manhood's
 darker years,
 The gentle light true love imparts, mid sorrows,
 cares, and fears.

Its beams on minds of joy bereft their freshening
 brightness fling,
 And show that life has somewhat left to which their
 hopes may cling:
 It steals upon the sick at heart, the desolate in
 soul,
 To bid their doubts and fears depart, and point a
 brighter goal.

If such be Love's triumphant power o'er spirits
 touched by time,
 Oh! who shall doubt its loveliest hour of happiness
 sublime?
 In youth, 't is like the meteor's gleam which dazzles
 and sweeps by,
 In after life, its splendors seem linked with eternity.

BERNARD BARTON.

LILLY O'BRIAN.

(See Plate.)

THIS is another of the fine portraits from Mrs.
 S. C. Hall's "Sketches of Irish Character." The
 work is now complete in twenty-four num-
 bers, and is acknowledged to be one of the hand-
 somest printed and embellished books yet pub-

lished in this country. Lilly O'Brian is one of
 the most interesting and touching stories in the
 volume, and the Lilly herself a character to be
 loved by all.

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THE TWO SISTERS.

BY LEWIS TOWSON VOIGT.

"This joie ne maie not written be with inke." *Chaucer, Troilus and Cresside, l. iii.*



BEAUTY and loveliness should but
be told
By loveliness and beauty, e'en as
flowers
In rainbow glory and rich odors
breathe
Their love-fraught language; words
are all too tame

Too cold and powerless!

But behold e'en here—
How sweetly, as it woos the memory back—
Of a most lovely, though a simple scene,
This rose-tree tells the story! see! where hid
Midst emerald leaves, whose ev'ry serrate edge
Sparkles with diamonds of the beading dew,
How gloriously these two fair roses bloom,
Mingling in close embrace their moisten'd cheeks
As though they kissed each other; whilst each leaf
Quivers with fragrance, as with conscious joy:
With fragrance, gushing from their glowing hearts,
As light from stars, or laughter from a babe,
And whose sweet breathings softly seem to sing
The hymn that thrills each pulse of nature—love.*

Those flowrets paint two sisters,—O! for words
Glowing with beauty to portray them,—one,
Like this magnificent, consummate rose,
Lovely as Eve in Eden, with the dew
Of the first Sabbath, the creation's breath,
Yet floating round her in its haloing light;
Her tresses, wreathing into many a curl,
Flowing as gently as wave melts in wave,
Clustered in rich profusion, as the grape
Clusters upon the vine,—her large, soft eye
Dim with the dews of love, revealed a soul
Pure as an infant's in its dreams of Heaven;
Whilst the glad sunlight of her brow, the hues
Mantling her varying cheek in every change,
Were exquisite as spring, and well became
The graceful moulding of her swanlike neck
And regal form, as proudly beautiful
As clarion music on the choral air,
Such was the elder maiden!

This fair bud,
Half blown, and glittering in the pearly light,
Like the glad eyes of an awaken'd babe
Kiss'd by its mother from its matin sleep,—
Low, soft, eolian whisperings, when night
Sends up the incense prayer of earth to Heaven—
The breath of hidden violets—the tones

* "I thought the universe was thrill'd with love,"
Dante *Inferno*. Canto 12.

Edenton, North Carolina, June 30, 1845.

Of song by moonlight o'er the waters borne,
Blent with the south's rich perfumes—these may well
Chime in the cadence which portrays the other.

Unmark'd they deem'd themselves as they stood by
A lattice, which the rose and woodbine wreathed
In loving rivalry, like visioned gems,
Those rainbow creatures that seem born of light
To joy in sunbeams, and to feed on flowers,
Bright humming-birds burn'd on the vesp' air.
And through the gorgeous, golden haze, the sun
Pours forth at setting, rang the carollings
Of passionate music from th' uncharter'd birds.
The redolence, the minstrelsy, the skies
Melting in rich transparence, the bland air
Stary and vocal with all lovely things,
The wide, pervading beauty, almost seem'd
As though the cloud of sin, which darkly glooms
Heaven's sunlight, for the moment had unroll'd.
And God's own smile, unveil'd, beam'd on the world
They had stood, circling each the other's neck,
In voiceless love twining their graceful arms,
Which glow'd as snow-wreaths on a bank of snow
Flush'd by the sunset; but the chords within
Vibrating in the unison of love
With outward nature, silently they turned,
Moved by a mutual and spontaneous thought,
And to a closer embrace press'd their hearts,
Whilst their lips meeting, in a long—long kiss,
Lingered like bees on blossoms, as though each
Found honey on the others.

Then gush'd forth,
From the pure fount's affection stir'd within,
Sweet sounds of fondness, warblings, soft and low
And inarticulate—save to the heart—
Murmurings as plaintive as the cooing dove's
Mourning its mate, gently as infant rest
Lies in its dreamings, tuneful as the stream
Lulling the lilies on its cradling breast
When starry spangles light it.

Beautiful—
Thrillingly beautiful was that pure scene!
And fraught with sacred power, for those sweet girls
Were holiest teachers of the bliss reserved—
The full, deep blessedness awaiting all—
Who from the heart, thus keep that matchless law
"Love one another."—Long may those fair maids,
Amidst earth's flowers still cling together thus
And when, as flame still heav'nward mounts, their "love
Becomes immortal" midst unfading bowers
May they for ever and for ever dwell!

EDITOR'S TABLE.



AMES MONTGOMERY, the POET, AND ELLIOTT THE CORN LAW RHYMER.—A correspondent of the Boston Atlas furnishes some interesting personal recollections of Montgomery and Elliott. He had

met Montgomery in Sheffield while on a visit to that neighborhood in eighteen thirty eight. Two years afterward, being in the same busy mart, he called upon him again.

"I had no difficulty," he says, "in finding my way to 'The Mount,' the name of his residence, and was fortunate enough to find him at home. We had a pleasant talk together, and, after dinner, he accompanied me to the literary institutions of the neighborhood, and it was quite delightful to observe with what marked attention and respect he was every where received. I noticed this to him, and said he must feel highly gratified by it. "I am, of course," he replied, "but I have enemies. Not long since, some rascals broke into my house, one Sunday, while I was delivering an address at a chapel in Sheffield, (Mr. Montgomery sometimes preaches among his own people—the Moravians,) and stole, among other things, a silver inkstand, which had been given me by the ladies of Sheffield. However," he added, "the loss was but for a time, and proved to be the occasion of the greatest compliment to which, in my opinion, I ever had paid me. A few days after my loss, a box came directed to me, and, on opening it, lo! there was, uninjured, the missing inkstand, and a note, in which the writer expressed his regret that he had entered my house, and abstracted it. The thief said his mother had taught him some of my verses, when he was a boy, and, on seeing my name on the inkstand, he first became aware whose house he had robbed, and was so stung with remorse, that he could not rest until he had restored my property, hoping God would forgive him."

"On our way back to the house, our conversation turned on the poems of the "Corn Law Rhymers," of which Mr. Montgomery spoke in very high terms, but deprecated his violence of language. "Would you like to see Elliott?" he asked.

"Much," said I.

"Well, he lives some three miles from here, at Upperthorpe; but he is to speak to-night, at a corn law meeting in Sheffield, and, if you like, after tea, we'll go and hear him, and I'll introduce you to him."

"At the time specified we set out—the place where the lecture was to be delivered was situated in one of the most densely inhabited portions of the smoky town of Sheffield. As we neared the hall, groups of

dark looking, unwashed artisans were seen, proceeding in the same direction as ourselves—all of them engaged in deep and earnest conversation on the then one great subject, the corn laws. Strong men, as they hurried by, clenched their hands, and knitted their brows, and ground their teeth, as they muttered imprecations on those whom they considered their oppressors.

"Here we would encounter a crowd of dusky forms circling around a pale, anxious man, who was reading, by the light of a gas lamp, a speech reported in the "Northern Star," or the last letter of Publicola in the "Weekly Despatch"—and women, with meagre children in their arms—children *drugged* to a death-like sleep, by that curse of the manufacturing districts of England—*laudanum*, disguised as Godfrey's cordial, were raising their shrill, shrewish voices, and execrating the laws which ground them to the dust—and there were fierce denunciations from mere boys, and treasonable speeches from young men—old men, with half paralyzed energies, moaned and groaned, and said they had never known such times—all seemed gaunt and fierce, and ripe for revolt. It was an audience of working men—of such as these, that Ebenezer Elliott was to address that evening.

"The lecturing hall was crammed with the working classes, and as the orator of the evening mounted the rostrum, a wild burst of applause rang from every part of the house. He bowed slightly, smiled sternly, and took a seat, while a hymn which he had composed for the occasion was roared forth by hundreds of brazen lungs.

"He was a man rather under than above what is termed the middle height. Like the class from which he sprang, and which he was about to address, he was dressed in working clothes—clothes plain even to coarseness. He had a high, broad, very intellectual forehead, with rough ridges on the temples, from the sides and summits of which thick stubby hair was brushed up—streaks of gray mixed with the coarse black hair—his eyebrows were dark and thick, and shaded two large, deep set, glaring eyes, which rolled every way, and seemed to survey the whole of that vast assembly at a glance. His nasal organ was as if it were grafted on his face; the mouth was thick lipped, and the lines, from the angles of the nostrils to the corners of the mouth, were deeply indented—graven in. A very black beard, lately shaven, made his chin and neck appear as if it was covered with dots, and he had a thick massive throat. His figure was indicative of great muscular strength, and his big horny fists seemed more fitted to wield a sledge hammer than to flourish a pen. Looking at him the most casual observer would be impressed with the idea that no common man was before him.

"He rose amidst great cheering, and for an hour and a half held that great audience in entire subjection by one of the most powerful addresses I ever listened to. With a terrible distinctness he painted

a situation of the working man—he showed that he might have been, and contrasted his humble and probable situation with what it then was. In the heads of those who opposed free trade, the law rhymist poured out all the vials of his wrath, but vigorous and forcible as was his language, there was no coarseness, and frequently, over the landscape which he had painted with all the wildness of a Spagnoletti or a Caravaggio, he flung a beam of sunshine, which made the moral wilderness had created to rejoice and blossom as the rose. And there were passages in his speech of such extreme pathos, that strong men would bow down and weep, like the little children—to these would succeed his sledge-hammer denunciations that his hearers with compressed lips, and glaring eyes, and resounding hearts. When he sat down, after an appeal to the justice of the law makers, the whole audience burst forth into one loud cheer, and those near the speaker gripped his hand in fierce delight. I never saw such a scene, nor could I have conceived it possible that one working man should so carry with him the passions and feelings of an audience, consisting entirely of those of his own class.

Montgomery introduced me to Elliott, and we all walked to the house of the former together. Very different from the man on the platform, was the man in the parlor. No longer the fervid orator, he was now the simple, placid poet; and I never before had heard from mortal lips such powerful and pleasant criticisms on our literary men, as I did hear from the lips of Elliott. He spoke with the enthusiasm of Southey, whom he revered, and of his politics, and whom he called his "great master in the art of poetry." He had much reverence for Wordsworth; but I must not attempt to record our conversation. Suffice it to say, that after an hour's chat, our party of three broke up; one of them, at least, not a little gratified with the events of the day."

LIVE THE COMPOSER.—We alluded in our last number to the production in London of a new opera, the "Enchantress," by Balfe, the composer of *Bohemian Girl*. It is to be brought out here very early this fall by Mr. and Mrs. Seguin and Razzer. In speaking of the "Enchantress," a paper remarks—"The descriptive pieces are good, and the orchestra has been skilfully employed in furnishing sparkling effects. The opera, it will maintain the reputation of the composer."

That reputation, certainly, is not referable to high standard; but as it is awarded by thousands of music-loving though musically uneducated persons, the term of existence in store for the *Enchantress* is therefore not likely to be limited. Balfe is only a man to whom theatrical patrons, who pay their money at the doors, will listen; and, finding that his songs and ballads are full of melody, have a graceful language, and above all, are not hard of attainment by practising amateurs, is not to be wondered at. As far as fancy gratification are concerned, his operas are quite on a par with those of Donizetti, and others of the same class, in which the fashionable attention is turned

with so much fervor. He is a good tactician, and he knows how to write for the multitude; and to his credit it may be inferred that he has here and there awakened a feeling for music in the bosom of his listeners, which may have afterwards taken a loftier and more artistical direction."

The estimation in which this writer holds Balfe is, probably, the true one. His concluding remark should have weight with a certain class of individuals, who condemn his operas in sweeping terms because they do not conform to the highest musical standards. A composer for the multitude is as essential as a writer for the multitude. The A, B, C, must be learned before the book can be read, and its higher wisdom revealed.

Within the past year, there has been a kind of awakening up in the musical world around us. The opera is becoming more popular. May not this be legitimately traced to the production here of Balfe's opera of the "Bohemian Girl," the music of which is of so pleasing and graceful a character? We think it may. And if he have done so much good, let not the "rigidly righteous" in these matters indulge their censorious spirit too freely. Balfe's music will be popular—will do good in warming a musical taste into life—in spite of them. We shall look for the "Enchantress" with pleasure, and award to its composer the tribute of praise he deserves. He is not a Rossini nor an Anber. He is only Balfe the writer of music for the people. His operas may almost be called a series of ballads—but these are understood best, and touch quickest the heart of the multitude. In Italy he could not be so popular. There all classes understand and enjoy the highest musical achievements. It is not so with the Anglo-Saxon race. They have a sterner mission on earth than those who live under an Italian sky. Their education is in a severer school. But, they have hearts to love music, if music comes to their hearts; and whoever so brings it to their hearts will be their idol; his office will be a high one—he will elevate their taste, refine their sentiments, and prepare them for enjoying the beauties of this master art in its nobler achievements.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Sketches of Naples, by Alexandre Dumas. Translated from the French, by A. Roland. 1845—cheap edition.

We mentioned this very entertaining work in our July number. We now offer our readers an extract as a spice of its quality, being a description of the Lazzaroni of Naples. The closing paragraph expresses the Frenchman's national contempt for the English. This feeling shows itself frequently in his book. When he can give a traveling Englishman a thrust, he is sure to do it.

THE LAZZARONI.

"The lazzaroni, alas, is passing away; those who desire to see him must come quickly. Naples lighted with gas, Naples with restaurants, Naples with bazars, frightens the careless child of the Môle. The lazzarone, like the red Indian, retires before the

approach of civilisation. The French occupation of '99 gave the first blow to the lazzarone. At this period the lazzarone enjoyed all the prerogatives of his terrestrial paradise: he did not give more business to the tailor than our first father, before the fall; he drank in the sun at every pore. Curious and simple, as a child, the lazzarone soon became the friend of the French soldier, whom he had fought. But the French soldier, above all things, loves propriety; he accorded his friendship to the lazzarone, he consented to drink with him at the cabaret, to walk with him arm-in-arm; but on one condition, *sine qua non*, that the lazzarone should put on some clothing.

"The lazzarone, proud of the example of his fathers, and of ten centuries of nudity, opposed the innovation for some time, but, at last, consented to make this sacrifice to friendship. This was the first step toward his destruction. After the first article of dress came the vest, after the vest will come the jacket. The day the lazzarone wears a jacket, the lazzarone will be no more; the lazzarone will have become extinct; the lazzarone will have passed from the real, into the conjectural world; the lazzarone will have entered the domain of science, and will rank with the mastodon and the ichthyosaurus. In the mean time, we have had the good fortune to be able to study this great passing race and will hasten to furnish data to the learned, by the aid of which, in their anthropological investigations, they may be enabled to ascertain the nature of the lazzarone.

"The lazzarone is the oldest son of nature; it is for him the sun shines, it is for him the sea murmurs, it is for him creation smiles. Other men have houses, other men have villas, other men have palaces, the lazzarone has the world. The lazzarone has no master, the lazzarone is amenable to no laws, the lazzarone is above social exigencies; he sleeps when he is sleepy, he eats when he is hungry, he drinks when he is thirsty. Other people rest when they are tired of work; the lazzarone, on the contrary, works when he is tired of resting. He works, not as in the north, plunging into the bowels of the earth to draw forth fuel; bending incessantly over the plough to render the ungrateful and rebellious earth fruitful, or traversing without intermission, inclined roofs and crumbling walls, at the risk of life and limb; his labor is pleasant, careless, embellished by songs and drolleries; interrupted by laughter, and moments of idleness. This labor continues for an hour, a half-hour, ten minutes, or one minute, and in that time brings enough to supply all the necessities of the day. What is this labor? Heaven, only, knows. A trunk carried from the steamboat to the hotel, an Englishman conducted from the Môle to Chiaja, three fish, escaped from the net which contained them and sold to a cook, the hand extended at random, in which the *stranger*, laughingly, lets fall an alms; such is the labor of the lazzarone.

"As to his food, this is more easy to describe; for, although the lazzarone belongs to the species omnivora, he, generally, eats but two things: the *pizza* and the *cocomero* or watermelon.

"The impression has gone out into the world, that the lazzarone lives upon macaroni; this is a great mistake, which it is time to correct. The

macaroni is, it is true, a native of Naples; but, at the present time, it is an European dish, which has traveled, like civilization, and which, like civilization, finds itself very far from its cradle. The macaroni, moreover, costs two sous a pound; which renders it inaccessible to the purse of the lazzarone; except upon Sundays and holidays. At all other times the lazzaroni eats, as we have said, the *pizza* and the *cocomero*; the *cocomero* in summer, the *pizza* in winter. The *pizza* is a sort of bun; it is round, and made of the same dough as bread. It is of different sizes according to the price. A *pizza* of two farthings suffices for one person, a *pizza* of two sous is enough to satisfy a whole family. At first sight, the *pizza* appears to be a simple dish, upon examination it proves to be compound. The *pizza* is prepared with bacon, with lard, with cheese, with tomatoes, with fish. It is the gastronomic thermometer of the market. The price of the *pizza* rises and falls according to the rate of the ingredients just designated; according to the abundance or scarcity of the year. When the fish-*pizza* sells at a half grain, the fishing has been good; when the oil-*pizza* sells at a grain the yield of olives has been bad. The rate at which the *pizza* sells is, also, influenced by the greater or less degree of freshness; it will be easily understood that yesterday's *pizza* will not bring the same price as to-day's. For small purses, they have the *pizza* of a week old, which, if not agreeably, very advantageously, supplies the place of the sea-biscuit.

"The *pizza* as we have said is the food of winter. On the first of May the *pizza* gives place to the *cocomero*; but the merchandise, only, disappears, the merchant remains the same. The seller is like the ancient Janus, with a face which weeps upon the past and smiles upon the future. On the said day the *pizza-jolo* becomes the *mellonaro*. The change does not even extend itself to the shop; the shop remains the same. A pannier of *cocomeri* instead of a basket of *pizza* is now carried; a sponge is passed over the traces of oil, bacon, lard, cheese, tomatoes and fish which have been left by the winter comestible and all is done; we pass to the comestible of the summer. Fine *cocomeri* come from Castellammare; they have an appearance at once exhilarating and tempting; the lively rose color of the pulp is heightened by its contrast with the black seed. But a good *cocomero* is dear; one of the size of an eight pound ball sells for from five to six sous. It is true that a *cocomero* of this size, in the hands of an adroit retailer, will be divided into ten or twelve pieces. Every opening of a *cocomero* is a new exhibition; the opponents stand opposite and each endeavors to surpass the other in the adroitness and impartiality with which he uses the knife in dividing it. The spectators judge. The *mellonaro* takes a *cocomero* from the flat pannier where it is piled, with twenty others, like cannon balls in an arsenal. He smells it, he raises it above his head like a Roman Emperor the globe of the world. He cries: 'It is like fire!' which announces, in advance, that the pulp will be of the finest red. He cleaves it open at a single blow and presents the two hemispheres to the public one in each hand. If, instead of being red the pulp of the *cocomero* is yellow or

greenish, which indicates that it is of an inferior quality, the piece falls, the mellonaro is hooted, spit upon and cursed; three failures and the mellonaro is disgraced for ever. If the mellonaro perceives by its weight or odor that a cocomero is not good he makes no avowal of the fact. On the contrary, he presents it, more boldly, to the people; he enumerates its fine qualities, he boasts of its savory pulp, he extols its icy juice:

" 'You would like very much to eat this pulp? you would like much to drink this water!' he cries; 'but this is not for you; it is destined to delight more noble palates than yours. The king has ordered me to keep it for the queen.'

"He passes it from his right to his left to the great amazement of the multitude who envy the happiness of the queen and admire the gallantry of the king. But if, on the contrary, the opened cocomero is of pleasing quality the crowd presses towards it and the retail commences.

"Although there may be but a single purchaser for the cocomero, there are generally three consumers. First, its real proprietor, who pays a half denier, a denier or a farthing for his slice, according to the size. He eats, aristocratically, very nearly the same portion which a well bred man consumes of a canteleup and passes it to a friend less fortunate than himself. The friend gets as much from it as he can and passes it in his turn to the dirty little urchin who waits this inferior liberality. The boy nibbles the rind and, after him, it is perfectly useless to attempt to glean any thing more.

"With the cocomero you may eat, drink and wash; so says, at least, the seller; the cocomero supplies at once, then, the necessary and the superfluous.

"The mellonaro does great wrong to the aquajoli. The aquajoli are the *coco* vendors of Naples except that, in place of an execrable decoction of liquorice, they sell excellent ice water, acidulated by a slice of lemon or perfumed with three drops of Sambuco. Contrary to what might be supposed, the aquajoli do the best business in winter. The cocomero quenches whilst the pizza increases thirst; the more cocomero one eats the less thirsty one becomes; one cannot swallow a pizza without risk of suffocation. The aristocracy therefore, sustain the aquajoli during summer. Princes, dukes and great lords do not disdain to stop their equipages at the shops of the aquajoli and take one or two glasses of this delicious beverage, which does not cost one farthing a glass. There is nothing more tempting in this burning climate than the shop of the aquajoli with its covering of leaves, its slices of lemon and its two vessels filled with ice water. For myself I never became tired of seeing it and I found this taking of refreshment, almost without stopping, a most delightful custom. There are aquajoli at every fifty steps; you have but to extend your hand in passing; the glass finds your hand and your mouth goes, itself, to the glass. But the lazzarone whilst eating his cocomero scorns those who drink. •

"It is not sufficient, however, that the lazzarone eat, drink and sleep; the lazzarone must amuse himself. I know a woman of intelligence who contends, that there is nothing necessary, but the superfluous, and nothing positive but the ideal. This paradox seems

violent at first glance but, upon reflection, it will be seen that, as applied to fashionable people, there is some truth in the axiom. Now the lazzarone has many of the vices of fashionable people. One of these vices is a love of pleasure. He does not lack pleasures. Let us enumerate the pleasures of the lazzarone.

"He has the improvisator of the Môle.

"The improvisator is a tall thin man; he wears a glossy, threadbare black coat, which lacks three buttons before and one behind. He generally wears short-breeches that keep up, parti-colored stockings above the knee, or tight pantaloons that lose themselves in his gaiters. His battered hat indicates the many encounters he has had with the public, and his spectacles give evidence of the injurious effects of his long lectures upon his vision. This man has no name; he is called the *improvisator*.

"The improvisator is punctual as the clock of the church San-Ezidio. Every day, one hour before sun-set, he may be seen to issue from the corner of Castello-Nuovo along the Strada-del-Molo, with a grave and measured tread; holding in his hand a book bound in tawny leather, much worn and defaced. This book is the *Orlando Furioso* of the divine Ariosto.

"In Italy every thing is divine: they say the divine Dante, the divine Petrarch, the divine Ariosto and the divine Tasso. Any other epithet would be unworthy the majesty of these great poets.

"The improvisator has an audience of his own. It matters not whether this audience is laughing over the drolleries of Polichinello, or crying over the sermon of a Capuchin; it deserts all for the improvisator.

"The improvisator is like those great generals of ancient and modern times who knew each one of their soldiers by name. The improvisator knows all his circle; if one of his audience is missing, his eyes gives indications of great disquietude; if it happens to be one of his *appassionati*, he waits till he comes before he begins; or recommences when he does arrive.

"The improvisator reminds you of those great Roman orators who kept a flute-player constantly near them to furnish them with the proper pitch for their voices. His oration has neither the variations of a song nor the simplicity of a discourse. He begins in a heavy, drawing tone; but he soon becomes animated, as he proceeds. Rolando provokes Ferragus: his voice assumes the tone of menace and defiance. The two heroes prepare for battle: the improvisator imitates their gestures, draws his sword and secures his shield. His sword is the first stick within reach, which he most frequently takes from the hand of a bystander. His shield is his book; for he knows his Orlando so well by heart, that he will not find it necessary whilst the battle continues to refer to the text, which he lengthens or abbreviates, at pleasure, without fear of giving offence to the metromaniac genius of his audience. Oh! then the improvisator is a glorious sight.

"The improvisator, indeed, becomes an actor; in either the character of Roland or Ferragus, which he may have assumed, he gives and receives all the strokes of these worthies. As victor he presses hard upon his enemy, pursues, overturns, and strangles him at

the foot of the crowd, and raises his head in triumph. As vanquished he defends his ground, as he recedes inch by inch; bounds to the right and left, leaps backward, invokes God or the devil according as, at the moment, he is christian or pagan, employs all the resources of cunning and stratagems of weakness. At last pressed down by his adversary, he still fights upon his knee; overturned, he twists, rolls about, and then, seeing that all effort is useless, holds forward his throat, to die with the grace of a Gallic gladiator; an old tradition which the amphitheatre has attached to the Môle.

"If he is victor, he holds out his hat as if it were the helmet of a Belisarius, and claims, imperiously, his due; if vanquished he steals around with this shabby article of dress and humbly solicits an alms: so much have these meridional natures the power of transforming themselves and of becoming whatever they wish to be.

"We have said that, at Naples, many things were, unhappily, passing away; the improvisator is one of these. Why is the improvisator passing? What is the cause of his decline? Every body has asked this and no one has been able to make a satisfactory reply. It has been said that the preacher has commenced opposition to him. This is true. But look at the preacher and the improvisator upon the same ground, and you will see that the preacher holds forth to the desert, whilst the improvisator sings to the crowd. It cannot be the preacher, therefore, who has killed the improvisator.

"It has been asserted, Ariosto has grown old; that the madness of Roland is a little too well known; that the loves of Medor and Angelica eternally repeated, no longer possess any interest; and finally, that since the discovery of steamboats and lucifer matches, the sorceries of Merlin have been eclipsed. Nothing of all this is true and the proof is, that not a single night passes that the improvisator is not roused out of his sleep, by some impatient lazzarone, for a continuation of the story which he has cut off at the most interesting place. Thus it is seen that the improvisator does not lack an audience; the audience lacks an improvisator.

"I believe that I have discovered the cause of the decline of improvisation. It is this: the improvisator is blind, like Homer; he holds his hat to the crowd to obtain a small recompense for his services; this recompense, trifling as it may be, perpetuates the improvisator. Now, at Naples, when the improvisator goes round the circle, holding out his hat there are poetical and conscientious spectators who put their hand into it and leave a sou behind; but there are those who, misusing the same gesture, instead of putting in one sou take out two. The result is, that when the improvisator has finished his round, he finds his hat more empty than when he started, for even the lining has been abstracted. This state of things, as may be readily conceived, cannot endure; a subsidy is necessary to art; the subsidy withheld, art disappears. Now, as I doubt whether the Neapolitan government even furnishes supplies to the improvisator, the art of improvisation is about to disappear. One pleasure then, escapes the lazzarone, but thank heaven! in default of that, he has others.

"He has the king's review of his army, which takes place every eight days.

"The king of Naples is one of the most warlike kings upon earth: although young he has already made a change in the uniform of his troops. It was apropos to one of these changes, which are not effected without some damage to the treasury, that his grand-father, Ferdinand, a king full of good sense, made, to him, the memorable remark which proved the value set by him not, doubtless, upon the courage, but upon the composition of his army.

"My dear child," said he, "dress them in white or dress them in red, they will run nevertheless."

"That did not, however, arrest in the slightest degree the warlike disposition of the young prince. He continued to study the left wheel and the right wheel; he attained to perfection in the cut of the coat and the form of the cap; and finally, he continued to increase his army till the number of soldiers had reached fifty thousand. Fifty thousand soldiers, who march, halt and wheel at command as if they formed a single piece of machinery, is, as may be seen, a very pretty royal plaything.

"Let us now examine the material of which this machine is constructed; and we will endeavor to effect this, without doing the slightest injustice to the inventive genius of the king or to the individual courage of each soldier.

"The first corps, the privileged corps, the corps, *par excellence*, of all kingdoms which do not stand firmly, that to which is intrusted the charge of the palace, is composed of Swiss; their advantages are a higher pay, their privileges the right to wear a sabre in the city.

"The royal guard take the second place; in consideration of which fact, although they enjoy nearly the same advantages and privileges as the Swiss, they abhor these worthy descendants of William Tell, who have, in their eyes, committed an unpardonable crime, in taking the first rank.

"After the guard come the Sicilian legion, which abhors the Swiss because they are Swiss, and the Neapolitans because they are Neapolitans.

"After the Sicilians come the troops of the line who abhor the Swiss and the guard, because these two corps have advantages which they do not possess and privileges which are refused them; and the Sicilians for the simple reason that they are Sicilians.

"Finally come the gendarmes who in their capacity of gendarmes are naturally abhorred by all the other corps.

"These are the elements which compose the army of Ferdinand II; that formidable body which the Neapolitan government proffered to the emperor of Russia to form the advance-guard of the future coalition, to march against France. Now, put the Swiss and the guard, the Sicilians and the line into field, let the signal of combat be given by the gendarmerie, and Swiss, Neapolitans, Sicilians and gendarmes will cut each others' throats from the first to the last without giving back one inch. Oppose these five corps to the enemy and not one perhaps, will stand, for each is convinced that it has less to fear from the enemy, no matter how violent the attack, than from its allies.

"These things, however, do not prevent this literary machine from being a very agreeable spectacle; and when the lazzarone sees it manoeuvre, he takes his hands; when he hears the music he turns round; but when they exercise him turning the crank, he makes a speedy escape, for a ram-rod might by accident remain in some one of the guns.

"But the lazzarone has other pleasures still. He has bells which ring every where else, but which play only at Naples. The lazzarone's instrument is the bell.

More happy than Guildenstern who refused at Hamlet's request to play on the flute because he did not know how to play, the lazzarone is able to play on the bell without having learned. Does he wish to rest a long time, to take some exercise, for benefit of his health, he enters a church and begs the sexton to permit him to ring the bell, the Sacristan, surprised at the relief, hesitates, to give more value to the concession and then puts the cord into the hands of the lazzarone. The lazzarone then flies about with the rope, up and down drawn by the weight of the bell, while the sexton looks on with crossed arms.

He has a carriage which takes him about gratis. He is not a servant at Naples, who will stand before a carriage, neither is there a master who will let his servant to occupy the seat along side of him.

Consequently the waiter takes his seat by the side of the driver and the lazzarone mounts behind. No attempt has been made to dislodge the lazzarone from this post, but every means has failed; the thing has become a custom, and like all things which have become a custom at Naples, has now the force of law.

He has the puppet show. The lazzarone does not go to the house where the piece is played, it is true. He goes to the puppet show admission to the first boxes costs him six farthings. These exorbitant prices are the means of the lazzarone. But, for the purpose of attracting customers, the principal puppets, in grand costume, are displayed in front of the show.

There are to be seen King Latinus with his sceptre, his crown and his crown; the queen Amata in a grand gala robe, bound with the fillet, by which she is to be bound; the pious Enneas, holding in his hand the sword with which he is to slay Turnus; and Lavinia, with orange flowers in her hair; and Polichinello. Polichinello, that important person and universal diplomatist, cotemporary of Talleyrand, of Moses and Sesostris, is charged to maintain peace between the Trojans and Latins; when he has hope of accomplishing this duty, he climbs a tree to witness the battle and only descends when the dead. This is what is shown to him, my lazzarone! and this is all he desires. As for the characters, his imagination supplies the

the Englishman. Peste! we had forgotten the Englishman.

The Englishman, who is more to him than the interest, more than the review, more than the bells, more than the puppet show; the Englishman, who affords him pleasure, but money; the Englishman, his wealth his property; the Englishman, precedes to point out his way, whom he

follows to steal his handkerchief; the Englishman, to whom he sells his curiosities; the Englishman for whom he procures antique medals; the Englishman, to whom he teaches his idiom; the Englishman, who throws stones into the sea for him to dive after; the Englishman, finally, whom he accompanies on his excursions to Puzzuoli, Castello-a-mare, Capri or Pompeii. The Englishman, systematically original, sometimes rejects the licensed guide or the numbered cicerone, and takes the first lazzarone who presents himself; for the Englishman possesses an instinctive affinity for the lazzarone, and the lazzarone has a calculating sympathy for the Englishman."

"It must also be said that the lazzarone is not only a good guide, he is also a good counsellor. During my sojourn at Naples a lazzarone gave an Englishman three pieces of advice, which the latter found to be of great value. The counsel, besides giving the utmost satisfaction, brought six piastres into the lazzarone's pocket, which afforded him a certain and tranquil livelihood for six months."

Who shall be Heir? By Miss Ellen Pickering. author of "Nan Darrell," "The Secret Foe," &c. &c. E. Ferrett & Co.: Philadelphia, 1845.
This is the third of Miss Pickering's admirable novels, issued in cheap form by E. Ferrett & Co.

Pictorial History of the World, by John Frost, L. L. D. Nos. 3, 4 and 5. Walker & Gillis, Philadelphia.

In noticing the first and second numbers of this elegant publication, we spoke at length of both its literary and artistical merit. The three numbers now before us exhibit a steady and marked progressive improvement in the style of the embellishments—an improvement as gratifying as it is creditable to all engaged in getting up the work. We are much pleased to hear that this "History of the World" meets with a very large sale. When completed, it will be a book of which the author and artists engaged in producing it may well be proud.

Sketches of Irish Character. By Mrs. S. C. Hall—Illustrated edition.—Nos. 22, 23 and 24. E. Ferrett & Co.

We are pleased to see this work at length completed, and that, too, in a style that reflects so much credit upon the publishers. It is one among the most beautiful books yet issued from the American press, and when bound up in a corresponding style of elegance, will be a rich edition to every library. Its merit is undoubted. These "Sketches" are some of the freshest, most graphic, and deeply pathetic in the language. They are in the author's very best vein. No book we have is more worthy of the elegant typography, and elaborate embellishment that have been bestowed upon this.

The reader will perceive that, in making up our editorial budget, we have not done much with the pen; but for this we think no one will find it hard to forgive us, who has felt the debilitating effects of

our July weather. With the thermometer ranging from 80° to 100°, it is no easy task for the brain to act. But, as we have furnished, besides the editorial, some fifty pages of MS. for this number, we do not feel very strong compunctions of conscience in regard to not having dealt fairly towards our subscribers. So far as the quality of this number is concerned, we know that it will meet with approval.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

FRANKENSTEIN'S PICTURES.—We had hoped to be able to give, in this number, another of Frankenstein's original American views, but have been disappointed. For our next number, however, we have ready "Belevieu Springs," a picturesque spot, one mile below Niagara Falls. In October we will publish, "Bank Lick," heretofore announced. Besides this we have two other of Frankenstein's Western views in the hands of the engravers. One more, at least, besides "Bank Lick" we expect to give in this volume. For 1846 we shall make arrangements to publish some six or eight Western and Southern views, many of them by the young and gifted artist from whom the above mentioned original views have been purchased.

CHEAP MUSIC.—We are going on, as rapidly as possible, to supply the increasing demand for cheap music. During the month we have published

Fourteen favorite Galopades, By the most popular composers, for - - - 25 cts.

Thirteen popular Waltzes, By various composers, for - - - 25

Melodies of Ireland, consisting of 8 songs and 5 pieces, composed by Charles Jarvis, - 25

And we have in press, and nearly ready
Moore's melodies No 1, consisting of eight of
Moore's Songs and Ballads, - - - 25

Four sets of popular Cotillions, - 25

Flowers of Melody, consisting of ten popular
Songs and Ballads, - - - 25

Songs of Fancy—nine in number, - 25

The Melodies of Lord Byron, - - 12½

Songs and Ballads of T. Haynes Bayley, No 1, 25

Twelve popular Quicksteps, - - - 25

Fourteen celebrated Marches, - ● - 25

Seven Vocal Duets, by popular composers, 25

A set of Punch's Mazurkas, - - - 12½

Gems from the Opera of Cinderella, - 25

" " " Sonnambula, - 25

" " " Fra Diavolo, - 25

" " " Guy Mannering, 25

" " " Postilion of Lonjumeau, 25

Besides these we have other novelties in preparation. As quickly as it can be done, we will get up a quantity of music especially intended for learners, and thus supply what is so much needed, a progressive series of well adapted pieces for instruction on the piano, at a price within the reach of all. The expense attendant upon a musical education, taking music at the prices which have prevailed, all parents

who have been compelled to pay music bills, known to be a serious item. But a reform in this matter is at hand. The old order of things must speedily pass away; and our labors in the new field shall be untiring. To ensure correctness, and thus set at rest on the threshold of our operations, the specious allegation that music so cheap cannot be correctly arranged, &c. we have employed, to edit the whole of our musical publications, a professor and composer of the first ability—one known to be thoroughly proficient.

As to the appearance of our music, no fault can be found with that. It is printed on the finest paper in the market, and the impression is clear and beautiful. As to the price, we have put it, in the offstart, at a minimum rate—we believe that it cannot be furnished lower, except in some rare instance, when the sales promise to be enormous. At our prices, it requires large editions to pay a profit.

Fry's GRAND OPERA OF LEONORA.—We announce, with pleasure, the fact, that we have entered into an arrangement with Mr. W. H. Fry, for the exclusive publication of his Opera of LEONORA, which will be issued entire, in the original key, with recitatives, chorusses, orchestral accompaniments, &c. &c. for the low price of \$2 50 per copy.

This arrangement is made with a view to supply the lovers of classical music with a genuine copy of the first AMERICAN OPERA. In order further to meet the wants of the musical world, the favorite airs, both vocal and instrumental, will be culled from the opera, and arranged in lower keys for general use. This music will be handsomely printed, and like our other musical publications, be furnished at very low prices.

EVERY MAN HIS OWN AGENT.—All remittances of money for this magazine can be sent at our charge for postage. Those wishing to take our magazine, need not apply to any agent or post master, but write direct to us, enclosing a year's subscription, (\$2) or the price of a club, in funds current in the state where they reside, and we will pay the postage. This simplifies the whole matter of subscription, perfectly, and makes the communication between publishers and subscribers, as it should be, direct.

BOOKS AND MUSIC BY MAIL, FREE OF POSTAGE. See our advertisement on cover of books and music by mail.

*** We would particularly request our brethren of the press to send us only such of their papers as contain notices of our magazine. Postage is a heavy tax on us.

*** All letters that do not contain remittances of money for this work, must be paid to ensure attention.

ALL THE NEWLY DISCOVERED MINES

A B C D E F G H I J K L M N O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z

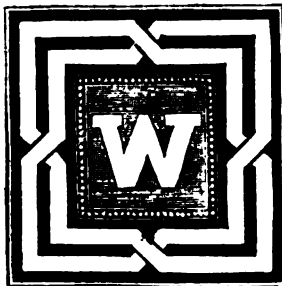
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ARTHUR'S MAGAZINE.

SEPTEMBER, 1845.

THE COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT.

"The cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious face,
They round the ingle, form a circle wide;
The sire turns o'er wi' patriarchal grace,
The big ha'-Bible, ance his father's pride.
His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside,
His lyart haffets wearing thin and bare;
Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide,
He wales a portion with judicious care;
And 'Let us worship God,' he says with solemn air."



ed by the accompanying engraving.

We extract the following remarks upon this beautiful poem, taken from a critical notice of the works of Burns written by Doct. Currie, as being better adapted to our present purpose than any thing we could say ourselves.

"Among the serious poems of Burns, *The Cotter's Saturday Night* is perhaps entitled to the first rank. *The Farmer's Ingle* of Fergusson evidently suggested the plan of this poem, as has been already mentioned; but after the plan was formed, Burns trusted entirely to his own powers for the execution. Fergusson's poem is certainly very beautiful. It has all the charms which depend on rural characters and manners happily portrayed, and exhibited under circumstances

highly grateful to the imagination. *The Farmer's Ingle* begins with describing the return of evening. The toils of the day are over, and the farmer retires to his comfortable fireside. The reception which he and his men-servants receive from the careful house-wife, is pleasingly described. After their supper is over, they begin to talk on the moral events of the day.

"Bout kirk and market eke, their tales gae on,
How Jock woo'd Jenny here to be his bride," &c.

The "Guidame" is next introduced, as forming a circle round the fire, in the midst of her grandchildren, and, while she spins from the rock, and the spindle plays on her "russet lap," she is relating tales of witches and ghosts. The poet exclaims:

"O mock na this, my friends! but rather mourn.
Ye in life's brawest spring, wi' reason clear,
Wi' eild our idle fancies a' return,
And dim our doleful days wi' bairnly fear;
The mind's aye *cradled* when the *grave* is near."

"In the mean time, the farmer, wearied with the fatigues of the day, stretches himself at length upon the *Settle*, a sort of rustic couch which

extends on one side of the fire, and the cat and house dog leap upon it, to receive his carcases. Here, resting at his ease, he gives his directions to his men-servants for the succeeding day. The house-wife follows his example and gives her orders to the maidens. By degrees, the oil in the cruise begins to fail; the fire runs low; sleep steals on this rustic group; and they move off to enjoy their slumbers. The poet concludes by bestowing his blessings on the "husbandman and all his tribe."

"This is an original and truly interesting pastoral. It possesses every thing required in this species of composition. We might, perhaps have said,—every thing that it admits, had not Burns written his *Cotter's Saturday Night*."

"The cottager, returning from his labors, has no servants to accompany him, to partake of his fare, or to receive his instructions. The circle which he joins is composed of his wife and children only; and, if it admits of less variety, it affords an opportunity for representing scenes that more strongly interest the affections. The younger children running to meet him and clambering round his knees; the elder, returning from their weekly labors with the neighboring farmers, dutifully depositing their little gains with their parents, and receiving their father's blessing and instructions; the incidents of the courtship of Jenny, their eldest daughter, "woman grown;" are circumstances of the most interesting kind,

which are most happily delineated; and, after their frugal supper, the representation of these humble cottagers, forming a wider circle round the hearth, and uniting in the worship of God, is a picture the most deeply affecting of any the rural muse has ever presented to the view. Burns was admirably adapted to this delineation. Like all men of genius, he was of the temperament of devotion, and the powers of memory co-operated in this instance with the sensibility of his heart, and the fervor of his imagination.*

"*The Cotter's Saturday Night*, is tender and moral,—it is seldom solemn and devotional,—and rises at length into a strain of grandeur and sublimity, which modern poetry has hardly surpassed. The noble sentiments with which it concludes, correspond with the rest of the poem. In no age or country, have the pastoral muses breathed such elevated accents, if the Messiah of Pope be excepted, which is, indeed, a pastoral in form only. It is to be regretted that Burns did not employ his genius on subjects of the same nature, which the manners and customs of the Scottish peasantry would have amply supplied. Such poetry is not to be estimated by the degree of pleasure which it bestows; it sinks deeply into the heart, and is calculated, far beyond any other human means, for giving permanence to the scenes and characters it so exquisitely describes."

*The reader will recollect that the Cotter was Burns's father.

I DREAMED OF MY MOTHER.

BY THOMAS G. SPEAR.

DREAM'D of my mother,
and sweet to my soul
Was the brief-given spell
of that vision's control:
I thought she stood by me,
all cheerful and mild
As when to her bosom I
clung as a child.

Her features were bright with the smiles that she wore,
When beeding my idle-tongued prattle of yore;
And her voice had that kindly and silvery strain
That from childhood had dwelt in the depths of my brain.

She spoke of the days of her girlhood and youth—
Of life and its cares, and of hope and its truth;

And she seem'd as an angel just wing'd from above,
To bring me a message of duty and love.

She told of her thoughts at the old village school—
Of her walks with her playmates when loos'd from
its rule—
Of her rambles for berries, and when they were o'er
Of the mirth-making groups at the white cottage door.

She painted the garden, so sweet to the view,
Where the wren made its nest and the pet-flowers
grew—
Of the trees that she lov'd for their scent and their
shade,
Where the robin, and wild-bee, and humming-bird
play'd.

And she spoke of the greenwood which border'd the
 " farm,
 Where her glad moments glided unmix'd with alarm—
 Of the well by the wicket, whose waters were free,
 And the lake with its white margin travers'd in glee.

And she ponder'd delighted the joys to retrace
 Of the family scenes of that ruraliz'd place,—
 Of its parties and bridals, its loves and its spells—
 Its heart-oling ties, and its sadden'd farewells.

She pictur'd the meeting-house, where, with the throng,
 She heard the good pastor, and sang the sweet song—
 Of the call from the pulpit,—the feast at the shrine,
 And the hallow'd communings with feelings divine.

"And listen, my son!" she did smilingly say,
 "If 't is pleasant to sing it is sweeter to pray—
 If the future is bright in the day of thy prime,
 That brightness may grow with the fading of time.

"As the bow bringeth promise while arching the skies,
 With its beautiful glory emblaz'd on the eyes—
 Though blended with ether its loveliness fade,
 The splendor is lost not, but only delayed.

"What healing like hope's shall the mourners restore,
 When their sad bosoms sigh over pleasures no more,
 As back to the place of departure they gaze,
 Where the moonlight of memory mellowly plays?

"But thy present, my son, as its brief moments flee,
 Is the prize to be seiz'd and be cherished by thee—
 'T is the earnest of joys that no time can impair,
 And is link'd with a peace that I may not declare.

"And when the frail strength of humanity fades,
 And darkness the eye-ball of nature invades,
 From thy Pisgah of Hope 't will be sweet to behold,
 What a Canaan of glories her hand has unroll'd.

"Look up to thy Maker, my son, and rejoice!"
 Was the last gentle whisper that came from that
 voice,
 While its soft soothing tones on my dreaming ear fell,
 As she glided away with a smiling farewell.

There are dreams of the heavens, and dreams of the
 earth,
 And dreams of disease that to phantoms give birth,

But the hearer of angels, awake or asleep,
 Has a vision to love, to remember and keep.

I woke from the spell of that visit of night,
 And inly commun'd with a quiet delight,
 And the past, and the present, and future survey'd,
 In the darkness presented, by fancy array'd.

I thought of the scenes when that mother was nigh,
 In a soft sunny land and beneath a mild sky,
 When at matins we walk'd to the health-giving
 spring,
 With the dew on the grass, and the birds on the win.

Of the draughts at the fount as the white sun arose,
 And the views from the bluffs where the broad river
 flows—
 Of the sound from the shore of the fisherman's strait,
 And the sight of the ship as it sail'd to the main.

Of the wild-flowers pluck'd from the glen and the
 field,
 And the beauties the meadows and gardens
 revealed—
 Of all that she paus'd to explain or explore,
 'Till I learn'd in my wonder to think and adore.

And of joys that attended the fire side scene,
 When woodlands and meadows no longer were green—
 Of the sports, and the tales, and the holiday glee,
 That ever were rife at that fond mother's knee.

Of the duties of home, and the studies of school,
 With the many delights that divided their rule,
 'Till the sunshine of boyhood had ended, and brought
 The cares and the shadows of manhood and thought.

And I sigh'd for the scenes that had faded away—
 For the forms that had fallen from age to decay—
 For the friends who had vanish'd, while looking before
 To paths that their feet were forbid to explore.

And glancing beyond, through the vista of time,
 With a soul full of hope, and with life in its prime,
 Though flowers by memory cherish'd had died,
 Life's garden was still with some blossoms supplied.

And oft as that dream to my spirit comes back,
 A newness of thought re-illumes my track;
 For it seems as a spell undefin'd and alone,
 Of something concerned with the vast and unknown.

THE SUPPLICATION.

LEAVE me not yet! through rosy skies from far,
 But now the song-birds to their nest return;
 The quivering image of the first pale star
 On the dim lake scarce yet begins to burn:
 Leave me not yet!

Not yet! Oh, hark! low tones from hidden streams
 Piercing the shivery leaves e'en now arise;
 Their voices mingle not with day-light dreams—

They are of vesper's hymns and harmonies:
 Leave me not yet!

My thoughts are like those gentle sounds, dear love,
 By day shut up in their own still recess;
 They wait for dews on earth, for stars above,
 Then to breathe out their soul of tenderness.
 Leave me not yet!
 HEMANS.

THE HEIRESS.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

CHAPTER XXI.

ON the Monday following, Laura went, as she had agreed, to the house of Mrs. Grant.

Anna strove to feel indifferent, but this was impossible. Try all she would to ban-

ish from her mind thoughts of her aunt, and the probable result of Laura's engagement to sew for her, they constantly intruded themselves.

As the day wore on from morning until noon, and the forenoon towards evening, she found, her hand less true in performing its task, and her heart less calm and even in its pulsations.

At six, Laura was to be home. But long before five o'clock, Anna was compelled to lay aside her work, for the simple reason, that her trembling fingers could hold the needle no longer.

When, at length, her friend returned, she was able to assume an air of external indifference. Laura said nothing about Mrs. Grant, or her family, for some time after she came in, and Anna, though all eagerness, (an eagerness that she struggled in vain to suppress,) to hear what had transpired through the day, asked no questions. At last Laura said, after looking into her face, steadily for a moment.

"How strongly you resemble your cousin Florence."

Anna started at this unexpected remark, while a deep flush passed over her face.

"Whom do you mean by my cousin Florence," she asked, quickly recovering herself, and looking somewhat sternly at Laura.

"I mean the daughter of your aunt," was replied. "There are two grown up girls—your cousins—Ella and Florence. The latter resembles you very much in her face; but there the likeness ceases. She is a proud, vain girl. I did not see much of Ella."

"Did you see my uncle?" asked Anna, striving, as she spoke, to prevent the interest she felt in the question from showing itself in the tones of her voice.

"No," was replied, "I eat my dinner with the housekeeper, and, therefore, did not see all the family."

"Did you learn whether he was living with Mr. and Mrs. Grant?"

"No, I had no opportunity to ask any questions of the housekeeper at the dinner table."

"Did you hear his name mentioned?"

"No."

"He may not even be alive."

There was a touch of sadness in the tone of Anna's voice, as she said this, that revealed the true state of her feelings.

"I cannot tell; but I will learn to-morrow," replied Laura.

Anna made no further remark on the subject.

"How have you felt to-day?" she asked, sometime afterwards.

"Not very well," Laura said. "I was troubled with a dull aching in my breast all the afternoon. Once or twice quick flushes of heat went over me, and then I grew faint. I was afraid, sometimes that I would not be able to keep up until night."

"You must not go out to-morrow," Anna said, in a concerned voice.

"I have promised your aunt, and do not wish to disappoint her. I hope I shall feel better in a day or two. Mrs. Grant has promised to have some work ready for me to bring home to you in a day or two."

"To me!"

"Yes, to you." Laura smiled. "I did not tell Mrs. Grant that you were her niece. I only told her that a friend of mine, who did not go out to sew in families, could do something for her if she wished it."

On the next morning Laura felt even more indisposed than on the previous evening. Anna urged her not to go out, but she could not be induced to remain at home. For two or three days she held on with great difficulty. But her overtasked strength at last yielded. She came home on the evening of the third day, quite sick. The pain in her left breast had increased—she breathed with difficulty—her skin was hot; and she had an irritating, dry, *hacking* cough.

She had told Mrs. Grant, on leaving her house that evening, that she was afraid she could not re-

turn; but proposed taking some work home, to which that lady assented. She brought with her a small bundle which was given into the hands of Anna. It contained several garments that were to be made.

The illness of Laura, for whom Anna now felt the tender love of a sister, banished from her mind all thoughts of her relatives—thoughts that had haunted her, and disturbed her spirits for several days. She had turned herself towards them, with reluctance. She turned from them again, without a lingering regret, and gave up all her mind to the care of Laura, for whose fate her heart trembled to its centre.

At first, it seemed that rest was all the sufferer needed. She slept through the night, and awoke on the next morning, apparently refreshed. Her pulse was calmer, the pain in her breast not so acute, and she breathed easier. But on attempting to rise, a dizziness caused her to sink back upon her pillow, while a deadly paleness overspread her face. In a little while she recovered from this, and was able to sit up in her bed; but Anna would not permit her to rise. She drew a little table up to her bed side, and set upon it their morning meal. Laura tried to eat, but she could only swallow part of a cup of tea. Her stomach loathed all food.

After breakfast she tried to sit up and sew. But she soon had to relinquish the attempt. The efforts to concentrate her mind upon her work, caused her head to swim, and a faintness to come over her.

"It will not do Laura. You are too sick to attempt any thing now. I must take your work from you," Anna said, when she saw the effect of the sick girl's efforts; and by gentle force she took her sewing from her hands, and removed from the bed, where it had been placed, her work basket.

"But your efforts will not be sufficient to support both of us," Laura returned, her eyes filling and her voice trembling.

"Mrs. Grand has often said to me, when I have given away to a desponding spirit," returned Anna, in a low, earnest voice; "that we are all the children of a Father, who is not only able to take care of us, but who loves us with a love far surpassing all human love. Give yourself up to Him, Laura. Feel that you are in his hands,—all will come out right at last."

A gleam of light passed over the face of the sick girl.

"My heart thanks you, Anna, for those words," she said, with much feeling. "How they cause to rush back upon me the memories of long past years, when such lessons were taught me by a mother, called too early away from her child."

"Say not *too early*. Does not *He* (and Anna pointed upwards,) know best?"

"Was not your mother called from *you* too early?" Laura looked with a steady eye into the face of Anna.

"My heart says *yes*. But enlightened reason says *no*," was the reply. "It was long before I could assent to the truth of what Mrs. Grand so earnestly strove to impress upon my mind, that all things are under the direction of a wise and benevolent Providence, and that nothing is permitted to take place that is not for good. But so varied were the illustrations she gave me, and so often did she bring home to my mind facts and principles that I could no longer doubt. It is, it must be true. The death of my mother seemed the deepest wrong that could have been inflicted upon me. I murmured against it bitterly. But I see, already, that it was for good. To be spurned by my aunt, when I was homeless and penniless in a strange city, had in it, to my mind, no sign of any thing but evil. But, what I have gained of moral strength of character, and a knowledge of the laws of Divine Providence from an association with Mrs. Grand, I would not give for all the favors such a woman as my aunt is, could possibly bestow upon me. Had I been permitted to choose my course in life, I would have remained in Cincinnati, but I obeyed a mother's dying injunction. When I arrived in this city, I had but one hope—I saw but one refuge—my relative's favor; my relative's protection. I obtained neither. It has, I am free to acknowledge been better for me that I was cast off by them. Trust me, Laura, all is right. We are alone upon the earth, but we have a father in heaven."

Before Anna, who was holding in hers the hand of Laura, had ceased speaking, the eyelids of the other, from beneath which tears were glistening, had drooped low upon her pale cheeks; but the whole expression of her face had become softened and a faint smile played about her lips. A strong pressure of the hand was, for some moments, her only response. Then she said, in a low voice, that struggled to retain its calmness,

"You are right, dear Anna! We shall be cared for. *You* will be cared for."

Laura's feelings here overcame her, and she sobbed aloud.

Anna understood too well, the meaning of the last sentence—a meaning that forced itself upon her, suddenly, as prophetic, and caused every fibre of her soul to thrill with anguish. Her own heart too, overflowed. Twining her arms about the neck of Laura, she laid her cheek to hers, and mingled her own tears with those of her weeping friend.

CHAPTER XXII.

"ONE week more, and all will be safe," was the remark of Mason Grant, as he drew his chair before the well filled grate, where glowed the first fire of the season. "I shall then sleep soundly, what I have not done for the last twelve months."

"I wish that girl had been dead, before she came here," was the reply of Mrs. Grant, who was alone in the parlor with her husband. "How freely I shall breathe in a week from to-day!"

"Yes, freely indeed! I shall then be happy. What a long time of anxious suspense I have had! I wonder if your brother thinks the period of limitation so near?"

"I should think not."

"We must n't, for the world, give him a hint of the fact. Ten chances to one, if he would n't go to advertising in every newspaper in the city, and have this girl coming forward at the last moment."

"He is insane enough to do any thing, it seems: But, has it never crossed your mind, Mr. Grant, that all danger is not past even after we are safely beyond the day of limitation?"

Mr. Grant looked alarmed.

"What do you mean?" he said.

"My brother is rich."

"Well?"

"And a bachelor."

"I know."

"We have, naturally, large expectations for our girls."

"We certainly have."

"When he dies——"

Mrs. Grant could not help feeling a touch of shame, as she uttered her thoughts. A slight glow tinged her cheeks.

"When he dies, the bulk of his property will revert to Florence and Ellen, if——"

"If what?" quickly asked her husband.

"If this girl of Anna's does not come to light."

"What are you talking about, woman?"

"If Anna's child should present herself, and we do not pay her the legacy left by my father, even after the day of limitation is past, my brother is just the man to will her his entire property when he dies. I know him."

This was said in slow, measured tones.

The lips of Mason Grant were drawn apart, and he looked, with a bewildered air, into the face of his wife. It took him some moments fully to comprehend her meaning. When he did so, he became very pale, struck his hand hard against his forehead, and muttered a bitter invective against Anna Gray.

The door opened at the moment, and old Mr. Markland came in.

Instantly the cloud passed from the brow of Mason Grant, and he spoke to his wife's brother in cheerful tones. But the old gentleman appeared thoughtful, and replied only in monosyllables to the remarks that were made to him.

"Mary," he said abruptly, during a pause, and turning to his sister as he spoke, "can you tell why it is that I think all the time about Anna?"

He looked steadily into his sister's face, from which the color slowly retired.

"Do *you* think of her?" pursued the old man.

"Think of her? Why should I think of her? You ask strange questions, sometimes, Joseph!"

There was petulance in the tones of Mrs. Grant's voice.

"Do I? Humph! I am a strange kind of a man, altogether."

With an offended air Mr. Markland arose, and slowly left the room. Mr. Grant called after him in a hesitating voice, but he was not heeded.

On entering his own room, where a light was burning, Mr. Markland seated himself by a table, and sighed heavily, as he leaned his hand upon his head.

"Poor Anna!" he at length murmured—"What would I not give to know the fate of you and yours. Strange, how your memory presses on me at this time! Where are you? Do thy feet yet press the walks of busy human life?—or, has thy gentle spirit passed long since to the company of those who love thee better than did thy earthly friends? Ah! If I could only know! If I could only know!"

CHAPTER XXIII.

WHILE thoughts of his long absent sister were thus pressing themselves upon the mind of old Mr. Markland, the only child of that sister was passing through another of the deep trials by which her young life had been so freely marked.

At the moment he sat down and sighed heavily over the memory of the loved and lost that could return no more, she stood eagerly bending over the dying form of her only friend and companion. Laura knew that her hour had come. But her heart was firm, her lip calm, and her eye bright to the last.

"I shall have a brief, sweet sleep, Anna," she said, in a low whisper, as she looked up. "And then life will continue on again—conscious, active life. I shall not be far from you; though you will not be able to see me with your bodily eyes; but love will make us present."

Anna could not reply; she could only press the hand of her departing friend, and weep.

"Can you not smile on me in this parting?" her sister!" murmured Laura. "I cannot shed these tears. It is hard, I know, for you to be left alone. But only press onward with a true heart for a little while, and we will meet again. Oh, if you could see the light that we see—could only feel how intimately near are ministering spirits, to support you in danger, and guard you in danger, you would not despair. Life is called a warfare, and a pilgrimage—in it we have the Invincible to fight for us, the All-seeing to direct our steps. Be of courage, my sister!"

Our troubles and our trials here
Will only make us richer there.'

Remember the beautiful hymn we have so sung together—

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.
His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower!"

Her last words were more feebly uttered, but the face of the speaker were fixed steadily upon her face! In a few moments her lips moved but no sound touched the low bent ear of the friend. A deep silence followed. Then she tried again to speak.—Anna listened

"I will be well—fear not—good cheer—meet—"

Her lips moved, but nothing more could be said. A moment or two, and—the silver chord snapped and the golden bowl broken!

CHAPTER XXIV.

Illness of Laura had prevented Anna from packing up the garments which had been brought from Mrs. Grant's. The bundle lay for days, unopened, upon a table, and was left to a poor woman in the neighborhood who knew something of Anna's history. Right that Laura died, this woman commenced work, and was rolling it up in a newspaper same in which it came—when her eye fell upon an advertisement that attracted attention. She read it over, and sat in that mood for nearly a minute.

"Bless me!" she at length exclaimed, suddenly. "Can it be possible? Yes, it must be—it is! Anna Gray, here is good fortune for you!" Rolling up the paper, she thrust it into her pocket, and taking from a closet her shawl and bonnet, she drew them on, and left the house, hurriedly. It was an hour after dark. Her steps were bent towards the residence of Anna and her companion. Her hand was upon the door, and she was about to enter, when a sudden thought caused her to stop.

"She is a strange girl, and might not——" Her thoughts were uttered no farther. But she turned away, and walked down the street, with an air of irresolution. Gradually, as she kept on, her step was firmer, and in a few minutes her manner was that of one who had determined upon a certain course of action. Ten minutes' walk brought her to the house of Mason Grant, in Walnut street. She rang the bell with a firm hand; a servant came to the door.

"Can I see Mr. Markland?"

"I suppose so, if he is in," was replied, in an indifferent tone.

"Will you see?" There was something peremptory in the tone of the woman's voice, that made the servant stare. He left her standing in the door, and went up to Mr. Markland's room. Mr. Markland had entered it but a few minutes before, and was sitting by a table in a pensive mood, his thoughts on his exiled sister, when the servant informed him that a woman wished to see him at the door.

"Who is she?"

"I do not know, sir."

"What does she want?"

"She only asked to see you."

"What kind of a woman is she?"

"She looks like a poor woman."

"Where is she?"

"In the hall."

"Tell her I will be down in a moment."

The servant withdrew.

"I wonder who she can be, and what she wants with me at this hour?" muttered the old man to himself, as he descended to the hall a few minutes after the servant withdrew.

"Mr. Markland?" said the woman in an enquiring voice, as he approached her.

"That is my name; what is your wish, madam?"

"You advertised ——"

"What?" Mr. Markland interrupted her, eagerly, catching from her hand, at the same time, the newspaper which she drew from her pocket.

"You advertised for heirs to the estate of Mr. Markland."

"Well! what do you know about them?"

"I know the daughter of Mrs. Gray?"

"You do! Where is she?" quickly replied the old man. "Is all right with her? And her mother? Where is she?"

"Dead. She died ——"

At this moment one of the parlor doors opened, and Mr. and Mrs. Grant, who had heard voices in the hall, came out.

"When did she die?" asked Mr. Markland. The woman had paused at the appearance of other members of the family.

"About a year ago, in Cincinnati, and her only child, a daughter has been since that time in this city, laboring with honest hands to earn her bread."

"It is all false! It is a trick! The woman is an impostor!" shrieked Mrs. Grant, in a wild and agitated manner.

"No, madam," was calmly replied. "It is the truth, and well *you* know it."

"Where is she? Tell me quickly! I will go to her this instant," said old Mr. Markland. John! bring me my hat and cane.

They were brought.

"Now lead the way. I must see Anna's child."

"No, no brother, you shall not go!" Mrs. Grant seized his arm, and endeavored to restrain him. "It is all a trick. You will run into danger."

"Let go of me, woman!" Mr. Markland jerked himself away, as he said this sternly. "Not a word, Mason!" he added, as the husband of Mrs. Grant made a movement to interfere with him. "I think I know my own business, and want no dictation. Lead the way, madam, I am ready."

With this he left the house, and hurried off at a quick pace.

"Follow him! follow him!" urged Mrs. Grant. But her husband retired into the parlor, and throwing himself into a large chair, let his head sink upon his breast, and sat in sullen silence.

A rapid walk of some ten minutes brought Mr. Markland and his guide to a small house, in a retired court. Without knocking, they entered, and went up stairs, with quiet steps.

"She lives here," said the woman, in a whisper, with her finger on her lip, as she laid her hand upon the door of a room in the third story.

"Knock, then," was the old man's reply, in a low husky voice.

The woman rapped lightly. But no one answered to the summons. She knocked again, and louder than before. All remained silent within.

"Open the door," said Mr. Markland, in a quick, excited voice.

The door was thrown open, and they entered. By the light of a small lamp, they saw a female lying upon a bed. She did not move, nor appear conscious of the presence of any one. Mr. Markland went up to the bed side, but started back with quivering limbs, pale lips, and an ejaculation of horror. Beyond the reclining figure, and at first concealed by it, rose the rigid outline of an ashy face—death-marked!

For a moment or two Mr. Markland stood like one suddenly paralyzed. Then grasping the woman who had accompanied him, by the arm, he dragged her to the bedside, and said in a low, deep, thrilling whisper,

"Which is my niece?"

"This, the living one."

"Thank God!" was the old man's quick ejaculation. Then leaning over, he lifted the prostrate girl from the bed, withdrawing as he did so, an arm that had been twined around the neck of her who was now unconscious of all earthly things. Anna was only half insensible. The movement roused her.

"Mercy! Where am I? Who are you? What does this mean?" she exclaimed, struggling to release herself from the arms of Mr. Markland, and speaking in an alarmed and indignant tone.

"What is your name, child?" asked Mr. Markland, with a forced calmness, allowing her to disengage herself from the arm with which he had raised her from the bed, but still holding her hand in his.

"My name is Anna Gray."

"And your mother's name?"

"Anna Gray?"

"Where is your mother?"

"In heaven." This was said in a meek, low voice, while her eyes were cast upwards.

"What was your mother's maiden name?"

"Markland."

"Where is your father?"

"Dead."

"And your mother was from?"

"This city."

"Have you relatives here?"

"I have an aunt."

"What is her name?"

"Mrs. Grant."

"Have you ever seen her?"

"Yes."

"Does she know you are in this city?"

"Yes."

"How do you know?"

"I called upon her; but she spurned me as an impostor!"

"Gracious Heaven!" exclaimed the old man with indignation.

"But how can you prove that you are not what

Mrs. Grant said you were?" he resumed more gravely.

Anna turned away, and took from a drawer a small morocco miniature case, and handing it to her interrogator, said—

"That will prove the truth of all I have said, to any who have a right to know the truth."

Eagerly and with trembling hands did old Mr. Markland open the case he had received.

"My mother! Oh!" was his sudden ejaculation,

staggering back a few paces, as if from a blow, with his eyes fixed upon the miniature.

"Enough!" he said, in a few moments, recovering himself, and advancing towards Anna.—

"Enough! You are my long lost sister's child! I see her image, now, in your young face. Thank God! You are found at last."

Mr. Markland threw his arms around Anna, and drew her to his bosom, where she lay and wept like a child weeping on the breast of a parent.

To be concluded in next number.

THE MOTHER'S PRAYER.

BY MISS MARY HEMPLE.



ESTLING in his mother's breast

Lay a sleeping child,
Like a wood-dove in its nest,

Pure and undefiled;
Quiet tears the mother wept,
While her infant sweetly slept.

Softly prayed the mother then,

From an o'er-full heart,
That—when in the ways of men
He must bear a part,—
God would teach him to endure,
God would make him strong and pure,

"Father! if it is Thy will
That his path be rough,
Guide him with Thy spirit still—
That shall be enough:
In life's darkness—be his sun,
Oh! thou true and Holy One.

"Not the victor's wreath or crown
Ask I for my child,
But Thy smile when strife is done,
Beaming pure and mild;
And that smile shall brighter seem,
For his troubled earthly dream.

"Not for talents, power, or fame
Shall my prayer be,
But that through the cross or shame,

He may trust in Thee;
Leaning gently on Thy arm,
Through the sunshine, through the storm.

"Well I know my faith is dim,
And my heart is weak;
And in earnest prayer for him,
Oft I dare to speak
Earth-born hopes of peace and rest,
Deeming that my will is best.

"If such wishes ever press
To my faltering tongue,
If from me in feebleness
Such a prayer be wrung;
Father—check my wayward will.
Whisper softly—'Peace—be still'—

"Ask I not that every sting
From his path depart,
But through all the suffering
Keep him 'pure in heart':
Then though troubled and distressed,
He shall know Thy will is best."

Brightly o'er the mother's cheek
Burned a living joy,
While she asked—with soul so meek,
Blessings for her boy;
And her prayer sweet peace did bring,
Even in the offering.

WILLIS'S LETTERS FROM LONDON.

N. P. WILLIS
has re-visited the
old world, and has
commenced a new
series of letters to
the New York
tribune, from
which we purpose
giving our rea-
sonable extracts. Mr. Wil-

son found him with
the eye of a poet-philosopher, and sketches with
a graphic hand all that he sees and feels. His
sketches of men and things abroad are among the
most pleasant and readable that are made—never
very profound, but sparkling and bright as the
rippling surface of a summer lake stirred by a
sportive breeze.

Without comment upon their particular themes,
we make a few extracts, with a promise to con-
tinue them.

CUSTOM HOUSE ANNOTANCES.

I wish to ask a personal favor of all the friends
of the Mirror who are in the offices of American
Custom Houses, viz: that they would retaliate
upon Englishmen in the most vexatious manner
possible, the silly and useless impediments
thrown in the way of passengers landing at Li-
verpool. We dropped anchor with a Custom
House steamboat alongside, and our baggage lay
on deck two hours, (long enough to be examined
twice over,) before it was transferred to the
government vessel. We and our baggage were
then taken ashore, and landed at a Custom
House. But not to be examined there! Oh, no!
It must be put into carts, and carried *a mile and
a half to another Custom House*, and there it
would be delivered to us, if we were there to see
it examined! We landed at ten o'clock in the
morning, and with my utmost exertions, I did
not get my baggage till three. The cost to me,
of portorage, fees, &c. was three dollars and a
half, besides the theft of two or three small arti-
cles belonging to my child. I was too ill to
laugh, and I therefore passed the matter over to
my resentments. I trust my particular share will
be remembered in the coming wars of Oregon.

VIDOCQ.

Observing Lady Blessington's faultless equi-
page standing at the door of the Coemoreana, I
went in and saw her Ladyship for a moment.
She said she was suffering from recent illness,
but I thought her looking far better than when I
was last in England. Her two beautiful nieces
were with her, and Lord —; and the cele-
brated Vidocq (for this was what they had come
to see,) was showing them the disguises he had
worn in his wonderful detection of criminals, the
weapons he had taken from them, and all the cu-
riosity of his career—himself the greatest. I
looked at the Prince of Policemen with no little
interest of course, after reading his singular me-
moirs. He is a fat man, very like the outline of
Louis Philippe's figure, and his head, enormously
developed in the perceptive organs, goes up so
small to the top, as to resemble the pear with
which the King of the French is commonly cari-
catured. Vidocq's bow to me when I came in
was the model of elegant and respectful suavity,
but I could not repress a feeling of repugnance to
him, nevertheless.

THE OPERA.

I was taking my slow-paced walk yesterday
afternoon, on the sunny side of Regent street,
thinking of little except the sore iron-wires not
yet physicked out of my brain, when, in a shop-
window I chanced to spy the placard of the opera.
In large letter I read "TAGLIONI IN THE SYLPH-
IDE!" If you remember my description, in
"Pencilings by the Way," of the *very first per-
formance* of this ballet, (which I had the good
fortune to witness ten or twelve years ago on my
first arrival in Paris,) and my enthusiastic de-
scription of Taglioni, you will easily fancy how
my blood was stirred with the chance of re-seeing
the enchanting picture—the same ballet with the
same matchless woman as the enchantress. It
was 5 o'clock, P. M.—within an hour of my pre-
scribed bed-time—and the opera commences at
eight and lasts till twelve—but I *went*. Let me
make a whole letter about the evening of which
I thus "did" the Doctor.

I do not often gulp very hard at the price of
a thing I want, but the charge of *six dollars* (a

inea and a half) for a seat to see one opera—the habit as I am editorially of paying nothing the same commodity—certainly made me say hem!" The seat I got for this little price was the middle of the first bench behind the *bestra*, in the pit—that is to say in one of the aisle or elbow-seats into which the first four benches of the pit are divided. "The 'so called, which is separated by a bar from the privileged seats, is so uncomfortable and red, that, in my weak condition, I could not sit there, especially with the risk of standing all evening. So, away went the price of ——— a good thing you can think of! If I had been charged for the moisture of the English air because my hair curls tighter here than America, I should not have felt more like shaking my head after the payment.

One is admitted to the London opera except in dress, but I took my cloak on my arm, and of the draught of cool air that comes over the arm pit when the curtain is lifted. The keeper stopped me. "You cannot wear cloak in, sir!" said he. "But I'm a sick man and require it." "Against the rule, sir!" very hard that one who has a stall to himself, and one to incommode, should not be allowed to himself from taking cold." "Can't be air." So saying, he took off my cloak, and I gave him a shilling for taking care of it! Some things about England.

And myself seated between a lady in full and a very fine, aristocratic looking old woman whose seat was elegantly cushioned, and who evidently had it by the season. He turned out to be a useful neighbor, for overhearing me make a question of the musician before me, he bowed that it was my first appearance at the opera, and remarked to me that I was apparently a stranger, and seemed to take a great interest in pointing out to me the notabilities of the house and audience. I am glad to mention it as a new perception to the usual English reserve.

The opera was the "Roberto Devereux" of the night, and the prima donna (who played Elizabeth) was a novelty in London, *Rosini Caccia*. It was her second appearance.

My first impression of her was very favorable. She came forward in a solo, in which she drew her voice so sharply fine that it was very ear uncomfortable; and, in the rather unbecomingables of Queen Elizabeth's looks (which are half the music) were set off by her. As the plot deepened, however, and as the passionateness of acting which she showed with voice and beauty, and I began to see that she had a mouth like a crack in a big eye, full of darkness, and a voice

that was mellow when she forgot the audience. She was immensely applauded; but I assure you I thought her very inferior to Pico, both as an actress and a singer.

Moriani, the famous tenor, has the person of a ship's boatswain, and a voice as exquisitely soft as an *Æolian* harp, and (with one's eyes shut) he is a singer who gives one delicious enjoyment—but I will not bother you with more about the opera.

As the curtain fell after the first act, the men in the stalls all rose to straighten themselves and take a stare over the house; and, for the first time, it occurred to me to inquire if the Queen were present. "You are looking straight at her Majesty," said my neighbor; "she is talking to one of the ladies of her bedchamber, and Prince Albert is in the back of the box, talking to the King of Belgium." The box I was looking into was directly at the end of the stage lights, and of course very near me. I had seen the Queen come in without recognizing her, though I had studied her face at Court when I was presented to William IV. some years ago, and of course see portraits of her every day. She looked far younger and prettier than any picture I know of her, and her manner to her maids of honor, and their evident ease, made it look precisely like a most agreeable private party. There was no mark to distinguish the box she occupied, and the fact is that I had insensibly looked more at the Queen than at any body else, thinking her a remarkable pretty girl, and feeling more curiosity to know who she was than who were in the other boxes! I trust the Royal atmosphere forgave my profane admiration!

THE VIENNESE DANCERS.

At the close of the second act, the Viennese dancers tripped upon the stage. These, as you know, are twenty or thirty children, apparently from five years old to ten, who dress and dance like full grown dancing-girls, and produce astonishing effects by their well-drilled combinations. They are curiosities, if it were only for the robust developments of their little bodies. Seen through a magnifying glass, their short petticoats, etc. would hardly look decent; but as children, the plumpitudes which they expose by every movement are humorously beautiful. They must have been drilled with wonderful patience to make such sudden and exact transitions. At one instant they pile up into a bower—the next they are revolving in a many spoked wheel—the next they are braiding themselves in a complete waltz. They seem to swallow each other and re-appear,

multiply and diminish, swim and fly, with a one mindedness, a grace, and an ease of countenance and motion that is wholly incomprehensible. And withal, their little faces are as round and rosy as Cupid's in a picture, and they look so happy that it is contagious. I quite made my well-bred neighbors stare with my un-London-y laughter. Perhaps I should have been excused, however, if they had looked at the Queen, for her Majesty quite leaned out of her box, kept time with the music with her head and bouquet, and watched the little magicians with a continual smile throughout.

TAGLIONI.

The curtain drew up at last, for the "Sylphide," Taglioni glided to the chair of her sleeping lover. I looked at her lady-like face with the same feeling of admiration for its modest unconsciousness as before, but alas! for what it costs beauty to stay in this wicked world! I would not record, if I were writing for a paper that would ever reach her eyes, how much I missed from her shoulders, how much from her limbs, how much—but I will not dwell upon her losses. She was herself, in all her swift motions—in all her more powerful efforts. It was in the slow poising, in the pirouettes, in those parts of the dance which require more than mere graceful bounds over the stage, that she showed where the lessened muscle had lessened her charm. The bill I held in my hand declared that with the five nights of this engagement she was to take final leave of the stage—and I was sorry she had waited till the world thought it was time! Queen Victoria left the opera before the curtain drew up for her to appear.

ADVERTISING IN LONDON.

The English have a new way of advertising that is quite worthy of Yankee invention. They have hit upon the time when men's eyes are idle—(when they are abroad in the street)—and you cannot walk now in London without knowing what amusements are going on, what new specifics are for sale, what is the last wonder, and a variety of other matters which send you home wiser than you came out. Mammoth placards, pasted on the side of a structure as large as a one story house, are continually moving along on wheels at the same pace as you walk—the streets really resembling a gorgeous pageant with the number and showiness of these legible locomotives. I observe one, particularly, which moves by some mysterious power within—a

large, showy car, making its way alone, without either horse or visible driver, and covered with advertisements in all the colors of the rainbow. An every day sight is a procession of a dozen men, in single file, each carrying on a high pole, exactly the same theatrical notice. You might let *one* pass unread, but you read them, where there are so many, to see if they are all alike! Men step up to you at every corner, and hand you, with a very polite air, a neatly folded paper, and you cannot refuse it, without pushing your breast against the man's hand. If you open it, you are told where you can see a "mysterious lady," or where you can have your corns cut. In short, it is impossible to be ignorant of what there is to see and buy in London, and this applies also to the large class who could not, formerly, be reached, because they never read the advertisements in the newspapers. Possibly the carriers of these sign boards and the drivers of these vehicles might make a better use of their time and horse-flesh in America, but otherwise I should think this a "notion" worth transplanting.

GREAT WESTERN RAILROAD.

My trip to the country was made by the Great Western Railroad, which is the most complete in its arrangements, and sends the fastest trains—two every day going their route at the rate of sixty miles in the hour! The scenery in this direction from London is exceedingly fine, Windsor Castle lying on the left of the track, among other objects of interest, and Reading, the fine old town, honored as the residence of Miss Mitford. Nothing in America can give you an idea of the expensive elegance and completeness of the railroad stations, its hedgings in, and its arrangements of all kinds. Every foot of the route is watched by a guard in uniform, and no human being except the workmen is ever seen within its limits.

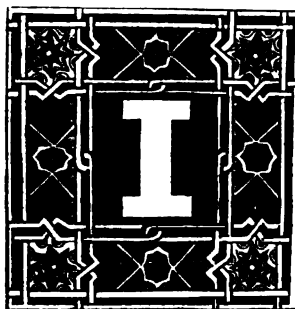
A hundred delicious pictures glided under my eye in our rapid flight, but I saw one that I wished Mount the artist could have seen—thirty or forty haymakers, men and women eating their dinner upon the edge of a stream, the field half-mown, on which they had been working, and the other half completely scarlet with the poppies that overshad-owed the grass. A thicket behind them, a shoulder of a hill rising beyond it, and various other features, made the mere rural scene singularly beautiful; but the acres of this scarlet flower, gave it somehow a peculiar and racy mildness. The farmer has no great affection for this brilliant intruder upon his land, but the owner of the splendid park, and the scenery-loving traveler look on its novel addition to Nature's carpet with very vivid admiration.

THE CASTLE DE KOLMERAS.

Translated from the French of Madame de Genlis.

BY MARY G. WELLS.

CHAPTER I.



ENVY those who have the good fortune to be born in one of those beautiful countries which furnish a happy occasion for depicting a lovely and interesting site on the first pages of a story.

For myself, I was born in the least romantic province of France, Picardy:—a sombre country, little favored by nature, where neither volcanos, rocks, nor precipices are to be found, and where only grain, apple-trees and fields of artichokes are to be seen.

I lost my father, the Count d'Olbac, in my childhood, and I was brought up by my mother on a small estate, four leagues from Noyou.

My mother was the most romantic person in the world: she firmly believed that passions formed at a glance make the destiny of life. She believed in presentiments and sympathies; and as to ghosts, she made a sufficiently subtle distinction.

“To imagine,” said she, “that the dead return to frighten the living, belongs to the vulgar, and is what is called *believing* in *ghosts*. But to think it is not impossible that those who have passionately loved us can return by Divine permission to show us their immortality, is not at all absurd, when we believe that the soul is immortal.”

This reasoning appeared to me as touching as it was learned, especially as my mother supported it by proofs, relating several *manifestations* she had had of my father and my grandmother.

After these conversations I was not so silly as to believe in *ghosts*, but I believed in *apparitions*—two very different things as we shall see.

My mother, who read nothing but novels, in-

spired in me by her example a passionate taste for this kind of reading, which I only abandoned for music.

I had a teacher who understood very little Latin, but who played the violin very well; he taught me his art, which had much influence on the rest of my life.

At eighteen, I entered the service, and, in the same year, I passed the winter at Paris at the house of my maternal aunt.

Madame de Volney had an only son, two years older than I was.

Amedeus was an amiable young man, who soon became my intimate friend. He was as fond of dancing as I was of music; but this taste led him into good society, for it is only there that superb balls and brilliant fetes are given, whilst entrancing music may be heard in the worst and most dangerous companies.

A musician of my acquaintance proposed to take me to a little concert, at which he said I should hear a young lady who sang like an angel.

I went, and I heard Sophie, a most beautiful young girl, who had a delightful voice and a superior talent for music. I played the violin; I was applauded, and the approbation of the charming Sophie intoxicated me with pride and joy. The concert was given at the house of an old bachelor named Desormeaux; he kept us to supper, and at the table I found myself by the side of the enchanting Sophie. I recalled all that I had read and all that my mother had told me about sudden passions, and I felt that my hour was come.

Sophie, who was about twenty, called herself seventeen, and as her manners were very girlish, I readily believed that she was as young as she said.

An aunt, aged forty, still beautiful, and an intimate friend of M. Desormeaux, had introduced her to the world.

I obtained permission to visit at Madame d'Elborg's, and as I was well received there, I went every evening to play music.

The society which assembled at this house was neither brilliant nor agreeable, but I only saw Sophie. Distractedly in love, I had not yet

declared my sentiments, although I had more than once found myself alone with her, for Madame d' Elborg was the least severe and the least vigilant of Mentors. Sophie liked flowers, and by the aid of a hot-house and a good gardener, love obliged winter to produce fine orange-trees and beautiful rose-bushes for her.

One day, knowing that she was at the opera, I had her music-room filled with flowers. I wreathed them round her harp, and I placed upon it a spray of roses, to a branch of which I attached a little note, containing the words: "The offering of Love, to Talent and Beauty."

This declaration was received with a sensibility which completed the turning of my head. I obtained an avowal of the most tender return, and I made a solemn engagement to unite my fate to Sophie's, flattering myself that my mother would approve of my passion. Besides, I must confess that I should not have been sorry to encounter some obstacles, in order to have the glory of conquering them, and to run with some éclat the interesting career of the hero of a romance.

Precisely at this time my mother unexpectedly came to Paris. She had received letters from her cousin-german, the Baron de Kolmeras, who was returning with an immense fortune from St. Domingo after an absence of five years: my mother had always tenderly loved him, and she had come to Paris to await his return.

The baron on going away had left at his Castle of Kolmeras, in Brittany, his wife, and two daughters, yet children. The baroness died three years afterwards, and the girls were left under the care of a governess. The baron had, in his letters, expressed a wish to give me, to wife, the elder of his daughters, then only in her fifteenth year: this news dismayed me.

The baron arrived at the end of March; he went to Kolmeras and he returned. He was enchanted with his daughters, and with his natural frankness he again mentioned the subject of a union which he ardently desired. On the morrow of his arrival he asked me to breakfast with him, and it was only to talk to me about his Stephanie. As I heard him with an indifferent air, he questioned me, and I told him openly that my heart was no longer my own.

"Ah, ha!" cried he laughing, "you have been in a great hurry to get rid of it. What! an intrigue at your age?"

"It is no intrigue; it is an insurmountable passion. She whom I love is as free and virtuous as she is pure and beautiful."

"Is her birth good?"

"Yes, her grandfather was Capitoul* of Toulouse."

* Chief Magistrate.

"Has she any fortune?"

"No."

"How long have you been acquainted with her?"

"Three months."

"Well, listen:—I shall renounce with great pain the project of giving you my Stephanie; but I am rich, she is charming, and it will not be difficult to find her a husband. If you cannot contribute to my happiness, I will add to yours: If, at the end of a year, you entertain the same sentiments, I promise to obtain your mother's consent. I will bear the expenses of the wedding, and I will give a portion of 4000 francs to her whom you love: but in return, I exact that you do not marry without thinking about it a whole year."

My uncle's discourse would have inspired a great deal of gratitude had I believed it sincere, but my head was full of the romances I had read; I recalled the stratagems of fathers and uncles to disunite lovers, and I saw in my uncle's proposition only an artifice which concealed some project against my love. Meanwhile, as there was no certainty on this point, I could not refuse to grant what he requested, and I promised myself to be on my guard against any snares he should lay for me.

The winter had nearly passed, and M. Desormeaux asked me to spend a few days in his country house at Auteuil: Sophie was to be of the party, so I gladly accepted the invitation. There I could see her without constraint, and I informed her that I had refused to marry Mad'le Stephanie de Kolmeras.

She showed some anxiety on this subject, and to re-assure her I wrote a passionate romance: as the refrain of this romance plays a considerable part in my story, the reader must know it, here it is:

Who that had seen Sophie,
Could a lover e'er be
Of foolish Stephanie!

I composed an air for this romance, and it pleased Sophie so much that she sang it every day and accompanied herself on the harp.

CHAPTER II.

In eight days I returned to Paris, intoxicated with love and happiness. I loved with all the enthusiasm and sincerity of a youth of eighteen, who has a romantic mind and a sensitive heart.

Sophie was to remain in the country three

weeks longer; I wrote to her two or three times a day. I thought only of her and I longed to return to Auteuil.

One morning, my uncle entered my room, and without any preamble, he began talking of Sophie, telling me he had been making inquiries about her, and he knew, without doubt, that she was not a virtuous woman.

This discourse made no other impression, than to confirm me in the opinion, that the baron had formed a design to set me at variance with her whom I loved; I only replied by an ironical smile.

"It is a fact," continued the baron; "your Sophie is not the grand-daughter of a Capitoul; she is a mere adventuress; I know that you are her dupe, and I felt that you would not believe my word. See, then, what I have done. Sophie, unknown to you, has been three days in Paris. I presented myself to her yesterday under the pretended name of a German baron, and I obtained a promise from her to sup *tête-à-tête* with me this evening in a little house that has been lent to me at Bagnolet. I propose to you to go there at nine in the evening, and I imagine that when you see Sophie arrive, you will form a correct opinion of her."

"Yes," replied I in a firm tone, "I will go to Bagnolet this evening."

"Very well," said my uncle, "I am glad to see, by your phlegmatic tone, that you are already cured of a disgraceful passion; it does honor to your character. Adieu till evening;" saying these words he left me.

He deceived himself very much in regard to my sentiments; I did not believe a word of what he had just told me. I thought that he had only succeeded in engaging Sophie to meet him by telling her his real name, and alluring her under some pretext I knew not, and which no doubt had some connection with me, and I thought it very natural that Sophie should have this confidence in her lover's uncle, especially as she had always heard him spoken of as a most estimable man, from whom I had great expectations.

"My uncle," said I to myself, "imagines, that I am persuaded that Sophie takes him for a German baron who is in love with her, and that I shall think her the vilest of creatures when I see her alone with him at this unseasonable hour, and that without any explanation I shall discontinue my visits to her. My uncle shall know that I am not quite so simple as he thinks;—reading and reflection can supply the place of experience."

At eight o'clock I set out on horseback for Bagnolet, and I reached it by nine.

My uncle led me into a little closet with a

glass door, which was attached to an alcove. In a few minutes we heard a carriage;

"It is she," said the baron. "I think it will be enough for you to see her come in. But if you wish to hear what she will say, you can conceal yourself in the closet."

"No," replied I, coldly, "I will await her here."

The door opened, and Sophie came slowly forward; but, suddenly casting her eyes upon me, she turned pale and retreated a step. . . . I attributed this movement only to the unexpected joy of seeing me. I threw myself on my knees before her.

"Dear Sophie," cried I, "they wished to ruin you and to separate us, but they have sought in vain to do it! I have easily penetrated so gross an artifice; they could not persuade me that you thought you were coming to meet a stranger;—you knew my uncle? Well, my Sophie, he laid a terrible snare for you!"

"How sir?" interrupted she, "have you tried to tarnish my reputation?"

At these words, my uncle, stupefied with astonishment and anger, looked fixedly at us both without saying a word. . . . Sophie turning towards me, said:

"Come, my dear Augustus, take me from this odious house." With these words she took my arm, and we left the place precipitately. When we were seated in the carriage, I related all that my uncle had told me: after this recital she drew her handkerchief from her pocket, covered her face with it and sobbed:

"Oh heavens!" cried she, "to what dangers is innocence exposed, and what would have become of me had it not been for your penetration?"

"It is true," returned I, "that I am not easily deceived."

"Who knows it better than I," replied Sophie. "But," continued she, "what a monster this baron de Kolmeras is!"

"No," said I, "he is not a monster; all fathers, tutors and uncles are capable of this duplicity in order to set at variance two lovers, who adore each other in spite of the projects and ambition of their families. I have read thirty stories of this kind, but what is very new in our case, is, that I have not been the dupe of my uncle's stratagem. Usually the lover or his mistress conceives some frightful suspicion, and there is a quarrel without any explanation."

"And," resumed Sophie, "you also remarked your uncle's surprise and confusion."

"Yes," replied I, "and I confess that I enjoyed it."

The morrow after this adventure, my uncle

who was very angry at me, set out for Kolmeras, after having told my mother all that had passed between us.

I was lectured by my mother and aunt, and even by my cousin Amedeus, at which I was not at all astonished.

"Behold," said I to myself, "things which I ought to have expected. For a long time I have foreseen a family conspiracy;—here it is; this event announces great storms, but love and constancy will triumph over every thing."

I still saw Sophie in secret: one day I found her in tears; she told me she was sure that my relations were taking measures to have her imprisoned, and that they were soliciting a *lettre-de-cachie* against her.

My terror was extreme, and Sophie proposed that we should fly. I had thought of an elopement a thousand times before, and she had no trouble to make me consent to what she wished.

"I have," said she, "an uncle at Rotterdam who is a merchant, just arrived from the Indies; you must take me to him. He will receive me with open arms; he is immensely rich and he has no children. I am sure that he will do every thing for me, and, perhaps, money will change the feelings of your family towards me. But I cannot promise that by writing to my uncle I can engage him to do what I wish. I must see him. Therefore we must go to Rotterdam."

I liked the project, and all was settled in a moment; only one thing embarrassed me. Sophie confessed that she had some debts, and she added that she was too conscientious to leave the city furtively without paying them: so that in the first place I must find her 100 louis.

"I shall borrow them of you without any scruple," said she, "because my uncle will return them as soon as we reach Rotterdam."

I promised to find her 100 louis in twenty-four hours. I began by selling my watch and some other trinkets. Amedeus lent me 20 louis. I borrowed from some others, and an old usurer completed for me the sum of 4000 francs, for it was necessary to reserve a sufficient sum to take us to Rotterdam. I carried the 100 louis to Sophie, and we agreed that we would elope at midnight.

I had every thing prepared, and at the appointed hour I went to the toll-gate with a chaise and post-horses. I was on horseback, because I did not wish to take a servant with me. A hack stopped. I approached it, saying: "Is it you?" At these words the coach-door opened, and a woman covered with a white veil alighted. She stepped into the chaise and we drove off at a gallop.

During the whole night, I rode in advance, in order to have horses ready; and we had agreed that I

should not stop until we reached the frontier. We went like the wind. I was always a league in advance of the chaise; and after a very fatiguing journey, I reached Quevrain. There, being out of France, I dismounted, in order to wait for Sophie.

In half an hour I saw the chaise. I flew to meet it; it stopped; I opened the door, stepped in, and seated myself by the side of the lovely fugitive, who was still veiled. I entreated her to raise her veil

Let the reader imagine, if he can, what I felt upon seeing a great hand, as black as ink, turn aside the veil and display an ugly African negress, who had been in Sophie's service about three months!—I was petrified.

The negress, who could scarcely speak French, had a lisp and used a babyish language, which, with her dull, stupid face, was extremely ridiculous: she smiled sweetly upon me, saying: "Me be your mistress!"

"Where is Sophie?" cried I, highly incensed.

The frightened woman made an effort to get out of the chaise. I stopped her in order to question her, and I only learned that Sophie herself had substituted the negress, persuading her that I was in love with her, and advising her to get into the chaise without speaking, and to remain veiled until we reached the frontier. This detail satisfied me, as it left no doubt of Sophie's perfidy, and I sought in vain to find some romantic plot in this adventure, some mysterious clue to its meaning, which could justify her.

CHAPTER III.

I LEFT the chaise and its occupant at Quevrain, and returned to Paris. Arrived there, I hastened to Sophie's house, where I learned that she had gone to England, accompanied by a musician with whom she had been passionately in love for six weeks.

To obtain 100 louis, she proposed an elopement, for which she knew I had a great inclination; and in order to fly with her lover and put herself beyond the reach of my pursuit, she had invented the ingenious expedient of giving me her servant.

Confused, despairing and harassed by fatigue, I threw myself at my mother's feet, declaring that I renounced love for ever. She pardoned me and sent me to bed.

I slept twelve hours, which it must be confessed was not very romantic in a betrayed lover.

I arose so weak that I could hardly stand;

this gave my mother occasion to make a touching dissertation on a first passion, for she took care not to attribute my state to the rapid journey I had made on horseback As to the rest, she was not mistaken in supposing me unhappy; I was humiliated, my heart was torn, and the deepest contempt could not efface from my mind the memory of the unworthy girl I had so passionately loved. Can we pass at once from love to indifference?

So many ties bind us to the cherished object that scorn can never sunder them all.

I no longer adored Sophie, but I still found a dangerous pleasure in recalling her face, her talents, the sound of her voice, her conversation, her gaiety, the equanimity of her character. I said to myself, "she is perfidious, she is base," but I added—"no woman is so lovely." This is still enthusiasm, and, whilst it remains, we are not cured of love.

I returned to my regiment, and I conducted myself prudently during the five months I remained there. I then went back to Paris to spend the winter with my aunt, and it was with great emotion I learned that Sophie, who had returned to France, had come out in the Italian Opera.

I met her several times in a splendid carriage, as she was now the favorite of a Chevalier de Kernosi who was ruining himself for her. She dwelt not far from me, in a beautiful apartment of a large hotel, whose windows overlooked the street.

I often felt sorely tempted to go and reproach her for her perfidy, yet I felt that I demeaned myself in thus dwelling upon her, and I seriously resolved to combat a weakness which no longer had any excuse.

I had been in Paris about two months, when I heard that Sophie was very ill of a fluxion of the lungs; I made continual inquiries after her, and on the evening of the third day, I was told she was at the last gasp.

I know not how it happened, but, actuated by an irresistible impulse, I immediately resolved to go to her; the idea that she was dying seemed to give me the right to see her without blushing.

I flew to the house, and I trembled whilst I entered it. I met a servant-girl, and, on questioning her, she replied abruptly, "Indeed I do not know whether she is alive or not; who troubles themselves about such women?"

I passed on, and went up stairs. I stopped at the first landing, and I saw no one: all the doors were open. I traversed two ante-rooms, and at last found myself in the bed chamber.

There, neither nurse, nor priest, nor servant was to be found.

August religion was unknown there;—there friendship had never appeared, and love had fled with health and joy Death alone filled the vast apartment.

The day was declining, and a lamp had not even been left in this deserted room, but it received a fair portion of light from a reflector placed in front of one of the open windows. I advanced, trembling, and the first object which met my view was an unstrung harp placed against a table. This sight agitated me very much, for it recalled her whom I had so often seen leaning over the harmonious instrument.

Every thing in the room was in disorder. Several pieces of furniture, piled one upon the other, occupied part of it. Near an alcove was an elegant toilette half overturned,—a fragile altar of beauty, whence still exhaled the most delicious perfumes. Flowers, still fresh, placed in vases, a ball-dress covered with festoons of roses and thrown upon a sofa, broken masks, strewn upon the floor, all in this place announced that death had surprised his victim in the arms of pleasure and folly. I looked towards the alcove, and I shuddered as I approached it.

The interior, entirely covered with mirrors, which a few days before had multiplied the image of a dazzling and voluptuous beauty, now offered only the terrible picture of destruction.

The rays of the reflector fell upon this place, forming a brilliant focus of light, in which my horror-stricken eyes discovered the inanimate form of the unhappy Sophie, a thousand times repeated!

"Thou art then no more!" cried I. "Those flashing eyes are dimmed and closed for ever; that enchanting and deceitful mouth will never open again; that syren voice is hushed. What use didst thou make of so many charms! Vice abridged thy days; in thy last moments thou art abandoned, and thou hast only left a memory sullied by contempt! Unfortunate girl! at least one tear of pity shall fall upon thy death-bed."

My gaze was fixed on the sad object before me, and as I spoke I wept; I felt my knees begin to tremble and bend beneath me, and, fearing I should become ill, I at length tore myself away from the terrible spectacle and left the funeral bed. In hastily retracing my steps, I rudely struck the harp and it fell, making a melodious sound, which caused me the greatest emotion for I seemed to hear Sophie

In my situation the illusion had such power upon my senses that I nearly fainted, and I leaned against a table almost breathless: but I was presently a little reanimated by a noise which I heard in the house;—it was the officers who had come to affix their seals.

I collected all my strength, and walking slowly round the room I sought the door. At this moment the commissary and his train, conducted by a chamber-maid who held a lighted candle, entered the apartment. As they came in, I went towards them, pushing against a table which was in my way: at this noise the frightened servant dropped the light which went out. All were alarmed and turned back, whilst I, profiting by their terror and the obscurity, glided past and went down to the hotel-keeper, who knew me, and had the front door opened for me.

CHAPTER IV.

THIS last scene left me profoundly melancholy. My uncle, who was then in Paris, and who had pardoned me, obtained a leave of absence for one year for me from my regiment, and I accompanied him into our southern provinces, where some business called him. This little journey did me good; I really tried to divert myself, and in eight or nine months I contrived to regain my tranquillity; but I preserved a weakness resulting from a diseased imagination, which, instead of diminishing, augmented with time.

Since Sophie's death I had carefully avoided hearing a harp. The sight even of this instrument, if I happened to behold one in passing a lute-maker's, caused me inexpressible pain. By habit, I could have easily overcome this sensation, but I made no effort, and it became a real mania, for, in eight months, I could not even hear the word *HARP* pronounced without agitation, and if I saw one in a picture I quickly turned my head away.

With the exception of this folly, which it pleased me to encourage, because it seemed interesting and romantic, I had become tranquil and reasonable.

My uncle, who was perfectly satisfied with my conduct, again spoke to me about his daughter, and he vaunted her charms, her mind, and her character so highly, that he inspired me with a desire to see her. But, as I had not yet renounced the ambition of being the hero of romance, I did not wish to become acquainted with Madlle. de Kolmeras in an ordinary manner. Besides, had the baron taken me to his castle, he would have presented me to his daughter as her destined husband, and, before lending myself to his views, I wished to judge for myself if paternal love had not blinded him.

I returned to my regiment in May, and I remained there three months; I then obtained a

leave of absence from my colonel for two months, and set out on horse-back for Brittany.

Having arrived at an inn near the castle de Kolmeras, I established myself as a weary traveller who could not continue his route, and I gave out that I was a dealer in horses.

I learned with pleasure that the baron was absent and would not return for several days.

I hoped that I should see the Mesdles de Kolmeras on the promenade in the environs of the castle.

But I was told that, in the absence of their father, they rarely ventured beyond the park; I then formed the resolution of bribing one of the servants at the castle.

The young ladies de Kolmeras, who were under the care of an elderly governess, had two very young servants, a lad of seventeen named Charles, and a girl of fifteen called Barbara: one of their domestics had just died, which gave rise to a number of ghost-stories that terrified the governess and the servants very much.

This circumstance suggested the idea of playing the part of a ghost in order to slip into the castle and rid it at my will of troublesome people.

I bribed Charles, who, notwithstanding the simplicity of a youth that had never left this distant province, seemed very intelligent. He introduced me into the castle one evening and concealed me in his room.

Muffled in a white-sheet, I quietly perambulated the castle in order to know its arrangements: it gave me no embarrassment to meet the servants, for they fled before me, uttering piercing shrieks. I had no wish to frighten the young ladies de Kolmeras, so I did not approach their apartment, and after having made the round of the castle I supped in Charles's room and then went to bed.

On the morrow, Charles told me that I had thrown the castle into great confusion, but the servants had told so many tales about the ghost of their dead comrade, that the young ladies did not believe a word they heard about the preceding night's apparitions.

At noon Charles placed me behind a door, in which we had made a hole, and by this means I obtained a full view of my cousins. I was dazzled and charmed by the appearance of Stephanie, the elder. She was a thousand times more beautiful than Sophie, and she had, besides, an air of modesty and a natural grace which would have made even ugliness itself lovely. Her sister Hortensia, without such regular beauty, had an agreeable and piquant face. These charming girls had a room together on the ground floor, next their father's apartment. Charles stole the key of the baron's closet, in order to shut me up there during the day. Now the window of this

set overlooked a parterre in which Stephanie tivated her flowers, and, concealed by a blind, and the pleasure of seeing her at my ease, for always went there after dinner. Being now desperately in love, I grew very shy. It was not possible that Stephanie did know I had refused to marry her two years ago, and I feared that, irritated by my rejection of her hand, she had taken an insurmountable prejudice against me. I resolved to ascertain the state of her sentiments before showing myself, so I wrote a passionate love-letter, and begged Charles to hand it to her when she was alone.

One evening, Charles told me that two of the waiters, the cook and the gardener, had resolved to meet together in the gallery, for the latter was sceptic on the subject of ghosts and believed in tokens.

I wished to try the gardener's courage, so I went into the gallery which was lighted by a lamp suspended from the ceiling: I wrapped myself in a sheet, climbed up on to a marble table, and lay there motionless.

Suddenly I heard a door opened very softly, my surprise was great on witnessing the appearance of a white phantom exactly like myself. It stepped forward and seated itself on a sofa opposite perceiving me.

I imagined, in a moment, that this spirit was a friend and filled with this idea I darted towards it, crying out in a terrible voice:

"Who are you?"

"Who are you yourself?" it replied in the same

"I am your enemy," said I; "have you a friend?"

"A lover ever without one?" "Follow me,"

These words I uncovered my face, and, suddenly, the ghost my adversary fell upon my neck and I recognized my cousin Amedeus.

"What brings you here," I asked.

"I know you here," returned he, "I do not know Stephanie, it is Hortensia whom I love." He uttered these words with transport.

In the moment the servants entered, we rushed out, and they fled, crying out that they were pursued by a dozen spectres.

On this exploit, Amedeus and I went into Charles's closet, where he related to me that, when the regiment being garrisoned at Dinan, a village far from Kolmeras, he had come to the environs of the castle, and happening to read the current ghost-stories, he was inspired with the same idea that had occurred to me, and he went into the castle by the assistance of his friend, Barbara.

But more fortunate than I, his declaration was made.

Hortensia knew that on her father's return he would present Amedeus to her as her future husband, and she had consented to meet him in the gallery attended by her sister and Barbara.

CHAPTER V.

It was half past nine in the evening when Charles rejoined me in the closet, and he was much surprised to find that I had a companion. Barbara's discretion was as great as his, and she had kept Amedeus's secret. My cousin now left me, to fulfil his appointment, promising to return and give me an account of it.

Charles told me he had not yet given my letter to Stephanie; I scolded him and sent him away with express orders to hand it to her immediately.

In a quarter of an hour he returned breathless, and seeming half distracted, he threw himself into a chair, crying,

"I can do no more!"

"What is the matter Charles?" exclaimed I; "what has happened?"

"Ah, sir, a terrible thing—something you will not believe, there is a real ghost in the castle!"

"What foolish story is this!"

"Yes, indeed, sir, a real goblin, a female one, you may know, by its malice, and by its jealousy!"

"Nonsense! What have you done with my letter?"

"Sir, the ghost would not let me give it to the lady, it cried in a terrible voice—'*I forbid it!*'"

Here I lost all patience and I frightened poor Charles so much, that he declared he would deliver my letter in spite of all the spirits in the world: but added he—"Here is a scrap of paper that the ghost bade me give you;" saying these words he placed it on the table and ran away.

I thought this spectre must be a trick of Barbara's, or some of her servants, to frighten Charles. Meanwhile, wishing to see what the billet contained, I opened it,—but hardly had I looked at the first line when I was seized with a fit of trembling. It was a love-letter I had written to Sophie, in which, to dissipate her anxiety, I spoke in the most contemptuous manner of Stephanie. Ashamed of the fear I had just felt, I tried to penetrate this mystery. I battered my brains in vain to arrive at some conclusion, when suddenly I heard the TONES OF A HARP NEAR ME. It was a single note, but struck with strength, and it resounded to the depth of my heart, for it seemed absolutely similar to the one

Sophie's harp had made on the dreadful night I had seen her on her death-bed. It must be remembered I had avoided hearing that instrument from that time, so the inexpressible pain I suffered will not seem astonishing, especially as every thing seemed united to render the impression deeper. I tried to persuade myself that it was an illusion; but how did I feel when this invisible harp commencing again, played the air of the refrain of the romance I had written for Sophie.

Presently the music ceased, and, just at this moment, Amedeus and Charles re-entered; they were struck by my paleness, and the former asked what was the matter; instead of replying, I questioned him upon his assignation. He said he had seen the sisters, but he had not dared to tell them I was concealed in the castle; they had given him permission to await the baron's return, and had told him he might sleep in a little pavilion separated from the castle by a court-yard. Amedeus added, that I must lodge with him, that Charles had delivered my letter, and I should certainly have an answer next day.

After this recital I asked Charles what inmate of the castle could play the harp.

"The *HARP*!" cried he, "what is that? Is it a kind of play?"

"What, is there no harp here?"

"No, sir."

"It is a piano, then."

"No, sir."

"Do your young ladies play on any instrument?"

"No, sir, but I play on the gittern—that is the only musical instrument in the castle."

Here I stood with my mouth open, looking round with wild eyes, for I again heard the fatal refrain Amedeus and Charles began to laugh, asking me what was the matter.

"How!" cried I in a stifled voice, "did you not hear?"

"Hear what?"

"A harp."

"What an idea!" said Amedeus, "and how can you imagine there should be any body to play on a harp in a castle in the depth of Brittany!"

As he spoke Barbara came to tell us her young ladies had retired; that they begged we would go to the pavilion and they would receive us at breakfast.

Barbara was still speaking, when the harp again commenced the eternal refrain.

"Listen, listen!" cried I. Every body was silent, directly the music ceased.

"Well"—said I.

"Well," replied my cousin, "I heard nothing."

"Nor I," added Charles.

"I," exclaimed Barbara, "heard the sighing of the wind, that is all."

I had grown now as impatient as agitated, and moving towards the door—"Let us go" cried I. I was really glad to leave this fatal place; nothing could have induced me to pass the night there.

We went to the pavilion, and I must confess that I was pleased to see two beds there. All the stories my mother had told me about "tokens" and miraculous apparitions, came in a crowd to my disturbed imagination, and I was delighted to have a companion for the night.

I dreaded myself more than any thing else, for I was in that state of mind when the senses no longer avail us to repel foolish thoughts, or to conquer extravagant terrors.

Supper was brought in, and Charles waited upon us.

Whilst we were eating, I suddenly rose, for I again heard the fatal refrain. Amedeus now reproved me severely, declaring that I had become a visionary.

When Charles left us, I told my cousin the cause of my distress; in speaking to him of the romance, about which he knew nothing, he declared that the music I said I had heard existed only in my imagination: but when I showed him the letter I had received, he confessed it was very extraordinary. We exhausted ourselves in conjectures, and at length Amedeus, overcome by sleep, ceased to hear or to reply; he threw himself on his bed and soon slept soundly.

I remained seated near a table, and taking a book from my pocket I attempted to read.

I was placed opposite a little door covered with a piece of tapestry; I thought I heard a slight noise and saw the hanging move gently. I laid my book on the table and went to examine the door. At the moment of my approach, the curtain was softly drawn aside, and a harp, decorated with a garland of roses, to which was attached a paper, containing these words, written by my own hand: "*The offering of love to talent and beauty*!" met my astonished gaze.

It was Sophie's harp, it was my first declaration of love to her!

I darted towards Amedeus to awaken him, in order that he might see this prodigy: he rose immediately, but all had disappeared; the curtain was drawn down, and on looking behind it, I only found a door which it was impossible to open; I went into the entry, I looked every where, but I could see nothing.

On re-entering the room my knees trembled and refused to support me; I fell upon a sofa, and, at this instant, reason, courage, all yielded to a new illusion.

A sweet and terrible voice—Sophie's voice—

the romance. I could not rise or call aloud. Seized with astonishment, frozen with fear, it seemed that an invisible power held me to my seat. Every couplet was sung with most touching expression, until, at length, music ceased; but still, overcome with fear and amazement, I did not even try to rise: I hid my eyes, but a frightful noise made me start immediately.

The panel in the room flew open, and an aerial, covered with a white veil seemed to come forth from the wall. It came slowly towards me and stopped there, holding a ring towards me and singing in recitative these two verses formed the device of a ring I had given me:

"Yes, since the soul can never die
I'll love thee in eternity!"

The shade dropped the ring upon the table, it went out, and I found myself in profound rest. Unable any longer to support such emotion I fainted.

CHAPTER VI.

Recovering my senses, I found the wax lighted and Amedeus sitting at my side. He told me that being awakened by an extraordinary noise, he had risen and gone in search of me and on his return he found me senseless. He attended to this recital without replying, and having any desire to tell him what had happened.

In vain my astonished reasoning powers exerted their influence; I could not deny the reality of my senses.

The incredulity of Amedeus took from me all confidence in him. At this moment I would have preferred having Charles near me; he would have comforted me with terror; he would have been my support.

My doubt in consequence of a similar feeling: one I experienced, that princes and great people often prefer inferior and unconfident to those who cannot understand their weaknesses.

My cousin questioned me a little, and then he withdrew again, and in a short time I heard a voice, which wounded me as much as if it were a voice of urbanity, sleepiness had really been an enemy to me.

I started timidly at the wooden panel I had seen; it was put back in its place. All at once I listened eagerly. . . . I rose up,

and I could not make this motion without double terror. I was even frightened at the noise I made in walking. Every sound, of what kind soever, agitated my nerves and produced a painful sensation.

I went towards the table, and I trembled on seeing the fatal ring placed there by the spectre. It was indeed the ring I had once put on Sophie's finger. "Ah," cried I, "it is true I had broken the vow engraved on this ring, but has Sophie any right to reproach me with inconstancy from the depth of the grave!"

"She was base, she was perfidious. No! heaven does not permit such prodigies; all these pretended phenomena are but illusion—But how can they be explained?"

Saying these words, I went away from the table, opened the window and went out upon the balcony. . . .

The freshness of the air calmed my agitated blood, and having staid nearly two hours, I returned, threw myself on the bed and soon fell asleep.

I was awakened at nine o'clock in the morning by the baron himself, who gaily entered the room, saying that he had just arrived.

Having gently reproved Amedeus and me for the way in which we had introduced ourselves into the castle, he embraced us tenderly, calling us his children, and turning towards me, he said: "Do you not now wish to see my Stephanie?"

"Ah, my uncle," cried I, "is she not angry with me?"

"I never told her of your foolish passion; she only knew you had a dislike to marriage." But, come, follow me and I will present you"—saying these words, my uncle left the room, and Amedeus and I accompanied him.

We found the sisters in the parlor, and, I thought Stephanie an angel;—her smile which was at once arch and ingenuous made her beauty bewitching. On seeing her I forgot my inquietudes, my terrors and my visions.

Stephanie received me with grace and sensibility, and the baron, abridging ceremonies and enjoying my surprise and confusion, placed me at her side.

During breakfast I could look only at Stephanie; she blushed from instinctive modesty, and not from an embarrassment which her innocence prevented her feeling. Her cheeks were covered from time to time with the deepest carnation: but the dazzling whiteness of her forehead and the rest of her face remained unchanged.

It is not thus that young girls in Paris blush. A little confusion is always mingled with the feeling which produces their blushes; they know why they are intimidated; at least, they suspect

why, and the whole face colors. The most bewitching charm of modesty is to be found but in the country, or in solitude; it is given only to innocent beauty, which is moved without being agitated.

After breakfast, the baron led us into the garden, and he told me to give my arm to Stephanie, and to go on before in order that I might speak to her without restraint. I obeyed with transport, and when we were a few hundred yards from the baron I told her my sentiments with which she had inspired me. She made no reply. This taciturnity disturbed me.

"Deign to tell me," continued I, "that you authorize my vows and your father's project. You are still silent:—What must I think? will you oppose my happiness, or, has your heart already made a choice?"

"Yes," replied Stephanie at length, "I have loved for a long time."

At these words I was thunderstruck. "I am very unfortunate," cried I—"but I renounce my happiness. Do not fear, Stephanie, that I will misuse your father's partiality for me; at least give me the means of serving you; tell me who is the happy being that you prefer to me?"

"I dare not name him," she replied, "but I will show you his likeness."

"You have it then?"

"Yes, here it is."

Saying these words, she drew a miniature-case from her bosom, which she handed me. What was my astonishment on recognizing a likeness of myself, set in emeralds which I had given to Sophie!

"Ah, heaven!" cried I, "you love me! But how came this picture into such pure hands?"

"I obtained it as I did the ring."

"What! the shade that appeared to me yesterday was—"

"Myself."

"And the melodious harp?"

"Belongs to me."

"And the celestial voice"—

"Was mine."

"Just heaven! what unworthy words you sang!"

"I pardon you," replied Stephanie smiling; "if you love me now, you make a full reparation. But do not think a revengeful spirit has actuated me. I have obeyed my father, and it has been with sorrow and repugnance."

Transported with joy, gratitude and love, I fell at her feet. Here, the baron, Hortensia and Amedeus came to rejoin us, and the baron made us all sit down on a bench.

"I am going," said he, "to explain in a few words the phenomena of last night."

"In the first place, six months ago, I brought a music teacher from Paris for my daughters, and at the sale of Sophie's effects, I bought the harp which you saw yesterday evening."

"The Chevalier de Kernosi, Sophie's last lover, received from her the sacrifice of your letters and all you had given her. As he belongs to this province, I knew him very well, and, at my entreaty, he obtained from Sophie all the pledges of your passion for her and sent them to me. I have read all your letters; it was a means of knowing you perfectly that it did not become me to neglect."

"The Chevalier de Kernosi has been to the castle, and he told me that Stephanie's voice in singing much resembles Sophie's; thus I took advantage of this similarity in the tricks I had played upon you last night."

"When you came here incognito, Charles informed Stephanie, and she immediately wrote to me."

"I was only about three leagues distant, and I returned at once. Your disguising yourself as a ghost, gave me the idea of tormenting you a little, and at the same time of revenging my Stephanie for your former disdain. I compelled her to do all that she has done. For two years she has been much prejudiced in your favor, and I have had need of all my authority to oblige her to play the part that has distressed you so much. I gave instructions to Amedeus, Charles and Barbara, and all has been done according to my orders."

"Hereafter," continued he, affectionately pressing my hand, "I hope you will be more reasonable."

"Yes, my uncle," interrupted I, "happiness will render me wise; love, joy and gratitude already inspire me with the desire to do so."

A few days afterwards, my mother and aunt came to Kolmeras to witness the weddings of my cousin and self.

I received the hand of the charming Stephanie: and as a marriage is the denouement which terminates nearly all romances, behold the end of mine!

THE YOUNG POET'S PRAYER.

BY AUSTIN Y. EARL.



ATHER, lowly on thy
foot-stool kneeling,
I humbly turn my wan-
dering thoughts to thee;
And thank thee for the
blessings thou art deal-
ing
Ever oh God! with
bounteous hand on me:

And though my heart is often sad, repining
For things that have not been and may not be,
'T is not, oh Father! want of faith in Thee:
But promptings of the love of good, that twining
Around my heart doth keep it ever yearning,
For gift of such perfection as to Thee,
To Thee oh Father! doth alone belong;
And that my heart is ever, ever learning,
From each enraptured poet's lofty song.

Father, often when my courage faileth,
And from the task of life I coward shrink;
And, scarcely knowing what my spirit aileth,
I trembling stand upon the very brink

Of cold misanthropy, and dark despairing,
And from the cup of my own sorrow drink;
The love that unto men my heart doth link,
And keep my spirit ever upward bearing;
The love that all my brother-man is sharing,
Each selfish thought and sorrow hence doth sink;
And wake within my heart the voice of song,
And nerve my spirit with such lofty daring,
As to the poet doth alone belong.

'T is then, oh Father, that I lowly kneeling
Do turn my wandering thoughts to Thee,
And thank Thee for the blessings thou art dealing
Ever, oh God! with bounteous hand on me,
'T is then, oh Father, that I humbly praying
Do ask such energy of will from Thee,
That I may nobly fill my destiny;
And heedless what the world of me is saying,
While with my brother-man on earth I'm staying,
That I may useful unto thousands be.

Father, my heart repeats each prayer again:—
To Thee its thoughts are ever open lying—
Father, let not its prayers be all in vain.
Cincinnati, Ohio.

AMERICAN VIEWS,—NO. III.

NIAGARA FALLS.

In our April number we gave a view of this wonderful cataract, taken from the "Chinese Pagoda." The sketch given in the present number represents it as it appears from Bellevue Springs, which are distant one mile and a half, below. The height of the falls does not, of course, appear so great, when seen from this point; but the view is not the less imposing. The sound of the waters, rushing over the rocky precipice, acquires additional solemnity by passing through the intermediate air, while it loses half its harshness. The deep rumbling tones are heard, clear and distinct, yet fluctuating, as the breeze grows fresh, or dies away. The rainbow,

formed by the action of the sun upon the perpetually rising mist, is sometimes seen stretching across the abyss, adding to the beauty and effect of the view.

We refer our readers to the April number, for a more minute description of the FALLS.

This is the second of our original American views, engraved from paintings, purchased by us from MR. G. N. FRANKENSTEIN of Cincinnati, an artist who possesses fine abilities. Our next views will be of Western Scenery, from drawings made on the spot by the same artist. We have three of them in hands, and others engaged.

FRANK MANLY.

"Honor and shame from no condition rise;
Act well your part, there all the honor lies."—POPE.

RANK, do not be discouraged," said Squire Rockwell to his young friend, Frank Manly, whose desponding tone, as they stood conversing on the levee, had induced the kind old man to make inquiries about his circumstances and his prospects, which he found to be indeed any thing but flattering.

"I am discouraged, Mr. Rockwell," answered Frank; "who would not be discouraged, situated as I am? Time and money have I expended in preparing myself for my profession;—night after night have I bent over musty tomes; and what has it availed me? I have been deceiving myself, Mr. Rockwell. I might have known that I could not succeed; for had I not been blind, wilfully blind, I must have seen that the professions were overstocked. Had I learned a trade, I would, at least, have been able to support my poor old mother in respectability, but now I am only a burden to her."

"But, my young friend," said Mr. Rockwell, "you will gain nothing by indulging such desponding thoughts. You have a strong frame and stout limbs, and, while God is pleased to continue to you these blessings, you need not shrink from any difficulty. If your professional prospects are truly as you represent them, I would advise you to apply yourself to something else. To regret the loss of time or money will not remedy present evils; such regrets are useless, childish. You may have been unfortunate in not having learned some mechanical art; but do not let that depress you. If you are willing to employ yourself, you need not fear but that you will find plenty to do. It is better to be an honest laborer, than a sneaking, pettifogging lawyer. Do not be offended at me, Frank; I may speak bluntly, but I mean kindly."

"But it is hard, Mr. Rockwell," said Frank, "after having spent years in preparing myself for a profession, to give up all—lose the money

I have expended and the precious time I have consumed."

"It perhaps does seem hard," said Mr. Rockwell, "but it is better that than to go on consuming more of that time which is so precious, and spending more money with so precarious a means of support. And it does not follow that you must for ever abandon your profession, and the hope of rising in it; a more favorable opening may offer at a future period."

"And I must descend, too, from the position I have hitherto occupied in society, and bear with a supercilious nod—a cold recognition—from those with whom I have moved on an equality."

"Yes; the heartless and frivolous—the devotees of fashion—will perhaps cut your acquaintance, but, depend upon it, the really worthy and sensible will admire you for your manly independence, and respect you more."

"But what can I do?"

"You can do many things. But your own judgment will best direct you in choosing an employment. If you do not relish labor, you might soon get a clerkship, and that will not compromise your position in society."

"No, no—not that."

"Well, then, at the factories—"

"Ah, the factories!"

"Yes, Frank; you can get such employment there as will not be overly heavy, and yet be lucrative. You must conquer your pride, my young friend, and resolve to do what your judgment approves, and, my word for it, you will do right."

"Well, I will think of what you have said."

"Do so, my friend; I will see you again shortly—in the mean time adieu."

"Ellen, Jane, Maria—do come to the window! It can't be possible—and yet, it must be—it is himself."

"Who, Alice?"

"Frank Manly."

"Well, there's nothing strange in that is there?"

"Yes, but there is."

"Where is he?"

"There."

"Why I see no one but Mr. Herbert—except be your cart-man."

"That's it."

"What?"

"Your cart-man is Frank Manly."

"Impossible?"

Mr. Rockwell, in whose house this conversation occurred, rose quickly and approached the widow. It was true; there was Frank Manly, exactly in the capacity of a cart-man, as the young lady had expressed it, but superintending the loading of a quantity of metal, occasionally lending a hand to himself, and directing the operations of the workmen. A short smock of blue cloth was drawn over his person and confined round the waist with a hempen cord, otherwise he was dressed in his usual style. Mr. Rockwell looked him for a moment with a smile of approbation; then turning round to one of the young men he said, "And why did you say impossible?"

"Because I would not have believed that he would so degrade himself."

"I can see nothing degrading, Miss Templeton," said Mr. Rockwell, gravely, "nothing arising in the simple fact of wearing a cartman's frock, and following an honest calling."

"But what does it all mean, dear Mr. Rockwell?" said Miss Templeton.

"It means," said Mr. Rockwell, "that Frank Manly has too proud a spirit to consent to be a cartman in society. He found that he could not comfort himself by his profession, and he determined, like a noble fellow as he is, with his own hands to earn a livelihood, rather than eat the bread of dependence."

Rockwell then related the conversation he had with Mr. Manley, and the advice he had given.

As he concluded, Frank turned, and observing his friends, bowed in recognition. Squire Rockwell and his daughter Alice returned his compliment with a cordial smile, but the three ladies deigned not to notice him, and went away with a contemptuous laugh. Mr. Rockwell noticed the action and said:

"Dear young ladies I am sorry to see you have lost the spirit which you have. You have altogether a false notion of gentility. I will argue with you, but I tell you that the day will come when the most imperious beauty in the city may be proud to win a smile from Frank Manly."

Rockwell said no more, but soon after leaving the young ladies to discuss the matter themselves.

Manly was a young man of good abilities, address, and a handsome person. His

father, an extensive wholesale dealer, died when Frank was about fifteen years of age, leaving his affairs in a very embarrassed state, and after many tedious delays in the settlement of the estate, the widow finally found herself with only a small annuity, barely sufficient, with rigid economy, to support herself and son. For herself, she did not repine, but for that son's sake, and on his account alone, she was grieved. The darling wish of her heart was, to see him rank high in the world's esteem, and to take his place among those gifted minds which have adorned our country's annals—for, with a mother's fond partiality, she imagined him possessed of all the highest qualifications of human nature. She sacrificed her comforts—and even necessities,—to obtain the means to give him an education. And Frank was not unmindful of his mother's sacrifices; he applied himself diligently, and mastered his studies with surprising ease. At the age of twenty, he graduated, and commenced the study of the law, with an eminent barrister, with whom he continued two years, when he passed his examination with credit and was admitted to practice. Frank looked forward, now, to a career of honor and usefulness, and his sanguine temperament pictured in the dim future only scenes of triumph. But it was not long before he began to find the reality was not so charming as he had fancied it. His attendance at his office was unremitting, but, alas! there came no clients. Men cared not to trust the young practitioner, when there were older and more experienced advocates to be had. I need not go on to describe the unvarying monotony of the twelve-month that followed his admission to the bar. It is but a repetition of the experience of thousands of young men of our country, who have foolishly cast themselves away upon a profession, and drag on a miserable existence, vibrating between hopes and fears; wearing the weary days along with murmurings and repinings. But Frank was different in one thing from this class; he was not one who would always go on repining, and hoping, and fearing, for he had a strong spirit and no common intellect. He had brooded gloomily over his situation without coming to any definite conclusion, until the conversation with Squire Rockwell, which is recorded in the opening of our story. That conversation had made a deep impression upon him, and when he was left alone he retired to his office, and sat down to consider the matter seriously. The result of his reflections was, that he determined to take the advice of his friend. He knew he would have to forfeit the society of the fashionable in which he had moved; that he would have to bear the cold sneers of many, who,

until now, had sought his companionship; but he had formed his resolution, and these considerations could not deter him. His mother, too, when he informed her of his resolution, tried to persuade him to renounce the idea; but when he clearly explained to her the hopelessness of waiting longer for practice, and the misery of such a life of anxiety, she was a woman of too much good sense not to see that he was right, and she offered no further impediment,—though it seemed to her the death-blow to all her sanguine hopes on his account.

The same day Frank made an engagement with an extensive iron manufacturer, and entered at once upon his duties.

The insulting laugh and cutting manner of the young ladies at Mr. Rockwell's dwelling had not escaped the observation of Frank Manly. A bitter smile was upon his countenance as he cast one hasty look behind, before turning into another street. Frank loved Maria Templeton, and he had had every reason to believe that she regarded him with favor. The blow was doubly severe, inflicted by her hands.

"I could not have thought," he murmured, "that *she* would be the first to thrust me downward. Have I been deceived in her character? I know not. I had pictured to myself Maria Templeton as a being all heart! She pretended not to see me. Ah, well! How different was Alice Rockwell!"

This was but the beginning of trials, but the blow fell perhaps the heavier and was more severely felt, because of the hand that inflicted it. Such slights were of daily occurrence. But Frank had an indomitable spirit; trials, and difficulties, and disappointments could not arrest the purposes which, after due deliberation, he had formed in his soul. The coldness and neglect of his former companions only nerved him more firmly to the accomplishment of his duties.

Several months thus passed. He had once sought to see Miss Templeton, but had been repulsed, and then, convinced of her fickleness and selfishness, he only sought to banish her image from his heart. There was one circumstance which, probably, assisted much in promoting this object. He visited frequently at Squire Rockwell's, where a kindly welcome always awaited him, and in the society of the old man's daughter, he passed many delightful evenings. Alice was almost the only young lady of his former acquaintance who received him with the same cordiality as formerly. Insensibly she began to usurp that place in his affections which Miss Templeton had formerly filled.

A year had now elapsed since Frank Manly entered upon his new occupation. His diligence and integrity had won for him the good opinion of his employer, and his salary, at the end of six months, had been doubled. He could now support himself in comfort, and still lay by a portion of his earnings for his mother's use. If he ever regretted the change he was forced to make in his habits, he had at least the satisfaction of having a good conscience.

"I have a proposition to make to you," said Mr. Rockwell, as one day he met Frank; "will you call at my house this evening?"

Frank promised to do so; and accordingly waited upon him at an early hour.

"You may remember," said Mr. Rockwell, after the usual compliments had been passed, "that when I advised you to apply yourself to some other employment, I told you that it was not necessary that you should for ever abandon your profession."

"I remember, and I did cherish a hope that it might be so; but latterly I have banished the idea from my mind, and learned to be content with my lot. It was vain to indulge such a hope."

"Not so. And I imagine the time has arrived when you may return and take up your true position. I have a suit pending which involves half of my fortune. I intend to put it into your hands."

Frank would fain have persuaded his kind friend to alter his resolution, doubting his ability to conduct so important a case; but Mr. Rockwell insisting, it was finally arranged that he should undertake it.

The suit was one which had excited much speculation, as the interests involved were considerable. Eminent counsel was employed by the opposing party, and all things seemed to indicate that the case would be decided against Mr. Rockwell.

The day of trial at length arrived. Frank had prepared himself thoroughly, and did not despair of success, though he failed not to notice the air, half contemptuous, with which the counsel on the opposite side regarded him when he appeared for his client.

We need not describe the minutiae of the trial, which lasted two days—suffice it to say that a verdict was rendered in favor of his client, Mr. Rockwell. It was a triumph indeed! Congratulations were showered upon him. Those who had before looked upon him as beneath their notice, were now eager to make his acquaintance, and cultivate his friendship. He once more opened an office, and business poured in upon him. He was a made man, to use a com-

mon but expressive phrase. He was again courted by the circles in which he had formerly moved, and Maria Templeton too would fain have attached him to herself again, and she put in play all her arts to that effect, but in vain. The charm had been broken, and other attractions rendered all her arts harmless.

A notice which appeared in the — Gazette a few months subsequent may explain the nature of those attractions. It ran somewhat after this fashion :

MARRIED—On the — inst. Frank Manley, Esq. to Miss Alice Rockwell, daughter of the Hon. Thomas Rockwell, all of this city.

CANZONET.

From the Italian of Gabriello Chiabrera.

BY S. F. STREETER.

(The poet addresses the smiling mouth of his lady-love)



REUTEUS, ruddy, thornless
rose,
That to morn dost ne'er uncloze,
But, commissioned from above,
Keep'st the treasury of love ;
And, with watchful ward and true,
Guardest pearls,—though not of dew.

Lovely, living, precious rose !
Deign the reason to disclose,
Why, whenever I by chance
Fix on thee a burning glance,
Thy red leaves, with witching wile,
Open in so sweet a smile ?

Is it from a kind desire,
To assuage my secret fire ?
Or that thou so cruel art,
As to see with joyful heart,
Sigh, and pang, and failing breath,
Slowly do the work of death ?

Yet, I care not what the cause,
That thy smile upon me draws ;
Well content with what I see,
I will joy in praising thee ;
Only let me bask, the while,
In thy sweet and sunny smile !

Baltimore, July 13, 1845.

When the murmuring, sedgy stream,
Glances in the morning beam,
And the flowrets make the mead
Glad and beautiful indeed,
We, with sympathizing mirth,
Cry,—“ How smiling is the earth ! ”

When the zephyr, with delight,
Skims o'er waters clear and bright,
And the waves, serene and bland,
Scarcely ripple on the sand,
Or assail the rock-bound isles,
We exclaim,—“ the ocean smiles ! ”

When, 'mid flowers and lilies pale,
Morn assumes her golden veil,
And, upon her sapphire car,
Comes in glory from afar,
Our united voices cry,—
“ See, how brightly smiles the sky ! ”

Flowery earth, and sounding sea,
Beautiful and grand may be,
And the skies, surpassing fair,
When their smile of light they wear ;
But earth, sea, nor sky know how,
To smile so witchingly as thou !

SONNET.—LIFE.

He said that I must die !
And his deep voice was steady, calm, and low ;
What sign is on my lip, or cheek, or brow,
To whisper this to him ; or does my eye
Tell any tale of pain and agony ?
I feel so much of life, my heart is full,
And radiant visions of the beautiful

Are poured upon my soul so lavishly ;
Beautiful life ! the cerement and the pall
Startle me coldly with a quiv'ring thrill,
The quick eye curtain'd and the heart throb still.
And I might shrink indeed, if this were all.
Call back my fears. O God, and make me free,
To seek a nobler, higher life in thee.

THE NEGLECTED ONE.

BY MISS S. A. HUNT.

"I never was a favorite,
My mother never smiled
On me with half the tenderness
That blessed her fairer child."

CHRISTINE, do be obliging for once, and sew this button on my glove, wont you?" cried Ann Lambert, impatiently, throwing a white kid glove in her sister's lap. "I am in such a hurry! I wont be ready to go to the concert in two or three hours. Mr. Darcet has been waiting in the parlor an age. I do n't know what the reason is, but I never can find any thing I want, when I look for it; whenever I do n't want a thing, it is always in the way. Have you sewed it on yet?" she asked, looking around from the bureau, where she was turning every thing topsy turvy, in the most vigorous manner. Christine was quietly looking out of the window, yawning and gazing listlessly up at the moon and stars.

"O no matter if you have no button on," was her reply; "I really do n't feel like moving my fingers just now. You must wait on yourself. I always do."

"I should n't have expected any thing, but your usual idle, selfishness, even when I most need your assistance," replied Ann, in a cool, bitter tone; the curve of her beautiful lip, and the calm scorn of the look she bent on Christine, betrayed her haughty, passionate character, and it also told that she was conscious of a certain power and strength of mind, which, when roused, could and would bend others to her will. A slight, contemptuous smile was on her lip, as she picked up the glove, which had fallen on the floor.

"I'll sew the button on, Ann," said Christine, taking it from her, and looking up seriously, but with a compressed expression about her face. Her cheeks burned; there was a reproof in her steady gaze, before which Ann's scornful smile vanished. "No, Christine, I will wait on myself," she answered in a rigid tone.

"Very well," and Christine turned to the window again. She had not quailed before her

sister's look, but its bitter contempt rankled in her heart, and poisoned the current of her thoughts. Not a word was spoken, when Ann with her bonnet on, left their apartment. The front door closed; Christine listened to the sound of her sister's voice in the street a moment, then rose from her chair, and threw herself upon the bed, sobbing violently.

"Oh! why has God made me as I am?" she murmured, no one loves me. They do not know me; they know how bad I am—but, oh! they never dream how often I weep, and pray for the affection that is denied me. How Ann is caressed by every body, and how indifferently am I greeted. There is no one in the wide world who takes a deep interest in me. I am only secondary with father and mother; they are so proud of Ann's beauty and talent, they do not think to see whether I am possessed of talent or not. They think I am cold and heartless, because they have taught me to restrain my warmest feelings; they have turned me back upon myself, they have forced me to shut up in my own heart, its bitterness, its prayers for affection, its pride, its sorrow. They have made me selfish, disobliging, and disagreeable, because I am too proud to act as if I would beg the love they are so careless of bestowing. And yet, why am I so proud and so bitter? I was not so at school; then I was gentle and gay; then I, too, was a favorite; they called me amiable. I am not so now. Then I dwelt in an atmosphere of love, only the best impulses of my nature, were called out. Now—oh! I did not know I could so change; I did not know that there was room in my heart for envy and jealousy. I did not know myself!"

Christine wept, until her head ached, and her forehead felt as if it was swelled almost to bursting. "After a storm, there comes a calm," is a truism well known. In about half an hour, she was sleeping profoundly, from mere exhaustion of feeling. But her face was pale, and sad to look upon, even in her sleep.

When Ann returned home, at a late hour, she glanced hastily at the bed, to see if she had re-

tired, and was sleeping. More than once during the evening her heart had reproached her for the part she had acted. With a noiseless step she approached Christine, and bent over her. The tear drop upon her pale cheek, revealed the unconscious girl to her in a new character. How her conscience smote her, for the grief upon that countenance, now so subdued, by the spirit of sleep! Its meek sadness and tenderness, stirred in her bosom feelings she had seldom experienced. She felt, and understood better than ever before, her sister's proud reserve with herself, as well as every one else. She kissed away the tear, and knelt at the bedside in prayer, a thing she had not done in years. A flood of tender and self-reproachful feelings came over her; the spring was touched, and she wept aloud. Christine started up, and murmured a few broken sentences, before she was fully conscious of the meaning of the scene.

"What is the matter, Ann, are you crying?" she at length asked, as her sister lifted up her face. Ann arose from her knees; she hesitated, she felt as if she could throw herself into Christine's arms, and weep freely as she asked forgiveness for her conduct. She felt that she would be affectionately pardoned. And yet she stood silent; her heart brimming with tenderness all the while—something held her back; a something that too often chills a pure impulse, a gush of holy feeling. It was pride. She could not bring herself to speak words of penitence and humility. But she did not turn away from the anxious gaze riveted upon her; she drooped her eyes, and the tears rolled slowly down her face.

"Oh, Ann, dear Ann, this does not seem like you!" said Christine, tenderly approaching her. "I am your sister; if you have any sorrow, why may I not sympathise with you? How can you be sorrowful? you never meet with neglect, and—" the young girl paused hastily, with a suddenly flushed face; she had inadvertently betrayed, what she had previously so carefully concealed under the mask of callous indifference,—she had shown that she felt keenly her own position, and that of her sister as a favorite. Ann was proud of her intellect, and fascinating beauty; she was selfishly fond of admiration. She knew that her sister was really as gifted as herself, if not more so; she had heard her converse at times, when her cheek glowed, and her eye kindled with enthusiasm. She had seen her, very rarely, but still she had seen her, when expression had lit up her face with a positive beauty,—when the soul, the life of beauty beamed forth, and went to the heart with a thrill that acknowledged its power. She knew that she would have been brilliant and fascinating, if

she had not been repressed; with all her faults, there was a more feminine yieldingness about her, than about herself. There was an affectionate pathos in her voice, a tender grace in her air, when she asked to sympathise in her sorrow. Ann felt for the first time fully, that she was one to love, and be beloved in the social circle. She felt that she had been most ungenerous, to absorb all the attention of her friends, instead of bringing forward the reserved, sensitive Christine. The sisters had never been much together; they had never made confidants of each other;—Ann was the eldest, and all in all with her parents, while Christine was a sort of appendage. Ann felt the unintentional reproach conveyed in her last words; she marked how quickly she stooped, and seemed to retire within herself again; she scanned her face closely, and generous feelings triumphed.

"Dear Christine!" she said in a low voice, passing her arm around her. "We have never been to each other, what sisters ought to be. I have been too thoughtless and careless; I have not remembered as I should have done, that you returned from school, a stranger to the majority of our friends and acquaintances. You are so reserved, even here at home; you never talk and laugh with father and mother as I do."

"Do you know why I appear cold, Ann? I am not so by nature. They do not seem to care when I speak, and I am not yet humble enough to have what I say treated with perfect indifference."

"Why, Christine, you are too sensitive," said Ann, half impatiently. "Be as noisy and lively as I am; entertain father, and say what will please mother; then you will be as great a pet as I."

"Even if I should value love, based upon my powers of pleasing, instead of the intrinsic worth of my character, I could not gain it, Ann. I came home, after my long absence, as merry and light-hearted, as full of hope, of love towards you all, as ever a happy school girl did. Then I was seventeen; it seems as if long years had elapsed, since the day I sprang into your arms so joyfully,—since father and mother kissed me. Home, sweet home, how musical those words were to me; how often I had dreamed of nestling at father's side, your hand locked in mine, and mother's smile upon us both. It was not long before I was awakened from the dream I had cherished so long. I thought my heart would break when the reality that I was unloved, came upon me. Then I learned how deep were the fountains of tenderness within me. My heart overflowed with an intense desire for affection, when I saw that I did not possess it. Oh!

how often I looked upon mother's face, unobserved, and felt that my love for her was but a wasted shower. At that time of bitterness, how sad was the revelation that came up from the very depths of my soul, teaching me a truth, fraught with suffering—that affection is life itself. I felt that it was my destiny never to be cheered by its blessed light and warmth. Months passed away, and I closed up my heart; a coldness, a stoic apathy came over me, which was sometimes broken by a slight thing; the flood gates of feeling gave way, and I wept with a passionate sorrow,—over my own sinfulness—over my own lonely heart, without one joy to shed a glow on its rude desolation. Oh! then, when I was softened, when I could pray, and feel that the Lord listened to me, I would have been a different being, if mother's hand had been laid fondly upon my head, if her eyes had filled with tears, and I could have leaned upon her bosom, and wept. But I was unloved, and my heart grew hard again."

"Do n't say that you are unloved," interrupted Ann, pressing Christine to her heart, and sobbing with an abandonment of feeling. "Forgive me, dear, dear sister, my heart shall be your home,—we will love each other always; I will never again be as I have been. Do n't weep so, Christine, can't you believe me? I am selfish, I am heartless sometimes, but a change has come over me to-night; to *you* I can never be heartless again."

At that moment, few would have recognized the haughty Miss Lambert in the tearful girl, whose head drooped on Christine's shoulder, while her white hand was clasped and held in meek affection to her lips. If we could read the private history of many an apparently cold, heartless being, we would be more charitable in our opinions of others. We would see that there are times when the better feelings, which God has given as a pure inheritance, are touched. We would see the inner life from Him, flowing down from its home in the hidden recesses of the soul, breaking and scattering the clouds of evil, which had impeded its descent—we would see the hard heart melted, though perhaps briefly, beneath angel influences. We would see that all alike, are the beloved creations of the Almighty's hand, and we would weep over ourselves, as well as others, to feel how seldom we yield to the voice that would ever lead us aright. Ann Lambert, as her heart overflowed with pure affection, thought sincerely that no selfish action of hers should ever sadden Christine. She felt that she was unworthy, that she had been cruel and selfish, but she imagined her strong emotions of repentance had uprooted the evils, which had only been shaken.

Christine dried her tears, and looked earnestly and inquiringly in her sister's face, as if she suspected there was some hidden sorrow with which she was unacquainted. Ann answered her look, by saying,"

"You wonder what I was weeping for, when you awoke, Christine. I had met with no sorrow; but when I looked at you, the course of conduct I had pursued towards you came up before me, vividly: I felt how unsisterly I had been—"

"Say nothing about it," interrupted Christine, with delicate generosity, "let the past be forgotten, the future shall be all brightness, dearest Ann. We will pour out our hearts to each other, and each will strengthen the other, in better purposes. I am no longer alone, you love me and I am happy."

That night, the dreams of the sisters were pure and peaceful. One happy week passed away with Christine; Ann was affectionate and gentle, and only went out when accompanied by her. They were inseparable; they read, wrote, studied and sewed together. For the time, Ann seemed to have laid aside her usual character; she yielded to her purest feelings; no incident had yet occurred to mar her tranquility. One evening, when she was reading aloud to Christine, in their own apartment, a servant girl threw open the door, and exclaimed:

"Miss Ann, there are two gentlemen waiting in the parlor to see you; Mr. Darcet and Mr. Burns."

"Very well," replied Ann, rising, and giving the book to Christine; but she took it away in the instant, and said:

"Come, Crisy, go down with me!"

"Oh, no matter," replied her sister, "I am not acquainted with them, and I would rather stay up here, and read. Mother will be in the parlor."

"Suit yourself," returned Ann, half carelessly, as she smoothed her hair. "When you get tired of reading, come down."

"I'll see about it," said Christine, as the door closed.

Ann looked beautiful indeed, as she entered the parlor, her features lit up, with a smile of graceful welcome. After a little easy trifling, the conversation turned upon subjects which she knew Christine would be interested in. Under a kind impulse, she left the room, and hastened to her.

"Come down in the parlor, Christine," she exclaimed, laying her hand affectionately upon her shoulder, as she approached. "Mr. Darcet is telling about his travels in Europe, and I am sure you will be interested. There is no need of your being so unsociable. Come, dear!"

Christine raised her face, with an eloquent eye; she went with Ann without speaking, but her heart was filled with a sweet happiness, from proof of thoughtful affection. When she was introduced to Ann's friends, there was a most happy expression on her face, breathing forth a pure joyfulness within.

She was not aware that you had a sister, Miss Darcet," said Mr. Darcet, turning to Ann, they were quietly seated after a brief admiring gaze at Christine.

"Perhaps I have been too much of a recluse," said Christine quickly, in order to relieve the embarrassment of Ann, which was manifested by a blush. "I have yielded to sister Ann's persuasions this time to be a little sociable, and I shall make this a beginning of sociabilities." "I hope so," returned Darcet; "do you think much secluded, has a beneficial effect upon mind and feelings?"

"No," was the young girl's brief answer. A blush came to her cheek, and a painful expression crossed her brow, an instant. "But no—" the sentence was left unfinished. A curiosity was awakened by the sudden change of Christine's lip, and forgetful of what he had said, he perused her countenance longer, more eagerly, than was perfectly polite or proper. She felt his scrutiny, and was vexed at her tell-tale face. There was a silence for some time. Mrs. Lambert interrupted by saying, with

"You should like to hear more of your adventures," Darcet, if it is agreeable to you."

"Certainly," he replied. And he whiled away the time quickly. Ann was then urged to sing, which she did, but there was a lightness mingled with her usual grace. "Do you sing, Miss Christine?" asked Darcet, leaving the piano, and approaching the window where she sat, listening attentively to Ann. "Sometimes," answered Christine, smiling, "I sing far better."

"You must judge of that. Is not that fair?" Darcet then fell into thinking we do better than ourselves, but I think we generally hit the mark when we discover that in some things, at least, we are not quite as perfect as others."

"I only, but it is the custom to speak of ourselves as if we were inferior to those whom we regard as beneath us in many respects. It is a true humility in that; we depart from

"We do not sanction many falsehoods; to speak always, would make us many enemies. I might better have them, than to contradict; what do you think?" Christine said with an earnest seriousness.

"Truth, and truth alone, should govern us in every situation, let the consequences be what they may," said Darcet in a tone that sounded almost stern; then more gently he added, "Before all things I prize a frank spirit; for Heaven may be reflected there. With all, this upright candor must in a measure be acquired. Yet, I think frankness to our own souls is acquired with far more labor. We shrink from a severe scrutiny into our tangled motives."

"And when these motives are forced upon our notice, we endeavor to palliate and excuse them. I am sure it is so," exclaimed Christine earnestly, for her own young heart's history came up before her, and she remembered that she had excused herself for acting and feeling wrong, on the plea that others had not done right by her. "But"—she continued after a pause, "you cannot think it is well always to express the sentiments which circumstances may give rise to. Such a course might prevent us from doing a great deal of good."

"Certainly it might. The end in view should be regarded. Good sense, and a pure heart will show us the best way in most cases."

There is a power deep and silent, exerted by good persons; the folded blossoms of the heart slowly open in their presence, and are refreshed. A new impulse, a pure aspiration for a higher life, a yearning after the perfecting of our nature, may be sown as a seed in hearts that are young, in the work of self-conquest. Thus it was with Christine. The influence of Darcet strengthened all that was good within her; and as they remained long engaged in deep and earnest conversation, the elevation and purity of his sentiments, gave clearness and strength to ideas that had been obscure to her before, because unexpressed. Her peculiar situation had made her far more thoughtful than many of her years. She thought she had lost the gay buoyancy of her childhood, but she was mistaken. She was one to profit by lessons that pressed down the bounding lightness of her spirit; she was yet to learn that she could grow young in glad feelings, as years rolled over her head. There was a subdued joy in her heart, that was new to her, and gave a sweetness to her manner, as she poured forth the guileless thoughts that first rose to her lips. It seemed strange to meet with the ardent sympathy which Darcet manifested by every look of his intelligent face; she could scarcely realize that it was herself, that anybody really felt interested in the thoughts and imaginings that had clustered around her solitary hours. At parting, he said with warm interest, as he slightly pressed her hand, "I hope Miss Christine, we may have many conversations on the subjects we have touched upon to-night."

"Oh! I hope so," replied Christine, with a

frank, bright smile. After the gentlemen had gone, Christine threw her arm around her sister, and said gaily, "Hav'n't we had a pleasant evening, Ann, my dear?"

"Pleasant enough," said Ann, trying to yawn, "but I felt rather stupid, as I often do."

"Stupid! Is it possible?" exclaimed the astonished girl. "You were talking with Mr. Buras; well, he didn't look as if he would ever set the North river a fire with his energies, it is true."

Ann smiled very slightly, then rather pettishly disengaged herself, from the detaining hand of Christine, and taking a light, retired, without saying any thing; but a brief good night to her mother. Christine soon followed, wondering what made Ann so mute and sharp, in her actions. "Why, Ann, are you angry with me?" she asked, going up to her, as soon as she entered the apartment.

"I don't know what I should be angry for," was the impatient reply. "Can't a person be a little short when sleepy, without being tormented with questions about it?"

"Oh, yes, I won't trouble you any more." And making due allowance for Ann's quick temper, Christine occupied herself good humouredly with her own thoughts. The secret of Ann's shortness and sleepiness lay here. Her vanity was wounded to think, that Christine was more interesting than her own beautiful self.

"Well, he is a sort of a puritan, and now I begin to understand Christine better, I think she is too," thought Ann, after she had mused her irritation away a little. "He is very polite and agreeable, and it was very pleasant to have him always ready to take me out when I wanted to

go, but I never felt perfectly easy in his company. I was always afraid I might say something dreadful; something that would shock his wonderful goodness. But Christine seemed perfectly at home. How bright and lovely she looked! I will not allow evil thoughts to triumph over me. I will not be vexed simply because she eclipsed me, where no one ever did before. She is a dear, affectionate girl, and I made a vow before God to love her always, never to be to her as I was once."

A fervent prayer brought back to Ann all her former tranquillity, and she pressed a kiss upon Christine's forehead, full of repentant affection. Just before she went to sleep, she thought to herself:

"Well, if I may trust my woman's perception Darcet will be exclaiming, after he has seen Christine a few times more.

"Oh! love, young love, bound in thy rosy bands."

Ann's perception proved correct. About a year after these cogitations, Christine became Mrs. Darcet. The sisters were much changed, but Christine the most so. There was a child-like simplicity and sweetness beaming from her young face which Ann needed. Yet had much haughtiness faded from the brow of that beautiful girl; she had grown better; but as yet her heart had not been schooled in suffering as Christine's had. There was deep affection in the warm tears that fell upon the bride's cheek, as poor Ann felt that she had indeed gone to bless another with her tender goodness. Christine's warm heart grew yet more sunny in her own happy little home, and her feelings more open and expansive, beneath the genial influence of friendly eyes.

WHERE IS THE SPIRIT LAND.

HERE is that happy spirit
land,
In which the soul
awakes,
When from its care-worn
tenement,
Life's silken tie it
breaks?
When riv'n is ev'ry cord
which bound

It to the shore of time;
Oh! is there not beyond this vale
A more congenial clime?

A clime, where light and love and peace
In harmony combine;
Where dwell the pure, the good and true
In life's perennial prime!
Where envy, selfishness and strife
Have never rear'd a throne;
But where they, for each other's good,
All think and act as one!

Ah yes, there is a spirit land,
I feel its presence near;
And oh! it stirs within my soul
A mingled joy and fear,

I hear its gentle whispers soft,
Borne on the evening's breeze;
And see its mighty moving pow'r
Extend o'er earth and seas.

How vain has been the search of those,
By sense and passion blind,
Who've sought alone in outward things
This secret world of mind;
For ah, it is not up above,
High in the field of space;
Nor can we of it predicate
The things of time and place.

Nay, 't is a state of purest thought;
A land of light and love;
And not a place, as many think,
Among the stars above.

It fills creation as a soul,
Cause in effect combin'd;
Although as equally distinct
As matter is from mind.

Pervading all material things,
In ev'ry clime and sphere;
Its recreating life and pow'r
Surrounds us every where;
And oh! upon mankind it pours
Its streams of gushing thought,
Which we dull mortals here below
Deem, are by fancy wrought.

Nay, 't is a truth, the lines I've penn'd,
Though seeming mine they be;
Though dark with blemishes, my own,
Have come, sweet land! from thee.

DEATH OF MARCO BOZZARIS.

BY JOSEPH H. BUTLER.

Author of "Wild Flowers of Poesy," &c.

"Should you miss me in the conflict, seek me in the Pacha's tent."—(Last words of Bozzaris.)

Midnight is sleeping
on the hills
Of Hellas' classic shore,
And brooding darkness
hangs above
The Hellespont's deep
roar.
No moon was up, with
silv'ry ray,
To cheer the solemn
scene;

And not a star attends the path
Of night's retired Queen.
But, where the Crescent, curling high,
Extends its silver bow,
The Musselmén are drowned in sleep
And dreaming of the foe,—
They dream the morning soon will rise
To see the battle won,
While quenched in night the cross shall sink
With freedom's dying sun!

Surrounded by his slaves of state,
The Pacha lies at rest

Along his stately ottoman,
In gorgeous garments dress'd.
Who would not sleep profoundly here?
What harm, or fear, can be,
When every pass is guarded sure
By Eastern chivalry?

At the same hour, a noble band,
In forest high and deep,
Muster'd beneath a patriot eye—
That knew not how to sleep.
Their hearts and blades were tempered so
They would not break or yield,
As Persian's thousands knew too well
On many a bloody field.
Around them rose the mountain still,
Piercing the gloom of night,
And hope's bright star was sparkling yet,
Mid danger's tempest, bright—
The son's of sires who fought as well
On old Plataea's day,
With steel as good, and arms as strong
And souls as true as they.
List to that fearful onset cry!
It rises on the air,

Voices are sounding in the gloom—
 The flashing blades are bare!
 Bozzaris heads his "Spartan band,"
 From mountain hold and vale,
 With hearts as bold as ever beat
 Beneath a soldier's mail.—
 "The Greek!"—"the Greek!"—the tyrant wakes
 To hear that cry prolong;
 To night he pays for countless deeds
 Of unrequited wrong.
 Above the roar of conflict wild
 He hears Bozzaris' cry,
 Cheering his band of Suliotes
 To coming victory!
 "On! for your fathers' trampled graves!
 On for your mountains dear!
 Let not the dark-eyed maids of Greece
 All vainly shed a tear!
 Strike, for the banner of the just!
 The cross above us floats—
 Greece bleeds—and ye must staunch her wounds,
 My gallant Suliotes!
 We yield the Turk no quarter;
 We breathe no breath of peace—
 Ho! for our God the battle is,
 And—for our homes in Greece!"

Then, shrill upon the midnight blast,
 Went up the ring of swords,
 And, as the lightning winged shaft,
 They smote the Turkish hordes,
 Tho' firm they stand, and fierce they fought,
 Those turban'd Infidels,
 Before the blast of fire and steel
 Like Autumn leaves, they fell!
 The joyful cry of victory,
 Went up in noble pride,
 But dearly was that triumph won—
 For, HERE Bozzaris—died!

Away his weeping followers
 Their wounded chief conveyed,
 And saw the smile of conquest bright
 That on his features played;
 It settled on his marble brow,
 And in his closing eye,
 As forth the noble spirit pass'd
 To seek its kindred sky.

So on some lurid summer day
 The storm expires in peace,
 And calm the firmament appears
 Amid the cloudy fleece.—
 A wail comes from the isles of Greece,
 And from her myrtle bowers;
 A dirge of wild lament ascends
 From her sweet breast of flowers.
 Twine cypress with the rosy wreath,
 Young maidens, in the dance;

Let sable fillets deck your hair,
 And grief, each countenance!
 For smitten is the bravest heart
 That ever bled on field,
 And set his hope's new risen star,
 And broken is your shield.
 The moon, along Morea's hills,
 Looked out in purple pride,
 And saw the tyrant's might, a wreck
 Extending far and wide.
 The cloven turbans stain'd with blood,
 Were rolling useless now,
 And sunken in a crimson sea
 The Crescent's silver bow.—
 The sheathless Atagan lay there,
 And shivered scimitar,
 Too often red with noble blood
 In most unholy war.
 The blighted wild-flower, tinged with gore,
 Hung drooping on its stem,
 And fire-scorched boughs lay reeking o'er
 Some costly diadem!

Forth from their ancient rock-nests, high,
 The famished raven sped,
 With piercing wail, and whetted beak,
 To banquet on the dead!
 Oh! blunted be the battle blade
 In everlasting rust,
 When e'er it flashes from its sheath
 To aid a cause unjust!
 Stretch thy Almighty arm, O God!
 To chain the storm of war,
 And dash to dust the flaming wheels
 Of mad ambition's car!
 Send forth thy ministers of grace,
 With lips of love and peace,
 So man may love his fellow man
 And rude contention cease—

Sad Missolonghi's blighted towers
 Shall oft the story tell,
 Of many a gallant chief, that there
 In *freedom's* battle fell;
 But, he—the bravest of the brave—
 Shall ever live to be
 A beacon to her isles around,
 A name for Liberty!
 And He—the Pilgrim Poet too—*
 Shall have his meed of fame
 Transmitted down to future times,
 Linked with Bozzaris' name;
 Oh! ever may earth's bosom nurse
 Such sons of worthy sires,
 And Liberty forever keep
 Unquenched her altar-fires!

* Byron.

WORDS FOR A TRIO.

An argument, like a good trio, should be
 Where we all differ, and yet a'll agree
 In truth, and in tone, and in blest harmony.

THE SUBTERFUGE.

A TALE.

BY MRS. HUGHS.



WELL! Miss Gyrston," said Mr. Fairpoint, as he sat one evening beside his wife and the young lady he addressed, enjoying a cup of tea, which seemed more than usually delightful, in con-

sequence of a few weeks absence from home, we have now had some opportunity of judging Philadelphia society; pray what do you think?"

"You must not call upon Miss Gyrston yet, for her opinion of the Philadelphians," interrupted his wife, before the lady spoken to had time to answer; "you must wait till you are at home awhile, to take us among our friends, for since you have been away, I have been a complete prisoner."

"Do not talk of my having been a prisoner," returned Miss Gyrston; "for there has not been a day since Mr. Fairpoint left the house, we have not paraded two or three times up and down Chesnut street; and I have decided, that the Philadelphia ladies are, upon the whole, much more interesting than I expected to find them."

"There is no trifling degree of praise to award to the master of the house; while his wife, that he tried in vain to suppress, has told to his wife what was his opinion of the observation; "especially," he added, "it is the opinion of a New Yorker."

"Why, however, before you leave us, to let us see into the interior of the temples, that we may be so handsomely decorated without."

"I added he, "turning to his wife, "your friends neglected you, in the same manner that you have absented yourselves from the contrary, all our most interesting parties have spent the chief part of their evenings with us. We have passed few evenings

without either Louisa and Lydia Melville, or their sweet mother, and sometimes all three; and Cecilia, who you know seldom fails to accompany her cousins."

"Especially when Mr. Lionel Krugar is of the party," interrupted Miss Gyrston.

"Mrs. Fearing, too, and a few others, to whom I am most partial," continued the lady of the house scarcely seeming to notice Miss Gyrston's remark, have frequently been to see us; and sometimes all whom I have named, have formed parties, and surprised us with most welcome evening visits."

"And knowing the ladies of the party, I could enumerate the gentlemen by whom they were accompanied," returned her husband. "First there was my friend and favorite, Alfred Dhuring, feasting his eyes on the face of the lovely Louisa."

"But do not imagine, Harry," interrupted Mrs. Fairpoint, "that his attentions have been exclusively engrossed by her. Miss Gyrston has, I assure you, received no small portion."

"Oh hush! Mrs. Fairpoint," cried the young lady, blushing, but looking, at the same time, by no means displeased at the compliment which she disclaimed.

"You know," continued her hostess, "that however late it was when he left us the evening before, he generally contrived some errand for visiting us again in the morning, though he was very sure that Louisa would not then be here."

"Because," replied her guest, evidently neither very anxious to believe her own suggestion, nor to have others give it more credit; "you know he always said he had called on his way down to the counting house, to see if you wanted any thing that he could do for you, while Mr. Fairpoint was from home."

"I allow that was his ostensible errand, but of his real one you must permit me to form my own opinion."

"Oh! you only want something to plague me about," said the young lady, while the blushes that covered her cheeks and the smiles that lurked about her mouth, proved that she was

any thing but plagued at the idea of being an object of attraction to the handsome Alfred. "You know very well that he only came in the mornings to see if he could be of any service to you while Mr. Fairpoint was away, for he very often did not even sit down."

"You are right, Miss Gyrston," said Mr. Fairpoint, evidently not at all anxious to admit the possibility of his friend and favorite having been attracted by their visitor. "You only do my friend Alfred justice, in supposing that he was on the watch to find out where he could render a service. That is exactly his character. Where ever he can be most useful, or where he has an opportunity of showing an unostentatious mark of attention and kindness, there Alfred is sure to be found. I consider him one of the most honorable, upright and amiable men I ever knew. You have some idea of his qualities as a companion, but even his mental endowments, superior as they are, you would find surpassed, if you knew him well enough, by those of the heart. Indeed, so high is my opinion of him in that respect, that I feel it may be said of him, as Jeffries said of Professor Playfair, that it is as impossible for him to do a mean or ungenerous action, as it is for his body to cease to gravitate, or his soul to live."

"He is not rich, I believe?" said Miss Gyrston in a sort of inquiring tone.

"Not rich, certainly, but he is at the head of a large and prosperous establishment, of which he has almost the entire management; and there is not the smallest doubt, even bad as the times are, that his judgment, prudence and knowledge of business, will soon rank him among the wealthiest of our merchants."

"You seem to think he is attached to Miss Louisa Melville, the widow's daughter?" said the young lady in the same inquiring tone.

"I have no doubt of it; and if I have any skill in divining the human countenance, he is not regarded with indifference by her."

"Stop! stop! Harry! You are going too far!" cried Mrs. Fairpoint. "Say what you please of Alfred. He is a man and your own particular friend; but I cannot have you pass sentence, so unhesitatingly, on my sweet friend Louisa. Besides, they have only known each other a very few months."

"Much damage has been done in a much shorter time, Caddy. However, I will not offend your feelings any farther on that subject, nor pass further sentence on your friend than to say she is one of the loveliest creatures that I ever beheld."

"Do you not think she laughs too much?" asked Miss Gyrston.

"If her laugh were the unmeaning giggle that many young ladies mistake for sprightliness, I should certainly say 'yes.' But her laugh is never misplaced, nor without a cause; and its music falls upon the ear as the hilarity of a pure and joyous heart. Her sister may, perhaps, be said to be the handsomer. Her beauty is of symmetry of feature, but there is an air of anxiety in the expression of her countenance that produces an almost painful effect. Her cousin Cecilia, though handsome, is different from them both; and while Louisa gains admiration, because she does not appear to think of it, and Lydia obtains it, by seeming almost to deprecate it; the haughty self-possessed Cecilia, often loses that for which she is always craving; by proudly demanding as a right, what many are almost unwilling to grant as a favor. She talks well, but she evidently only talks for the sake of display; while Louisa's mind, on the contrary, is occupied with what she sees and hears. When she laughs, you see no distortion of the mouth to display a beauty, or to conceal a defect; and when she talks, you are astonished how one so beautiful can be so perfectly unconscious of possessing a single charm."

"You are certainly determined, Harry, to prove of what materials I am made. You have no idea how jealous you make me, by bestowing such unqualified praise on another," said his wife with a smile that contradicted her own assertions; "so I think you had better change your subject."

"Well then, for the sake of peace," returned the husband, laughing, "I will proceed, as I at first intended, to enumerate the rest of the beaux. In the first place, then, Lionel Krugar, of course would be found in the orbit of the planet round which he always revolves, to talk of the pretty toys he has made, and the elegant dresses seen in his morning rambles."

"Do you not think he has a great deal of talent?" inquired Miss Gyrston.

"He has considerable mechanical genius," replied the gentleman, "and if he had not had the misfortune to be born to a large fortune, he might have distinguished himself, perhaps, as an engineer, a cabinet maker, or a wheel-right, the lowest of which occupations would have been a more honorable distinction, than any thing that now occupies his mind. He neither reads nor thinks, so that he neither enlarges his mind nor cultivates his taste."

"You have a very different opinion of him, from what Miss Louisa Melville has," said Miss Gyrston, "for the other day, when we were disputing about the colors of some dresses that she was looking at, she said she would wait and ask Lionel's opinion, for he had so much taste."

"Such taste as often distinguishes a milliner, and makes her fortune, it is possible he may boast of," returned the gentleman; and then convinced that no explanation that he could enter into, would make him intelligible to the lady, he proceeded. "The best that can be said of him, is, that he has no vicious propensities; and, as happily for him, he attached himself very early to Louisa; he has naturally derived a little more power of thinking from her, than he would ever have acquired by any efforts of his own."

"I have always thought they were even engaged," rejoined Miss Gyrston; "indeed, he evidently wishes people to think so, by the manner he often talks to her."

"And no doubt wishes to think so himself, but he knows perfectly well, that he would not be allowed to be so constantly with her, if there was not a clear understanding between them, that her feelings towards him, are only those of a sister."

"And does the same understanding exist between her sister and the elder Mr. Krugar?"

"That I cannot answer for," replied Mr. Fairpoint. "They are both very reserved, and I suspect the truth of the matter is, that they neither of them know how matters stand between them; for though they have been near neighbors and companions since they were children; they never yet seem to have overcome their natural reserve towards each other."

Here the entrance of the waiter to remove the tea things, caused an interruption in the conversation, and Miss Gyrston having left the room, Mr. Fairpoint, the moment he was alone with his wife, exclaimed, "What in the world, Caroline, made you take such a fancy to that young lady, as to induce you to invite her to visit you?"

"Well! you know, when you were obliged to leave me alone at Long Branch, and little Harry took sick, I was in a very forlorn and miserable situation; and Miss Gyrston, who had been introduced to me by some ladies to whose party she belonged, paid me a great deal of attention; besides, Harry took a great fancy to her, and would allow her to do things for him that he would not permit any one else, but myself to do; and that you know is a sure way to a mother's heart. I, therefore, felt myself under great obligations to her, and as she expressed a great desire to see Philadelphia, and I knew that I was only going home to see you pack off on your long journey, I proposed to her that she should return with me; which she very readily agreed to."

"This is a very natural way of accounting for the thing, certainly, said the husband; but I cannot help feeling sorry that the elegant and intelligent Mrs. Fairpoint, should have to introduce to

her friends, one who is so little calculated to do credit to her taste and judgment."

"Oh! you judge of her rather too severely, Harry, remonstrated the wife; for I believe she will pass off pretty fairly among the generality of young ladies. She has not much cultivation of mind, it is true; but she is rather pretty; she dances well, sings a little, plays on the guitar a little, and speaks French a very, a very little; and—"

"And has a very vulgar mind," interrupted the husband. "I have seen many a woman who could neither read nor write, who had more delicacy of mind and refinement of feeling than she has with all her *little* accomplishments. And how you could ever have put it into her head that Alfred Dhuring, was an admirer of hers, is perfectly astonishing!"

"Indeed, Harry, he was very attentive to her; he often brought her books, and New York newspapers, and such things."

"Any thing that he thought would assist you in the business of entertaining her; for that is consistent with his character; but that Alfred Dhuring should admire such a woman, is an anomaly in nature that cannot be conceived."

In the course of the evening several of those friends of whom they had been speaking, came to welcome Mr. Fairpoint back to his family circle, and for some time the conversation was general and lively, till at length Cecilia Melville, who always courted an invitation to sing, went to the instrument, delighted at all times to have an opportunity of displaying the powers of her voice, of which she was exceedingly proud, without being conscious that it was much more remarkable for its strength than its melody. Louisa was seated beside the centre table, and was turning some music over carelessly, when Alfred Dhuring came up to her and seated himself on a chair that was near her. "How do you like that song?" said he in a sort of suppressed voice, to avoid disturbing the singer.

"Not at all," answered Louisa.

"Indeed! why not? I have always thought it very pretty."

"I do not like it, because it does not mean any thing."

"It appears to me to mean a great deal. To those who know any thing of love, its language cannot but be thought very expressive and natural," said Alfred, with warmth.

"Then remember," said Louisa, smiling, "you prove the truth of my assertion by your own argument, for the lady, (I suppose it to be a lady that is speaking, as the words are too inconsistent to be a gentleman's,) begins by saying, 'I do not love thee! no! I do not love thee!' and then she

goes on to express feelings, that are only expressive of love of the most ardent kind; and, therefore, as we are not to understand it to be love, you must admit that it does not mean any thing."

"There are lips," said Alfred, and, as he spoke, he fixed his eyes expressively on the face of her whom he addressed, "from which it would make me most happy to hear such language."

"Perhaps so," said Louisa, without seeming to notice his manner; "but suppose, for an instant, that you heard your wife using such language to another. How do you think you would like it; even though she did preface her harangue with, 'I do not love thee?'"

"Not at all! But that preface, is only meant, I presume, as a cloak for her modesty."

"As a cloak for vice, I would rather say. It is a subterfuge, and every thing of the kind is bad. There is less danger to be apprehended from an openly expressed vice, than from one veiled in a specious garb; for many minds that would start at open vice, have not discrimination enough to detect it under its concealment."

"Why Lui! you are quite serious this evening. I scarcely ever heard you make so serious a speech before," said Lionel Krugar, who had joined them just as Louisa last began to speak.

"You never gave me a chance of being serious with you," returned the lovely girl, "for you keep me constantly laughing, either *at* you or *with* you."

"Well! so be it! I would rather hear you laugh, even though you laughed at myself, than have you begin to preach. But come! I am sent to ask you to sing. So allow me to lead you to the piano."

"What shall I sing?" asked she, as she took her seat at the instrument, whither she was followed by Alfred. "Will you have this?" she added, taking up the song of "Then I'll not love thee."

"Oh! no! not that," cried Alfred, earnestly, "I could not bear to hear that from your lips." A deep blush suffused Louisa's cheek, and she struck the instrument with an unsteady hand; but it was only for an instant; and the next moment she began to sing Mrs. Hemans's beautiful invocation to sleep, with great sweetness and feeling. Alfred hung upon her strains with delight, for though she did not pretend to be what is called a singer; she had an exceedingly sweet voice, and to those who preferred pathos to execution, her singing was listened to with much more pleasure than that of her cousin. Song after song was asked for by the two young men, till she at length started up and declared she had sung herself hoarse. Miss Gyrston was then called upon by the mistress of the house, and that

young lady took up her guitar, but she was ill prepared to give effect to her music, had her powers even been greater than they really were, for her mind was soured and mortified, by seeing Louisa engross the attention of Alfred Dhuring so entirely, and her voice become husky and her touch so feeble that her accompaniment could scarcely be heard; which Lionel afterwards declared, was exceedingly fortunate, as she seldom happened to strike the right string.

"What are you three cogitating there?" asked Mr. Fairpoint, as soon as his guest had finished her song, and desirous by making the conversation general, to prevent any invitations for her to continue her music. "You appear to be discussing something very momentous."

"We are talking about a bachelor's ball on a small scale, that we are going to give," answered Lionel. "It is rather early in the season, but as Dhuring will be off to New Orleans before the proper time comes, we shall anticipate it a little. Lydia and Lui were both prevented by sickness from going to the public ball, last winter, so we are going to give a private one, to make up to them for the loss."

"Well! let us hear some of your arrangements," said the master of the house. "When and where is it to be?"

"Some time next week," replied Alfred; "but the where, we have not yet determined upon. The public ball rooms are all too large, and we cannot, at present, remember a smaller room that would be suitable."

"What do you say to my letting you have the use of my parlors?" asked Mrs. Fearing.

"Oh! that would do exactly," cried the two young men at the same instant. "We have already," continued Alfred, "determined to request you and Mrs. Melville and Mrs. Fairpoint to be the lady patronesses."

"But, under Mrs. Fearing's own roof it will need no other patronage than her own," said Mrs. Melville, "and I have no skill in such things."

"And I am rather too young to take such a dignity upon myself," added Mrs. Fairpoint. "So we will leave Mrs. Fearing to the undisputed honor."

"Well! I will take it all," said Mrs. Fearing, good-naturedly, "so now go on with your arrangements."

These served for subjects of conversation for the rest of the evening, and the party at last took leave, each highly delighted with the anticipated pleasure.

"You all seem to think Louisa Melville, extremely artless," said Miss Gyrston, when the guests were gone, and she and Mrs. Fairpoint were left alone; "but, for my part, I have seldom

seen a young lady with less of the artlessness you give her credit for, than she has. Did you see how she fidgetted about till she got Mr. Dhuring drawn to her?"

"I saw her go to the piano with Cecilia," replied Mrs. Fairpoint, "and then, after standing beside her for a considerable time, she went and sat down, but I did not see any appearance of contrivance or art about what she did. She was evidently tired with standing and took the seat that was nearest to her."

"Where she was very sure some of the gentlemen, when they saw her sitting alone, would soon come to her."

"Louisa is so much admired and courted by the gentlemen generally, that there seems to be no need of her using any contrivance to draw forth their attention. If she thought about it at all, which I do not believe she did, she would have been sure she would soon have as many about her as she wished."

"But, perhaps, she might not have got Mr. Dhuring so soon, if she had not tried for it."

As Miss Gyrston said this, her hostess recollected that Alfred had been sitting talking to that young lady, and had risen soon after Louisa had seated herself by the table, and gone to her. This at once accounted to her for the remarks her guest had made, as well as for the change of countenance that she had before observed, but for which she had not before been able to account. Convinced that nothing that she could say, would have power to drive away the demon of jealousy, she forbore from any further remark, but lighted the chamber candles.

"She shall suffer for this," said Miss Gyrston, as she laid her head upon the pillow; "or it will not be my fault."

The next morning, on sitting down to the breakfast table, Mrs. Fairpoint observed that the clouds of the previous evening still hung over the countenance of her visitor; but scarcely had she made the remark to herself, when the door bell rang, and the next moment Alfred was in the room.

"I called, Fairpoint," said he, after making his salutations to the ladies; "thinking that you might, perhaps, be tired and not disposed to go down the street so early, to know if I could do any thing for you."

Mrs. Fairpoint cast her eyes across the table, and saw Miss Gyrston's face brightened with smiles, and her eyes sparkling with pleasure, which increased every moment, when Alfred taking a seat by her side, began to talk to her about the intended ball. Mr. Fairpoint had returned, and yet her morning visits were not discontinued. Mrs. Fairpoint had said, he never before had been in the habit of making them;

what then was it that brought him? Mr. Fairpoint said it was a wish to oblige; that might be; but was it not himself that he was trying to oblige? And would he have made the same obliging visits, if the Fairpoints had been alone? These were questions, that vanity or self-love, or some such feeling did not hesitate to answer in a satisfactory manner, and the young lady was all smiles and good humor the rest of the day.

The next morning, and the morning after that, and for several succeeding ones, Alfred still continued to pay his usual visit at Mr. Fairpoint's, generally on the plea of making inquiries of the ladies, respecting some of the arrangements for the ball, as he was on the committee of management. But Miss Gyrston, cared not on what pretended business he came; he still continued to take his seat by her side, and talked and laughed, and made himself so agreeable that she was generally in good spirits the whole day after. It is true, she often heard of his spending his evenings at Mrs. Melville's, or somewhere else in company with Louisa; but then, she had herself, on those evenings, generally, been out paying visits with Mr. and Mrs. Fairpoint, so that he could not, however much he had wished it, have spent that time with her; and as long as he continued to make use of the time when they were sure of having a snug chat together, she was satisfied, or at least tried to think she was so, though she often found herself sighing and saying; "If that Louisa was but out of the way, I should feel sure of him; and what an establishment it would be! I must try and get quit of her as a rival, some how or other!"

"What dress do you intend to wear, to-morrow night, Lui?" asked Lionel, the evening previous to the ball, with the familiarity that their intimacy from childhood warranted.

"I shall wear my white satin," answered Louisa.

"Oh! no! you must not wear white, Louisa! You never look so well in white, as in colors. Wear that blue dress, that I said the other day you looked so well in. I never saw you look so well in any thing, as you do in that."

"No! Lydia is going to wear her white satin."

"Oh! no matter about your being dressed alike; everybody knows that you each have a blue, and each a white dress; so that there is no danger of your being suspected of borrowing of one another."

"That is a capital reason, certainly," cried Louisa, laughing, "and one that I never thought of before; and to do away with all danger of being certainly supposed to have borrowed of Lydia, I shall wear my white dress."

"Dhuring," said Lionel, as Alfred, at that

moment entered the room, "let us have your opinion; whether do you vote for Louisa wearing a white, or a blue dress to-morrow night? Now, speak out and let us have your candid opinion."

"I always think, Louisa looks best in the dress I see her in at the moment, and therefore say white," replied Alfred. Louisa was dressed in white at the time he spoke.

"Now deuse take it! That is too bad; I am afraid now that the white will conquer!"

"I dare not flatter myself that my vote will have much weight in the scale; however happy it would make me to think so. I will not ask you, he continued, in a suppressed voice, as he bent over the table at which Louisa sat, and pretended to be looking at some pictures on it, whether it has any influence, but shall wait anxiously to see the result."

This was an unfortunate speech: to dress according to her first intention would be construed by him into a wish to please him, and, however she might feel the wish in her heart, to testify it under the present circumstances, was out of the question; and she sat for some moments silent and thoughtful. Alfred had never made any open avowal of his sentiments, though, as far as the language of looks and unremitting attention went, she could not pretend to be ignorant of them. There was a frankness and ingenuousness about his behaviour to her, that seemed almost to disdain concealment; nay, as far as he could do so, without offending her delicacy, he appeared even to wish that every one should know his devotion to her. But though open and undisguised with regard to his own sentiments towards Louisa, Alfred was perfectly unassuming with respect to her feelings towards him; and a dread of not having gained sufficient interest in her affections to induce her to favor his suit, still held him back from an open acknowledgment of his wishes. Louisa thought she saw all this, but her delicacy revolted from the idea of doing any thing that could be interpreted as an encouragement to advance, though her heart had long told her that to receive his faith and plight her own would make her infinitely happy. These ideas passed through her mind in a much shorter time than it has taken us to express them, and very soon recollecting that her silence and abstraction would excite attention, Louisa roused herself from her reverie and joined in the general conversation, with her usual cheerfulness. The ball of course was the only subject that could be thought or spoken of, and all agreed that if reality gave as much pleasure as the anticipation had done, they would all be perfectly satisfied."

"But Dhuring," said Lionel, as if suddenly

recollecting himself, "there is still some things to be done. You know what we were talking about this afternoon; that has still to be looked to, and as you are on the committee of management, you had better go and see after it."

"I thought you undertook to do that yourself," said Alfred.

"So I did," replied the other; "but my dear fellow, I am so very agreeably situated at present, that I cannot think of leaving."

"That is precisely the case with myself," returned Dhuring, laughing, "and, as you took the matter in hand, you are certainly the fittest person to go."

"Then suppose we go together," said Lionel, rising as he spoke. "It is past ten o'clock, the proper Philadelphia hour for shutting up; so that I dare say Mrs. Melville thinks it is high time for us to be off. I hope, however," he continued pulling himself up with an air of consequence, "the next ball that is given I shall be among the invited, instead of the inviters. Then instead of having to run after waiters, ice creams, and such things, I shall enter the ball room with my wife hanging on my arm;" and, as he said this, he drew Louisa's arm within his, and actually obliged her to accompany him as he paraded across the room.

"Lionel! do have done with this nonsense!" said she, disengaging herself from him as soon as she could; yet unable to avoid laughing with the others, at the comic air of importance which he assumed; "I really am tired of it."

"Well! my dear!" he continued, still acting the consequential married man, "as you desire it, I will drop the subject for the present. Indeed, it is not very becoming for a man who is talking of having his wife by his side, to set himself up to be laughed at. But remember, that in the same way that I give up to your wishes, I expect you to comply with mine, and, therefore, shall calculate upon seeing the blue satin dress to-morrow night. So adieu, *ma chere*," he added, and bowing a good night to the others, he left the room, and was immediately followed by Alfred Dhuring.

The night of the ball came, the rooms were beautifully ornamented, and brilliantly lighted; the night, though so early in the season, was remarkably favorable, for the air was cool, clear and elastic. The lady patroness looked beautiful and was all animation. Every thing seemed to combine to promise a delightful evening, with the exception of one only circumstance. Alfred Dhuring the promoter and the chief stay of the entertainment, was the picture of sadness and melancholy, and seemed to move about the room, and to perform his various duties, rather as an

omation than a sentient being. As the various ties arrived he was ready with the otherster of the ceremonies to receive them, and duct them to the lady patroness, but the grace, animation, with which he in general performed offices, was no longer there, and he moved it as if scarcely conscious of what he was g. Even when Mrs. Melville entered the, with a beautiful daughter on each arm, elf possessing scarcely less beauty, though of ore mature description, no brightening of rt's eye was visible. He saw that Louisa the much talked of blue dress, and just reed to himself that she could not have looked lovely, had her dress been of any other color, en the whole thing was forgotten; and he for an instant, with his mind absorbed in painful idea, but immediately recollecting lf, he turned with the intention of offering n to one of the ladies, but they were already ay up the room; Mrs. Melville and Lydia, ted by the elder Krugar, and Louisa holding m of Lionel. With one spring he was at elville's side, and solicited the honor of : her up to Mrs. Fearing, and then these ties being over, he turned and asked for the favor of her hand for the first set. , however, already promised to Lionel; made no attempt to secure it for the nor, indeed, did he ask her again during le evening. Louisa at first felt disap- but observing in the course of the night never danced with any lady more than e satisfied herself that he had, according ict rules of good breeding, determined all particular attentions, as he might all as his guests, and she only admired him : for it.

t the plague, can be the matter with ?" said Lionel, as he stood by Louisa's He looks as if he were to be hanged to- and was studying his last dying speech." oes not look like himself, indeed," re- : partner.

himself! no! nor like anybody else; hen one questions him, he does not even he satisfaction of hearing him say he is en I parted from him last night, he of spirits, and we had a dispute about : would manage to be the first to engage e; he making me promise not to use means, but to wait till you were in before I asked you. But though he st chance, for he was nearer to you when you came in, he stood like a ver even offered you his arm."

nd was occupied with something of tance, no doubt; and I am afraid it is,

at the same time, something not very pleasant," said Louisa, with a look of anxiety, that she tried in vain to conceal.

"I hope nothing has gone wrong about his business; for though he does some times plague me by occupying your attention when I would rather engage it myself, I like the fellow exceedingly, and should be sorry for him to get into any trouble."

"He certainly has an uncommonly kind and generous heart. Do you see how he is dancing there with Miss Gyrston, and trying to make himself agreeable, just out of compliment to Mrs. Fairpoint, for I know he dislikes her; but he says he pities Mrs. Fairpoint, for having to entertain any one so uninteresting, and tries to help her as much as he can. I cannot tell what Miss Gyrston will do when he goes, and he talks of being off for New Orleans to-morrow."

Louisa gave a slight start, and her heart beat so violently, that she was almost afraid that Lionel would hear it knock against her side. She was saved, however, from any further remark, by its being her turn to dance. From this moment, Alfred was far from being the only person for whom the amusements of the evening ceased to have a charm. Louisa, almost for the first time in her life, felt anxious and unhappy. She tried to persuade herself that it was only an apprehension of his having met with some heavy losses in business that she felt, but a something whispered within that it was not his loss of money, but of honor that she feared. It was true he had never actually spoken to her of love, and consequently, whatever his future conduct might be, he could not be accused of breaking any promise or doing violence to any engagement; but there was a language as explicit as that of words, and to an honorable mind equally binding, and to disregard which would prove him to be a stranger to all the finer feelings of the heart.

It may easily be believed, that, during the rest of the evening, Louisa had very little enjoyment in the entertainment of which she was partaking; she danced, it is true, almost constantly, but happily the fashion of dancing was of that inanimate kind, that it required little more than a walk through the figures; and though she had partners, to whom she was of course obliged to talk, it was in general that sort of conversation that required no effort of mind, and she passed through the business without appearing to the generality of observers to be deficient in any of the requisites for the occasion. But, not so with her tender and watchful mother. She saw that Louisa had none of her usual animation; she even thought she saw a shade of melancholy in her

countenance, and she felt anxious and uneasy. As soon, therefore, as the rooms began to empty, she proposed their going home, a proposal that was very readily agreed to by both her daughters, for Lydia, whose health was exceedingly delicate, was fatigued; and Louisa longed to be at home and alone. When they came out of the dressing room into the entry, they found Alfred waiting for them.

"I could not bear," said he, addressing Louisa, "to let you go with merely a ball room good night, when the probability is that it will be long before I have the pleasure of seeing you again."

Louisa felt that it was necessary for her to make a strong effort, to avoid betraying her feelings. She made the effort therefore, and said with apparent composure:

"You are going much earlier than you had calculated upon."

"A month sooner at least; but I received some intelligence this morning that has made it necessary for me to be off immediately, and therefore, I shall in all probability be many miles from Philadelphia before you raise your head from your pillow, to-morrow morning."

"Do you expect to stay long?" she asked, still speaking with apparent composure.

"Long enough for many important changes to take place before my return," he replied, in a voice of great agitation; "but whatever may happen, I pray to God that you may be happy." As he spoke he took her hand and pressing it, breathed a scarcely articulate "God bless you!" and turning to her mother and sister, had just time to bid them good bye, when Lionel came to say the carriage was now at the door. Louisa threw herself into a corner of the carriage, that the glare of the gas lights might not betray her agitation, and drawing her hood close over her face, and wrapping her cloak about her, she indulged in the luxury of allowing the tears to roll without restraint down her cheeks. Thus ended this long anticipated ball, and thus Louisa thought, had terminated all her hopes of happiness in this world. For her young and unexperienced heart, that had never before tasted of sorrow, imagined that it was impossible it could ever again partake of happiness. "Whatever may be his motives for acting as he has done," thought she, "he must at least be exonerated from the charge of being a cold and deliberate designer. His agitation was too great, to be either feigned or misunderstood, and though he is evidently gone without having any intention of ever trying to make me more to him than I am at present, it is plain to see that he is not less wretched than myself."

On arriving at home, she pleaded a bad head-

ache, and retired to her chamber, there to indulge in an unrestrained flood of tears; for Lydia, in consequence of being subject to sudden attacks of sickness, always slept in her mother's room, so that the poor girl had no fear of disturbing any one, and, therefore, gave vent to her feelings without any attempt at controlling them. And perhaps it was the best thing for her that she could have done; for to the young, at least, a copious flood of tears is a never failing relief, and generally leads to the soothing balm of sleep. And such was its effect on Louisa, who soon lost in forgetfulness the sense of the heavy load that weighed on her young and innocent heart. But Louisa was far from being the only one who returned from the ball uneasy and low spirited. Mr. Fairpoint, who generally was full of remark and joke about the things and persons with which he had met, sat down on this night by the fire-side, and placing his feet on the fender, remained silent and thoughtful, while his wife and her visitor were making their comments on the various persons with whom they had met. Mrs. Fairpoint noticed this unusual silence and gloom of her husband with considerable anxiety, and the moment Miss Gyration had retired, she went to him and throwing her arm affectionately round his neck, said, "My dear Harry, what is it that makes you so gloomy to-night?"

"I will tell you Caroline, now that that girl is gone, but I did not like to say any thing while she was by, that was likely to furnish subject for her empty gossip. But the fact is, I am very uneasy about Dhuring. Something, I am persuaded, of a very serious nature, has occurred to him, and contrary to his usual habits I cannot draw it out of him for the life of me."

"He did, indeed, look very absent and unhappy. I hope nothing has gone wrong in his business."

"No! It is not that, I am sure, for he has left several commissions with me that prove that all is right enough there."

"Can Louisa have given him an unfavorable answer, do you suppose?" asked the lady.

"No! It is not that either; for I asked him if his fair one had been cruel, but he said he had never yet tried any fair one in his life, and he believed he never should."

"Then I am sure he has not acted an honorable part towards Louisa," said Mrs. Fairpoint, indignantly, "for if I ever saw any one try to engage the affections of another, he has used every means to gain hers."

"And succeeded in the effort, there can be no doubt," returned the husband. "But if I could possibly imagine that he did so, merely to gratify his vanity; if I could believe him so base as to lay himself out to win that lovely creature's

t, only for the sake of throwing it away
wards, I declare, I could assume the character
brother myself and call him to an account
is heartlessness and cruelty;" and as he spoke,
round his teeth, and clenched his fist with
ation at the thought.

"Oh! stop! Harry!" said his wife, playfully,
as could not bear to see him work himself
to such an agitation, merely on a very im-
probable supposition, "and think

—whither thou wouldst run,
! too unmindful of thy wife and son,
I think 'st thou not how wretched we should be,
widow I, a helpless orphan he!

seriously Harry, I do not believe Alfred
ng would do any thing dishonorable; and
suaded that he has good and substantial
s, for the course he is pursuing."

cannot suppose it otherwise," returned he,
ed down by his wife's gentleness. "Indeed
to doubt Alfred's honor, I should cease to
s in that of any human being. There is
ing about this business, however, that I
penetrate, but which I will never rest till I
t. And so let us go now and sleep upon it."
ie mean time, poor Louisa, exhausted with
ess of her agitation, slept soundly till a pretty
ur the next morning, and when she awoke
still conscious of a heavy load at her heart,
recovered the command of her nerves of
he had been so completely deprived the
efore; and dressing herself as quickly as
she hastened down stairs, surprised that
not already had a summons from her
to breakfast.

stormed at all times to keep her feelings
ontrol, Louisa studiously avoided, in this
, giving any expression to them that could
rm to her mother and sister, the intensity
e anxiety about her should they get any
nto the state of her mind, she well knew;
knew also that the extreme delicacy of
health and spirits was such as to make
e able to contend with uneasiness of any
When, therefore, her mother questioned
t Dhuring's arrangements, and inquired
he had given her any explanation of his
s, she not only disclaimed any knowledge
bject, but managed to do it with such a
appearance of indifference, as led both
d sister to conclude, that she was either
ested in the young man's proceedings
had imagined, or that her spirit was
roused by his ungenerous conduct, as to
pride a shield that would protect her
sufferings that they had apprehended for

her. This, however, was far from being the real
state of Louisa's mind. She blamed herself for
the weakness of having so easily yielded her
affections, and anxiously strove to exonerate
Dhuring from any blame on the subject; and
though her own sense of honor would frequently
obtrude the conviction, that his attentions and
unequivocal demonstrations of attachment; had
been such as no man could be justified in showing,
unless his intentions were serious, she immediately
banished the idea, for she felt that it was less
painful to her, to accuse herself of too great cre-
dulity than to believe that Alfred Dhuring was
any thing but the frank, open, generous character
she had hitherto believed him to be.

But it is not to be supposed that this perpetual
internal conflict could exist without leaving its
traces behind, and Louisa's faded cheek and
beamless eye soon began to excite the alarm of
her fondly admiring friends, and to excite her
mother's mind to a state of the most painful
anxiety. "My child has received a blight," said she
one evening to Mr. and Mrs. Fairpoint, as they
sat beside her, while Louisa and Lydia had left
the room for a short time. "She has had a shock
that I see, in spite of all her anxiety to conceal
it, is breaking her down." Mr. Fairpoint
started up and paced the room with an agitated
and hurried step, while his wife tenderly en-
deavoured to sooth and comfort the anxious
mother.

"Louisa certainly does not look well at
present," said she, "and one of our motives for
coming here this evening, was to suggest to you,
what Harry and I have both been thinking of,
which is, that a complete change of scene would
be the best medicine that could be administered
to her."

"I have little doubt that it would be service-
able," returned Mrs. Melville; "but the time of
year is so unfavorable for traveling."

"Not to go to visit her Cuba friends," said
Mrs. Fairpoint; "and we well know how de-
lighted they would be at receiving a visit from her."

This was a happy suggestion, and Louisa and
Lydia happening to enter the room at the mo-
ment, the proposal was immediately made to the
former; and after some persuasions she consented
that her mother should write to their friends, to
announce her intention of paying them a visit,
and Mr. Fairpoint undertook to make inquiries
for some suitable companion for the voyage.

"But I would far rather remain at home with
you and Lydia, dear mamma," said the affec-
tionate girl, who already began to repent of the
consent that she had accorded; "I never can be half
so happy any where as I am at home."

"But an occasional change is necessary for

every body, Louisa," remonstrated Mr. Fairpoint, "and your absence will only be short."

"I hope so indeed," said Lionel, who had entered the room almost without being noticed, and heard the plan that was in agitation, "for indeed I cannot tell how I am to spare my little wife even for a week."

"Lionel!" said Lydia, "I do wish you would give up that foolish way of talking; you have really got so into the habit of it, that I believe you sometimes almost make people think you are serious. I wonder Lui will let you go on talking in such a style!"

"My not caring for it is one of the best proofs I can give of its being only nonsense," said Louisa.

"Well! I can tell you it has not always had that effect," returned Lydia. "I have frequently seen people at a loss to know how to take it; Miss Gyrston, for instance, one day was almost convinced, I believe that you were both in earnest. Indeed if I had not been in the way to assure her it was all joke, I am persuaded she would have gone away and published that you were engaged."

"When was that Lydia?" asked Mr. Fairpoint, stopping suddenly in the middle of the room which he was still pacing. "It must surely have been very soon after she came, for before she went away she had heard too much of Lionel's nonsense not to understand it."

"You are all exceedingly complimentary to me, ladies and gentlemen," said Lionel, with an air of mock gravity, and pulling up his collar and trying to look very important. "And when was this, my dear complimentary sister that is to be, that you not only say that I talked nonsense, but tried to involve my better half in the same libellous aspersion?"

"Only a day or two before Miss Gyrston left."

"Can you remember the exact day?" inquired Mr. Fairpoint.

"I believe Mr. Fairpoint is going to enter a suit against you, Lydia, for a libel upon my character," said Krugar.

"Try if you can remember the exact day, that she pretended to be so credulous."

"I know it perfectly," returned Lydia. "It was the morning before the ball. She had come here to help me to put some trimmings on my dress, and she and I were in the workroom there together, and as she spoke, she pointed to a door, which led to a small back room, that the girls were in the habit of sitting to work in; when Louisa and Lionel came into this room together, for Louisa had been out and Lionel had come home with her; and they went on with a conversation which they had evidently been engaged in before they came into the room; pretending that they were going to be married very soon, but

that they would not say any thing about it until after the ball, and then they would come out with it and astonish every body, and all such nonsense as that."

"There again!" interrupted Lionel, still pretending to be much offended.

"I declare, I got tired of it at last," continued Lydia, "and so vexed at Louisa for keeping him up in such a way of talking that I was for coming into the room and telling them to hush! but Mrs. Gyrston would not let me; and though I told her it was all joke, she seemed hardly to believe it. So I do wish, Lionel, you would drop it at once."

"On the contrary, my dear Lydia," said the young man to whom the earnestness of Lydia's manner was great amusement; "when Louisa is gone I will pretend to pay my addresses to yourself."

"Well, Caddy," said Mr. Fairpoint, "I believe we must leave these two to fight their battles out at their leisure;" and he and his wife took their departure.

The following morning Louisa received a note from Mrs. Fairpoint, saying that Mr. Fairpoint on going to the counting house had found it was necessary for him to go to New York; which he had done without even coming home first, and that he had desired, in the note that he sent up to inform her of his proceedings, that she would tell Louisa where he was gone, and that he intended, when in New York, to endeavor to find a suitable party that she could join, to go to Cuba, and therefore, wished her to keep herself in readiness. He returned, however, without having found any company to whom he could think of entrusting his young friend, and several weeks passed over without his being any more fortunate. At length, however, the alarm excited at the constantly increasing change in Louisa's appearance, became so great that he declared if no proper company was found within a few days, that he and Caroline would take her themselves. Louisa thanked him with a sweet though languid smile for his kindness, but felt persuaded that the disease that was preying upon her was beyond the reach of any medicine that could be administered. At length, however, he succeeded in his endeavors to the satisfaction both of himself and Mrs. Melville. The day of her departure was fixed for the following morning, and such a succession of her friends came in the evening to bid her good bye, that she was at length so worn out with the exertion she had made, that Mr. and Mrs. Fairpoint, who had been with her but for a few minutes, rose to take leave.

"We will not detain you dear Louisa:" said the lady, "for I know what need you have of rest:

I could not think of letting you go without saying to you, 'God bless you.'" And as she saw she threw her arms around the neck of the young girl and kissed her fervently.

At this moment the door bell again rang.

"I had hoped that we would be the last," said Louisa, "for you are nearly exhausted."

Louisa and she both turned as the parlor door opened, and to their infinite astonishment beheld Alfred Dhuring.

At first, and a very faint exclamation escaped Louisa, who finding that her limbs refused to support her weight, sunk quietly into the chair from which she had just risen to take leave of her friends.

"My dear fellow!" cried Mr. Fairpoint, seizing Alfred's hand and anxious to draw off the attention of those around, from the trembling "I am most happy to see you! When did you leave New Orleans?"

"Only as short a time ago, as would allow me the most rapid traveling to get here;" returned Alfred.

"Had you received a letter from me before this?"

"That was that which brought me; I had no idea of coming before I received it, which was more than half an hour before I started;" and Alfred, for the first time, ventured to cast his eyes towards Louisa. She had by this discovered her composure and presence of mind, and Mr. Fairpoint perceiving that this was the case, said; "we were on our feet to go when you entered, and shall therefore leave you for the present, but I shall expect you to take up your quarters at our house to night."

Then, after repeating their good by to Alfred, he left the room, accompanied by Mrs. Fairpoint, who received a hint from the gentlemen to be in too great haste to return to it.

"As we are afraid there is danger of our leaving Alfred suffering in the minds of our readers, in the charge of fickleness, we will before we say any further, give a transcript of the letter which was sent to you by Mr. Fairpoint.

DEAR DHURING:—Your sudden departure from this city, has given me more uneasiness, and than any thing I have met with for several years. As I could not, however, believe you of acting as you have done, without some good reason for your conduct, I made a vow never to rest until I found it out. But had, I confess nearly sunk in despair, when by accident I learnt from Louisa Melville, the night before last, that Miss Gyrston had overheard a conversation between Louisa and Alfred, in which she pretended to believe was serious. This instantly struck me, and after lying pondering for a great part of the night, I at last came

to the determination to go New York and try if I could not get at the truth of the matter. I did not mention my intention to my wife, lest she should object to it, from a fear that I might run myself into some scrape; but merely sent her a note from the counting house to tell her I was going on business. On arriving at New York, I found Miss Gyrston had established herself in a large boarding house, in which were several gentlemen with whom I was well acquainted, from whom I learnt that the lady had made a set, and apparently not an unsuccessful one, at one of the boarders. This was well, and consequently so armed I went and requested a private audience of the lady, which as she had been so long a resident in my house I felt myself authorised to do. I will not trouble you with the preliminaries; suffice it to say that I charged her point blank with having deceived you by telling you, the morning of the day on which the ball was to take place; that she knew positively that an engagement had taken place between Louisa Melville and Lionel Krugar, and having assured you that she had actually heard from Louisa, that the engagement was to be made known to their friends as soon as the ball was over; and then informed her that I had come to New York on purpose to get from her a written acknowledgment of the truth of this statement. I will not pretend to detail all the insolent and impertinent things she said while disclaiming my charge; but as I became every moment more certain that I had got at the truth, I told her very coolly, that if she gave me the acknowledgment I desired, the thing should be hushed up and no more would be heard of it; but if on the contrary, she refused it, she should be exposed and disgraced throughout the whole city. "And where is the evidence on which you think to destroy my character?" she asked with a look of great daring and hardihood. "I believe," I replied, "that my bare assertion would be sufficient for almost any one in this city; but if that would not do, where is the man who would presume to question Alfred Dhuring's word? Ask any gentleman in this house if he could doubt it." This had the desired effect, and she asked in an impatient tone, what it was I desired her to do. I told her she was to declare solemnly, that what she told you, as having heard from Louisa Melville, had only been overheard in a conversation between her and Lionel Krugar, and which she knew at the time, was only said in jest, though it had been made use of by her for the purpose of separating you and Louisa; as she could not bear the idea of that young lady's succeeding in getting you, after she had herself failed. She took up a pen for the purpose of writing what I required, but I soon found her too illiterate to be able to express herself on paper. I therefore took the pen from her and wrote the confession, and gave it to her to sign, which she did, reminding me at the same time of my promise of secrecy. I repeated my promise but could not forbear from saying, when I did so: "has no compunction of conscience ever visited you, for having thus destroyed the happiness of two excellent young persons by a base, unfeeling falsehood?"

"It was no falsehood," she replied, "I said nothing that I had not actually heard."

"And in this way much misery is often caused, by such as yourself who have no objection to do wrong,

as long as they can cloak their conscience with a mean and contemptible subterfuge."

I enclose the paper that I procured from her, and have now only left myself room to say that I leave the rest to yourself to act upon as you think proper.

Yours, faithfully,

HENRY FAIRPOINT.

"And now dearest," said Alfred, as Louisa finished reading the above letter and its enclosure, "tell me if I am not exonerated from the charge of fickleness?"

"You have cleared yourself from that suspicion," returned Louisa, looking at him with one of her sweetest smiles, "only to incur the charge of extreme credulity. For what man in his senses would ever have given credit to such a tale?"

"I am very willing to acknowledge my folly," said the young man, seizing her hand as he spoke and pressing it to his lips; "providing you will promise to forgive."

"You must apply to mamma for your forgiveness," said Louisa, withdrawing her hand, as her mother entered the room, and quitting it herself at the same moment with an elasticity of step that had long been unknown to her. Whether Mrs. Melville granted the required pardon, and whether Louisa ever went to fulfil her engagement at Havana, we leave to the ingenuity of our readers to discover. But what of Lionel? we think we hear asked, and to those to whom Lio-

nel's generous and affectionate heart, made up for the want of other qualities, we would say, that his volatile disposition soon overcame the entire destruction of those hopes in which, in spite of every discouragement he had indulged; and he had just made up his mind to put the threat he once made to Lydia into execution, when he found his brother had at length mustered up courage to speak, and had already secured the prize. Lionel, however, had always declared that he would by some means or other, be allied to the Melville family, and therefore as Lydia and Louisa were now both out of the question, he had no other resource than to turn to their cousin Cecilia. Here he was more fortunate and as Cecilia, though ambitious, had too much good sense not to treat with respect the husband who gave her the means of gratifying her passion for show, Lionel was contented, and amused himself with constructing various little machines that were fit for nothing but to put under glass covers, drawing patterns, and making wax flowers.

Of Miss Gyrston we know little. Happy should we be, could we hope she had learnt a moral lesson from Mr. Fairpoint's humiliating visit; but we have but little expectation, of that being the case; for we would sooner hope for amendment from one who committed the vice of a direct lie, than from one who imagined he had not transgressed the laws of virtue, merely because he had made use of a subterfuge.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

ITALIAN LITERATURE.—Paine & Burgess, New York, have commenced the publication of a highly attractive series of books, in uniform style, selected from the prose literature of Italy. It will embrace original translations from

the best works of the ITALIAN writers, with Original Notes, and Sketches in illustration of the Genius, the Lives and Times of the authors, translated and edited by C. EDWARD LESTER, U. S. Consul at Genoa; author of the "Glory and Shame of England," &c.

The first volume of this series is entitled, "*Ettore Fieramosca, or the challenge of Barletta; an Historical Romance of the times of the Medici; by Massimo D'Azeglio.*"

The historical reader is familiar with the exploits of the great Captain Gonzalvo of Cordova,

who commanded the Spanish forces in those contests for the possession of Italy, which took place about the time of Ferdinand and Isabella. The siege of Barletta occupies a prominent place among the events of those Italian campaigns, so vividly described by our historian, Prescott, who thus alludes to the "Chal-lenge of Barletta:"

"A dispute arose soon after this affair between a French officer and some Italian noblemen, at Gonzalvo's table, in consequence of certain injurious reflections made by the former on the bravery of the Italian nation. The quarrel was settled by a combat à l'outrance between thirteen knights on each side, fought under the protection of the Great Captain, who took a lively interest in the success of his allies. It terminated in the discomfiture and capture of the French. The tourney covers more pages in the Italian historians than the longest battle, and is told with pride and a swell of exultation, which show that this insult of the French cut more deeply than all the injuries inflicted by them."

Pope Alexander VI. Paredes, Cesar Borgia, the Colonnai, and others figure in this work, which has been admirably translated by Mr. Lester. It comes

before the American public with the following dedication to one who has indeed "thrown the soft light of romance and song over our working-day life in America." We transfer it to our pages with sincere pleasure.

TO GEORGE F. MORRIS.

DEAR GENERAL.—While every body else "in this land of noise, steam, and trouble," has been toiling out life, your *business* has been to live in society—your *pass-time* has been with the muses. You have thrown the soft light of romance and song, over our working-day life in America. How many times, years ago, did the "MIRROR" come like a winged messenger of peace and love, to our quiet homes, in the still country! How many of these cheerful homes where more cheerful when it came! We used to go to the village post office, Saturday evening, to get the "MIRROR," and then come home and tease our sisters—for we *would* read it *first*; and they would come and look over our shoulders, and beg us to let them take *just a minute*, to see General Morris's last song, and we would *not* give it up until we had read it, and then they would go off and thump away on the piano-forte, just to tease us. Dear sisters!—some of them are care-worn mothers, and some are angels now.

It seems a "a long time ago"—Those bright homes around which you have poured so much romance, and such sweet song—we've wandered away from them and we *thought* we would be happy in the great world—! And now when we are tired, and crazed, we wish we could go back again—We *did* go back, and we looked for the flowers, and they were dead—the old songs and the bright eyed sisters, and the loved ones, and "they were gone, all gone;" and we bowed over the ruins of the altars of our early love, and wept.

When I think of those deserted homes over the deep sea, whose sad ruins still seem so beautiful, I think of you, and when the "New Mirror" comes I read your songs at I used to, and try to feel as you made me feel fifteen years ago. I wish I could pour some sun-light around a heart that has poured so much around mine. I'll try! You love a good romance I know. I offer you the best in the Italian tongue. If you happen to while away an idle hour over these beautiful creations as gaily as I have many a one in trying to transmute the bright dreams of Italian romance into the rude speech of the north, I shall be well paid for my toil.

I commit this little messenger from the land of Dante to the New World to your keeping, and there is no one I would love to trust it with so well.

Faithfully, yours, C. EDWARDS LESTER.

GRNOA PALAZZO LOMELLINA.
New Year's Evening, 1845. }

A more touching and beautiful dedication we have never seen. How many and many a heart will respond to its truth!

POWER'S GREEK SLAVE.—Mr. Willis, writing from London, thus speaks of this piece of sculpture.

Power's statue of the "GREEK SLAVE," is one of

the topics of London, at this moment, and, in my opinion, if it fare as well, as to preservation, as the Venus de Medici, it will be more admired than that first marble in the world, when London shall be what Rome is now. Power should be idolized by woman for the divine type of her, by which he has now elevated man's ideal of the sex. That so wonderfully beautiful thing can be true to nature—that this divine mould is unquestionably like some women—a conviction that must strike every beholder, at the same time that it makes him thank God that he is born one of this "kind," and makes him adore woman more intensely than before. This Greek slave stands for sale in the Turkish bazaar.—Her dress hangs over the pillar against which she leans, and she is nude with the exception of the chain hung from wrist to wrist. It is a girl of eighteen, of beauty just perfected. A particular criticism of the figure and limbs would hardly be interesting to those who are not to see the statue, and I can only speak of the expression of the face, which is one that gives the nude figure a complete character of purity—a look of calm and lofty indignation, wholly incapable of willing submission to her captors. Power has secured by this work, I fancy, commissions enough for new works to fully occupy his time. It was bought by an Englishman who has been offered four times the sum for it. If we are to believe one of the London critics (?) the chief merit of the statue is due to Mrs. Trollope, who discovered Power's genius when he was making wax figures in Cincinnati, and induced him to embrace the art and go to Italy!!!

THE COPYRIGHT LAW OF ENGLAND, AS AFFECTING FOREIGN AUTHORS.—A case of some interest to foreign authors has been decided in the English Court of Exchequer.

An action was brought by Mr. Chappel to recover damages for the infringement of his supposed copyright in the music of the Overture to Auber's *Fra Diavolo*, which was sold by the composer to one Troupinas, who assigned his interest to one Latour, from whom the plaintiff took his assignment. The defendant, Mr. Purday, having published and sold copies of the same music, the action was brought to restrain him from doing so.

"The Chief Baron stated there were two questions—first, whether the plaintiff could claim any copyright under the circumstances of the case; and secondly, whether failing that, he was protected by the statute laws of England. As to the first question, *there was no doubt whatever, that no foreigner residing abroad, and there composing a work could claim any protection for this work by the common law of this country.* A copyright is a creature of the municipal law of each country, and must be governed by its statutes, which have no extra-territorial power. A British subject, may, therefore, at common law, print and publish any French work in England. And the next question is, whether as regards the defendant, that power is in any way affected by the statutes relating to this subject. The terms of these statutes do not apply to foreign authors and their works. His lordship examined at some length the several cases which were cited, and concluded by

saying that their result was *that neither a foreign author nor his assignee was protected in England by the statutes, if the work in question should appear to have been first published elsewhere than in this country.* The plaintiff was nonsuited."

CHEAP MUSIC.—Since the last number of our magazine was published, Ferrett & Co. have issued, Part I. of their *Selections from Fry's Grand Opera, Leonora*, consisting of three songs for 25 cents, viz: "Return to me, ah! brother dear;" sung by Miss Ince—"Ah! Doomed Maiden"—sung by Mr. Seguin—and "Grant me one only hour," sung by Mr. Frazer. This selection is beautifully printed, and sold at an extraordinarily low price. All the gems of this Opera, arranged on a lower key, and abbreviated, will be published by Ferrett & Co.; also the entire Opera in the original key, with Recitatives, Choruses, Orchestral accompaniments, &c. as quickly as it can be prepared and passed through the press.

The same publishers have also issued, *Fourteen Celebrated Marches* for 25 cents; *Twelve Popular Quicksteps*, for 25 cents. *Melodies of Scotland—Eleven favorite songs and ballads*, for 25 cents—*Punch's Mazurkas*, seven for 12½ cents. Part II. of selections from *LEONORA*, price 25 cts.

This is a wonderful reduction in the price of music—a reduction that cannot but be hailed as a great public benefit. Persons who have been in the habit of paying three and four times the price for music that this is sold for, take it up and examine it with an incredulous and doubtful air. They think there must be some trick about it; or that it must be vastly inferior to the old style of music. In a little while, doubt and incredulity give place to a conviction that all is right, and then their expressions of gratification at this change are warm and free. We are pleased to state that, the publishers have a large quantity of music in press, and that they are straining every nerve to meet the increasing demand for their publications.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

"*The Medici Series of Italian Prose*," we have already mentioned. *The Challenge of Barletta*, by D'Azeglio, is the first book. It contains 274 pages, and is sold at fifty cents. "The Florentine Histories," by Machiavelli. "The Citizen of a Republic," by Ceba, a Genoese, and "The Auto-biography of Alfieri," will appear in quick succession. The Harpers have given us a new work from the pen of *Miss Bremer—Life in Delacaria*. It is said by those who have read it, to be one of the choicest productions of the author's pen. *The Coming of the Mammoth, The Funeral of Time, and other Poems*; By HENRY B. HIRST, is a very handsome book from the press of PHILLIPS and SAMPSON, Boston. We have placed this volume in the hands of one who has himself written many sweet poems, and much fine prose. His opinion of the book we hope to be able to give next month. For ourselves, we have not leisure enough to do justice to a volume of poems. From the press of E. Ferrett & Co. has been issued a cheap reprint of that very popular book "*Marriage*," by the au-

thor of "*Destiny*," and the "*Inheritance*." Of the writer of this work, Walter Scott, spoke thus in the conclusion of his *Tales of My Landlord*. "There remains behind not only a large harvest, but laborers capable of gathering it in. More than one writer has of late displayed talents of this description, and if the present author, himself a phantom, may be permitted to distinguish a brother or sister shadow, he would mention in particular the author of the very lively work entitled *Marriage*." There has been a great call for an edition of this book, and we are glad to see it supplied. "*Inheritance*," by the same author, is in press. Ferrett & Co. have also issued a cheap reprint of another old, but highly popular book, Mrs. Hamilton's "*Cottagers of Glenburnie*." They have also published *Anna Milnor and other Tales*. By T. S. ARTHUR. *Louisa Mildmay*. By the author of "*Two Old Men's Tales, Mount Sorrel*," &c. and "*Violina*," by Fouqué. The last book is the first number of a series of German Romances, to embrace the most popular works of Fouqué, Teick, Caroline Pichler, Schmid, Hauff, and others, which will form a most acceptable library of cheap reading.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

ORIGINAL AMERICAN VIEWS.—We publish in this number another of *Frankenstein's Original American Views*. It is taken from Bellevue Springs, and represents the Falls of Niagara in the distance. We hope to be able to give the first of his *Western Views* in the number for October.

A NEW ANNUAL FOR 1846.

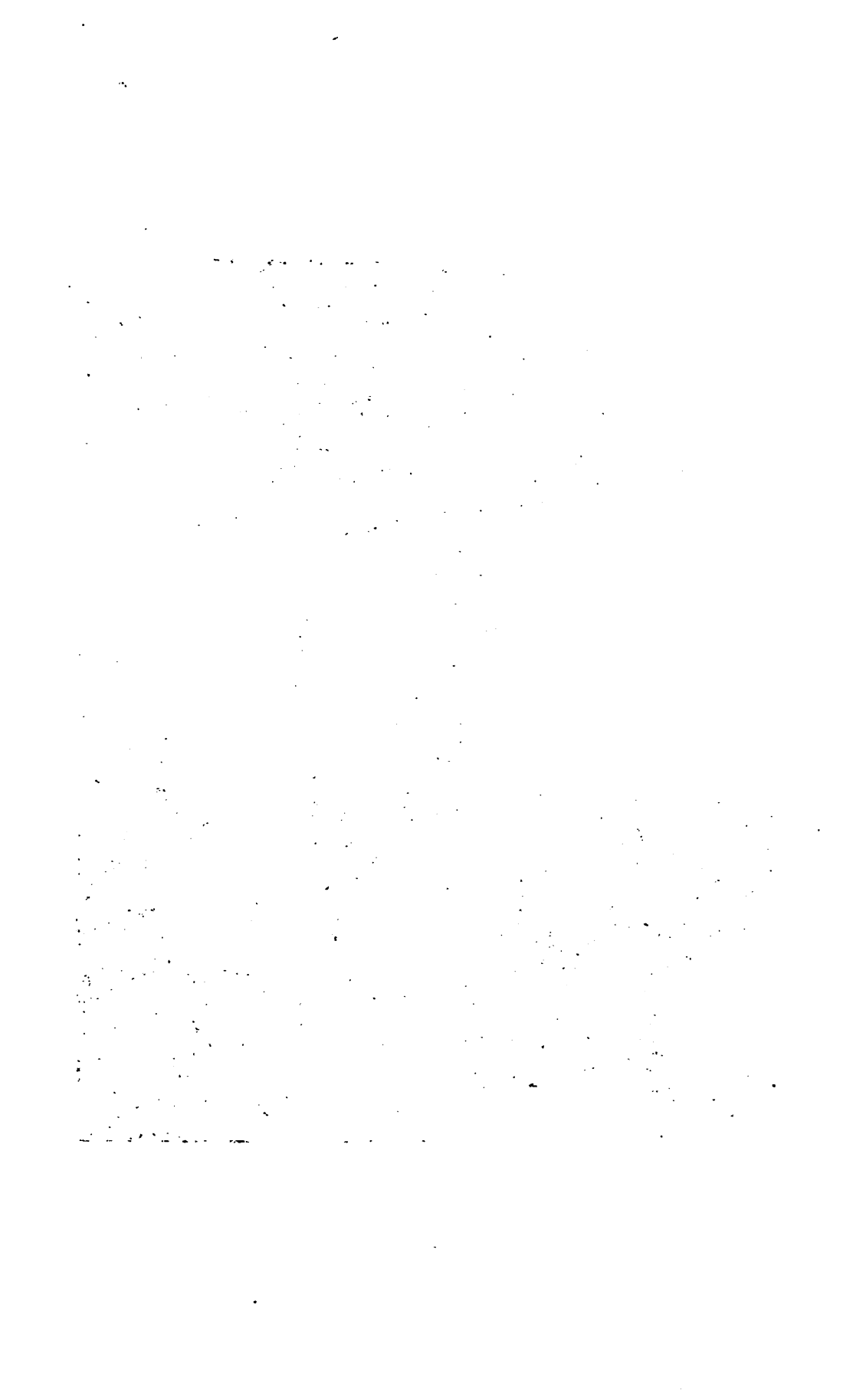
The publishers of this Magazine have in press a new and elegant annual for 1846, entitled "*THE SNOW FLAKE, A GIFT FOR INNOCENCE AND BEAUTY*." EDITED BY T. S. ARTHUR. It will be a superb volume, as no expense will be spared in the embellishments, letter press, and literary department in order to make it the most acceptable gift book of the coming season.

EVERY MAN HIS OWN AGENT.—All remittances of money for this magazine can be sent at *our charge for postage*. Those wishing to take our magazine, need not apply to any agent or post master, but write direct to us, enclosing a year's subscription, (\$2) or the price of a club, in funds current in the state where they reside, and we will pay the postage. This simplifies the whole matter of subscription, perfectly, and makes the communication between publishers and subscribers, as it should be, *direct*.

BOOKS AND MUSIC BY MAIL, FREE OF POSTAGE. See our advertisement on cover of books and music by mail.

* * * We would particularly request our brethren of the press to send us only such of their papers as contain notices of our magazine. Postage is a heavy tax on us.

* * * All letters that do not contain remittances of money for this work, must be paid to ensure attention.



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1. The first part of the paper is devoted to the study of the asymptotic behavior of the solutions of the system (1) as $t \rightarrow \infty$. It is shown that the solutions of the system (1) are bounded and tend to zero as $t \rightarrow \infty$.

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ARTHUR'S MAGAZINE.

OCTOBER, 1845.



WESTERN VIEWS.—NO. I.

BANK LICK.



ANK LICK is a beautiful stream emptying into the Licking River, five miles from its confluence with the Ohio, opposite Cincinnati. The admirable engraving which we give in the present number,

represents a scene situated on the former stream, about a mile above its junction with the latter, and four miles from the flourishing towns of Newport and Covington,—immediately opposite the “Queen of the West.” In the middle-ground of the picture, a mill is seen among the trees,—the property of General James Taylor of Newport. The quietude of the water is caused by the dam which is seen to the right of the mill. Below the dam, the water is more shallow, and swift. Here it dashes over a bed of limestone rock.

The stream received its name from the early settlers; and its banks have, doubtless, been trodden by Boone and Kenton. Some of the scenes in “Nick of the Woods,” are laid in this vicinity. In earlier times, it must have been one of nature's most delightful haunts. It is now,

notwithstanding the changes which have been effected by modern “improvements,” a beautiful retreat. At the point where the view is taken, the country is quite open, but immediately above, as well as below, the banks are densely shaded by the native forest trees, whose graceful branches overhang, and, in many places dip into the calm, liquid mirror, reposing beneath.

In the foreground of the picture, a well beaten path may be observed,—made by the “angling” portion of the visitors from Cincinnati and other places. This stream has long been a favorite resort for fishing,—so much so, indeed, that, of late, nearly all its finny inhabitants have gone to “parts unknown.” The forest, at the right of the stream (which is not seen in the picture) contains some of our noblest western trees. Two or three miles above the mill, are the “Latonian Springs,” kept by Doctor S. Mosher, a convenient and pleasant retreat from the heat and dust of city and town; and during the summer it is thronged by visitors.

This picture is the first of a series of “Western Views,” by Frankenstein, Wall, and other western artists. “Bank Lick” is from an original picture, painted for us by Godfrey N. Frankenstein, a young artist of Cincinnati. We have other pictures of his in the hands of engravers, and he is engaged in painting us a number more.

SHAKESPEARE GALLERY OF BEAUTY.—NO. V.

PORTIA.

HIS month we give a "counterpart presentment" of one of Shakespeare's most admired characters. We never read "*The Merchant of Venice*," without pausing again and again to

admire the noble qualities of its heroine. The character of Portia is one which we will not attempt to analyse, for fear of not being able to do it justice. It is "the exalted conception of a noble mind; one in which all qualities of heart and intellect that can inspire love, or excite admiration, are combined, forming, (if we may use the expression) an ideal perfection.

We cannot better describe Portia, than by quoting her own words, in *Act III. Scene 2*.

Per. "You see me my lord Bassanio where I stand,
Such as I am; though, for myself alone,
I would not be ambitious in my wish,
To wish myself much better; yet for you,
I would be trebled twenty times myself;
A thousand times more fair, ten thousand times
More rich;
That, only to stand high on your account,
I might in virtues, beauties, livings, friends,
Exceed account; but the full sum of me,
Is sum of something; which, to term in gross,
Is an unlesson'd girl, unachool'd, unpractis'd;
Happy in this, she is not yet so old,
But she may learn; happier in this,
She is not bred so dull but she can learn;
Happiest of all, that her gentle spirit
Commits itself to yours, to be directed,
As from her lord, her governor, her king."

The plot of this play has been condemned, on the ground of its improbability, while other critics have defended it from this objection. Verplanck makes the following excellent vindication.

"This objection assumes that absolute probability is necessary to the degree of belief required for interest in dramatic or other fictitious narrative. Now the very reverse is the case; for mere ordinary probability, or a succession of events such as are most likely to happen, puts an

end at once to the excitement of unexpectedness; it shuts out all the interest of hope or fear for the personages. To obtain this interest the incidents must appear possible, and within the range of human events; yet, the more singular they are, and the less likely to happen as matters of course, if they can only be temporarily believed to have happened at all, the stronger is the interest. The incidents in the *MERCHANT OF VENICE* are assuredly not of every-day occurrence, yet they are all such as might have actually happened in the times and countries in which Shakespeare has placed his scene. Indeed, such is the poverty of human invention, as to any purely original narration of facts, beyond mere combination in new forms of old incidents, that there is in this, as in many similar traditionary stories, good ground to believe that the tale or legends may have been originally founded upon real occurrences."

"The story of *THE MERCHANT OF VENICE*" he remarks, further, "so far as relates, to the stipulated pound of flesh, is one of the many traditionary narratives which have traveled around the world, reappearing in varied forms, in different ages, countries, and languages. There is good reason to believe that it is originally of oriental origin, and that it passed, with other things of the same sort, through the monkish Latin literature, (and especially through the popular collection of the *Gesta Romanorum*) into Italian and English legends, romance and poetry."

The following account of the origin of the story of the *CASKETS*, which forms part of the plot is given by Dunlop, in his "*History of Fiction*."

"A noble Italian, called Ruggieri, entered into the service of Alphonso, King of Spain. He soon perceives that his majesty is extremely liberal to others, but thinking his own merits not sufficiently rewarded, he asks leave to return to his own country. This the King grants, after presenting him with a fine mule for his journey. Alphonso directs one of his own attendants to join him on the road, to note if he make any complaint of the treatment he had received, and, if he should, to command his return. The mule, having stopped in a river, and refusing to go on, Ruggieri said she was like the person who gave her. Ruggieri being in consequence brought back to the capital, and his words reported to the King, he is introduced into the presence of his

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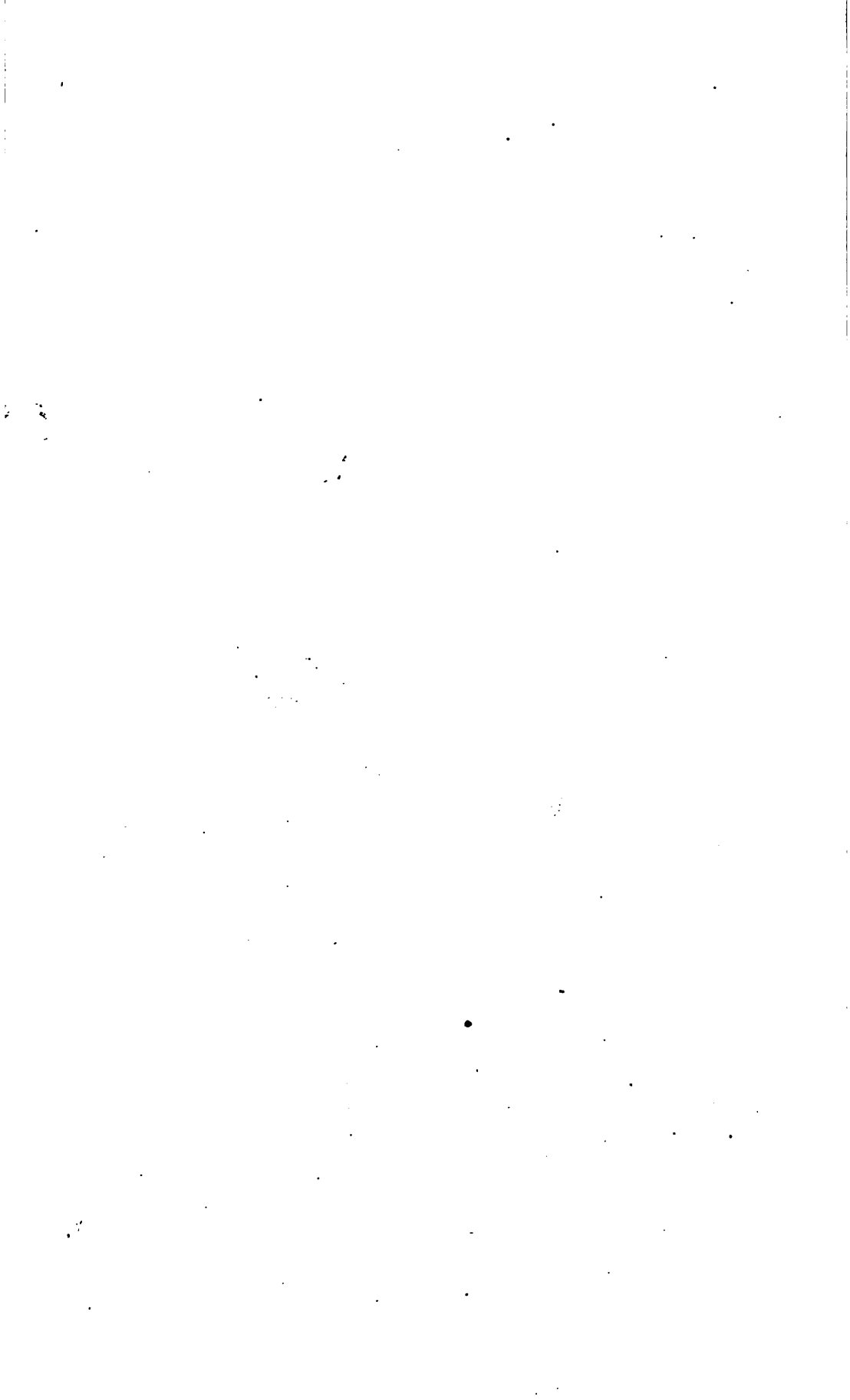
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majesty, and asked why he had compared him to the mule. 'Because,' replied Ruggieri, 'the mule would not stop where it ought, but stood still, when it should have gone on: in like manner you give where it is not suitable, and withhold when you ought to bestow.' On hearing this, the King carries him into a hall, and shows him two stout coffers, one filled with earth, the other containing the crown and sceptre, and a variety of precious stones. Alphonso desires him to take which one he pleases; and Ruggieri having accidentally fixed on the one with earth, the king affirms that it is bad fortune that has all along prevented him from being a partaker of the royal benefits. Then having presented him with the valuable chest, he allows him to return to Italy.

"The rudiments of this story may be traced as far back as the romance of Josaphat and Barlaam. A king commanded four chests to be made, two of which were covered with gold, and secured by golden locks, but were filled with rotten bones of human carcasses. The other two were overlaid with pitch and bound with ragged cords, but were replenished with precious stones, and ointments of most exquisite odor. Having called his nobles together, the king placed these chests before them, and asked which they deemed most valuable. They pronounced those with the golden coverings to be the most precious, and surveyed the other two with contempt. 'I foresaw,' said the king, 'what would be your deter-

mination, for you look with the eyes of sense; but to discern baseness or value, which are hid within, we must look with the eyes of the mind.' He then ordered the golden chests to be opened, which exhaled an intolerable stench, and filled the beholders with horror. The story next appeared in the 109th chapter of the continental *Gesta Romanorum*. There, an inn-keeper found a chest, which he discovered to be full of money. It was claimed by the owner, and the inn-keeper, in order to ascertain if it were the will of Providence he should restore it, ordered three pastries to be made. One he filled with earth, the second, with bones of dead men, and the third with money; he gave his choice of these three to the rightful proprietor, who fixed successively on the two with earth and bones, whence the inn-keeper drew an inference in his own favor. This story came to Boccaccio, with the further modifications it had received in the *Cento Novelle Antiche*. It is related conformably to the circumstances in the Decameron, both in the *Speculum Historiale*, and in the *Confessio Amantis* of Gower, who cites a 'Cronikil' as his authority, for the tale. Thence it passed into the English *Gesta Romanorum*, where three vessels are exhibited to a lady for her choice, the first of gold, but filled with dead bones, the second of silver, containing earth and worms, and the last of lead, but replenished with precious stones. It was probably from this last work, that Shakespear derived the story of the Caskets."

ENGLAND.

BY WM. H. CARPENTER.



And then and there the minstrels, trolled many an ancient lay—
Such was the noble custom of England's merrier day.

From village, town and hamlet; from forest, field and fell;

From sunny glade and copse wood shade, from wold and bosky dell—

Not once alone, but oftentimes, through each revolving year,

For jocund mirth, and manly game, and good old English cheer,

Stout Labor threw his mattock down, and donned his best array—

Such was the joyous custom of England's merrier day.

In the sadder days of England, these joys have taken wing;

Men scarcely know if flowers blow through the months of spring;

The youngling and the aged, the willow and the oak,

In pain and care all time must bear the burden of the yoke,

Aye, scarcely pause hath haggard Toil to lift his hands to pray—

Such is the piteous custom of England's sadder day.

Now hunger-bound to cities, where even rod's own air,

Which once brought health and ruddiness, brings poison and despair;

Where the dear sunshine only comes through mammon's murky clouds,

Men wear their lives to ghastliness in weaving earthly shrouds;

And pale and puny children must work when they should play—

Such is the piteous custom of England's modern day.

LIONARDO DA VINCI.

FROM Mrs. Jameson's "Memoirs of the Early Italian Painters," we take the following interesting sketch of this eminent artist. Nothing that we can add, by way of introduction, is necessary to make the article acceptable. The subject and the writer are sufficient attractions. Ed.]

We now approach the period when the art of painting reached its highest perfection, whether considered with reference to poetry of conception, or the mechanical means through which these conceptions were embodied in the noblest forms. Within a short period of about thirty years, i. e. between 1490 and 1520, the greatest painters whom the world has yet seen were living and working together. On looking back we cannot but feel that the excellence they attained was the result of the efforts and aspirations of a preceding age; and yet these men were so great in their vocation, and so individual in their greatness, that, losing sight of the linked chain of progress, they seemed at first to have had no precursors, as they have since had no peers. Though living at the same time, and most of them in personal relation with each other, the direction of each mind was different—was peculiar; though exercising in some sort a reciprocal influence, this influence never interfered with the most decided originality. These wonderful artists, who would have been remarkable men in their time, though they had never touched a pencil, were Lionardo da Vinci, Michael Angelo, Raphael, Correggio, Giorgione, Titian, in Italy; and in Germany, Albert Dürer. Of these men, we might say, as of Homer and Shakespeare, that they belong to no particular age or country, but to all time, and to the universe. That they flourished together within one brief and brilliant period, and that each carried up to the highest degree of perfection his own peculiar aims, was no casualty: nor are we to seek for the causes of this surpassing excellence merely in the history of the art as such. The cause lay far deeper, and must be referred to the history of human culture. The fermenting activity of the fifteenth century found its results in the extraordinary development of human intelligence in the commencement of the sixteenth century. We often hear in those days of "the spirit of the age;" but in that wonderful age three mighty spirits were stirring society to

its depths:—the spirit of bold investigation into truths of all kinds, which led to the Reformation; the spirit of daring adventure, which led men in search of new worlds beyond the eastern and the western oceans; and the spirit of art, through which men soared even to the "seventh heaven of invention."

Lionardo da Vinci seems to present in his own person a *résumé* of all the characteristics of the age in which he lived. He was the miracle of that age of miracles. Ardent and versatile as youth; patient and persevering as age; a most profound and original thinker; the greatest mathematician and most ingenious mechanic of his time; architect, chemist, engineer, musician, poet, painter!—we are not only astounded by the variety of his natural gifts and acquired knowledge, but by the practical direction of his amazing powers. The extracts which have been published from MSS. now existing in his own handwriting show him to have anticipated by the force of his own intellect some of the greatest discoveries made since his time. These fragments, says Mr. Hallam, "are, according to our common estimate of the age in which he lived, more like revelations of physical truths vouchsafed to a single mind, than the superstructures of its reasoning upon any established basis. The discoveries which made Galileo, Kepler, Castelli, and other names illustrious—the system of Copernicus—the very theories of recent geologists, are anticipated by Da Vinci within the compass of a few pages, not perhaps in the most precise language, or on the most conclusive reasoning, but so as to strike us with something like the awe of preternatural knowledge. In an age of so much dogmatism, he first laid down the grand principle of Bacon, that experiment and observation must be the guides to just theory in the investigation of nature. If any doubt could be harbored, not as to the right of Lionardo da Vinci to stand as the first name of the fifteenth century, which is beyond all doubt, but as to his originality in so many discoveries, which probably no one man, especially in such circumstances, has ever made—it must be by an hypothesis not very untenable, that some parts of physical science had already attained a height which mere books do not record."

It seems at first sight almost incomprehensible that, thus endowed as a philosopher, mechanic, inventor, discoverer, the fame of Lionardo should

now rest on the works he has left as a painter. We cannot, within these limits, attempt to explain why and how it is that as the man of science he has been naturally and necessarily left behind by the onward march of intellectual progress, while as the poet-painter he still survives as a presence and a power. We must proceed at once to give some account of him in the character in which he exists to us and for us—that of the great artist.

Lionardo was born at Vinci, near Florence, in the Lower Val d'Arno, on the borders of the territory of Pistoia. His father, Piero da Vinci, was an advocate of Florence—not rich, but in independent circumstances, and possessed of estates in land. The singular talents of his son induced Piero to give him, from an early age, the advantage of the best instructors. As a child, he distinguished himself by his proficiency in arithmetic and mathematics. Music he studied early, as a science as well as an art. He invented a species of lyre for himself, and sung his own poetical compositions to his own music—both being frequently extemporaneous. But his favorite pursuit was the art of design in all its branches; he modelled in clay or wax, or attempted to draw every object which struck his fancy. His father sent him to study under Andrea Verrocchio famous as a sculptor, chaser in metal, and painter. Andrea, who was an excellent and correct designer, but a bad and hard colorist, was soon after engaged to paint a picture of the Baptism of our Saviour. He employed Lionardo, then a youth, to execute one of the angels: this he did with so much softness and richness of color, that it far surpassed the rest of the picture; and Verocchio from that time threw away his palette, and confined himself wholly to his works in sculpture and design; “enraged,” says Vasari, “that a child should thus excel him.”

The youth of Lionardo thus passed away in the pursuit of science and of art: sometimes he was deeply engaged in astronomical calculations and investigations; sometimes ardent in the study of natural history, botany, and anatomy; sometimes intent on new effects of color, light, shadow, or expression, in representing objects animate or inanimate. Versatile, yet persevering, he varied his pursuits, but he never abandoned any. He was quite a young man when he conceived and demonstrated the practicability of two magnificent projects: one was, to lift the whole of the church of San Lorenzo, by means of immense levers, some feet higher than it now stands, and thus supply the deficient elevation; the other project was, to form the Arno into a navigable canal, as far as Pisa, which would have added greatly to the commercial advantages of Florence.

It happened about this time that a peasant on the estate of Piero da Vinci brought him a circular piece of wood, cut horizontally from the trunk of a very large old fig-tree, which had been lately felled, and begged to have something painted on it as an ornament for his cottage. The man being an especial favorite, Piero desired his son Lionardo to gratify his request; and Lionardo, inspired by that wildness of fancy which was one of his characteristics, took the panel into his own room, and resolved to astonish his father by a most unlooked-for proof of his art. He determined to compose something which should have an effect similar to that of the Medusa on the shield of Perseus, and almost petrify beholders. Aided by his recent studies in natural history, he collected together from the neighboring swamps and the river-mud all kinds of hideous reptiles, as adders, lizards, toads, serpents; insects, as moths, locusts; and other crawling and flying obscene and obnoxious things; and out of these he compounded a sort of monster or chimera, which he represented as about to issue from the shield, with eyes flashing fire, and of an aspect so fearful and abominable that it seemed to infect the very air around. When finished, he led his father into the room in which it was placed, and the terror and horror of Piero proved the success of his attempt. This production, afterwards known as the *Rotello del Fico*, from the material on which it was painted, was sold by Piero secretly for one hundred ducats, to a merchant, who carried it to Milan, and sold it to the duke for three hundred. To the poor peasant thus cheated of his *Rotello*, Piero gave a wooden shield, on which was painted a heart transfixed by a dart; a device better suited to his taste and comprehension. In the subsequent troubles of Milan, Lionardo's picture disappeared, and was probably destroyed as an object of horror, by those who did not understand its value as a work of art.

The anomalous monster represented on the *Rotello* was wholly different from the Medusa, afterwards painted by Lionardo, and now existing in the Florence Gallery. It represents the severed head of Medusa, seen foreshortened, lying on a fragment of rock: the features are beautiful and regular; the hair already metamorphosed into serpents—

“which curl and flow,
And their long tangles in each other lock,
And with unending involutions show
Their mailed radiance.”

Those who have once seen this terrible and fascinating picture can never forget it. The ghastly head seems to expire, and the serpents to crawl into glittering life, as we look upon it.

During this first period of his life, which was wholly passed in Florence and its neighborhood, Lionardo painted several other pictures of a very different character, and designed some beautiful cartoons of sacred and mythological subjects, which showed that his sense of the beautiful, the elevated, and the graceful, was not less a part of his mind than that eccentricity and almost perversion of fancy which made him delight in sketching ugly, exaggerated caricatures, and representing the deformed and the terrible.

Lionardo da Vinci was now about thirty years old, in the prime of his life and talents. His taste for pleasure and expense was, however, equal to his genius and indefatigable industry; and anxious to secure a certain provision for the future, as well as a wider field for the exercise of his various talents, he accepted the invitation of Ludovico Sforza il Moro, then regent, afterwards Duke of Milan, to reside in his court, and to execute a colossal equestrian statue of his ancestor Francesco Sforza. Here begins the second period of his artistic career, which includes his sojourn at Milan, that is, from 1483 to 1499.

Vasari says that Lionardo was invited to the court of Milan for the Duke Ludovico's amusement, "as a musician and performer on the lyre, and as the greatest singer and *improvisatore* of his time;" but this is improbable. Lionardo, in his long letter to that prince, in which he recites his own qualifications for employment, dwells chiefly on his skill in engineering and fortification; and sums up his pretensions as an artist in these few brief words:—"I understand the different modes of sculpture in marble, bronze, and terra-cotta. In painting, also, I may esteem myself equal to any one, let him be who he may." Of his musical talents he makes no mention whatever, though undoubtedly these, as well as his other social accomplishments, his handsome person, his winning address, his wit and eloquence, recommended him to the notice of the prince, by whom he was greatly beloved, and in whose service he remained for about seventeen years. It is not necessary, nor would it be possible here, to give a particular account of all the works in which Lionardo was engaged for his patron, nor of the great political events in which he was involved, more by his position than by his inclination; for instance, the invasion of Italy by Charles VIII. of France, and the subsequent invasion of Milan by Louis XII. which ended in the destruction of the Duke Ludovico. We shall only mention a few of the pictures he executed. One of these, the portrait of Lucrezia Crivelli, is now in the Louvre (No. 1091). Another was the Nativity of our Saviour, in the imperial collection at Vienna; but the greatest work of all,

and by far the grandest picture which, up to that time, had been executed in Italy, was the Last Supper, painted on the wall of the refectory, or dining-room, of the Dominican convent of the Madonna delle Grazie. It occupied the painter about two years. Of this magnificent creation of art only the mouldering remains are now visible. It has been so often repaired, that almost every vestige of the original painting is annihilated; but from the multiplicity of descriptions, engravings, and copies that exist, no picture is more universally known and celebrated.

The moment selected by the painter is described in the 26th chapter of St. Matthew, 21st and 22d verses: "And as they did eat, he said, Verily, I say unto you, that one of you shall betray me: and they were exceeding sorrowful, and began every one of them to say unto him, Lord, is it I?" The knowledge of character displayed in the heads of the different apostles is even more wonderful than the skilful arrangement of the figures and the amazing beauty of the workmanship. The space occupied by the picture is a wall 28 feet in length, and the figures are larger than life. The best judgment we can now form of its merits is from the fine copy executed by one of Lionardo's best pupils, Marco Uggione, for the Certosa at Pavia, and now in London, in the collection of the Royal Academy. Eleven other copies, by various pupils of Lionardo, painted either during his life-time or within a few years after his death, while the picture was in perfect preservation, exist in different churches and collections.

Of the grand equestrian statue of Francesco Sforza, Lionardo never finished more than the model in clay, which was considered a masterpiece. Some years afterwards (in 1499), when Milan was invaded by the French, it was used as a target by the Gascon bowmen, and completely destroyed. The profound anatomical studies which Lionardo made for this work still exist.

In the year 1500, the French being in possession of Milan, his patron Lodovico in captivity, and the affairs of the state in utter confusion, Lionardo returned to his native Florence, where he hoped to re-establish his broken fortunes, and to find employment. Here begins the third period of his artistic life, from 1500 to 1513, that is, from his forty-eighth to his sixtieth year. He found the Medici family in exile, but was received by Pietro Soderini (who governed the city as "*Gonfaloniere perpetuo*") with great distinction, and a pension was assigned to him as painter in the service of the republic.

Then began the rivalry between Lionardo and Michael Angelo, which lasted during the remainder of Lionardo's life. The difference of age (for

Michael Angelo was twenty-two years younger; it to have prevented all unseemly jealousy: Michael Angelo was haughty and impatient of superiority, or even equality; Lionardo, sensitive, capricious, and naturally disinclined to the pretensions of a rival, to whom he could not and *did* say, "I was famous before you were born!" With all their admiration of each other's genius, their mutual frailties prevented real good-will on either side. The two painters competed for the honor of painting in fresco the side of the great Council-hall in the Palazzo Vecchio at Florence. Each prepared his cartoon; each, emulous of the fame and conscious of the abilities of his rival, threw all his best powers into his work. Lionardo chose for his subject the defeat of the Milanese general Niccolò Piccinino by the Florentine army in 1440. One of the best groups represented a combat of cavalry fighting for the possession of a standard. "It was wonderfully executed, that the horses themselves seemed animated by the same fury as their riders; nor is it possible to describe the variety of attitudes, the splendor of the dresses and armor of the warriors, nor the incredible skill shown in the forms and actions of the horses." Michael Angelo chose for his subject the moment before the same battle, when a party of Italian soldiers bathing in the Arno are surprised by the sound of the trumpet calling them to battle. Of this cartoon we shall have more to say in treating of his life. The preference was given to Lionardo da Vinci. But, as Vasari tells us, he spent so much time in trying experiments and in preparing the wall to receive oil-painting, which he preferred to fresco, that in the meantime some changes in the government intervened and the design was abandoned. The two cartoons remained for several years open to the public, and artists flocked from every part of Italy to study them. Subsequently they were divided into several parts, dispersed, and lost. It is only a small part of Michael Angelo's composition that a small copy exists; of Lionardo's, not more than a fragment which existed in his studio, which has since disappeared, Rubens made a fine drawing, which was engraved by Delaune, and is known as the Battle of the

Marathon, a reproach against Lionardo, in his own time. He began many things and finished few: his magnificent designs and projects, in art or mechanics, were seldom completed. This may be a subject of regret, but it is not to make it a reproach. It was in the character of the man. The grasp of his mind was superhuman, that he never, in any branch of science, satisfied himself or realized his

own vast conceptions. The most exquisitely finished of his works, those that in the perfection of the execution have excited the wonder and despair of succeeding artists, were put aside by him as unfinished sketches. Most of the pictures now attributed to him were wholly or in part painted by his scholars and imitators from his cartoons. One of the most famous of these was designed for the altar-piece of the church of the convent called the Nunziata. It represented the Virgin Mary seated in the lap of her mother St. Anna, having in her arms the infant Christ, while St. John is playing with a lamb at their feet; St. Anna, looking on with a tender smile, rejoices in her divine offspring; the figures were drawn with such skill, and the various expressions proper to each conveyed with such inimitable truth and grace, that when exhibited in a chamber of the convent, the inhabitants of the city flocked to see it, and for two days the streets were crowded with people, "as if it had been some solemn festival;" but the picture was never painted, and the monks of the Nunziata, after waiting long and in vain for their altar-piece, were obliged to employ other artists. The cartoon, or a very fine repetition of it, is now in the possession of our Royal Academy, and it must not be confounded with the St. Anna in the Louvre, a more fantastic and apparently an earlier composition.

Lionardo, during his stay at Florence, painted the portrait of Ginevra Benci, already mentioned in the memoir of Ghirlandajo, as the reigning beauty of her time; and also the portrait of Mona Lisa del Giocondo, sometimes called La Joconde. On this last picture he worked at intervals for four years, but was still unsatisfied. It was purchased by Francis I. for four thousand golden crowns, and is now in the Louvre. We find Lionardo also engaged by Cæsar Borgia to visit and report on the fortifications of his territories, and in this office he was employed for two years. In 1514 he was invited to Rome by Leo X. but more in his character of philosopher, mechanic, and alchemist, than as a painter. Here he found Raphael at the height of his fame, and then engaged in his greatest works—the frescoes of the Vatican. Two pictures which Lionardo painted while at Rome—the Madonna of St. Onofrio, and the Holy Family, painted for Filiberto of Savoy, the pope's sister-in-law (which is now at St. Petersburg)—show that even this veteran in art felt the irresistible influence of the genius of his young rival. They are both *Raffaellesque* in the subject and treatment.

It appears that Lionardo was ill-satisfied with his sojourn at Rome. He had long been accustomed to hold the first rank as an artist wherever he resided; whereas at Rome he found himself

only one among many who, if they acknowledged his greatness, affected to consider his day as past. He was conscious that many of the improvements in the arts which were now brought into use, and which enabled the painters of the day to produce such extraordinary effects, were invented or introduced by himself. If he could no longer assert that measureless superiority over all others which he had done in his younger days, it was because he himself had opened to them new paths to excellence. The arrival of his old competitor Michael Angelo, and some slight on the part of Leo X. who was annoyed by his speculative and dilatory habits in executing the works intrusted to him, all added to his irritation and disgust. He left Rome, and set out for Pavia, where the French king Francis I. then held his court. He was received by the young monarch with every mark of respect, loaded with favors, and a pension of 700 gold crowns settled on him for life. At the famous conference between Francis I. and Leo X. at Bologna, Lionardo attended his new patron, and was of essential service to him on that occasion. In the following year, 1516, he returned with Francis I. to France, and was attached to the French court as principal painter. It appears, however, that during his residence in France he did not paint a single picture. His health had begun to decline from the time he left Italy; and feeling his end approach, he prepared himself for it by religious meditation, by acts of charity, and by a most conscientious distribution by will of all his worldly possessions to his relatives and friends. At length, after protracted suffering, this great and most extraordinary man died at Coux, near Amboise, on the 2d of May, 1519, being then in his sixty-seventh year. It is to be regretted that we cannot wholly credit the beautiful story of his dying in the arms of Francis I. who, as it is said, had come to visit him on his death-bed. It would indeed have been, as Fuseli expressed it, "an honor to the king, by which Destiny would have atoned to that monarch for his future disaster at Pavia," had the incident really happened, as it has been so often related by biographers, celebrated by poets, represented with a just pride by painters, and willingly believed by all the world; but the well-authenticated fact that the court was *on that day* at St. Germain-en-Laye, whence the royal ordinances are dated, renders the story, unhappily, very doubtful.

We have mentioned a few of the genuine works of Lionardo da Vinci; they are exceedingly rare. It appears certain that not one-third of the pictures attributed to him and bearing his name were the production of his own hand, though they were the creation of his mind, for he

generally furnished the cartoons or designs from which his pupils executed pictures of various degrees of excellence.

Thus the admirable picture in our National Gallery of Christ disputing with the Doctors, though undoubtedly designed by Lionardo, is supposed by some to be executed by his best scholar, Bernardino Luini; by others it is attributed to Francesco Melzi. Those ruined pictures which bear his name at Windsor and at Hampton Court are from the Milanese school.

Of nine pictures in the Louvre attributed to Lionardo, three only—the St. John, and the two famous portraits of the Mona Lisa and Lucrezia Crivelli—are considered genuine. The others are from his designs and from his school.

In the Florentine Gallery the Medusa is certainly genuine; but the famous Herodias holding the dish to receive the head of John the Baptist, was probably painted from his cartoon by Luini. His own portrait, in the same gallery (in the Salle des Peintres), is wonderfully fine; indeed the finest of all, and the one which at once attracts and fixes attention.

In the Milan collections are many pictures attributed to him: a few are in private collections in England: Lord Ashburton has an exquisite group of the Infant Christ and St. John playing with a lamb, and there is a small Madonna in Lord Shrewsbury's gallery at Alton Towers.

But it is the MS. notes and designs are left behind him that give us the best idea of the indefatigable industry of this "myriad-minded man," and the almost incredible extent of his acquirements. In the Ambrosian Library at Milan there are twelve huge volumes of his works relative to arts, chemistry, mathematics, &c.; one of them contains a collection of anatomical drawings, which the celebrated anatomist Dr. Hunter described as the most wonderful things of the kind for accuracy and beauty that he had ever beheld. In the Royal Library at Windsor there are three volumes of MSS. and drawings, containing a vast variety of subjects—portraits, heads, groups, and single figures; fine anatomical studies of horses; a battle of elephants, full of spirit; drawings in optics, hydraulics, and perspective; plans of military machines, maps and surveys of rivers; beautiful and accurate drawings of plants and rocks, to be introduced into his pictures; musical airs noted in his own hand, perhaps his own compositions; anatomical subjects, with elaborate notes and explanations. In the Royal Library at Paris there is a volume of philosophical treatises, from which extracts have been published by Venturi. In the Holkham Collection is a MS. treatise on hydraulics. The "Treatise on Painting," by Lionardi da Vinci

has been translated from the original Italian into French, English, and German, and is the foundation of all that has since been written on the subject, whether relating to the theory or to the practice of the art. His MSS. are particularly difficult to read or decipher, as he had a habit of writing right to left, instead of from left to right. What was his reason for this singularity has not been explained.

The scholars of Lionardo da Vinci, and those artists formed in the Academy which he founded in Milan, under the patronage of Ludovico il Moro, comprise that school of art known as the Milanese or Lombard School. They are distin-

guished by a lengthy and graceful style of drawing, a particular amenity and sweetness of expression (which in the inferior painters degenerated into affectation and a sort of vapid smile), and particularly by the transparent lights and shadows—the *chiaroscuro*, of which Lionardo was the inventor or discoverer. The most eminent painters were Bernardino Luini; Marco Uggione, or D'Oggioni; Antonio. Beltraffio; Francesco Melzi; and Andrea Salai. All these studied under the immediate tuition of Lionardo, and painted most of the pictures ascribed to him. Gaudenzio Ferrari and Cesare da Sesto imitated him, and owed their celebrity to his influence.

THE WANING COQUETTE,

BEFORE HER LOOKING GLASS.

BY THOMAS G. SPEAR.



ES! 'tis thus that
Time's rude fingers
Leave their tracery
on my brow,
And no more the
rose-tint lingers
Where my cheeks
were fresh till now.

Once a vain and
giddy creature,

Mine is hence a thoughtful part—
Chang'd in feeling—chang'd in feature,
And in all the trifter's art.

They did say that Time would change me,
But I ne'er believ'd it true,
That brief years could so estrange me
From the charms that once I knew.

Yet a sad reverse of seasons
Finds me on life's shady side;
While old Time's insidious treasours,
Both my joys and charms deride.

On my cheeks are gathering wrinkles,
Blended with a saffron hue—
In my locks some snowy sprinkles
Where before but auburn grew.

At my heart there is a sadness—
O'er my eyes a filmy veil—
From my voice each tone of gladness
Dies, like music on the gale.

Not a gallant now besets me,
Of the many that I knew—

And my scornful trifling frets me,
Since it lost me friends so true.

Where are now my fair conceptions,
Winning looks and wayward arts!
Where the fruits of gay deceptions,
And my power o'er many hearts?

Few of those I priz'd are left me,
To admonish, cheer, and guide;—
Folly has of much bereft me,
Save this wreck of early pride.

Foibles of the thoughtless maiden!
Ye have robb'd me of my glee,
Till, with disappointment laden,
Life grows dull and drear to me.

'T was with mad and wanton spirit,
That I threw my love away;
And my pride is my demerit,
Since it did my peace betray.

Oh! for those delightful moments,
When the brave were at my side,
And, 'mid smiles and kind bestowments,
I was thrice a plighted bride.

But those halcyon days are over—
All of girlhood's joys are gone—
And repentant thoughts must hover
Round me as I wander on.

Farewell Fashion! Farewell flirting!
Beaux and idle scenes adieu!
Other hopes my soul diverting,
Hence to them I will be true!

GOOD AND EVIL.

BY E. FERRITT.

THE VERY faculty of the human mind has its use and abuse—there is not one which is not highly servicable when exercised in its proper sphere, and under proper control. It is by no

means an uncommon fallacy to suppose that there are certain mental characteristics of our race, which, in themselves, are essentially bad. This belief leads us into innumerable errors, causing us, occasionally, to call things by wrong names, and sometimes to give two names to the same mental phenomenon.

Phrenology, although now pretty generally believed, is by no means generally acted upon,—we still adhere to our old terms, and flounder about in the unintelligible dogmas of old school philosophy. We have yet to learn, practically, that most useful lesson of how to call things by their proper names.

It is no part of the writer's purpose to enter into a disquisition concerning the truth or falsehood of phrenology, but simply to avail himself of that happy facility which the science affords for clearly and distinctly speaking of, and rationally understanding, mental development, with a view to showing the advantage of giving proper names to our different faculties, at the same time illustrating the doctrine that all of them are useful.

The great benefit derived from phrenology, is the distinctness with which it enables us to define mental phenomena. We are accustomed to speak of obstinacy and perseverance—decrying the one and lauding the other,—they are spoken of as two distinct faculties, although, in reality, both are produced by firmness, an excessive development of which faculty is called obstinacy by those who differ in opinion from the displayer thereof. The man who tenaciously adheres to an opinion, or pursues a course that we approve,

is said to exhibit praiseworthy perseverance, while he who is rash enough to cling to a doctrine which we decry, is abused as the most obstinate of mankind,—yet, is firmness essential to the proper development of human capability,—a character deficient of firmness is a mere toy in the hands of his fellow men—drawn by the feeling of the moment which ever way happens to look most inviting.

All our faculties are alike desirable when fairly and equally balanced. Combativeness and destructiveness, which in excess make the murderer, are necessary to resist aggression—acquisitiveness, which, when unduly exercised, produces cupidity, grasping avarice, and eventually theft, induces that prudence required by all who have to struggle for a livelihood—self-esteem, which, when possessed in an excessive degree, renders some people so perfectly revolting, is, in moderation, a great blessing, causing men to feel a consciousness of power, whereby great deeds are performed, difficulties surmounted, and scientific discoveries established, in spite of opposition from the illiterate and from those interested in maintaining darkness and ignorance. Pride, the emanation from self-esteem, is by no means objectionable in moderation—an honest pride preserves men from committing base actions—pride of ancestry prevents the descendant of a noble house from disgracing the name of his ancestors. Could a descendant from Washington tarnish his name by a foul deed? Impossible! Emulation of the noble deeds done by our predecessors, often brings to light powers that would have otherwise remained dormant. It is probable that the English would never have won the field of Agincourt, if those of Poitiers and Cressy had not been previously fought.

It is common to look at certain faculties as good, and at others as bad, without considering that by improper use they change their characters, even supposing that one set are bad: the actions of the mind which produce theft, murder, covetousness, arrogant pride, and many others, are called bad, while those of benevolence, vene-

and others are called good—benevolence carried to excess and then cease to be a man who gives liberally, without debts, is generous at the expense of and consequently dishonest—an excess of veneration makes a bigot in a fawning sycophant in every day life—scientiousness may be carried to excess, and a morbid and unhealthy exaction in matters, which though yielded with the

same precision with which it is required, will nevertheless be unpleasant and disagreeable to all men.

Thus we may venture to assert, that all our faculties are good—that there is no such thing as an evil one, unless made so by excess. In a well ordered mind every one of our faculties fills its proper use, and is as essential to the well being and happiness of a man, as the veins and arteries to the circulation of his blood.

FADING AWAY!

BY J. HUNGERFORD.



FADING away! fading away!
Still we chant a funeral lay!
Tyrant Time's relentless power
Blights some blossom every hour;
All—the brightest, sweetest, best,
Yield beneath his stern behest;
And he joys to see them, aye,
Fading away—fading away!

Fading away! fading away!
Chant for Youth a mournful lay!
The sweetest bloom of spring
Is ere summer's ripening,
Youth, while life is in its prime,
Others in the grasp of time;
And we feel it, night and day,
Fading away—fading away.

Fading away! fading away!
Chant for Beauty's transient stay!
The flower that brightest blooms
Is before the autumn comes,
Beauty, ere the noon of life,
Is 'neath Time in mortal strife;
And we see it, day by day,
Fading away—fading away.

Fading away! fading away!
Chant for Joy that will not stay!
The light that gilds the wave
Is ere the troubled waters lave,
And pleasure comes and goes,
Ere tide of fortune flows;
And we mourn its fleeting ray—
Fading away—fading away.

Fading away! fading away!
Chant for Hope a sadder lay!
As the beam, that, from on high
Breaking through a clouded sky,
Makes us deem the tempest o'er,
Flashes, and is seen no more,
Hope deludes us every day—
Fading away—fading away.

Fading away! fading away!
Chant for Love the saddest lay!
Love, of all the dearest boon,
Even Love will leave us soon—
Lingering 'round us for a while,
Till we live but in its smile,
Then, like hues of closing day,
Fading away—fading away.

Fading away! fading away!
Sing for Life a doubtful lay!
Youth, Love, Beauty, Hope, and Joy,
Time must in his course destroy;
Still, though 'tis but little worth,
Cling we to the life of earth,
And lament its transient day,
Fading away—fading away.

Fading away! fading away!
Time is dying every day!
Sing! triumphant strains sing.
When the knell of Time shall ring!
Then shall all that yields delight
Fear no more his power to blight;
And the dirge shall cease for aye,
"Fading away! fading away!"

THE FATHER AND HIS CHILD.

STOOD and gazed upon her!
on her brow
Three summer suns had scarcely
shed the light
That should have been all bright-
ness—but had left
A shadow, and a thoughtfulness
that seem'd
Almost unnatural in one so young,

So beautiful and gentle! Childhood sat
Upon her brow, but oh, its mirth was gone!
And innocence had shrin'd itself within
The temple of her spirit—and look'd out,
Serene as heaven, from her large deep eyes
Of Heaven's own blue. Alas! that grief should throw
A veil of dreaminess upon those orbs,
That half their brightness buried!

Still she sat,
And by her side sported a little lamb
As innocent and helpless as herself;
And like herself, the lost one of the flock!
So thought I, as I follow'd with mine eye
The gentle playmates, and within my heart,
I felt there was a sympathy between
All things, for every thing God's hand had made!

"Lammy, poor little lammy;" with a start
I listened to the tone of piercing grief
And waking from my reverie, behold,
Too late indeed, the cause that called it forth.
A gurgling stream ran through the grassy lawn,
And hither in its sportive playfulness,
The lamb had wander'd from its mistress' side,
Skipping and frisking in its fearless mood,
Unconscious of the fate that hover'd near!
For while it stood upon the soft dark bank,
The yielding earth gave way, and down it fell,
Wavering one instant on the treacherous edge,
As loth to leave the pleasant earth behind!

"Lammy, poor little lammy!"—on the bank
She stood with arms outstretch'd, as if to snatch
Her gentle favorite from its watery grave
That gave it back no more! and with a sob
Of heartfelt sympathy for that lone child,
I closed my eyes, that swell'd with bitter tears,
For I alas! was powerless to save.

"My daughter," said a deep and manly voice
In tones of sad affection; and an arm
Was thrown caressingly around her form;
And as the noble one before me, press'd
The weeping sufferer to his manly heart,
His proud lip quivered and his eye grew dim,
For she was motherless!

What love is like,
The love we feel for children? Oh! what love
Is like a father's for his worship'd child?
There dwells a tenderness in every thought,
Too pure for earth—something that breathes of heaven,
In every graceful movement of its limbs
That whispers to his heart, this angel-one
Is half of heaven. And so he feels a love,
Sacred, distinct from all on earth beside,
To which all other love is poor,—so much
Is it devoid of passion!

Children are
The earthly part of angels! sent on earth
To minister unto affection's wants,—
Oh! when the heart is sad—when wasted hopes,
And broken friendships, and affliction's rod,
And all the dreams ambition call'd to life
Are blasted, ere the buds had time to bloom
That never yet hath borne but bitter fruits,
Of sin, or of repentance—when all these
Press heavily upon the aching heart,
How soft the accents of his darling child
Fall on the father's ear! He hears and feels
Less wretched than before! He hears and feels
That one heart loves him still amidst the gleam
Of his wreck'd fortunes—and he hopes once more.

But when the love affection once enjoy'd,
And still remembers and believes, is lost
Forever to the heart,—when pallid death
Hath laid his hand upon the loved one's brow
And dimm'd the sparkling eye—when the cold earth
Hath folded in her bosom the fair form,
To be returned no more,—when the sad train
Of mourners have departed, every one,
And left him in his desolate home alone,—
Oh! then the so long pent-up agony
Within his soul bursts forth! And as he clasps
His orphan children to his widow'd heart,
A tenderness he knew not of before
O'erflows his soul towards them—and he deems
Their mother's spirit watches from above,
And speaks unto his own, of those loved ones,
So helpless and so innocent,—and he feels
A comfort e'en in wretchedness.—He sees
Their mother's beauty on each brow—He hears
Her voice in every lisping tone—and turns
Involuntarily to meet the eyes
Cold, cold alas! in death. And then the tide
Of his strong feelings, separated once,
Now pours itself along in one broad stream
Of concentrated and unwasting power!
Oh, sacred be such feelings—there is less
Of earth than heaven in them!

J. C. D.

THE LIE-HATER:

A COMEDY.

Translated from the German of Kotzebue.

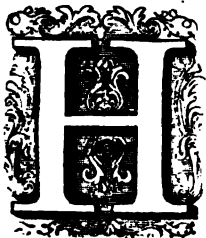
CHARACTERS:

LORD DERBY.
HUNTINGDON, *a young painter*.
BARONET OLDCASTLE.
RALPH, *his servant*.

THOMAS, *coachman* } of LORD DERBY.
HENRY, *servant* }
EVELINA, *lord Derby's daughter*.
HANNAH, *her maid*.

SCENE.—*An island on the Scottish coast. A garden saloon, belonging to Lord Derby's castle. In the back ground are glass doors looking out upon the park.*

(Enter HANNAH and RALPH, from different sides.)



HANNAH. Is it you, Ralph, really?

Ralph. What! Do you know me still!

Hannah. Blockhead! it is hardly three months since we parted in Edinburgh.

Ralph. Three months! and you still remember me?

You are, indeed, the queen of all faithful maidens!

Hannah. Jestings aside, I have longed for you as a sick man longs for death.

Ralph. Very much obliged.

Hannah. It is impossible for me to remain any longer in this vale of tears.

Ralph. Ah! How so? Are you not serving a Cæsus?

Hannah. If every grain of the sand on our sea-shore were gold, I would not remain any longer. We are fixed here upon an island, looking right and left upon the open sea; before us are cliffs, and behind us rocks; in the spring we hear the wild geese gabble and envy Robinson Crusoe, for having found human foot-prints, at least, in the sand.

Ralph. Is your master such a man hater?

Hannah. He is a lie-hater. He would assemble men around him, by the thousand, if they only spoke the truth.

Ralph. A strange fancy!

Hannah. It is just that which has driven him into this cursed solitude. In the world, no body would have any thing more to do with him.

Ralph. Very naturally.

Hannah. In his youth he was a great favorite with, I do not remember what, prince, until the truth-fever attacked him, even at court.

Ralph. Then his day of grace was past.

Hannah. He once loved a beautiful lady, by whom his affection was reciprocated. In a moment of excessive candor she begged him to give her a true list of all her failings. He did not allow himself to be asked twice—

Ralph. And—was immediately sent about his business. Very natural.

Hannah. One of his best friends wrote a bad book.

Ralph. He did not tell him so?

Hannah. Certainly.

Ralph. That was an end to friendship.

Hannah. Once, on his way from London, he was attacked by robbers. They took what they found, thanked him, politely, and asked jestingly, if he still had any thing more of value about him. "Oh, yes," answered he, calmly; "What is it?" "A casket of diamonds." They thought at first, he was jesting, but on searching, found what he had stated to be true, took his diamonds, and laughed over the folly which would not even deceive robbers.

Ralph. Was the man born in the moon?

Hannah. From these little circumstances you may be able to form some idea of his character. He loves truth as Dutchmen love cleanliness; they eat cold victuals rather than blacken a pot by placing it over the fire; he makes shift to exist upon this wretched island, rather than allow his lips to be desecrated by the most trifling falsehood. All this, as far as he is concerned, might be well enough; but he wishes every one, who comes near him, to worship his idol with just as much stupid enthusiasm as himself.

Ralph. If so, how in the world do you get along with him?

Hannah. Oh, I lie as much as I please—but I do it with management. I am, however, compelled to keep my brain on the rack, every day, in order to deceive him; for he is no fool, I can tell you. And to what can I look forward? the frightful prospect of wandering about this desert a dried up old maid. This island is the most tiresome in the whole ocean; this castle is the most tiresome place upon the whole island; and my master is the most tiresome person in this castle. Do you understand, now, why I did every thing to favor your master's suit, when we were at Edinburgh? I will get away from this cursed island! I will be rescued from this temple of truth even if, out of despair, I should marry you.

Ralph. Ah! indeed!—You have profited, already, I see, by your illustrious example. Is the daughter, too, so mad about the truth?

Hannah. She is a child after her father's own heart. Our late visit to Edinburgh was her first flight. If we can only get her there permanently, I will manage her beautifully.

Ralph. Under your guidance she will make brilliant advances, I have no doubt.

Hannah. I hope so—if your master can, only—did you say he had arrived?

Ralph. Certainly, and he sent me in advance to deliver his letters of introduction.

Hannah. Well, I hope he will manage to get into the good graces of my master; for many a one, I can tell you, has already, received his walking papers. He must not flatter him.

Ralph. My master is an old courtier, and

never fear but he will discover his weak points. He has no rivals?

Hannah. Ah! good heaven! no man in his senses strays in this direction; except, perhaps, some traveler, who has been seized by a whim to see the most savage country at the extreme end of creation. None but painters, mineralogists, geologists, or whatever such people are called, set foot upon this island—never any body of distinction. There is a young painter with us now, who has ventured here in consequence of the ruggedness of the rocks. My lady has had her portrait painted;—probably for your master.

Ralph. Does she love my master?

Hannah. Yes, I believe so, for I hear her sometimes speak of him. At all events she will be glad enough to escape from this cage.

Ralph. And my master will be glad enough to catch the little bird with golden feathers; for, I must confess to you that our finances, are in rather bad condition. We write bills of exchange, as fast as we can; but our paper is not held in the highest estimation, and if this speculation should fail—

Hannah. Hist! I hear the old lord—he is busy, it seems. Wait a moment, and, when you speak, for your master, be careful not to utter the least falsehood.

Ralph. That is an odious exaction.

(Both withdraw into the back ground.)

(Enter LORD DERBY, THOMAS, and HENRY.)

Lord Derby. Thomas!

Thomas. Sir.

Lord Derby. The horse I have just bought has the staggers.

Thomas. Yes, your lordship, I saw that he had.

Lord Derby. Why did you not tell me?

Thomas. Because he was already bought, sir.

Lord Derby. But you praised the animal, very much, before I bought him.

Thomas. Because he seemed to strike your lordship's fancy.

Lord Derby. But he did not please you.

Thomas. I would not have taken him as a present.

Lord Derby. And yet you praised him. I do not wish your services any longer.

Thomas. Your lordship?

Lord Derby. Get your wages, and go—you are dismissed.

Thomas. But I did not advise your lordship to buy the horse.

Lord Derby. The horse-dealer was an impostor, and you are a liar.

Thomas. Why, in horse-dealing lying and deception are allowable; the most excellent people have no twinges of conscience about such a matter, as that.

(Exit.)

Derby. It is incredible, but the fellow Henry!

y. Your lordship?

Derby. The beggar whom I drove away, ly, yesterday—because I was in a peevish—I have since learned, is an industrious whose cottage and loom had been burned.

y. It is true, your lordship.

Derby. Did you know that, yesterday?

y. Oh, I have known the honest fellow g time.

Derby. And yet you remained silent ismitted him.

y. Because your lordship was in a bad I thought it better to wait for a more moment.

Derby. A more favorable moment to truth? You may go.

y. I meant well, your lordship.

Derby. Go my son, I cannot have such ers about me.

y. Oh, heaven! what would my blessed y to this! she has always taught me ist never speak the truth to our masters.

(Exit.)

Derby. Detestable principles! they shall root in my house. I will drive forth even if, in the end, I am compelled to myself.

Aside to Hannah.) This is an eccentric indeed. I can scarcely trust myself ny despatches.

(Aside to Ralph.) Be bold, for he takes boldness for truth.

(Coming forward.) My lord—

Derby. Who are you?

y. I have the honor to be in the service dcastle, who has just arrived upon the

Derby. What more?

y. And who desires to have the honor of n your lordship.

Derby. *(Muttering to himself.)* Wait stupid manner of speaking.

y. And sends, in advance, these letters of

Derby. I hate letters of introduction—with falsehoods. *(He reads.)* Yes, Grandison, too. Well, I await him. He has heard so much that is good your lordship.

y. That is false. Be silent and go.

Aside.) Hu! what a bear. *(Exit.)*

y. Another wooer. Since the girl weeks at Edinburgh, I have had no

No wonder. Such an amiable young

Lord Derby. And such a rich father, eh?

Hannah. That consideration, may, certainly, influence some. But this baronet.—

Lord Derby. Do you know him?

Hannah. Oh, yes. I was born and raised you will remember, in the capitol.

Lord Derby. How is he estimated there.

Hannah. Very highly.

Lord Derby. In what manner?

Hannah. He has the reputation, amongst many, of being a man of honor.

Lord Derby. Yes, I know what is meant by so-called men of honor.

Hannah. He is much blamed on account of his rough manner.

Lord Derby. How so?

Hannah. Because he often calls people things, to their faces, which they do not like to hear.

Lord Derby. Does he?

Hannah. My lady Percy, who always desires to be thought young, asked him, once, whether he could guess how old she was. "Why not," replied he, "you danced at my grandmother's wedding."

Lord Derby. *(Shaking his head.)* Hem?

Hannah. The bishop of Lincoln, once boasted of the silence which reigned in his church, when he preached. "No wonder," replied the baronet, "for all the congregation sleeps."

Lord Derby. That does not please me. Truth must never attempt to be witty.

Hannah. *(Aside.)* Have I made a misstep?

Lord Derby. Go, call my daughter.

Hannah. *(As she goes.)* Heaven, help us out of this prison. *(Exit.)*

Lord Derby. I have, already, been compelled to despatch a half dozen such gentlemen. A vexatious employment—but not wearisome, for nothing is easier than to catch these wooers lying. They generally regard the temple of Hymen as a mouse trap. As I live, I will have an honest, truth-telling man for my son-in-law, or my daughter shall go to a nunnery! There comes the young painter with his usual modest air, up the walk. The fellow has gained my love, for he has his heart upon his tongue. It may be that I am prejudiced, in his favor by his profession. Evelina's portrait is a master-piece—and not all flattered. That is so much the more remarkable, because the maiden, as I have observed, has made a deep impression upon him.

(Enter HUNTINGDON.)

Huntingdon. My work is finished, my lord. and I have come to take leave.

Lord Derby. I have not, however, told you to go.

Huntingdon. You have spongers enough about you, without me.

Lord Derby. Do you find my house pleasant?

Huntingdon. Yes.

Lord Derby. Remain, then.

Huntingdon. Willingly, if I can earn my bread.

Lord Derby. You might do that very easily if you were not so obstinate.

Huntingdon. Obstinate!

Lord Derby. Have I not desired you to make a copy of that beautiful painting, by Hannibal Caraccio?

Huntingdon. You have been deceived, my lord, about the painting. It is not by Hannibal Caraccio; it is a very mediocre performance.

Lord Derby. (*Aside*) Bravo! (*Aloud.*) What is that to you, if you make money by copying it?

Huntingdon. Should I dare to make any pretensions to the name of an artist if I were indifferent about what I painted?

Lord Derby. An artist must frequently accommodate himself to the tastes of people, who can pay.

Huntingdon. No, my lord.

Lord Derby. Or else he stands in great danger of starving.

Huntingdon. Better starve.

Lord Derby. (*Aside.*) Bravo! (*Aloud.*) You are proud.

Huntingdon. Yes, my lord.

Lord Derby. Trust to my experience, when I say to you that pride never enables a man to reach a desired end.

Huntingdon. The place upon which we stand is often more worthy than that we struggle to attain.

Lord Derby. It is said that a little piancy becomes your condition.

Huntingdon. Rectitude most becomes an artist.

Lord Derby. And your youth.

Huntingdon. Frankness best becomes youth.

Lord Derby. You pass judgment, boldly, upon many things.

Huntingdon. I do not attempt to judge any thing without understanding it.

Lord Derby. You find my gallery of paintings bad?

Huntingdon. Yes, my lord.

Lord Derby. Not an original in the collection?

Huntingdon. Not one.

Lord Derby. Many to whom I have shown it, have been charmed with the paintings.

Huntingdon. They were no connoisseurs, or else they wished to flatter you.

Lord Derby. But am not I a connoisseur?

Huntingdon. No, my lord.

Lord Derby. Do you say that to my face?

Huntingdon. Behind your back, out of respect for you, I would say nothing.

Lord Derby. I have often been complimented in London, on account of my taste for paintings.

Huntingdon. It is very possible that you may have been complimented.

Lord Derby. My park does not please you?

Huntingdon. I have not said so.

Lord Derby. But it is so, nevertheless? You are silent?

Huntingdon. Yes, my lord.

Lord Derby. I wish to hear your opinion of my park.

Huntingdon. It is quite pretty.

Lord Derby. Quite pretty? Do you call rugged rocks on the sea shore, pretty?

Huntingdon. Nature in this island, is majestic; but you have crowded upon it so many embellishments, in the way of little houses and temples, that it reminds me of the pillars of St. Peter's church, which lose their quiet sublimity in consequence of the petty decorations by which they are covered.

Lord Derby. (*Aside.*) Spoken from his soul. (*Aloud.*) "But a desire to embellish is natural to men.

Huntingdon. The desire, but rarely the art; and those often excel most, in this respect, who make as few additions, as possible to nature.

Lord Derby. (*Aside.*) Right! (*Aloud.*) I perceive, very plainly, that I have not succeeded in gaining your esteem.

Huntingdon. O, yes, my lord, fully. How unjust should I be, if my respect were to depend upon the degree of taste you display for my art. It is only necessary to visit your villages, to see the prosperity of your tenants, and to hear your name blessed by a thousand tongues, to esteem and honor you as you deserve.

Lord Derby. But in my park?

Huntingdon. There sighs nature.

Lord Derby. But in my gallery?

Huntingdon. There sighs art.

Lord Derby. We will no longer dispute about the matter.—You will, perhaps, discover in the end that I understand something about it. At present I wish to keep you here. I want a landscape by you, painted from nature.

Huntingdon. An employment which I will undertake with pleasure. The island is full of fine views. I have already sketched several, amongst which you may take your choice.

Lord Derby. No, no. There is a particular view I have a great desire to possess—it is above us there, on the hill, where the pyramid stands.

Huntingdon. I have often gone by the spot, but never perceived any striking beauty about the place.

Lord Derby. (*Aside.*) I am very well satisfied of that.

Huntingdon. But I will go there immediately.

Lord Derby. There is no hurry; I wish you, first, to copy the portrait of my daughter.

Huntingdon. (*Starting.*) Are you not satisfied with the original?

Lord Derby. Oh, yes, perfectly; and it is just for that reason I wish to keep it. (*Observing Huntingdon, sharply.*) My daughter will soon marry, and her bridegroom would, doubtless, like to possess a copy.

Huntingdon. I beg that you will excuse me, for declining to perform this task,

Lord Derby. Do you never copy?

Huntingdon. Sometimes, certainly.

Lord Derby. Why then will you not copy my daughter's portrait?

Huntingdon. Pardon me—I have reasons.

Lord Derby. Which you desire to conceal from me?

Huntingdon. Yes.

Lord Derby. I remember to have heard that you sometimes paint miniatures—that will answer my purpose; Evelina, shall sit to you, again.

Huntingdon. Pardon me, my lord.

Lord Derby. (*Aside.*) She has, already, sat to him too often.

Huntingdon. I hasten to the pyramid.

Lord Derby. Well, as you please—but I beg that you will paint *con amore*, only.

♦ *Huntingdon.* (*Sighing in spite of himself.*) *Con amore!* (*Exit.*)

Lord Derby. He is my man! Not one false word has he uttered, although, I have used every effort to entrap him. He would not, it is true, acknowledge his love, yet he scorned a false pretext for declining to copy the portrait—he said rather: “I have reasons, which I do not wish to disclose.”

(*Enter EVELINA.*)

Evelina. Good morning, dear father.

Lord Derby. I have sent for you, to say that another wooer is knocking at the door.

Evelina. Ah! who is it?

Lord Derby. Baron Oldcastle, from Edinburgh. Do you know him?

Evelina. I have danced with him.

Lord Derby. Ah, well! you know him well enough, then. A girl seldom knows more of her betrothed than that she has danced with him.

Evelina. Am I already betrothed to him?

Lord Derby. Not yet. Do you like him?

Evelina. Yes.

Lord Derby. But, I must like him, also.

Evelina. Certainly.

Lord Derby. And if he pleases me, will you marry him willingly?

Evelina. Willingly? I do not know.

Lord Derby. You have often said to me that the man who had my consent would be entirely pleasing to you.

Evelina. Yes, I have said so.

Lord Derby. And you meant it, I hope?

Evelina. Oh yes, I certainly did.

Lord Derby. Perhaps you have altered your mind?

Evelina. I do not know—before replying I must examine my heart.

Lord Derby. Do so, immediately. I will in the meantime walk up and down the room.

(*EVELINA stands in thought.*)

Lord Derby. (*Aside.*) Many a father would wish, at such a moment as this, to be able to see into his daughter's heart. I do not. I know, however, that she will open it to me.—Well, Evelina, what is the result of your self-examination?

Evelina. I am not able to decide at once, fully—but it seems to me as if I should not marry, willingly.

Lord Derby. That is, this baronet?

Evelina. Yes, this baronet.

Lord Derby. But some other person?

Evelina. When another comes I will examine myself, again.

Lord Derby. Perhaps, when in Edinburgh, you made a choice yourself.

Evelina. If I had done so, I should have told you of it at once.

Lord Derby. Or, you may have seen, somewhere, a man who appears to you worthy of your preference?

Evelina. I do not know.

Lord Derby. Think, for a moment?

Evelina. (*After a pause.*) My father speaks of such men as might ask my hand in marriage?

Lord Derby. Any honorable man may do so

Evelina. Indeed?

Lord Derby. Certainly.

Evelina. Well—in that case.

Lord Derby. Well?

Evelina. Then I do know one, who appears to me more worthy than all others.

Lord Derby. Who may he be?

Evelina. (*Without embarrassment.*) The young painter.

Lord Derby. So!—Do you love him?

Evelina. I do not know.

Lord Derby. Do you often think of him?

Evelina. Ah, yes! very often.

Lord Derby. Do you seek his company?

Evelina. Oh, no—that is not becoming.

Lord Derby. But unsought is it pleasant to you?

Evelina. Always pleasant.

Lord Derby. How do you feel when he appears?

Evelina. Very well.

Lord Derby. Does he look tenderly at you?

Evelina. Yes, at first.

Lord Derby. And when he looks you in the face, do you blush?

Evelina. Almost, I believe.

Lord Derby. Does he look tenderly at you?

Evelina. I do not know. I always cast down my eyes?

Lord Derby. But when he painted your portrait?

Evelina. Yes,—then I certainly could not cast my eyes down.

Lord Derby. That caused you to feel agitated.

Evelina. Heaven knows why!

Lord Derby. Has he never spoken to you of love?

Evelina. Certainly not—I should have told you, if he had.

Lord Derby. Listen, Evelina; I will disclose a secret to you: You love the young painter.

Evelina. Really! That would be dreadful.

Lord Derby. It may possibly pass away. At present receive baronet Oldcastle. He pleased you in Edinburgh and you may still find him agreeable. He belongs to one of the first families, and it would not be unpleasant to play a first part in the Capitol. Think of this—we will talk more about it hereafter. *(Exit.)*

Evelina. So, it was love? Was I not a child to be so much frightened at it—it is a pleasant peaceful feeling. My father thinks it will soon pass away?—I should be sorry for that. Can the baronet please me, again? possibly—but I doubt it. And what he said of the part which I should play in the Capitol, cannot be, I know; for I was there a few weeks, only, and the people laughed in my face, and called me the queer little islander, because I spoke out all I thought;—how then could I play a part there, my life long? There comes Mr. Huntingdon. Now will I observe, closely, whether or not I love him. Heart throbs? Yes, there they are again.

(Enter HUNTINGDON.)

Huntingdon. Pardon me, miss, I expected to find your father, here.

Evelina. For what shall I pardon you?

Huntingdon. For my hasty entrance. I disturbed your reflections.

Evelina. Oh, I can defer them till another time. What have you there?

Huntingdon. A rough sketch of a landscape which your father wishes me to paint.

Evelina. Let me see it.

Huntingdon. The place, from which it is

taken, is a very unfavorable one. I cannot understand why it should have been selected.

Evelina. That is possible, for you see every thing with the eye of art, only, and ask nothing farther than: "How will this look on canvas?" Who knows what reminiscence attaches my father to this place? What would you say, I wonder, if I were to beg you to paint my favorite spot?

Huntingdon. *(Hastily.)* Where is it?

Evelina. Ha! ha! ha! In our poultry yard, under the locust bushes.

Huntingdon. I have never seen you there.

Evelina. I go there very rarely, now; but, when I do go, I experience half joyful half sorrowful feelings, for, as a child, I loved it better than any other place.

Huntingdon. Are you less happy, now, than formerly?

Evelina. Perhaps so. I had then a mother—a very good mother.

Huntingdon. It seems to me that the unbounded love of your father is a substitute for her loss.

Evelina. A mother can never be replaced. I love my father, unspeakably, yet he is a being out of me. My mother did not seem to be so. I have often contended with her that she has heard me say what, upon reflection, I remembered to have passed in the stillness of my mind only. But she was ever present in my thoughts.

Huntingdon. *(Aside.)* What childlike purity!

Evelina. *(Drying a tear.)* But she died two years ago.

Huntingdon. Banish this sad reminiscence.

Evelina. Oh, no, I do not wish that—I love to speak of her, and I cannot mention her to my father.

Huntingdon. Why?

Evelina. He loved her so much, that it affects him deeply and makes him sad and gloomy. Since I discovered that, I avoid speaking of her to him. But when I find any body whom I love, I open my heart to them.

Huntingdon. Whom you love?

Evelina. Yes, I said so.

Huntingdon. And your grieving heart has opened itself to me?

Evelina. Yes.

Huntingdon. Evelina!—pardon me.

Evelina. For what?

Huntingdon. The name escaped me, unawares.

Evelina. My name is Evelina.

Huntingdon. But it is not proper that I should so call you.

Evelina. You did not mean any harm.

Huntingdon. I would shed my blood for you!

Evelina. I wish you were my brother.

Huntingdon. (*Aside.*) Where shall I look for strength—I forget myself—I must remain here no longer.

Evelina. There comes some one up the avenue.—It must certainly be the baronet, who desires to become my husband.—Yes, yes, it is he.

Huntingdon. Your husband?

Evelina. That is, if he pleases me.

Huntingdon. Do you already know him?

Evelina. Oh, yes; I danced with him in Edinburgh.

Huntingdon. And were you pleased with him?

Evelina. Tolerably well.

Huntingdon. Then there is no doubt—

Evelina. With your permission, there is, still, great doubt.

Huntingdon. (*Aside.*) Fool that I am; how does it concern me. (*Aloud.*) Oh, may you be happy!

Evelina. Do you wish so?

Huntingdon. Most ardently—as I desire my own happiness.

Evelina. (*Tenderly.*) Thank you, dear Huntingdon.

Huntingdon. (*Aside.*) I am no longer master of myself.

(*Enter BARONET OLDCASTLE and HANNAH.*)

Baronet Oldcastle. There she is, the beautiful creature, about whom the whole town of Edinburgh is talking and dreaming. I come, miss, to bring you the homage of the whole Capitol, and, above all, my own.

Evelina. You are welcome, baronet. My father will be here, presently—he bade me receive you.

Baronet Oldcastle. He has done well, very well. This paradise is rendered doubly charming, since the door is opened by an angel. How have you been, fair miss, since you tore your charms from the great world, and buried yourself in this melancholy desert?

Evelina. I thought you just now called this melancholy desert a paradise.

Baronet Oldcastle. By your presence it has been changed to one; as Titania created a charming valley between two naked rocks. But the capitol, miss, the court, the world, have claims upon you.

Evelina. Of what nature?

Baronet Oldcastle. Such claims as a crown has upon the most precious jewels. You fled, and our brilliant circle became sad,—particularly your slave whom you left fettered behind you. Would you believe it? Since that time, I have danced but twice—but twice, upon my soul; and both times against my will. The young duchess

of Albemarle would give me no peace—I must dance. I was dragged unwillingly upon the floor. But I danced, no longer, with those lightly tripping feet, which had the good fortune to excite your admiration, and into which, when I had your lovely hand, my whole soul appeared to have descended; they were heavy machines, no longer blessed by your heavenly glances.

Evelina. Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!

Baronet Oldcastle. You laugh? A happy omen. Yes, fair lady, I have come in order to find, again, my lost happiness. I have torn the flowery fetters of our ladies, dashed into the waves, clambered over the rocks, and here I am.

Evelina. I fear that you will find no indemnification, here.

Baronet Oldcastle. Fear nothing—love can accomplish much. We will pluck flowers, gather herbs, tend sheep—yes, we will transplant Arcadia to this island, until winter shakes his snow-covered head—then will we repair to the proud Edinburgh, which has lost, in you, its most precious ornament.

Evelina. Pardon the poor islander, baronet Oldcastle, who knows not how to reply to all these beautiful things. We live here in perfect simplicity of word and action—

Huntingdon. But this simplicity is so noble, so charming.

Baronet Oldcastle. (*Who, for the first time, becomes aware of HUNTINGDON'S presence.*) Who is this individual?

Evelina. It is Mr. Huntingdon, a painter, from London.

Baronet Oldcastle. Ah, indeed! I am delighted to hear it. I am, myself, a connoisseur. In Edinburgh, I sometimes invite artists to dine with me—(*with a patronizing air.*) When you come there—

(*HUNTINGDON bows.*)

Hannah. (*Pulling the BARONET'S sleeve and drawing him aside.*) Will your honor permit me to have a word with you?

Baronet Oldcastle. What do you wish, my child?

Hannah. I see the old lord coming—has Ralph told you how you must conduct yourself with this eccentric being.

Baronet Oldcastle. Yes—he has said something about a number of peculiarities.

Hannah. No flattery, for heaven's sake.

Baronet Oldcastle. I thank you, my good child, for your advice, but you know nothing about the matter. There is no man living, upon earth, who, at heart, hates flattery, if it is only accommodated to his taste; and I understand how to dish it up for this occasion.

Hannah. He is crafty. I am afraid—

Baron Oldcastle. And what am I—I am I so very dull? Don't give yourself any trouble, my dear, but just let me alone to manage the old fellow.

(*Hannah shakes her head.*)

Baronet Oldcastle. (*Turning to EVELINA.*) Pardon me, fair dame; in withdrawing, for a few minutes, only, my gaze from your beautiful countenance. I have committed a robbery upon my happiness.

Evelina. Here comes my father. (*Aside.*) Heaven be thanked!

(*Enter LORD DERBY.*)

Baronet Oldcastle. My lord, you see a man, before you, who is determined to do honor to the introductions of his friends.

Lord Derby. If these introductions have not flattered you, I give you my hand, and bid you welcome.

Baronet Oldcastle. I should not feel disposed to thank my friends, if they have flattered me. I present myself as I am—I do not desire to appear better than I am,—here, least of all.

Lord Derby. No where, no where, baronet.

Baronet Oldcastle. You are perfectly right, sir—no where should we attempt to appear better than we are. No man on earth is free from faults, and yet we would all like to appear spotless in the eyes of those whose love we are seeking.

Lord Derby. True.

Baronet Oldcastle. But we should, immediately, set about unveiling ourselves.

Lord Derby. We should never be veiled.

Baronet Oldcastle. Perfectly right, your lordship—and no where is deception more criminal than in love and friendship.

Lord Derby. (*Aside.*) He pleases me.

Baronet Oldcastle. Therefore, my lord, permit me to begin our intercourse in a strange manner—by making known to you, immediately, my faults.

Lord Derby. He who knows and acknowledges his faults, is in a fair way of correcting them.

Baronet Oldcastle. There is one amongst them, however, with which I am daily reproached, and which I find it difficult, heaven knows, to subdue: my cursed frankness.

Lord Derby. Cursed frankness? (*Aside.*) He does not please me.

Baronet Oldcastle. Oh, my lord, if you only knew how much I have suffered on account of it! In these times no one will hear the truth. One calls it foolishness; another, criminal; this one thinks it unseasonable, because it does not promise to fill his purse; that one, regards it as insolence, and becomes angry; a third pronounces it falsehood.

Lord Derby. O, yes, I know that such shameless things are common.

Baronet Oldcastle. Think, my lord, of what an effect such a state of things must produce upon an honorable minded man. Wherever he turns he sees people standing with their fingers in their ears. He may scream but the world is deaf.

Lord Derby. (*Aside.*) He does please me!

Baronet Oldcastle. I might, long ago, have been minister. A sinecure of three thousand pounds was offered me if I would leave parliament: but, curse me, if I would do it.

Lord Derby. That was very worthy.

Baronet Oldcastle. I know very well that a man makes enemies, and does not increase his prosperity by such a course of conduct.

Lord Derby. Not?

Baronet Oldcastle. A man quarrels with himself because he cannot hold his tongue.

Lord Derby. (*Aside.*) He does not please me.

Baronet Oldcastle. But, *c'est plus fort que nous.*

Lord Derby. Would you like to take a walk, in the park, before dinner?

Baronet Oldcastle. I am at your disposal.

Lord Derby. Ah! there is our painter, and with the sketch already in his hand.

Huntingdon. Yes, my lord; but to confess the truth—

Lord Derby. The truth is not to be confessed, it is to be told.

Huntingdon. The place from which it is taken, seems to me, to be badly chosen.

Lord Derby. Why, sir, it is a favorite spot of mine.

Huntingdon. I view it with the eye of an artist, only.

Baronet Oldcastle. Oh, let us, by all means, visit the place. I have a taste for landscape; with regard either to nature or art, indeed, I am perfectly at home.

Lord Derby. Ah! I will show you my gallery of paintings, then.

Baronet Oldcastle. Paintings? Bravo! I know how to prize them. But I forewarn you, sir, that I am a severe critic.

Lord Derby. So much the better.

Baronet Oldcastle. (*To EVELINA.*) Charming lady, I must take my eyes away, but my heart I leave with you.

Lord Derby. Let us have the pleasure of your company, Mr. Huntingdon. (*Exit LORD DERBY, BARONET OLDCASTLE and HUNTINGDON.*)

Hannah. Well, fair lady, what will you do with the heart which is left behind?

Evelina. I do not know.

Hannah. I think, we will take it in good keeping, and order the wedding clothes.

Evelina. But I must love him first.

Hannah. What hinders you from that?

Evelina. (*Aside.*) Love, perhaps!

Hannah. But it is no matter if you do not love him now—that will come afterward.

Evelina. How so?

Hannah. Two young trees planted side by side, and bound closely together, will interlace their branches.

Evelina. Better still if, in nature's course, they had sprung up side by side.

Hannah. All comparisons halt. Let us come to the gist of the matter. For sixteen years you have played, upon this island, the part of Miranda. Your father is a kind of Prospero; and we lack only a Caliban. At last, by good fortune, a Ferdinand is thrown, by the tempest of love, upon the coast, and he is ready to save us from this cursed island; seize upon him, at once with both hands.

Evelina. But I find myself very well contented upon this cursed island.

Hannah. Yes, as a bird is contented in a cage, because it knows nothing of freedom; but let it fly twice round the garden, and the third time it will fly away.

Evelina. Have I not been in Edinburgh?

Hannah. Four weeks, with a peevish old aunt, who kept you like a child, in leading strings. Now you will make your appearance as lady Oldcastle, and can do as you please.

Evelina. It will not please me to do any thing evil.

Hannah. Oh! who said any thing of evil? But the innocent pleasures of youth, of which you have long been deprived?

Evelina. I deprived of the pleasures of youth! You are mistaken. I have always been happy.

Hannah. Yes, as a child.

Evelina. Ah, yes, as a child!

Hannah. It would be well enough if they could endure, but these pleasures become as indifferent to us as our dolls.

Evelina. That is a pity.

Hannah. You step forth into the world, dress, and conquer. You are flattered by the most handsome men and envied by the most beautiful women. You flutter from flower to flower, swimming in the fragrant of their blossoms, with no other trouble than daily to inhale it, no other care than to think of the morrow's diversion.

Evelina. And the heart?

Hannah. The heart moves, gently, in rosy dreams.

Evelina. And the mind?

Hannah. The mind diverts itself in games of wit; always winning, never losing.

Evelina. But I feel as if a great deal of that which assures me of sweet tranquility might be lost. I do not know how to express it, but I feel that it is so. Your Edinburgh seems to me like a richly decorated ball-room, brilliant with a thousand wax lights—

Hannah. Well, is not such a room magnificent?

Evelina. Oh yes; but for those, only, who have not just seen the sun rise. In short, that big island has no charms for me, and I greatly prefer remaining on this little one.

Hannah. To see wild ducks taken.

Evelina. To love nature and my father.

Hannah. And to renounce, for ever, all other love.

Evelina. How so?

Hannah. Do you suppose there is a man, who thinks any thing of himself, that would consent to bury himself upon this island, even if it were in your arms?

Evelina. Why not? if he loved me—Ah I know one with whom I would remain here, even if the sea were to swallow up all the island but a single rock. But—whether he loves me—I know not! (*Exit.*)

Hannah. She knows one? she loves one? and it remains a secret to me? to me, the cunning Abigail! Who can it be? The face of a man, upon this island, is a rarity! none but fishermen even pass by it!—Is it possible that she could have formed an attachment in Edinburgh? Oh no; she could scarcely endure the time, till she could again clamber over her dear rocks.—Stop! a light breaks in upon me—the young painter—right!—she has looked too deeply into his burning eyes. Childishness!—that can come to nothing. It will only be necessary to give the old one a hint when he will put this proud young gentleman into a boat, and, with his burning eyes, set him sailing to Scotland. (*Enter RALPH.*) Ah Ralph! whence come you?

Ralph. I have been climbing about, a little, with the gentlemen. The old lord has just taken my master to see his picture gallery, and I stole away in order to seek this beautiful original.

Hannah. How does the matter stand? Have you observed nothing? How does your master deport himself? Does he bid fair to gain the affections of the eccentric old creature.

Ralph. Oh! he is his, body and soul. I must say it to the credit of my master that he plays his part with eminent skill.

Hannah. He will do well enough, if he do not praise too extravagantly.

Ralph. He praises, to be sure, but how? He

puts salt in his lemonade because the old lord cannot bear any thing sweet. He stands here, and contemplates the scene before him—a long pause—then he nods with the air of a connoisseur—he shakes his head doubtfully—*beautiful! heavenly!* he cries out in an enraptured tone—but, he adds, and points out something that is defective. “Much taste,” he cries again—“a profound knowledge of art has ruled here”—and immediately another *but* limps in. His *buts*, however, take only so much from his praise as a skilful gardener prunes from a fruit tree in order to make it bear more abundantly.

Hannah. Heaven give us fruit, speedily!

Ralph. Be easy, it is already forming.

Hannah. I am astonished at the success of your master, as he plays the part of a truth-teller for the first time in his life.

Ralph. It is not a part becoming people of rank. The truth, to be sure, is good enough for one of us.

Hannah. Pshaw! it is n't good for any body, nor any thing. It is, especially, inconvenient in wedlock, for, if married people were always to speak truth to each other they would never cease quarrelling.

Ralph. Right my dear; when we are married we will take care of that.

Hannah. Understood, of course. See, there comes truth personified. Quick! let us get out of his way. (*Exit.*)

Ralph. Well, if it must remain upon earth this is its most proper dwelling place. This island shall become the Botany Bay of truth-preachers. But whence will the poor colonists get their women? (*Exit.*)

(*Enter LORD DERBY, BARON OLDCASTLE and HUNTINGDON.*)

Baronet Oldcastle. (*To HUNTINGDON.*) How is it possible, my dear sir, that you can, for a moment, doubt that the view from the pyramid, is the most charming to be found upon the island.

Huntingdon. I have already expressed my opinion.

Baronet Oldcastle. These mountains, these rocks, these hills, these cliffs—

Huntingdon. This brown sand, this dry grass; not a single tree, not a bush, not a drop of water.

Baronet Oldcastle. It is true that great talent is required to do justice to such a simple scene; but, my lord, do not give up this thought—Mr. Huntingdon will not, I hope, be offended because of my frankness, but I must say that it is a splendid landscape! so retired—so sublime!—

Lord Derby. And so varied?

Baronet Oldcastle. Right, my lord, and so varied.

Lord Derby. (*Aside.*) That is his fifth lie. (*Aloud.*) But what do you think of my park?

Baronet Oldcastle. As a whole it is a great conception, a noble plan.

Lord Derby. (*Aside.*) Lie the sixth.

Baronet Oldcastle. But parts, here and there—the truth must be said—are defective.

Lord Derby. Will you be so good as to point out some instances.

Baronet Oldcastle. If, for example, instead of the old group of trees upon this hill, a little temple—

Huntingdon. Good heavens! there are already too many temples.

Baronet Oldcastle. And in the valley, where the stream makes a little island, a Chinese pagoda would add greatly, to the beauty of the scene.

Huntingdon. Far from it.

Baron Oldcastle. (*Casts an annihilating glance upon HUNTINGDON, and turns, again, to LORD DERBY.*) These, you see, are merely little forgotten ornaments, in a masterpiece. No, in truth, I do not wish to flatter, but your park has put me into an ecstasy of delight.

Lord Derby. (*Aside.*) Lie the seventh. (*Aloud.*) And what say you of my picture gallery?

Baron Oldcastle. I say that it betrays the hand of a connoisseur. I have observed two or three copies, only; but the same defect is apparent in the best collections. You see that I know nothing of flattery.

Lord Derby. (*Aside.*) Lie the eighth.

Baronet Oldcastle. Another, in my place, would, doubtless, have found your park without fault, your gallery without copies; but that is not in my power—I must tell the truth in spite of circumstances.

Lord Derby. Mr. Huntingdon does not agree with you, in opinion.

Huntingdon. No, my lord.

Baronet Oldcastle. Artists are sometimes apt to give themselves airs—I do not like them.

Lord Derby. I forgot to show you my daughter's portrait, painted by this gentleman. It is in the gallery.

Huntingdon. I did not see it.

Lord Derby. You are right. It is in the room next the gallery. Here is the key; I beg—

Huntingdon. With pleasure. (*Exit.*)

Baronet Oldcastle. I do not like that young man.

Lord Derby. Why not?

Baronet Oldcastle. He finds fault with everything.

Lord Derby. If he speaks from conviction—

Baronet Oldcastle. He is no artist, then; for this park, this gallery—I did not dare to express

fully my impressions in his presence, for fear he might suppose. I desired to flatter you, and the very suspicion of such a disposition is torture to me! You, my lord, on the contrary, already know me—

Lord Derby. Yes, yes, I know you already.

Baronet Oldcastle. That there is truth in my heart and upon my lip.

Lord Derby. Just such a son-in-law as I have long desired. But I do not know whether my uncle, the old bishop of Durham, who has intended to make my daughter his heir,—

Baronet Oldcastle. A fine old man.

Lord Derby. But very obstinate, and a great enemy to the opposition party, to which, I believe, you belong.

Baronet Oldcastle. Yes.

Lord Derby. If you do not leave it, his consent will be obtained with great difficulty.

Baronet Oldcastle. Hem! That is, certainly, a little *embarrassant*.

Lord Derby. Your character, your love of truth, will not permit you—

Baronet Oldcastle. I would rather die than to speak against my principles.

Lord Derby. That is a pity, for I cannot think of depriving my daughter of this rich heritage.

Baronet Oldcastle. Hem! hem! perhaps there is a way to escape this difficulty.

Lord Derby. Ah! what?

Baronet Oldcastle. It is true that the truth must be told if we speak; but is it *necessary* to speak under all circumstances?

Lord Derby. I comprehend; a man may remain silent.

Baronet Oldcastle. It is, sometimes, wise to do so.

Lord Derby. (*Aside.*) Bravo!

Baronet Oldcastle. And in order to spare such a respectable relative—

Lord Derby. But the country?

Baronet Oldcastle. Yes, if I were the only speaker, on the opposition, no might, upon earth, could close my mouth; but there are so many, and my talents are so insignificant—

Lord Derby. But the rest, too, might keep their mouths closed—

Baronet Oldcastle. It will be hard for me to do this; but for your sake, my lord, for the sake of your beautiful daughter—

Lord Derby. I may assure my uncle—

Baronet Oldcastle. That he can count upon me.

Lord Derby. I wish you farewell, baronet Oldcastle.

Baronet Oldcastle. Where are you going, my lord?

Lord Derby. Nowhere; but *you* are respectfully requested to take your departure from my island.

Baronet Oldcastle. What do you mean, my lord?

Lord Derby. Spare yourself any explanation.

Baronet Oldcastle. Has my candor offended you?

Lord Derby. Your candor is spurious coin.

Baronet Oldcastle. How, my lord, can you believe—

Lord Derby. Mere shadows upon the wall—I am no child, sir, to be deceived by such shallow appearances.

Baronet Oldcastle. I am a man of honor, my lord.

Lord Derby. Yes, according to your standard.

Baronet Oldcastle. And according to yours, too, I hope.

Lord Derby. Honor has, long since, borrowed the mask of integrity and sports it to suit the fancy of every one.

Baronet Oldcastle. You know my family, my lord?

Lord Derby. Oh yes. Was not Lord Cobham, who was hanged under the reign of Henry V. an Oldcastle?

Baronet Oldcastle. Certainly; like me he was a martyr to truth.

Lord Derby. I give you my word, sir, that you will never be hanged for the sake of truth.

Baronet Oldcastle. I think it useless, my lord, for us to jest any longer.

Lord Derby. Farewell, then.

Baronet Oldcastle. How can I fare well without the possession of your beautiful daughter?

Lord Derby. You will never possess my daughter.

Baronet Oldcastle. There is, probably, a more fortunate rival?

Lord Derby. Probably.

Baronet Oldcastle. I'll break his neck then—you see that I am candid.

Lord Derby. Be off, sir, or you will take an involuntary leap from the next cliff—you see that I am candid.

Baronet Oldcastle. Upon our large island such conduct as this would be called brutish.

Lord Derby. They are at liberty to give to it any name they please.

Baronet Oldcastle. I will go, my lord, but not before I have given you a last proof of my sincerity.

Lord Derby. It will be the first.

Baronet Oldcastle. Your park is absurd, your gallery is worthless, your daughter is a little goose, and you are insupportable. (*Exit.*)

Lord Derby. Bravo! He has spoken out the truth this time, at least. It is a pity that most men speak truth only when they are angry,—exercise virtue only out of revenge. Should I sacrifice my child to such a man? Never! I will get rid of this swarm of wooers. I will throw her, and the sooner it is done the better, into the arms of an honest youth, who by his heart, alone, is ennobled.

(*Enter HUNTINGDON.*)

Huntingdon. (*Hastily.*) What have I seen?

Lord Derby. Well, sir, what have you seen?

Huntingdon. Masterpieces of art.

Lord Derby. Where? where?

Huntingdon. You jest—where else but in the saloon to which you gave me the key. What treasures are there concealed?

Lord Derby. The painting near the door is not bad.

Huntingdon. Not bad! A Madonna, by Raphael, not bad!

Lord Derby. The picture opposite the second window appears to me to be tolerable.

Huntingdon. Tolerable! a Rembrandt! tolerable, only!

Lord Derby. The night piece, in the corner, deserves commendation.

Huntingdon. (*Ironically.*) Really? A Rubens! is it indeed worthy of commendation?

Lord Derby. But it has such a wretched frame.

Huntingdon. The deuce take the frame! the picture is a treasure?

Lord Derby. You are entirely beside yourself.

Huntingdon. And you are very cold. Pardon me, my lord, but it is a crying shame that such a collection of paintings should be in this corner of the world in your hands.

Lord Derby. Why so? Can I not enjoy myself with them?

Huntingdon. I know well, my lord, that one connoisseur of feeling is worth more than a thousand ordinary gazers—but—pardon me, my lord, my enthusiastic love of art forces the truth from me—

Lord Derby. The utterance of the truth never requires pardon.

Huntingdon. You do not know how to appreciate your wealth. You show a collection of bungling copies to every body, with complacency, and keep your costly originals locked up.

Lord Derby. May not that be because I wish to enjoy them alone, and in silence.

Huntingdon. I would fain believe so; but who, that truly loves art, could say of a Raphael, that it is *not bad*, and call a Rembrandt, *tolerable*—pardon me, sir, but I do not understand it.

Lord Derby. (*Aside.*) Bravo! (*Aloud.*) Well I am delighted that a connoisseur can find something, in my castle, worthy of notice. You will, now, doubtless, pass a month or two longer here more pleasantly, in order to copy some of these things?

Huntingdon. Into what a temptation do you lead me!

Lord Derby. You can do as much as you please every day and will be quite undisturbed.

Huntingdon. Undoubtedly, if I am only allowed to practice my art behind locks and bolts.

Lord Derby. Not so. You may have observed the piano in the middle of the room; my daughter is accustomed to practise there several hours every day. But that will not disturb you; and, except my daughter, no one goes thither.

Huntingdon. That, my lord, would more than any thing else disturb me; but, without it, I had already determined to leave your house and island.

Lord Derby. Ah, indeed! why, but a very short time ago, you were of a different mind.

Huntingdon. Yes, but now—

Lord Derby. May the cause of this change in your intention be inquired?

Huntingdon. Pardon me, my lord, but—

Lord Derby. Perhaps the baronet has brought you letters?

Huntingdon. No.

Lord Derby. Or you have grown home-sick.

Huntingdon. Not so.

Lord Derby. Or—

Huntingdon. I beg, my lord—you cannot guess the cause, and it is impossible for me to tell you.

Lord Derby. Why not? the truth should never be dissembled.

Huntingdon. You are quite right, truth should never be dissembled; but there is a difference, it seems to me, between silence and dissimulation.

Lord Derby. There can be no greater.

Huntingdon. When the truth can do harm only, to myself and others—

Lord Derby. You think it permissible to remain silent?

Huntingdon. Yes.

Lord Derby. I am not altogether of your opinion; yet there are circumstances under which it may be right. It is, at least, no treason against truth, and there are few who practise it. But how, sir, if your reasons were guessed, would you, any longer, conceal the truth?

Huntingdon. If my reasons were guessed—

Lord Derby. Yes. If, for instance, I were to say: "You love my daughter!" what would you say?

Huntingdon. I would say, "Yes, my lord."

Lord Derby. (*Aside.*) Bravo! bravo!

Huntingdon. I would beg you not to regard a passion which I have vainly endeavored to subdue, as any violation of the holy rights of hospitality, and to dismiss me with kindness—for I am a fugitive from myself.

Lord Derby. Well, well, my daughter is pretty, and I find it quite natural. But that is no reason why you should go.

Huntingdon. Yes, it certainly is.

Lord Derby. You are an honorable man, and, if you will promise me never to let my daughter suspect—

Huntingdon. That I cannot promise.

Lord Derby. (*Aside.*) Bravo!

Huntingdon. I am master of my tongue but not of my eyes.

Lord Derby. An honorable man governs both.

Huntingdon. And when after honorable combat, he fears that he will be compelled to yield, he flies the danger.

Lord Derby. Shall I think less well of you than I have done?

Huntingdon. That would certainly give me much pain, yet I would rather it should be so, than to yield.

Lord Derby. Hem! hem! I am certainly very unwilling that you should leave me. Your condition certainly places a gulf betwixt you and my daughter—

Huntingdon. I know it.

Lord Derby. But, perhaps, you are of noble blood.

Huntingdon. No.

Lord Derby. Who knows. The name of Huntingdon is old and distinguished?

Huntingdon. Not through me.

Lord Derby. A Huntingdon was made Duke of Exeter, under Richard II. in 1397.

Huntingdon. I have not descended from him.

Lord Derby. Perhaps you may have come in an oblique line.

Huntingdon. It is very doubtful.

Lord Derby. Think for a moment. If you could bring some slight evidence of the fact—I should not be very exacting.

Huntingdon. No, my lord, I cannot. It would, certainly, be an easy matter to fabricate a half dozen certificates of baptism; but leave me my self-respect that my heart may, at least, remain worthy of your daughter.

Lord Derby. (*No longer able to restrain himself.*) You shall have her! no body else, in the world, but you, shall have her.

Huntingdon. My lord—

Lord Derby. Will you not take her, will you not?

Huntingdon. Great heaven! yes—

Lord Derby. Well, you shall have her. For twenty years have I lived upon this desert, in the hope of meeting with a true man. One has arrived at last! and shall I be such a fool as to let him go again!

Huntingdon. Is this a dream!

Lord Derby. A dream is a lie, and with lies I have nothing to do. You have been here four months; during that time I have tried you daily, and have always found you pure. If you are the descendant of a coalman, you shall be Lord Derby's son-in-law.

Huntingdon. Good heaven! through what have I deserved—

Lord Derby. Through your honesty.

Huntingdon. Which has so often locked palaces against me—

Lord Derby. But which, here, opens hearts to you. You have, I doubt not, sometimes thought me eccentric. I played a part with you; for alas! I have been so often deceived that I have been compelled to stoop to such means, in order to unmask men. It was for this reason that I planned such a wretched park; if you had found it beautiful, I should have inscribed your name upon the great list. It was for this reason that I filled my picture gallery with a number of miserable copies; if you had praised them I should have known you, at once, for a flatterer. For this reason have I called a Rembrandt *tolerable*, and a Raphael *not bad*, and, if you had not taken fire, on the occasion, the door would have been open for you. You may recall to your memory many ways in which, during your stay, I have tried you; I am now certain of my position. You desire to go that you may not lead my daughter to bestow upon you what you conceived to be, an improper affection. You would not pretend to a distinguished relationship, in order, by the agency of a falsehood, to become my son-in-law. Therefore you shall have her! you and no other!

Huntingdon. Noble sir, I feel that I should not deserve the good opinion you entertain of me, did I not, at this time, remind you of what the world will say to such a marriage, for your daughter, as you propose.

Lord Derby. That is no concern of mine, but the miserable concern of the world. It may say what it pleases. I shall sit upon my island and not hear it; and even if it reach my ears, what should I care? Shall I, on that account, refuse the happiness of winning a friend—a son, in whom I have unlimited confidence. Confidence! that beautiful blossom of life! The young tree is whitened with it, but how meagre is the yield of fruit in the harvest. To me it is the greatest

earthly happiness to know that I am loved by sincere people—with whom the suspicion of—does he really mean this? does he not say this to please me," does not present itself with every look and word. With such I can constantly feel the sweet conviction, that, "as he thought so has he spoken."

Huntingdon. That satisfies you—but your daughter?

Lord Derby. Oh there will be no difficulty in that quarter. And you? Will you, for the first time, deceive me? Have you not read as much in her eyes?

Huntingdon. Love is so apt to flatter itself.

Lord Derby. Her eyes are as true as her tongue. You have read them aright.

Huntingdon. I was so presumptuous as to suspect it, and, even on that account, did I wish to hasten my departure.

Lord Derby. Now you remain here, and forever. Is it not so?—you will not leave this desert until death conducts me into the beautiful land of truth?

Huntingdon. Never,—father!

(*Enter EVELINA.*)

Lord Derby. You came just in time, Evelina. Our guest will leave us.

Evelina. Will leave us?

Lord Derby. You seem agitated.

Evelina. Yes.

Lord Derby. It grieves you?

Evelina. Yes.

Lord Derby. Bravo! All the London dolls

would, under such circumstances, have affected reserve; but she is my daughter, she speaks as she feels. Evelina there is but one way of keeping him, and that is in your power.

Evelina. Oh then he will certainly stay.

Lord Derby. You must determine to marry him. Well? You seem agitated again?

Evelina. Yes! but—

Lord Derby. But what?

Evelina. Must I say it, dear father?

Lord Derby. Certainly, out with it.

Evelina. It was a joyful agitation.

Lord Derby. That's right.

Huntingdon. Your father's goodness, miss, allows me to entertain the boldest hopes.

Evelina. Yes, my father is very good!

Huntingdon. Do you confirm my happiness?

Evelina. By so doing I only assure my own.

Lord Derby. Well, I call that frankness indeed. But Evelina, you will not get away from the cursed island.

Evelina. Where would I be, rather than with him?

Lord Derby. And with me, I hope.

Evelina. And with my father.

Lord Derby. That came very haltingly, but I will believe it, nevertheless.

Evelina. It is true.

Lord Derby. Let it storm upon the main land, then! Happiness and sincerity find their dwelling-place upon this little island. Three truthful human beings, who love each other! upon a square of four miles! Truly no country in Europe can boast of such a population.

THE FOUNTAIN.

BY MARY HEMPLE.

D to the sunny
d a fountain
ly;
ir with joy did
E,
to have so fair
hing,
a playmate—
ly,

Birds came downward to its brink,
From its silver wealth to drink,
Perching on the marble.

Ebbing—flooding with its play,
Stream'd the sunshine through it:
And from far-off/fragrant bowers,
Came the clustered breath of flowers,
With a kiss to woo it.

Childish laughter—soft and sweet,
Mingled with its warble;

Lovelier—softer grew the moss,
Where its waters glistened,

At its voice, the daisies white,
(Wearing crowns of jeweled light)
Bow'd their heads—and listened.

But the children—most of all
Revelled there in gladness,
Dashing in with dancing feet,

Where the wave and marble meet,
Full of merry madness.

All the things that God has made,
Have their share of pleasure :
But sweet childhood's heart is full,
Of the bright and beautiful,
Given without measure.

THE GRANDMOTHER.

BY MARY C. DENVER.



BENT and a broken
form hath she,
Who hath breathed the
breath of a century ;
Whose eye is dim in
wandering back
Along life's weary and
wasted track ;
Whose heart is tired in
turning o'er

Leaf after leaf in memory's store ;
Whose mind is weary, and almost fled
With the visions on which it long has fed !

How long a history hath she,
Who hath lived the life of a century !
Of men who long have pass'd away,
Whose names now live in some martial lay,
Whose faces, in days and years long gone,
She many a time hath gazed upon ;
Whose voices, now silent as long pass'd chimes,
Have thrill'd in her ear a thousand times.

I have seen her sit in her old arm chair,
With her wrinkled brow and her silver hair,
That look'd as soft, and white and clear
As snow on the brow of the dying year !
And eager faces would gather round,
All anxious to catch the slightest sound
Of the tales, she often before had told,
Of those trying times, the times of old !

She can tell how wildly her heart would thrill—
When she heard the cannon from Bunker-hill ;
And almost break, when call'd to view
The death of some gallant friend she knew ;—
She can tell how freely her aid she gave
Some trembling fugitive to save,
And how her heart would swell in wrath
'Gainst those who follow'd upon his path.

And her voice will fail, when she tells of one,
Of him, her youngest and favorite son,
Who march'd with the weapon he scarce could wield,
In his homespun garb, to the battle field ;—
How nobly he fought by his father's side—
How nobly he battled—how bravely died,

In the chosen ranks of the foremost line,
On the fatal shores of the Brandywine !

She can tell how her heart with pain would beat,
When she saw the naked and bleeding feet
Of those, who fought for her country's rights,
Through scorching days, and wintry nights,—
How her eyes with indignant fire would flash,
When she saw the British squadrons dash
Away, in gay and gallant trim ;
And her heart would swell, when she thought of *him* !

She can tell of Trenton's hard-fought field,
Where many a fate was forever sealed !
Of Monmouth's wide-spread, and fatal plain
Where England witness'd her hundreds slain !
She can tell of many a well-fought day
When the starry banner led the way ;
Of Andre's capture—his youth, his pride—
How bravely he lived—how ignobly died !

And then her voice will grow deep and stern,
And her eyes with a smother'd fire will burn,
When she speaks of *him*, who his country sold,
For a shining treasure of worthless gold !
And then she will smile to tell of those,
Whose eyes were ever upon their foes,
From the tangled wood—from the deep morass,
Where none but Marion's men could pass.

O many a history hath she,
Who hath lived the life of a century !
Whose heart is tied with a golden thread
To the prouder stories of years long fled,
Whose generation hath nearly pass'd,
Who stands of her kindred, almost the last ;
For her children have left her, and gone before,
To the peaceful rest of the unknown shore !

On the cheek, I have witness'd bitter tears
Of those who have number'd scarce twenty years,
And thought, how fitter to weep was she,
Who had felt the storms of a century !
Whose feet had many a time been worn,
Whose heart had many a time been torn,
And yet lived on, undim'd by tears,
Beneath the weight of a hundred years !

THE MERCHANT'S SON.

BY MISS S. A. MUNT.

"To weave bright visions, and to kneel
And worship in their ray,
And see them vanish as we gaze
Like hues of parting day."

—
"Dreams shall bind my soul no longer,
Darkly to the valley clod;
Ever shall its flight grow stronger
Soaring upward to my God."

H. M.

clear, softened light of the full moon streamed in upon the furniture, and revealed occasionally the expression of his countenance which was serious. Once in a while a smile broke over his features, as he appeared briefly to yield to the play of fancy.

"So I am indeed twenty-one," he said, musingly, "this is the day I have looked forward to, from boyhood, as the period when I should be free as the wind. What are my objects of pursuit? What have they been? Oh! Fame! I could die if thy silver trumpet would ring out her loudest blast for me. I will be no medium character,—I will either play a conspicuous part on the world's great stage, or I will sink into nothingness. I have been an obedient son to a father who means well, but judges wrongly of me. He has kept me cooped up in a counting room, lest as he says, I should become a simpleton or a poet. I have borne it silently, although it galled me to the quick. God forbid that I should have pained his heart, before I had a man's right to act in freedom,—to cut out my own path in the world. And yet,—and yet"—the young man's lip curved bitterly, as he paused a moment, "he has drawn the rein almost too tight. I have not been allowed the choice of doing what I like. Money—money—money, when will the time come, that it will not be worshiped? I hate it. I hate

that grasping after gold. How can an immortal soul so far forget its high destiny, as to make the clutching of golden coin the great aim of existence? But there are thousands who seem fit for nothing else."

Arthur Griswold seated himself on the sofa, passed his hand through his hair repeatedly, sighed profoundly, muttered something about the generality of people being such idiots, then with a "heigho! heigho! heigho!" he leaned his head back against the wall in silence.

"But money is a fine thing after all!" he said half smiling, as after a long pause he resumed his train of thought. "It is well I can clutch a little myself just now; I fear father, when he learns my resolution, will request me to keep my distance from his coffers. Let it be so! I think I can get along. Yes, my life of close study shall soon commence, and then—what shall my glorious future be?—Great as a poet's dream,—there is a power within me, but alas! it is a smouldering spark which may never burst forth into a flame, and light up clearly the 'chambers of mine imagery.' Such thoughts shall not be indulged! *I will.* Those two little words shall be the beacon stars, to lead me forward to the accomplishment of my purposes. Difficulties shall vanish before the might of a strong will. To resolve and to accomplish, shall be one thing with me."

"Why, Arthur, are you all alone?" said the soft, musical voice of Lucy Griswold, as she entered the room. She seated herself on the sofa next to her brother, and rested her lovely head confidently upon his shoulder.

"I was all alone, dear," he replied.

"Indulging in beautiful imaginings I suppose?" suggested Lucy.

"Not remarkably beautiful."

"Well, then, come stand by the window, and look out upon this poetic sky. If fancy does not

wave her wand for you, and wake up imaginings, sweet and dreaming, you are no poet. Just banish earthly thoughts, and rove any where, and every where as I do, at such a lovely hour."

"I will, to oblige you," answered Arthur, leading her to the window, and kissing her pure brow, with a kind brother's deep affection. That fair young girl was the only one to whom he poured forth the yearning aspirations of his soul. Her sweet influence breathed over his spirit like a balmy air, and hushed it into quietness. She was almost an idol to him; she understood, appreciated and sympathized with him, while all her actions seemed to be a living prayer that he should become pure and good. And yet she was rather a wayward, mischievous being, when she took it into her head to be so. The spirit of mirth peeped out of her laughing eyes, somewhat too often, as her grave grandmother assured her. But she was silent now, as well as Arthur. It was, indeed, the hour for fancy to give reins to her darling reveries,—for the witchery of romance to steal into the heart. You could, under its power, have rolled back the tide of time, and have planted your footsteps in great Rome,—you could have gazed up at her softly brilliant sky, revealing her thousand splendors. You could have revelled in the once sunlit streets of ancient Pompeii, or have trod the classic ground of Greece. The past might have been before you, or the sunny future, with its rainbow hopes, its glorious dreams, its flowers of love and gladness flung at your feet. Hope, delicious hope, the gay intruder, the wild deluder, she would have stolen on the wings of the softly-dreaming air,—she would have poured her laughing light upon your bosom, as the zephyr plays over the unfolding petals of the sun-kissed rose. All this might have happened if you were young, dear reader! for people strangely forget these romping fancy-flights, if care but press her good-for-nothing fingers upon the bounding heart. Youth! how blest thou art, with thy fresh, glad thoughts, thy witching dreams, breathing their spell over the untrammelled heart. How dost thou roam over every sunny spot, and make all things bright with the touch of thine own fairy wand. All things happy, will be possible to thee,—all things wished for, will surely press into thy service, begging to twine around thy brow the garland of a proud, bright destiny! How dost thou laugh, when the aged lip of experience would foretell thee a tale of thine own blighted hopes. Clouds and sunlight thou hast known, but the April smile even chid back the impetuous tear, and bade thee see how the shining drops freshened the beauty of earth and sky. Thy heart is free, and if ever the mist comes, it looks upward and

around, and smiles to see the sunshine breaking, and bringing back to thee, all thy clustering joys. Why may not the *heart* be always young, though wrinkles drive away the smoothness from the brow, and take from the lip its rosy hue,—though silver thread the shining locks, and beauty depart from the wasting features? May not the undying soul retain its youth, so long as we are blessed with our faculties? May it not grow stronger and greater as it nears its everlasting goal? May not its capabilities for happiness increase by a proper use of the gifts which God has bestowed, by careful culture, by refreshing from the dews of Heaven? Surely, surely it may be so! We drive from us our youth of soul: storms come but to clear away the darkness, and to show us depths within, that Heaven may fill with joy. Then let our course be onward. Still be our dreams bright and joyous; still let hope cast her halo around us, still let her be a gay intruder, but chasten her gently if she be the wild deluder of earlier days. Bid her not tell thee of selfish visions. Ask her to breathe a fond spell over all thou lovest, over every breaking heart, over the whole broad earth, which bears not a soul that thou lovest not. Tell her, the whole world is thine, that all God's creatures are thy brethren and sisters. Whisper her to raise her throne in every downcast bosom, though she should forsake thine. Will she forsake thee? Oh! no. Thy heart shall be more light than when thy guileless childhood was most full of innocent joy—more happy shalt thou be, than when earlier youth was thrilling thee with its gushing gladness. After long indulging in reverie, Arthur roused himself and related all his plans and projects to his sister. He was to break off all connection with his father's business, and enter college immediately.

"But, Arthur, what will father say? This thing is very sudden to him; he is not prepared for it."

"That I cannot help, Lucy. If I had spoken of it before, it would only have taken from his enjoyment."

"Well, I don't know what to say about it; I think you ought to be a student, and if you feel that you are doing right, don't be checked by any thing or any body. I will do my prettiest, to soften father's displeasure."

"I know that, Lucy."

The next morning, with a firm, but slow step, young Griswold entered his father's counting room. "Well, Arthur," exclaimed the merchant, "you are twenty-one now. You have not as much ambition in regard to business, as I wish you had. You don't seem to care whether you become one of the firm or not, but you have always performed your part promptly."

"I have no wish to become a partner, father."

"Why not?" questioned Mr. Griswold, in a disappointed tone.

"I am of age now, father," said Arthur, speaking with an effort. "I never intend to be a merchant."

"Arthur!"

"I am sorry to disappoint your wishes, sir, by the course I have decided upon; but you are aware, that the idea of being a merchant was always repugnant to me."

"I thought you had overcome that boyish notion."

"No, sir."

"I must say, Arthur Griswold, that you have acted very ungenerously; very little as I ever thought a son of mine would act." There were a few moments of stern silence; Mr. Griswold's lip was firmly compressed, and the severity of deep anger was in the steady gaze which he rivetted upon his son's countenance. "I should at least have thought you could have been frank enough to have prepared me for this."

"It was from no want of frankness, sir, that I did not speak of it. I knew that your views and mine differed on many points. My future course was firmly decided upon, I was fully aware that you would not approve of it; I had failed too many times in trying to change your opinion. My only reason for not telling my plans, was to avoid opposition, and any uneasiness on your part, until the time actually arrived."

"I am deeply obliged for your tender care," said Mr. Griswold bowing, with a curving lip. "I suppose a longer conference is not necessary."

"Not if it is unpleasant to you, father." Arthur Griswold possessed a true poet's soul in one respect, at least; his heart was warm with strong affections, he was as sensitive as a woman in feeling. After one long, eager look at his father's face, he slightly inclined his head, and left the counting room.

"Do n't look so melancholy, Arthur!" exclaimed Lucy, running out in the hall to meet him on his return. She had been watching for him, to hear how her father received the unexpected and unpleasing intelligence of his decision.

"Even worse than I expected—worse than I expected," said Arthur, entering the parlor, and throwing himself into a chair. He remained some moments lost in deep thought, his face bent forward, and resting on his hands. Lucy eyed him, and bethought herself that it would never do for him to yield to discouraged feelings. Dropping on her knees before him, with playful grace she drew away his hands, and looking up in his eyes, with a smile, at once arch and tender,

said, "Eve's curiosity,—brother mine. Tell me all he said, and all you said."

Arthur related every word of the brief conversation that had passed, then with some bitterness he said, "I knew that father would be both disappointed and displeased, but I certainly had no idea that he would think my conduct unworthy."

A slight, quick flush of indignation passed over Lucy's face, but she replied gently, "He don't understand you, Arthur."

"And never will."

"He shall understand you in one respect," said Lucy, with an expression of proud determination, as she rose from her kneeling position. "He shall understand that your heart is as worthy and generous a one"—she paused, for she was not in the habit of telling people their good qualities, when she thought they already possessed as much knowledge on the subject as would answer their purposes. She resumed cheerfully, "constant dropping will wear away a stone, so I will drop a good word for you in father's ear, at the most propitious moments, and never fear but what his displeasure will be displaced by deeper affection than ever. You will be thought of more leniently in your absence. So don't let gloomy thoughts disturb you an instant. When shall you leave us?"

"In about a week."

"So soon?" and the young girl immediately descended from her elevated position, as comforter. She burst into tears, and then it was her brother's turn to cheer and console. It was on the tip of her tongue, to say, "Do n't go!" but she held back the words.

The evening before young Griswold's departure had arrived, the brother and sister were again alone in the parlor, sitting by the window. It was a calm starlight evening, and there was a sad quiet in the hearts of both. The merchant had not spoken one word of harsh reproach to his son, since the disclosure of his determination, but there was a measured politeness in his manner, that felt chillingly upon the warm heart of Arthur. The hearty joke and cheerful, approving laugh had been banished from the family circle, during the past week. The sweet, glad eyes of Lucy had not wandered around with a glance of merry meaning. Mrs. Griswold was an affectionate mother, but she was not remarkably tenacious of any views of her own; she thought just as her husband did, and, therefore, sighed profoundly over Arthur's strange whim.

"Lucy," said Arthur in a low tone, "have there never been times with you, when you felt as if there was an immensity hanging upon a present moment,—felt as if there was coming a change, a turning of your destiny?"

ave felt so," replied the young girl, "and have come, but perhaps no outward. External changes are nothing to the of the spirit's destiny. Arthur, dear" and she clasped his hand with fervent "you are going from home now, you're no mother and sister to bless you, and your gentlest sympathies. Would to my prayers could change you!" "Bless me!" said Arthur, almost starting, "Lucy?"

are entering life as millions do, full of dreams, eager to bind around your wreath of fame. It seems a glorious you to be called great. But your aims slow the dignity of an immortal spirit.

Arthur, whether any one knows it or of your own spirit with the stern, steady path. Shrink from no ordeal that may and try the strength within you. Turn the end of your life to some good purpose, and trust that Providence will guide you in you can lead yourself. Let your virtues have cause to bless you, whether they meet your ear or not."

"Grant I may become all you ask, my Arthur!" Arthur answered solemnly. "If I disprove your hopes, it will be no fault of you have been a protecting angel to me, been always ready to bear with and defend me, when others blamed. You have only human being, who ever sympathized with me fully and frankly."

"What have you been to me, Arthur?" said the sister affectionately. "You have been a lion in my cause. I have often seen you took my part, when I deserved a

we arrive at the very evident fact, that two wonderfully excellent beings," she said, laughing.

"So," was the smiling reply.

An hour glided by unnoticed, for Arthur and Lucy were too deeply engaged in serious conversation to heed the flight of time. They recalled their childish days, and then turned to the more serious and stronger impulses which had been at work as each succeeding year rolled on. The mutual tenderness was in their hearts, and they realized that they were indeed entering into its cares and strong responsibilities heavily upon their spirits, there could be no going back to their childhood. For action committed, they themselves were responsible; they could not with lightness throw the blame upon older people and pass it idly by. Though the brother and sister were both naturally gay, and perhaps

a little wild, still there was a vein of deep thoughtfulness in the characters of each, which often called upon them to pause and reflect. The right influence of that loving sister was felt; it was with holier emotions awakened in his bosom—with pure and high resolves—that the young votary at the shrine of Fame, parted from his sister that night.

"Farewell, Lucy," said Arthur, turning to his sister the next morning, after he had bidden his parents adieu. He clasped her hand tightly in his own, and spoke in a choked voice. She cast herself in his arms, and the sobs which she had tried hard to repress, under the stern eye of her father, burst forth unchecked. "Weep for me when you are alone, darling, if you will, and pray for me," whispered Arthur, "I will yet become all you desire. Father shall yet know that I do not act from the idle whim of an effeminate boy. Lucy, dear Lucy! tell me once more that you bless me before I go forth into the world." The young man had commanded himself by a strong effort, but now he bowed his head upon his sister's shoulder, and wept like a child. An expression, radiant with affection, flitted briefly over Lucy's fair young face, as she replied in a low tone of tremulous sweetness, "I do bless you, Arthur. I shall always—Oh! may our Father above, smile upon you."

It was with a strong heart and a determined will, that Arthur Griswold engaged in his studies. But the ways of Providence are not like our ways. Often our most arduous efforts bring but little to pass; yet we should not repine, for if we have done all we can do, that little is just as much as it should be. Not so felt the young student. Five years had passed over his head, since he had begun to walk in the path marked out by himself. Where were his dreams of ambition,—his visions of philanthropy? Where were the thoughts he had sent out into the world, hoping to make deep echoes in a thousand hearts? They had gone forth indeed, the cherished idols of his imagination, but where was the sympathy he was to meet with? He found it not, and not until he saw how heedlessly his poems were passed by, did he realize the value he had placed, almost unknowing to himself, upon the smiles of a thoughtless multitude. He had entered into no profession, and as each slow year had traveled on, the young poet had hoped with all the ardor of an enthusiastic spirit, that fickle fortune would yet reward his muse. His habits had greatly changed since he had left the counting room for the study; his time was not methodically employed; he was often sad and depressed. And yet he raised his heart upward, and endeavored to do well. Apparently he had not improved,

but in reality he had been learning good but painful lessons. Bitter trial had taught him to look upon the world, upon men and things as they are, not as they seem. Lucy was still the same fond sister, his mother's smile was kind but tremulous, for she thought her poor Arthur was sadly changed. His father never reproached him; he was sometimes pleasant and cheerful with him, but it was not the frank cheerfulness of other days. The warm, hearty grasp of the hand, the cheering words from a father's lips, "Well done, my boy!" were no longer his own. Since the day he left home for college, his father's house had never been his permanent residence. One soft evening, at twilight, Arthur sat alone in his chamber, watching the faint stars, as they came out in the pale blue sky. A light, caressing breeze lifted the hair from his white forehead, as he leaned back against the window frame, in deep musing. His thoughts were somewhat sad, and yet there was more strength in his heart than he had known in a long time. He had that afternoon been in the society of his sister, and the influence of her gentle soul was still upon him. She had married, but old affections were as dear to her as ever. She had strongly urged upon him the necessity of an active and useful life, and he was glad to hear her speak thus, for his own views had been changing fast, of late. It was five long years before the dazzling bubble of worldly fame had lost to him its hues of radiant light. With something like a smile playing over his lip, he mused half aloud, "I have indeed been pursuing a bubble; even if I had obtained it, it would have burst in my grasp, showing—emptiness." He leaned his head upon his hand, and over his thoughtful features a deeper shade fell: he cast a retrospective eye upon the past, it seemed almost a waste; with a sigh, he murmured,—

"I fear I have been self-deceived—I have not looked my motives in the face. I have endeavored to delude myself with the idea, that I was trying to benefit others, by the outpourings of my brain, when at the bottom I most deeply yearned for applause,—it was *that*, which my selfish soul craved. Such dreams shall no longer be mine!"—and bowing his head, the poet struggled in silence with the feelings within.

About an hour after, he arose from his seat by the window, and lighting a lamp, he placed himself at his writing table, and opened his long-neglected journal. Before writing, he breathed forth a deep and silent prayer. His eyes were upraised, full of light, and the rich glow of beautiful thought upon his countenance was tempered by the quiet repose on his closed lips. Taking a pen, he wrote as follows:—

"*June 20th.* What satisfaction in a dying hour can be as substantial as the remembrance of a well-spent life? We must combat with ourselves, and gently aid others. What is life's lesson? To learn what we are and then to conquer. Oh God! Give me a stern spirit to go forth unflinchingly, developing the life thou hast given me. Aid me to trample on the clinging reveries that twine around my heart,—they come almost imperceptibly, and like links in a chain, they will not be broken and parted. Banish from my soul the enervating weight of idle, brooding feeling! Grant that I may be frank with my own heart: will it not at last grow pure beneath thy searching eyes? Is not thy good Providence over me now, guiding every minute action and thought—may I realize it, may I trust in Thee. Guard me from wandering from thy fold! Give me an earnest love of usefulness—a willingness to labor in any thing that duty bids! Fill me with humility and heavenly charity—may I exert a pure influence! Would that my spirit was strong as a martyr's and meek as a babe's."

After thus briefly noting down his thoughts, Arthur sought the repose he needed after the excitement of deep and strong emotion. He was strengthened by what he had written, for to bring out good thoughts in a tangible form both soothes and strengthens.

Ten years more rolled by, and our poet was a lawyer of eminence. He had entered the profession and he had labored faithfully; he was,—what is rarely seen, a lawyer at once successful, upright and useful. One cheerful day in autumn, a multitude was hastening to the courthouse in our city, to listen to a case which had excited much interest. Justice was on one side, wealth on the other. Griswold had given his services, where he could hope for but little reward,—to the weaker party. With generous uprightness he had turned aside from the tempting offers by which the rich man had sought to gain his efforts in a bad cause. His reply was, "I am governed in my actions by truth, not money, sir."

But if there was not a spirit of truthfulness on the side opposed to Griswold, there was talent and eloquence, and over the multitude they had their sway. The deep hum of applause that arose as Arthur's opponent seated himself, with a somewhat triumphant air, caused a shadow to fall upon his noble heart. He slowly arose, with a dignified manner, and a calm strength expressed in his countenance. At first his words were somewhat measured, but as he proceeded he gathered might and force; his large, dark eye kindled brilliantly, and his usually pale cheek glowed, as he poured forth with burning elo-

quence, the words of truth and justice. There was a living power in all he uttered, that caused that breathless assembly to lean forward, and listen with a thrill. Truth is always powerful; if eloquently supported, it is irresistible with those who have one spark of honesty in their nature to be appealed to; and thank Heaven there is much honesty in this wicked world of ours. The fascinating spell of the former speaker was broken; the plain, cutting words of sober truth had torn away the veil arranged with such skilful art. Suffice it to say, that Griswold gained the case. He retired almost exhausted, and amid many enthusiastic congratulations, he hurried on, to leave the crowded court-room.

“Arthur!” exclaimed a familiar voice, when he had nearly reached the door. He turned, and a white haired old man grasped his hand and wrung it, while big tears of joy rolled down his furrowed cheeks. “My noble boy! God bless you!” were the choking words that burst from his father’s lips.

“Father!” and the heart of the son, swelled with more blessed feelings at those few words, than he had known in years. Placing his father’s arm upon his own, they left the house, and they both felt that their cup of joy was full. Lucy and her husband met them upon the pavement; Arthur sprang forward, and clasping the extended hand of his sister, he looked upon her uplifted countenance, with a smile; and yet it was mingled with a strange emotion. She glanced a moment upon her father’s happy face, then raising her eyes again to Arthur’s, she burst into tears of joy.

“Dear Arthur!” was all she could say.

The happy party bent their steps towards old Mr. Griswold’s family mansion, and there Arthur met a joyful mother’s smile.

“Well, my boy!” exclaimed Mr. Griswold, giving his son a hearty slap upon his shoulder, “I have learned one lesson to-day, and that is, that you were never cut out for a merchant.”

“KEEP THYSELF PURE.”



Be thou pure before the morning,
Pure before the eye of day;
Pure when glowing glances meet
thee,
And when eyes are turned away:
Through the glory, through the
shadow,
Let them be alike to thee;
Ever pressing onward, upward,
In the strength of purity;
Not alone in light endure,
Through the darkness keep thee pure.

Gentle-hearted friends, anear us,
Make the path of duty sweet;
Ah! how softly walk we onward,
When the loving guide our feet.
That must be a little sorrow,
Which is shared as soon as known,
For it draws the heart we lean on,
Closer—closer to our own:
Can it be a bitter thing,
When such balm is in its sting?

But a sorrow may come nigh thee
In a time of loneliness;
When thy soul is drooping—fainting—
And no love is there to bless;
Friendless—desolate—deserted—
Can ye bear the aching thrill?
Will thy heart keep on its pureness,
Meek, and true, and trusting still?
Ah! 'tis then we learn the need,
Of a changeless love indeed.

Not for earth—or earth’s applauses,
Not for glory, or for gain,
But for Heaven’s high approval,
Cleanse thy bosom from its stain:
When no eye or ear can heed thee,
Deep within thy heart of hearts;
For thy God in love is seeking
“Truth in all the inward parts;”
And thy hope is very sure,
If thy soul be true and pure.

H. M.

THE HEIRESS.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

CONCLUDED.

CHAPTER XXV.

AFTER Anna had, by the exhibition of his mother's miniature, removed from the mind of Mr. Markland all doubt of her being the daughter of his sister; and, after the first wild joy of his heart had sub-

sided, Mr. Markland asked if there were not another room into which they could retire from the chamber of death where they now stood.

"We have no other room," replied Anna.

Mr. Markland mused for a few moments. Then he said:

"I will return for you in half an hour."

"To-night I wish to remain here with——," and she glanced towards the bed.

"No, my dear child! no," quickly returned Mr. Markland. "Let others perform these sad offices for your friend. You have suffered enough."

"You are right, sir," spoke up the woman who had guided Mr. Markland to the house. "Let me take her place here. I will see that all is done that need be."

"Is not this enough, my child?" Asked Mr. Markland, in a subdued voice, for he was touched by the pure, unselfish love manifested by Anna for her departed friend.

Anna leaned her head upon his shoulder and sobbed bitterly for a few moments. Then she lifted her face and said—

"I will go with you, if I may return to-morrow."

"You shall be free to go and come at your own pleasure."

Mr. Markland then withdrew. On gaining the street, he walked slowly along, with his eyes to the ground, debating in his own mind what immediate disposition he should make of his niece. It was nearly ten o'clock at night. He could not take her to his sister's, and it was too late to make arrangements for introducing her into a good boarding house. To let her remain at her present lodgings, was, in his mind, out of the question.

"Yes, that will do," he at length said, half aloud, and quickened his pace—he had come to some hurried conclusion. After walking briskly, for the space of ten or fifteen minutes, he came into Chestnut street from Fifth street, and turning down, kept on as far as Third street. In a few moments more he was at the clerk's desk in the Mansion house.

"Have you two good chambers and a parlor vacant?" he asked.

"Yes, sir. Two of the finest in the house."

"Have them got ready immediately. I wish a small fire in the parlor."

"Yes, sir. Will you enter your name?" The clerk handed him the travelers' entry book.

"Joseph Markland and niece," were the names he entered.

"I wish a carriage immediately," said the old gentleman, as he handed back the pen.

The bell was rung and a servant directed to go for a carriage. As soon as it arrived, Mr. Markland entered it and gave directions to the driver to take him to the place where he had left Anna.

In a little over half an hour, the bewildered girl found herself in an elegantly furnished parlor, which she was told was, for the present, her home.

After she had related her whole history, and, that of her mother, whose memory was watered, during the narration, with many tears, she retired into the chamber provided for her, and sought the blessing of sleep. It did not come for many hours. The events of the evening had been of too exciting a nature.

Mr. Markland did not go back to the house of his sister, but occupied, for the night, the other chamber taken with the parlor.

In the morning, when he met Anna, he found her dressed with a degree of neatness that he did not expect. She had on a silk dress of light, but plain colors, which fitted neatly her well formed, graceful person. Her hair she had arranged with taste, and, indeed, had seemed to study, as much as was in her power, to appear, in her new position, to the best possible advantage, for her uncle's sake. As she arose to meet him, he was

charmed with the ease and grace of her motions and the innocent beauty of her young, intelligent face. Tears were in her eyes as she looked up to her uncle. Tenderly kissing her, he enquired how she had passed the night—expressed again and again his pleasure at having found her—and then causing her to resume her seat, he took a place by her side, and entered into a close conversation with her, that was simply a renewal of the conversation of the preceding night, and related to the past history of Anna.

Breakfast was served for them in their private parlor. After the meal was over, Mr. Markland placed a well filled purse in the hands of his niece, and told her that, if she wished to go, he would take her, in a carriage, to the house where the body of her friend lay, and leave her there as long as she wished to remain; and that he would, in the mean time, see that all necessary arrangements were made for Laura's burial.

Anna could ask no more. The whole day was spent in performing the sad offices required for the dead. On the morning of the following day the remains of her departed friend were committed to the grave. She wept as she stood by the side of the deep chasm that received the inanimate body of one whom she had loved as a sister, but she wept, leaning upon the arm of her uncle.

CHAPTER XXIV.

On the morning of the fourth day, and after the wardrobe of Anna had received important, but hasty additions, Mr. Markland made his first appearance at the house of his sister, since the night he had left it so abruptly.

Mrs. Grant did not seem either surprised or glad to see him. A deep, gloomy shadow was on her face. She asked no question as to where he had been, or why he had remained so long away. She did not say a word about her niece.

"Mary," said the old man, after a few moments of silence, with a stern face and voice—"I have found Anna's child, thank God! Her orphan child, whom you spurned, heartlessly from your door, when she had no home, and was alone in a large and strange city——"

"And I wish you joy of your discovery!" sneeringly replied Mrs. Grant, with a malignant expression of countenance.

The old man started to his feet, his face flushed with instantly excited indignation.

"A lovelier girl never ——"

But he restrained himself, and did not utter the retort that was on his tongue.

"Perhaps," he said, as soon as he could control himself enough to speak, "you forget that Anna Gray is to take her place in society by the side of yourself and family—and worthy is she to take that place.—Perhaps you forget——"

"I don't wish to hear a word on the subject. It is an offence to me!"

Mr. Markland arose and left the house. He saw that his sister was beside herself with anger, and he knew very well the cause. He next visited Mr. Grant. Him he found in a very different mood. Calm, but gloomy.

"I have discovered the daughter of Anna, as you are aware," he said to Mr. Grant.

"I presumed that was the case."

"You knew, Mason, all along that she was in the city."

"I did."

"Exposed to every danger."

"Of that I knew nothing."

"Rather say, you cared nothing," replied Mr. Markland, sharply.

"Have it as you please. I am in no mood to dispute about words just now."

"You and Mary seem to be in a strange temper about an event that should give you joy."

"Humph!" The lips of Mason Grant parted, but he did not smile—he could not.

"I am at a loss to understand the meaning of all this, Mason," said Mr. Markland, sternly.

"Is it possible that the necessity of paying over to this niece her proportion of her grandfather's estate, has disturbed you both so deeply?"

Grant was silent.

"But I need not make such a supposition. Nothing else could have had this effect."

"That proportion she will never get," gloomily, but in a decided tone, replied Grant.

"What?"

"She will never see a dollar of her grandfather's property. Do you understand?"

"What do you mean?"

"My estate will not pay it. Can you understand that?"

"I understand what you say; but do not credit the declaration."

"You can satisfy yourself at any moment. Are you ready to make the investigation?"

"I am. And it shall be made rigidly, depend upon that. It will be a desperate case, look you! Mason, if I don't get out of your hands the amount I suffered to be placed there, confiding to your honor as I did. You had no right to risk the loss of this money in your business. You should have been satisfied with the use of it, safely."

"We will not bandy words about that," abruptly replied Grant. "What's past, can't be mended. This girl cannot get the legacy left by

her grandfather, nor even a portion of it, without ruin to me, and I will fight hard before I am brought to that issue. Too much depends upon my maintaining my position. I must look to my children, and the effect upon them of bankruptcy. Do you understand?"

"Perfectly."

"You see, then, that I am desperate."

"I see it. You have played the fool, and now you are going to play the ——."

"Stop sir!" ejaculated Grant, in a deep, quick voice, his face growing almost black with passion.

"The villain!" coolly added old Mr. Markland, steadily fixing his eyes upon the excited merchant.

The hand of Grant was suddenly raised, from an impulse to strike to the ground the man who had assailed him.

But the calm, steady eye, of Mr. Markland remained fixed upon him, and he quailed under it.

"Mason Grant," said the old man, speaking emphatically, "we part here. Our paths in life diverge from this point. When you do justice to Anna Gray, and when my sister and her children come forward and do her justice, then I will cross the threshold of your house. Not before. As one of the executors of my father's will, I will see that the orphan girl does not lose her portion. Good morning!"

CHAPTER XXV.

THREE months have elapsed, and we find Anna under new and very different circumstances. Instead of a friendless stranger in a great city, she is now the mistress of a large and elegant house, which has been purchased, and beautifully furnished by old Mr. Markland for himself and niece.

Every day endears her more and more to the heart of the old man, her uncle. He has provided for her the best of teachers, and she, more for her uncle's sake than her own, is devoting herself to music, to the study of French, and other branches of a polite education, with affectionate assiduity. Gradually he is introducing her into society, and she charms wherever she goes. Her history has not been concealed.

As yet, no intercourse has taken place between her and Mr. Grant's family. She sometimes alludes to them, but, on this subject, her uncle is always silent. She believes that it is the pride of Mr. Grant that is in the way of harmony; the real truth she does not know, and her uncle thinks it best, that she should remain in

ignorance on that head. His own large fortune is already secured to her, and that will more than make up to her the loss of her grandfather's legacy.

The fact that his sister knew that Anna was in the city under such peculiar circumstances, and yet concealed the knowledge of it from him, was something that old Mr. Markland could neither forget nor forgive. Indeed, the conduct of both herself and husband, during the preceding year, exhibited so deep a moral perversion, that Mr. Markland wished to meet them no more.

CHAPTER XXVI.

"Who is that charming creature leaning on the arm of young W——?"

"Do n't you know?" This was said in a tone of surprise.

"I never saw her before, to my knowledge. I have been absent from the city, you will remember, for some two years."

"True. You know old Markland?"

"Very well."

"That is his niece."

"His niece? Oh, no! There are his nieces in the other room."

"You mean the Misses Grant?"

"Yes."

"Her name is Gray, not Grant. And she is a niece."

"He has but one sister, Mrs. Grant."

"He had, it appears another—a twin sister—who, because she married below her position, as it was thought, was thrown aside many years since. She died, about two years ago in Cincinnati, and made her only child promise, on her death bed, that she would come to this city and seek out her relatives. She did so, but was not successful at first, I believe in finding them. For nearly twelve months she supported herself with her needle, when her uncle discovered her by some fortunate accident. He has been educating her ever since."

"Quite a charming piece of romance!"

"Is n't it. The old man is as proud of her as if she were his only child. Look at him! See—his eyes are all the while upon her."

"And well he may be. She is a lovely being. I don't know when I have seen so sweet a face,—how beautifully blended in it are innocence and intelligence. I must get introduced."

"It's too late, now," said the friend, smiling.

"Why?"

Young W—— has already secured the prize." Are you in earnest?"

Yes. That matter is pretty well understood."

He's a fortunate fellow."

In more ways than one."

How?"

Old Markland is worth a plum. He will get a fine fortune—a woman in a thousand and a fine estate into the bargain."

About an hour, the friends who held this convention, met again. It was in a brilliant

"There is one thing that I can't understand," she said.

What is that?"

I have noticed Mrs. Grant and her daughters hear this Miss Gray several times during the evening, but they do not seem to know her." "I can explain that."

I will give me the benefit of your explanation, if you please."

They have wronged her, and, therefore, cannot give her."

Triumph! A strange reason."

It is a true one, nevertheless. Or, I ought to say that Mr. Grant has wronged her out of some thousands of dollars, it is said."

Indeed!" "Her mother could not be found when she finally repented of their treatment towards her in her father's (Anna's grandfather's) will. He left fifty thousand dollars to her children, which should be discovered within a certain number of years. Mr. Markland and Mr. Grant, as executors under this will. In case no one was found, the children of Mr. Grant were to inherit this property."

Some kind of hocus pocus, Grant managed to get any advertisements for heirs from apartments the latest moment. But when they came, they were effectual. Anna was found, and their means, just one week before the expiration."

Secured her legacy?"

Mason Grant was entrusted with the money and refused to give it up. He had so set upon it as the property of his children, that he could not feel like relinquishing it."

Impossible!"

True, I believe. The Grants, I am told, believe that this young lady is an impostor,

and, therefore, refuse to acknowledge her as a relative. But no one who looks into her face can believe her capable of imposture."

"No. I will exonerate her from that offence."

"The true reason of their conduct is to be found in the fact, that the moment she is acknowledged, the odium of the conduct of Mason Grant will fix itself upon the whole family."

"I understand it all, perfectly."

"But all this will avail them nothing. The whole matter is pretty well understood in all the circles where they move. Young W—— had begun to pay some attentions to Ella Grant, when Anna made her appearance with her uncle. Her superior charms quickly won his heart, and he is now her acknowledged lover."

"Success to his suit, say I! He is worthy of her hand; and one glance at her sweet face is sufficient to satisfy any one, that she is worthy of his."

The subject of their remarks, passed near them, at this moment, leaning upon the arm of W——, and the friends ceased speaking.

But little more of interest to the reader can be related of Anna Gray. Mr. Grant's family kept aloof, and Mr. Grant held fast to the legacy left her by the elder Mr. Markland. But it did him little good. In a few years he failed in business and became very much reduced; and not long after, died. When trouble came upon them, Anna, now Mrs. W——, drew the veil of oblivion over the past, and visited her aunt and cousins. They received her coldly—the coldness arising from a consciousness of having wronged her. But the angel-sweetness of her character soon subdued their feelings, and her cousins soon learned to respect, esteem, and then to love her.

Anna fills, now, a high place in the social circle, and is beloved by all. A few years since, her uncle died, leaving her the whole of a handsome estate—which would have been equally divided between herself and cousins, had not Mr. Grant so wickedly wronged her. In seeking the worldly good of his children without regarding justice to others, Mr. Grant only did them an injury. This was a natural result—a result that always takes place, no matter when, or where, or how the attempt is made to secure the temporal well being of any one at the expense of the rights of another.

O! THERE ARE LOOKS.

HERE are looks and tones that dart
Instant sunshine to the heart;
The soul that moment caught
Treasure, it through life had sought.

As if the very lips and eyes,
Predestined to have all our sighs,
And never be forgot again,
Sparkled and spoke before us then. T. MOORE.

FABLES AND PARABLES.

FROM LESSING.

THE APPARITION.



WITHIN the depths of a lonely forest, where I espied many savage beasts, I laid me down by a soft murmuring waterfall, and endeavored to clothe one of my tales with the graceful ornament of poetry. I chose—I rejected; the flush of eagerness glowed on my cheeks. In vain; nothing appeared upon the page. I sprang up, full of vexation; when lo! suddenly the Muse of Fable herself stood before me.

And she said smiling, "Scholar, why this useless trouble? Truth makes use of the charm of fable; but why should fable use the grace of harmony. It would be to spice even spice itself. It is enough, if the ideas of the Poet are original, the more naturally they are expressed, the more pleasing will they be in the eyes of the world."

I would have answered, but the Muse disappeared. "Disappeared?" I think I hear my readers ask; "You should find some more plausible method of deceiving, than to attribute to the Muse the shallow conclusion to which you were led by your own incapacity. It is a trick common to authors."

Excellent reasoning, dear reader! You are quite right; I related a fable, the moral of which you have yourself discovered. I am not the first, and shall not be the last, who has exalted his own caprices into oracles delivered by some heavenly apparition.

THE MARMOT AND THE ANT.

"You miserable race of Ants," said a Marmot, "can it be worth the trouble of working the whole summer to collect so little? If you could only see my stores!"

"Listen," answered an Ant; "if you lay up more than you can use, it is only just that men should dig for you, to empty your stores, and to make you expiate your greedy avarice with your life."

THE LION AND THE HARE.

A Lion once esteemed a droll Hare worthy of his intimate acquaintance. "Is it true, as I have

heard," the Hare asked him one day, "that you lions are frightened by the crowing of a miserable cock?"

"It is true," answered the Lion; "and it is a common observation that we noble animals usually have one particular little weakness. Take, for example, that of the elephant; how the grunt of a pig makes him tremble with fear—"

"Ah!" interrupted his friend, "now I see why we hares are so terrified at the sight of the hounds!"

THE ASS AND THE RACE-HORSE.

An Ass undertook to run with a Race-Horse for a wager. The trial ended pitifully, and the Ass was laughed to scorn. "I remember now," said the Ass, "the reason it turned out thus; I trod a stone into my foot some months ago, and it still gives me pain."

JUPITER AND THE HORSE.

"Father of beasts and men," thus spoke the Horse as he approached the throne of Jupiter, "men say that I am one of the most beautiful creatures with which you have adorned the world; and my self-love inclines me to believe it. But is not there yet some possibility of improvement?"

"And what improvements could you suggest? speak; I am ready to receive instruction," said the god, with a benevolent smile.

"Perhaps," said the Horse, "I should move more swiftly if my legs were higher and more slender; a longer swan's neck would do me no harm; a broader chest would increase my strength; and since you have destined me to carry your favorite man, perhaps it would be better if I were provided with a saddle beforehand, instead of that which my benevolent rider lays upon me—"

"Restrain your impatience for a moment," interrupted Jupiter; and with a solemn countenance he spoke the word of creation. Then arose life from the dust: the disjoined atoms were united, and suddenly before the throne stood—the misshapen camel.

The Horse beheld, and shuddered at the sight.

"Here are higher and more slender legs," said Jupiter; "here is a longer swan's neck; here is

a wider chest; a saddle already provided! Do you still desire, O Horse, that I should thus transform you?"

The Horse still shuddered, and was silent.

"Go," continued Jupiter; "this time be instructed without being punished; but to remind you repentingly from time to time of your presumption—continue thou to exist,—new creature,"—(Jupiter as he spoke threw a glance of compassion on the camel,)—"and may the Horse never look on you without shuddering."

THE ASS AND THE FOX.

"Tell me of any animal I cannot imitate," boasted the Ass to the Fox. "And you," the Fox returned, "tell me of one who would by any chance imitate you."

My fellow authors, need I explain myself farther?

THE NIGHTINGALE AND THE PEACOCK.

A Nightingale found among the songsters of the wood many to flatter her, but not a single friend. Perhaps I shall find one among some other species, thought she, and flew down to the Peacock. "Beautiful Peacock, I admire you!" "And I too, admire you, melodious Nightingale!" "Then let us be friends," said the Nightingale; "we shall not need to envy each other. You are as beautiful to the eye as I am to the ear." And the Nightingale and the Peacock became friends.

THE WILD BULL AND THE HORSE.

A brave young boy flew proudly along on the back of a spirited Horse. "Shame on you," cried a wild Bull to the Horse; "I would not suffer myself to be ruled by a boy!"

"I, on the contrary, would do so," said the Horse: "for what honor would it be to throw off a boy?"

THE CRICKET AND THE NIGHTINGALE.

"I assure you," said the Cricket to the Nightingale, "that my songs are not wanting in admirers." "Name them to me," said the Nightingale. "The industrious reapers," answered the Cricket, "listen to me with delight; and that they are the most useful part of mankind, you will not dispute with me?"

"I will not dispute it," said the Nightingale;

"but for that very reason, you have no cause to be proud of their approbation. Industrious folks who have all their thoughts upon their work, cannot have much time to cultivate the finer sensations. Do not pride yourself upon your melody, till the careless shepherd, who himself plays sweetly on the flute, listens to you with silent rapture."

THE WARLIKE WOLF.

"My father of glorious memory," said a young Wolf to a Fox, "was a true hero! with what awe did he inspire the whole country round! He triumphed, in his day, over more than two hundred enemies, and sent their black souls to the kingdom of destruction. The only wonder is, that he was at last vanquished himself."

"The orator has one way of representing things, and the historian another," replied the Fox. "For instance, the historian would say,—The two hundred enemies over whom he triumphed were sheep and asses; and the one enemy by whom he was vanquished, was the first bull he ever had the courage to attack."

THE GOOSE.

The feathers of a goose shamed for whiteness the newly fallen snow. Proud of this dazzling gift of nature, she thought herself destined rather for a swan than for a goose. She separated herself from her companions, and swam in majestic solitude about the pond. She stretched forth her neck, endeavoring with her utmost efforts to remedy its shortness, and to give it the magnificent bend, from which the swan has so justly gained the title of Apollo's bird. In vain—it was too stiff. She only made herself a ridiculous goose, without becoming a whit more a swan.

THE OAK AND THE PIG.

A greedy Pig fed upon the fruit that had fallen from a lofty Oak. While he cracked one acorn, he already swallowed another with his eyes.

"Thankless beast!" exclaimed the Oak tree at length; "I have nourished you with my fruit, and you have never give me even one look of gratitude."

The Pig stopped gormandizing for a moment, and grunted out an answer,—“I might possibly show you some gratitude, if I knew that you had left fall your acorns on purpose for me.”

THE SPARROWS.

An old church which had afforded nests for innumerable Sparrows, was at length repaired. When it now stood forth in its restored splendor, the Sparrows came back, in search of their old dwellings. But they found them all walled up. "Of what use now," they cried, "is this great building? Come on; let us forsake this useless stone-heap."

THE OSTRICH.

"I am going to fly," cried the gigantic Ostrich; and the whole assembly of birds gathered round in earnest expectation. "I am going to fly," he cried again; and stretching out his immense pinions, he shot, like a ship with outspread sails, away over the ground, without, however, rising an inch above it.

Thus it happens, when a notion of being poetical, takes possession of unpoetical brains, in the opening of their monstrous odes, they boast of their intention to soar over clouds and stars, but nevertheless remain constant to the dust.

THE FOX AND THE STORK.

"Tell me something of what you have seen in distant countries," said the Fox to a traveled Stork.

So the Stork began to give an account of every pond and damp meadow, where he had feasted on the most savory worms, and the fattest frogs.

Have you been long in Paris, my Lord? Where can you get the best dinner; and where are the finest wines to be had?

MEROPS.

"I have something more to ask you," said a young Eagle, to a learned melancholy Owl. "Men say there is a bird by the name of Merops, who, when he rises in the air, flies with his tail upwards, and his head towards the ground. Is that true?"

"Certainly not!" answered the Owl; "it is only a foolish tradition of man; he is himself a Merops, for he would fly to heaven without for a moment losing sight of the earth."

HERCULES.

When Hercules was taken up to heaven, the

first of all its inhabitants whom he greeted was Juno, at which she, and all her celestial companions, were not a little astonished. At length one of them exclaimed, "Do you know that it is your enemy you have thus particularly saluted?" "I know her," returned Hercules; "it was she, who, by her persecution, involuntarily gave occasion for those deeds which have proved me worthy of heaven."

Olympus approved the answer of the god, and Juno was appeased.

THE BOY AND THE SERPENT.

A Boy amused himself by playing with a tame Serpent. "Dear little animal," said the Boy, "I could not make myself so at home with you, if your power of poisoning me remained; you Serpents are the most malicious, ungrateful creatures! I have read what happened to a poor countryman, who, when he saw one of you (your ancestor perhaps), took him up in compassion and laid him in his warm bosom. The evil beast had scarcely come to himself, than he bit his benefactor; and the kind, good man died."

"I am astonished," said the Serpent; "how partial your historians are! By us the story is quite differently related. Your kind-hearted man thought the serpent was frozen; and, as his skin was beautifully variegated, he hid him in his bosom, only that he might take him home to strip it off."

"Hold your tongue," returned the Boy, "was there ever an ingrate who could not excuse himself?"

"You are right, my son," said his father, who had overheard the conversation; "but, at the same time, when you hear of any extraordinary ingratitude, enquire into every circumstance relating to it before you brand any one with so terrible a strain. A real benefactor seldom meets with an ungrateful return; I would hope, for the honor of mankind, never. By a little useful foresight, he distinguishes those by whom his benefits are most likely to be valued."

THE SWALLOW.

In the first ages of time the Swallow was just as richly-toned and melodious a bird as the Nightingale. She soon became weary of dwelling in lonely thickets, where no one but the industrious husbandman, and the innocent shepherds listen to, and admired her. She left her lowly friends and went into the city—what happened? Because no one in the city had time to listen to

her heavenly song, she forgot it little by little, and learnt instead—to build.

Believe me, the great world is not for the wise—for Poets!—Their true worth is not known there; and, alas! they are often weak enough to exchange it with a something far inferior to it.

THE RAVEN AND THE FOX.

A Raven seized with her claws a piece of poisoned meat, which an enraged gardner had thrown down for his neighbors' cats.

He was just going to eat it, on the top of a high oak, when a Fox stole by, cried out, "I greet you, O bird favored by heaven." "For whom do you take me?" asked the Raven. "For whom do I take you?" returned the Fox; "are you not that noble eagle, who comes down daily upon this oak from the right hand of Jupiter, to feed me, a poor miserable wretch? Why do you disguise yourself? Do I not see in your victorious claws, the longed-for gift which your god continues to send me through you?"

The Raven was astonished, but secretly rejoiced to be taken for an eagle. "I will not

divulge this mistake to the Fox," thought he. Magnanimously silent, he left fall his booty, and flew proudly away.

The Fox laughed, picked up the meat, and greedily swallowed it with malicious joy. His joy was, however, soon turned into pain: the poison began to work, and he died.

Oh! that every flatterer might share the same poison.

THE MISER.

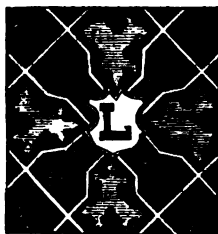
"What an unfortunate wretch am I," complained a miser to his neighbor. "Some one last night has taken away the treasure which I had buried in my garden, and laid a cursed stone in its place."

"And yet you would never have used your treasure," answered his neighbor. "Only bring yourself to believe that the stone is still your treasure, and you are none the poorer."

"If I am none the poorer," returned the Miser, "is not some one else so much the richer? So much the richer!—the thought is enough to drive me mad!"

TO P

BY AUG. J. H. DUGANNE.



IFE of my soul! the love
I bear thee
Is pure and holy, yet
as deep
As theirs who nightly
hover near thee,
To guard thy spirit,
even in sleep,
And vigils o'er thy
slumbers keep!

The angels, who do love thee, dearest,
Might share in holy love with me;
And when their whisperings thou hearest
Be sure my spirit speaks to thee,—
For my own language *theirs* would be!

Didst thou not know my heart was lonely
Ere thy bright glances chased its gloom?
And wonderest thou I love thee only,

And *will* love thee, beyond the tomb,
Where anew the heart-flowers bloom?

Dearest! wouldst *know* how I do love thee?
It is not with an earthly fire;
But as the blessed stars, above thee,
Which we may love, yet not desire,
And, loving, to be like aspire!

Rest thee, my love! the world may hate me,
Peace and truth may greet me not;
And a dreary doom may wait me—
Shame and death may be my lot:—
Shall I be by *thee* forgot?

Recks not my soul though grief's before me—
Recks not my soul though death be near:—
Thou wilt breathe one heart-sigh o'er me,
O'er my ashes shed one tear,—
What shall then the wanderer fear?

MEYERBEER THE COMPOSER.

musical productions of this great artist have made him known to all who take delight in "the melody of sweet sounds;" and his works, especially, have made him so popular at a favorite with the musical public, that, though he is yet among the living, we take the liberty of "doing justice to the memory" of the author of the "*Huguenots*," by inserting the following brief *præ-mortem* biographical sketch, taken from an European paper.

This celebrated composer was born at Berlin, the 5th of September, 1794. His father, John Beer, a rich landholder, had several children, one of whom afterwards became a dramatic poet of much merit, and the author of a celebrated tragedy, entitled "*The Pariah*." His brother, Jacques Meyerbeer, also gave early indications of that dramatic genius, which, united with his musical talent, has made him one of the most effective composers of the day. He enjoyed, through his father's affection and foresight, the advantages of an extensive and liberal education, and soon became remarkable above all for his musical taste. At seven years of age he already performed on the piano at public concerts; but it was not till he had reached the age of fifteen that he commenced his deeper and more scientific musical studies. He was fortunate in his choice of a master. The Abbé Vogler, who was one of the greatest theorists and certainly the first organist in Germany, had opened a school, which was numerously attended, and amongst the fellow pupils of Meyerbeer, were young men whose names are now never spoken of but with the deepest admiration; such as Weber, Winter, Knecht, Ritter, Gaensbacher, &c. and the first of these was Meyerbeer's bosom friend. With such worthy subjects for emulation, it is not wonderful that the young musician's genius daily expanded. At eighteen years of age he produced his first opera, "*La Fille de Jephté*." In this production all the ancient scholastic rules

were strictly observed. It obtained a fair portion of success, and the Abbé Volger, in his enthusiasm, signed the *brevet* of a *maître* for the young composer, adding his blessing, and giving up his tutelage.

At Vienna, Myerbeer appeared as a pianist; he acquired, however, such a reputation, that he was entrusted with the composition of an opera for the Court, entitled the "*Two Caliphs*." This, however, was a complete failure. Italian music was, at that period, in the highest vogue, and Salieri, the author, a great friend of young Meyerbeer, advised his traveling in Italy, to acquire a style of composition more in unison with the prevailing taste. Once arrived there, the Italian music fascinated his imagination. Delighted with the sweet and flowing melodies and varied manner of Rossini's "*Tancredi*," he immediately adopted this style, and wrote an opera for the famous Pisaroni, entitled, "*Romilda e Costanza*" which he brought out in Pavia, 1817, and which was very successful. In 1819, he wrote the music for Metastasio's "*Semiramide Riconosciuta*," and brought it out at the Grand Theatre of Turin; the same year, at Venice, he produced "*Emma di Resburgo*;" and both were extremely well received. In 1821, Meyerbeer, not unmindful of his native city, and anxious to redeem his fame, wrote, in the Italian style, "*La Porte de Brandebourg*," to be performed at Berlin, but he could not succeed in getting it produced there. He was more fortunate in his "*Emma di Resburgo*:" it was translated, and performed at all the German Theatres, in spite of the violent opposition of that school of composers to which he had a short time before belonged. Even Weber deplored the change of style of his friend, and, while "*Emma*" was performed at the Italian Opera-house, brought forth again "*The Two Caliphs*" at the German Theatre, hoping to throw the balance in favor of Meyerbeer's earliest production. Meanwhile our composer produced another opera—"Margherita d'Anjou"—at the Scala at Milan; and in this, Levasseur, now a distinguished artist of the Grand Opera at Paris, made his *début*. "*L'Esule di Granata*" followed—the first act was hissed on the first performance, by a cabal formed against the composer; a fine duet between Lablache and

Pisaroni, however, carried the audience by storm, and on the subsequent nights its success was undoubted. One of Meyerbeer's best compositions, "Il Crociato in Egitto, sustained by the united talent of Madame Meric-Lalande, Velluti, and Orivelli," obtained a more brilliant success than any of his preceding works, and the composer was crowned by the audience. This opera, after making the tour of the Italian Theatres, was performed at Paris, whither Meyerbeer himself, at the invitation of M. de la Rochefoucauld, repaired. Every one remembers the effect that Velluti produced in this opera.

Our composer had married in 1827, but the death of his two children threw a gloom over this part of his life; he passed two years in retirement, and it was, doubtless, during this time that he brought forth those compositions of a more serious cast, which have so highly distinguished him as a composer of sacred music. Amongst them we may remark the "Stabat Mater," "Miserere," "Te Deum," and an oratorio, entitled, "Dieu et la Nature." But the effect of all these compositions were only a shadowing forth of the brilliant success of "Robert le Diable," brought out in Paris in 1831. This splendid music did more towards raising the reputation of our composer than all his previous works. Admirably adapted for popularity by its stirring melodies, and, above all, its strongly marked contrasts and dramatic effects, it seized immediate hold of the imagination. Repetition and study were not needed to advance its claims, for it addressed itself to the sight, to the fancy, and the heart, as much as to the ear, and though a marvel of science and labor, it had every quality for attracting the vulgar mind.

The composition of the "Huguenots," brought out five years later, must have been a work of considerable difficulty, for an enormous reputation was to be sustained in a production of the same *calibre* and pretensions. The success of the "Huguenots" did not, perhaps, equal that of "Robert le Diable," but it was felt and understood as a work of genius.

Certainly the best operas of Meyerbeer are those he had written for the French stage. In

his native country he has been unfortunate: having returned there after a great lapse of years, his most ambitious production, since his stay there, has been the "Camp of Silesia," of which so many different opinions have been given. But it is beyond a doubt that this opera is inferior in genius to the great productions we have mentioned; and this is testified by the unfrequency of its performance at Berlin; the reason given by the King of Prussia—that of wishing to reserve it for state occasions alone—appearing to be merely as a feint to conceal the comparative failure of a composer so highly esteemed.

Meyerbeer, though enormously rich, lives in a most unpretending style, and is not very partial to society. He carries his love for his art to an extraordinary degree. In other things, he is quiet and simple in his manners, but possesses a fund of good sense and general information. He is small of stature, his hair is black, and his face bears the type of his Hebrew origin.

Much of the peculiarity of this composer's productions may be explained by referring to the history of his life, his early studies, and predilections. In his works may be traced the deep science and thorough musical knowledge which he acquired in the outset of his career—the sentimental sweetness of the Italian school, and the profusion of embroidery, the employment of dramatic effects, characteristic of the musical taste of the French nation, amongst whom he produced his later compositions.

At the head of his style of musical art, he may be said to have founded the school to which he belongs. But greatly as the productions of this composer must be admired, his followers, not possessing his genius, will, it is to be feared, rather injure than forward the advancement of pure musical taste. The peculiarities of his style, indeed, are such as will be readily resorted to, for reasons far different from those by which he was actuated; for in finding the possibility of substituting noise for melody, and startling contrasts and effect for truly scientific combinations, many a composer who would otherwise have lived unsung, may be induced to offer his meagre and trashy productions to the world.

FORGET THEE?

"FORGET thee?" Bid the birds forget their sweetest tune;
 "Forget thee?" Bid the sea forget to swell beneath the moon;
 Bid the thirsty flower forget to drink the eve's refreshing dew;

Thyself forget thine "own dear land," and its mountains wild and blue;
 Forget each old familiar face, each long remembered spot;
 When these things are forgot by thee, then thou shalt be forgot.

COMMUNICATIONS.

FOR:—A few go I met with article in the York Mirror," it seems to me do good were more widely. If you e it a place in magazine you nfer a favor

LOVER OF CHILDREN.

THE SEVERITY OF PARENTS AND TEACHERS.

We have recently read a harrowing instance of the effect of a blow on the head, inflicted with a ruler. Dr. Wigan, in whose work on the Duality of the Mind the account is found, states that he knew the parties, and can vouch for the general accuracy of the narrative. We give merely a brief summary, as a warning against severity, and especially against blows on the head.

Two children of respectable family, one five and the other ten years old, showed for years a remarkable attachment for each other, such, that after several trials it was decided to be dangerous to separate them, and they were sent away to school together.

At first all went well; the ardent affection continued, and their education promised to be attended with the happiest results.

In the midst of this happiness, news arrived from the schoolmaster, that, from some unexplained cause, the elder boy had begun to exercise a very unreasonable and tyrannical authority over the younger; that he had been repeatedly punished for it; but that although he always promised amendment, and could assign no cause, reasonable or unreasonable, for his conduct—he soon relapsed into his usual habits, and the schoolmaster requested to know what was to be done. The father immediately sent for both boys, and entered upon a long investigation. The little one was almost heart-broken, and exclaimed, "He might beat me every day if he would but love me; but he hates me, and I shall never be happy again."

The father now resorted to severe measures of chastisement, long incarceration, and days together with only bread and water for his diet, but all to no purpose. The boy promised amendment, but upon the first occasion resorted to all his

former violence, and finally attempted the child's life with all the fury of a maniac.

The family next called in medical advice, and years passed in hopeless endeavors to remove a disposition obviously depending on a diseased brain. Had they taken this step earlier, these floggings and imprisonments would have been spared, as well as the father's heart-rending remorse.

The youth now advanced toward manhood. When about the age of fifteen, he was taken with a violent, but Platonic passion, for a lady more than forty years of age, and the mother of five children, the oldest elder than himself. His paroxysms of fury now became frightful; he made several attempts to destroy himself; but in the very torrent and whirlwind of his rage, if this lady would allow him to sit at her feet and lay his head on her knee, he would burst into tears and go off into a sound sleep, wake up perfectly calm and composed, and looking up into her face with lack-lustre eye, would say, "Pity me; I can't help it."

Soon after this period he began to squint, and was rapidly passing into hopeless idiocy, when it was proposed by Mr. Cline to apply the trephine, and take away a piece of bone from the skull in a place where there appeared to be a slight depression. "The indication is very vague," said he, "and we should not be justified in performing the operation but in a case in which we cannot do any harm; he must otherwise fall a sacrifice."

It was done, and from the under surface grew a long spicula of bone piercing the brain! He recovered, resumed his attachment to his brother, and became indifferent to the lady.

The disease which led to these terrible results had its origin in a blow on the head with the end of a round ruler—one of the gentle reprimands then so common with schoolmasters.

—
MR. EDITOR.—Your several favorable notices of that distinguished American artist, HIRSH POWERS, has induced me to send you the following extract from the "American Review," giving an account of a visit paid to him by Thorwaldsen. By publishing it you will much oblige

[We give the extract with pleasure, and commend it to all of our readers.—ED.]

THORWALDSEN'S VISIT TO POWERS, THE SCULPTOR.

"Just before the clay model of Eve was done, I received the honor of a visit from the great Thorwaldsen. He was passing through Florence on his journey to Rome. He had but a short time to spend, and this he wished to pass with his friends. But being strongly urged by a gentleman who had often been at my studio, he consented to drop in for a moment. The first intimation I had of his visit was from a servant, who came hastily into my studio and announced that Thorwaldsen was at the door and begged permission to come in. This was a trying moment—I could bear the gaze and criticism of others with composure, but to pass the scrutiny of such a man, for whom I had a greater veneration than for any artist living—it was no common ordeal.

"Presently he came lumbering in—the Patriarch of Sculptors! His air was confident, but not haughty—his chest large—his head grand and square, but he had a look of great benevolence and intelligence. His long grey locks were floating loosely over his shoulders, and his walk was full of majesty and simplicity. He was the very man I should have taken for Thorwaldsen, had I met him on the desert. I had never seen any likeness of him, but had pictured just such a man.

"He uncovered his head and bowed in the most respectful manner, and only put on his hat after my repeated solicitations. He said he was very sorry to disturb me, for he found me at work. I replied, of course, as an humble disciple in the art might; but what *I* said on that occasion is a matter of little importance. He cast an eye over the studio, and the first thing that seemed to arrest his attention was a bust of Mr. Webster. He examined it with great attention, and as he did so he stood back a few steps from it, and again, taking off his hat, he declared with surprise, "*I never saw so grand a head before*"—a greater compliment to the orator, as was right, than to the artist, for there is nothing of mine about it. He then stood before General Jackson, which bust he regarded with as much attention and satisfaction, apparently, as Webster's. After examining most of the busts, I took him behind a screen to see the Eve. He examined it very attentively, and turned it round several times on the rollers, upon which all statues, when modeling, are placed, to be made to turn easily. Without saying "by your leave sir," he took out a large piece of clay from a portion of the hair, with his fingers: "now I see the flesh under it, and can trace a connection of

the parts of the shoulders." He touched the hair in another place: "and I get a glimpse of this contour," pointing it out. Then coming down he made a mark on one of the knees: "this movement should be a little more pronounced." He then appeared to have done. I told him I should always feel grateful for his criticism, and begged he would speak freely, and I never perhaps felt more inwardly a desire than I now felt, to have him go on. "I have pointed out all that seemed to me to detract from your statue—I can see nothing else." When he was about leaving, I told him I expected to come to Rome during the winter, and I should esteem it a great honor if I could be allowed to take his bust. He condescended to say, he would do so with unfeigned satisfaction. He then expressed very warmly the pleasure and the surprise he had felt during his visit, and wished me all the success I desired; he very cordially pressed my hand and took his leave."

I have heard this visit related by a friend, who heard a minute account of it from the gentleman who accompanied Thorwaldsen on this occasion. Mr. Powers has, in this conversation, withheld the most interesting part of the story. I am informed (from the source above alluded to) that Thorwaldsen felt reluctance to go to Powers's studio only because he was pressed for time; and he gave up an important visit to make this. He had a great desire to see the works of an artist who was already eclipsing most sculptors of his time. During the interview, which lasted much longer than he had intended, he expressed the warmest admiration of all Powers's works. But when he drove off in his carriage he exclaimed, with the greatest earnestness—"I can't make such busts—and never saw a man that could—nor do I believe he ever had an equal in that department of the art. I esteem Mr. Powers not only the first sculptor of his age, but the greatest since Michael Angelo. He will form a school of his own which will be a new era in art." These sentiments he often expressed afterwards on several occasions, particularly in Rome, where he often made use of the singular declaration, that "Mr. Powers was without a rival in modern times, except Michael Angelo; that no ancient or modern, of any age, had ever made such busts; and he *believed* he would be equally great in any branch of sculpture."

When Powers raised the curtain that covered the Eve, he felt that in justice to himself he ought to say that this was his first *attempt* at a statue, and it was not yet finished. Thorwaldsen replied—"You say, sir, it is your *first* statue—any man might be proud of it as his *last*."

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE AMERICAN REVIEW.—

MACAULEY & CARLYLE.—We are happy to learn that this sterling work is duly appreciated and encouraged. Of its political articles, we have nothing to say; but of its literary and scientific contributions, we cannot refrain from expressing our warmest commendation.

These articles are of that sound, philosophical kind, which can only emanate from men whose intelligence and information, render them masters of the subjects which they discuss. They are full of interesting facts, and new ideas, while the style in which they are written is dignified, yet easy, comprehensive and familiar. These, together with articles of the same class which appear, occasionally, in the *Democratic Review*, supply a deficiency which has long been felt in American periodical literature.

In a recent number of the *American Review*, we notice, in an article on "Reading," the following striking comparison between two men, eminent in literature—Macaulay and Carlyle.—

"There are two living authors, both excellent, indeed, in their kind, but with scarce a single quality in common, who offer so apt an illustration of the difference between talent and genius, that we probably cannot do better than refer to them. They are best known by several volumes of critical and biographical Essays. As might be expected, the greater of them is the least popular of the two. We allude to Thomas B. Macaulay, and Thomas Carlyle; the former a man of consummate talent, the latter a man of high, though not the highest, genius. Both are eminently original; Macaulay in the dress and form of his works, Carlyle in the soul and substance of them. Macaulay's Essays are like finished pieces of furniture, elegant but lifeless; Carlyle's are like crooked, scraggy trees, ugly, but full of life. The former gives the reader his thoughts in the most polished style; the latter sets the reader a-thinking any way he can. Macaulay always means just what meets the ear. His pages are illuminated by a perfect blaze of light; so much so, indeed, that they sometimes rather dazzle than assist the vision. Illustration after illustration comes pouring in upon us from the four corners of creation, all equally pertinent, all equally perspicuous. No one can possibly miss, or mistake, his meaning. Every sentence is understood and exhausted as soon as its words are uttered. Periods hurry on and hurry off in breathless succession. One of his Essays, in short, is like a fine Macadam turnpike, perfectly straight and perfectly smooth, so that the reader rushes through from beginning to end in a perfect intellectual gallop. Carlyle, on the other hand, always means much more than meets the ear. His pages are deep, sometimes mysterious, inexhaustible. Often, however, amid

surrounding darkness, some winged word unseals a fountain of light in the reader's mind, which kindles the page before him into more than noonday brightness. Often he simply gives his reader the clue to a labyrinth of meaning, and then leaves him to trace its windings, and explore its riches at his leisure. In short, one of his Essays is like a natural road, winding through vallies and among mountains, sometimes passing in sight of magnificent groves and grottoes, where the traveler cannot choose but turn aside, and linger, and forget both journey and guide in the wonderful beauty and strangeness of the scenery about him. Macaulay's flowers are all culled, and picked, and tied into finished bunches with inimitable art; their very sweetness is increased by the crushing of their innocent lives, and the coming on of untimely decay; and the beholder's thoughts stop at the perfection of their ordering, or the surprising skill that ordered them thus. Carlyle's flowers appear scattered here and there, smiling out from the place of their birth, and enjoying the air they breathe, as they nestle in their mother's warm bosom; and draw the beholder's thoughts away from their forms down to the divinely-mysterious agency that wrought their purity, and loveliness, and happiness from the senseless soil at their feet.—Macaulay takes the reader out into some precise, definite field of thought, and leads him round, and shows him its riches, one by one, and tells him their names, and unfolds their properties, that he may lay them up on some shelf in his memory, and keep them for use, as occasion may require. Carlyle, by some strange motion of his spirit, opens the door into a boundless prospect, stretching away through clouds and sunshine, into dimness and invisibility,—a perfect wilderness of thought, ever widening upon the beholder's view, and even where the horizon bounds his vision, inviting his imagination to traverse the infinite regions that lie beyond. With Macaulay, therefore, we are benefited only by what we receive, with Carlyle, we are benefited chiefly by what we give: and that it is more blessed to give than to receive, is quite as true in intellect as it is in morals."

That Macaulay's Essays are "like finished pieces of furniture, elegant, but *lifeless*" is, perhaps, saying a little too much. *Truth* is the *life* of all things, and, just so far as the writings of an author breathe forth pure truth, just so far are they *alive* to the reader who reads aright. Still, all that is meant in this extract is, perhaps, true in the case of Macaulay. As far as Carlyle is concerned, every one must regret, with us, that he does not possess the happy faculty, with Macaulay, of keeping up a just relation between words and ideas. It is the opinion of some, that a clear thinker will make a clear writer; and we are disposed to lean to this opinion. We believe that Macaulay sees every subject he discusses, as distinctly as we see the words on the paper before us while we write, and we do not believe that this is

the case with Carlyle. He, no doubt, has glimpses of higher truths than Macaulay; but he appears to see all things as if in a kalidescope—they are wondrous beautiful, but before their forms can be distinctly marked and noted down, lo! there is a change, and newer and more beautiful forms take their places, while he stands looking on in bewildered astonishment.

But Carlyle has his mission to perform, and he is doing it with an earnest devotion. While Macaulay is arranging, beautifying and reducing to order and harmony what the world already possesses, Carlyle is giving us new truths, by partial glimpses, it is true, but still leading on the mind in search of higher wisdom.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

"*The Medici Series of Italian Prose. No. 2.*"

THE FLORENTINE HISTORIES; Translated and Edited by C. Edwards Lester. By NICCOLO MACHIAVELLI. New York: 1845. Paine & Burges.

In our last number, we noticed the first of this series, "*The Challenge of Barletta.*" This second translation is laid upon our table just as we are going to press, and we are obliged, therefore, to reserve for a future occasion a more extended notice of its merits. The following extract of a letter from Jared Sparks to the translator, will be a sufficient testimonial of the value of this series, and especially of the work in question.

"I am glad you are bringing before the American public, a series of translations from some of the best works in Italian literature.

"With one of the works mentioned in your proposed list, Machiavelli's *Florentine Histories*, I am well acquainted. In my opinion, you could not have made a better selection. Formed on the classical models of antiquity, it is executed with consummate skill. Few historical compositions are so successful in attaining the great ends of entertainment and instruction. The style is spirited, clear and vigorous; the narrative rapid and condensed; the reflections of the author, though brief and sententious, are always appropriate and often profound. The subject is likewise one of deep interest. The fortunes of a people, trying the experiment of various forms of government, through a long period of years, jealous of their liberty, contending at one time against internal factions, and at another against the intrigues and encroachments of foreign powers, are here delineated with a master-hand. There is probably no work within the same compass, in which the instructive lessons of history can be studied with more profit and effect."

Library of German Romance.—"Violina," a sweet, dreamy, ideal romance, by De Le Motte Fouqué, is the opening number of a Library of German Romance, commenced by Ferrett & Co. The second number has also appeared. It is "*The Swedes in Prague, or the Signal Rocket, a Romance of the Thirty Years' War*," by Caroline Pichler, a deeply interesting work of fiction. The *Magic Ring*, and *Theodolf the Icelandic*, by Fou-

qué, and the *Siege of Vienna*, by Caroline Pichler, will appear in this series.

From the press of the same publishers we have had during the month—

The Lone Star, a Tale of Texas, by J. WILMER DALLAM, a finely written American romance, which appears just at the right moment. The first edition of this work sold in a few days, and the second edition is now going off freely. Another novel by the same author is ready for the press.—Also,

Paul Redding, a Tale of the Brandywine, by J. B. REED, another American novel. *The Admiral's Daughter*, by the author of "Mount Sorel."—This is the finest of the two remarkable stories which appeared some years since under the title of "*Two Old Men's Tales.*" It made a deep impression at the time, and gave the author a distinguished literary position. The present edition is a cheap, but very neat one. "*The Deformed*," which was the second of the series, "*Two Old Men's Tales*," has also just appeared from the same press. Also—*The Dark Lady of Doona*, by W. H. Maxwell, author of "*Hector O'Halloran*," "*Wild Sports of the West*," &c. "*The Dark Lady*" is a wild and thrilling romance.

Miss Pickering's Novels.—Ferrett and Co. have in press a cheap and uniform edition of Miss Pickering's admirable novels. They have already issued *Non Darrell, or the Gipsy Mother*. *Who Shall be Heir?* *The Secret Foe*; and *Agnes Serle*—the last one of the most deeply interesting of the whole series. *The Squire*, *The Fright*, *The Expectant*, *The Quiet Husband*, *The Merchant's Daughter*, *The Heiress*, and the *Prince and Pedler*, will appear in rapid succession. The whole will be published at the low price of 25 cents each.

Among the publications of the month, we notice, part 2d of LEIGH HUNT's *Indicator*; *The Crock of Gold*, by TUPPER; *Prose and Verse*, by HOOD, parts 1st and 2d, from the press of Wiley and Putnam. This house, in their "*Library of Choice Reading*," is making some valuable additions to the library and centre table.

Journal of the Texan Expedition Against Meir, &c.—From Wiley and Putnam's Literary News Letter we learn that Messrs Harper & Brothers have in press General Green's Journal of the Texan expedition against Meir, which will make a handsome octavo volume, with thirteen illustrations. "This work," says the News Letter, "doubtless will become extremely popular throughout the United States, especially in the more southern sections of our country, from the nature of the subject itself, irrespective of other considerations; and as we learn from a literary friend, who has gone over the manuscripts, that its narrative is of the most stirring and exciting interest—exceeding that of many of our most popular works of fiction,—it will, we expect, be found interesting. General Green noted down generally at the time they occurred, the perils, exploits and sufferings of his eventful career;—his imprisonment in, and ultimate escape from, the castle of

Perote; the various causalities and disasters that attended the campaign; and also graphic sketches and biographical notices of distinguished men connected with the deeply-interesting and ultimate rescue of this infant state; together with reflections upon the present political and probable future relations of Texas, Mexico, and the United States."

POEMS BY L. J. CIST.—A volume of poems, Lyrical and Miscellaneous, by L. J. Cist, embracing some of the author's best productions, is about being put to press in Cincinnati. It will make a very acceptable addition to American poetic literature.

MUSIC—CHEAP MUSIC.—The new order of things brought about by a reform in the style and price of musical publications, requires a notice of what is doing in this as well as in the book department. To the publishers of this magazine is due the credit of a reform, the benefits of which to the public will be incalculable. Music can now be purchased at a price within the reach of every one. As to the style in which it is issued, no fault can be found with that. It is correct and elegant. The New York Commercial Advertiser, in noticing one of these publications, says—"We will take the occasion to say that the music published by this house is issued in a style that will compare advantageously with the more expensive sheet music of the stores." And the New York Mirror among its various expressions of commendation, says—"The Saturday Emporium is of opinion that 'if Ferrett & Co. persevere in giving to the million, music in their present style, they will soon create a new era in music publication, which will prove a fortune to them, and of immense advantage to the cause of music throughout the country,' and the Saturday Emporium is right."

Another paper remarks—"This movement forms as great an era in the history of civilized life, as the publication of new books in a cheap form, and will have a decided beneficial tendency in refining, improving and elevating the popular taste."

Among the recent musical publications are, *Twenty airs from the Bohemian Girl, arranged for the Flute, for 12½ cents*!—*Six of Russell's songs for 25 cents*.—These songs are "Some Love to Roam," "The Brave old Oak," "Fine old English Gentleman," "I love to Dwell in the Bosom's Cell," "We have been Friends together," and "The Orphan Ballad Singers."—Part III. of *Selections from Fry's Grand Opera, LEONORA* has also appeared,—2 songs for 25 cents; also *Love Not*, by Hon. Mrs. Norton, with a handsome illuminated title, for 6½ cents—a set of *Quadrilles from the Bohemian Girl for 12½ cents*.—*Flute music from "LEONORA" 25 cents*.—*Songs of the Campaign by Dr. Lever, &c. &c.*

Samuel Colman, 30 Cornhill, Boston, has in press a number of elegant juvenile and gift books, among which we would particularly notice, "*The Floral Year*," an original poetical work, by Mrs. A. L. Dinnies, author of some of the most sweetly pathetic little poems that have been written in this country. Who does not remember

"I could have stemmed misfortune's tide"?

from her pen—"The Floral Year" will be richly embellished with bouquets of flowers, illustrated by appropriate poetry. These bouquets will be drawn and colored in beautiful style by artists of the first ability. Altogether, the book is intended to be as attractive as sweet poetry, fine printing, and choice embellishments can make it.

"*The Flower Alphabet*." A fairy story by Mrs. Osgood is another gem in preparation by Mr. Colman. We have seen some of the embellishments, which are really exquisite. Each of the twenty-four letters of the alphabet are illustrated with a verse and embellished with flowers, drawn and printed in the first style of the art, in gold and colors. The whole thing is unique and beautiful.

MR. COLMAN'S BOOKS FOR CHILDREN.—Three very excellent little books have been laid upon our table by Mr. Colman. "*Stories for Corinne*," "*The Little Keepsake*," and "*The Little Gift*." They are bound up with richly illuminated covers, and embellished with wood and steel engravings. Mr. Colman, in the preparation of his juvenile books, is very careful to exclude every thing that would have an evil effect upon young minds. This makes his books always sought for by those who are anxious to preserve their children from improper influences, at the same time that they provide for their mental recreation.

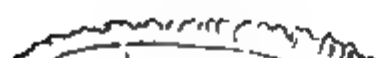
PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

ORIGINAL WESTERN VIEWS, BY WESTERN ARTISTS.—The first of our series of original views in the west by western artists, appears in this number. In December we shall give another of these pictures, and in January we hope to present one of the best of the series.

LOOKING AHEAD.—We have already begun our arrangements for 1846. Thus far we have gone on steadily advancing in public favor, the sure indication of which has been a healthy increase in our subscription list, which is now double what it was in 1844. That we shall double our present number in 1846 we have little doubt, for we intend doubling our efforts, and increasing very greatly the value of our magazine. We shall engage a larger number of contributors, and the very best engravers to be found. We have now some plates finished and in progress for our new volume, that will be equal to any thing that has appeared in the country.

EVERY MAN HIS OWN AGENT.—All remittances of money for this magazine can be sent at our charge for postage. Those wishing to take our magazine, need not apply to any agent or post master, but write direct to us, enclosing a year's subscription, (\$2) or the price of a club, in funds current in the state where they reside, and we will pay the postage. This simplifies the whole matter of subscription, perfectly, and makes the communication between publishers and subscribers, as it should be, direct.





ARTHUR'S MAGAZINE.

NOVEMBER, 1845.



WASHINGTON ALSTON'S PAINT KING.

ILLUSTRATED BY CHAPMAN.

THE exquisite plate which we publish in this number of our magazine, was originally designed by Chapman for the New York Mirror, and etched for that work. Subsequently it was engraved in the style in which we now present it. This design was pronounced by Alston before he died the highest compliment he had ever received. The best accompaniment that we can give it, and in fact a necessary one, is the poem itself, which may justly be styled the first American classic. There are hundreds of our readers who will thank us for a copy of "The Paint King," with its admirable illustration.

THE PAINT KING.

BY WASHINGTON ALSTON.

FAIR Ellen was long the delight of the young,
No damsel with her could compare ;
Her charms were the theme of the heart and the tongue,
And bards without number their extacies sung,
The beauties of Ellen the fair.

Yet cold was the maid ; and though legions advanced,
All drilled by Ovidean art,
And languished, and ogled, protested and danc'd,
Like shadows they came and like shadows they glanc'd
From the hard polished ire of her heart.

Yet still did the heart of fair Ellen implore
A something that could not be found ;
Like a sailor she seemed on a desolate shore,

With nor house, nor a tree, nor a sound but the roar
Of breakers high dashing around.

From object to object still, still would she veer,
Though nothing, alas, could she find ;
Like the moon, without atmosphere, brilliant and clear,
Yet doomed, like the moon, with no being to cheer
The bright barren waste of her mind.

But rather than sit like a statue, so still
When the rain made her mansion a *pound*,
Up and down would she go, like the sails of a mill,
And pat every stair like a woodpecker's bill,
From the tiles of the roof to the ground.

One morn, as the maid from her casement inclined,
Pass'd a youth with a frame in his hand,
The casement she closed—not the eye of her mind :
For, do all she could, no, she could not be blind ;
Still before her she saw the youth stand.

" Ah, what can he do," said the languishing maid,
" Ah what with that frame can he do ?"
And she knelt to the goddess of Secrets and pray'd ;
When the youth pass'd again, and again he display'd
The frame and a picture to view.

" Oh, beautiful picture !" the fair Ellen cried,
" I must see thee again, or I die."
Then under her white chin her bonnet she tied,
And after the youth and the picture she hied.
When the youth, looking back, met her eye.

" Fair damsel," said he (and he chuckled the while)
" This picture I see you admire :

Then take it, I pray you, perhaps 't will beguile
Some moments of sorrow; (nay, pardon my smile)
Or, at least, keep you home by the fire."

Then Ellen the gift with delight and surprise
From the cunning young stripling received,
But she knew not the poison that enter'd her eyes,
When sparkling with rapture they gaz'd on her prize—
Thus, alas, are fair maidens deceived!

'T was a youth o'er the form of a statue inclin'd,
And the sculptor he seem'd of the stone;
Yet he languish'd as though for its beauty he pined,
And gazed, as the eyes of the statue so blind
Reflected the beams of his own.

'T was the tale of the sculptor Pygmalion of old;
Fair Ellen remember'd and sigh'd;
"Ah, couldst thou but lift from that marble so cold,
Thine eyes too imploring, thy arms should unfold,
And press me this day as thy bride."

She said: when, behold, from the canvass arose
The youth, and he stepp'd from the frame:
With a furious transport his arms did enclose
The love-plighted Ellen: and, clasping, he froze
The blood of the maid with his flame!

She turn'd and beheld on each shoulder a wing.
"Oh, heaven!" cried she, "who art thou?"
From the roof to the ground did his fierce answer ring,
As frowning, he thunder'd "I am the PAINT KING!
And mine, lovely maid, thou art now!"

Then high from the ground did the grim monster lift
The loud-screaming maid like a blast;
And he sped through the air like a meteor swift,
While the clouds wand'ring by him, did fearfully drift
To the right and the left as he pass'd.

Now suddenly sloping his hurricane flight,
With an eddy whirl he descends;
The air all below him becomes black as night,
And the ground where he treads, as if mov'd with
affright,
Like the surge of the Caspian bends.

"I am here!" said the Fiend, and he thundering
knock'd

At the gates of a mountainous cave;
The gates open flew, as by magic unlock'd,
While the peaks of the mount, reeling to and fro,
rock'd

Like an island of ice on the wave.

"Oh, mercy!" cried Ellen, and swoon'd in his
arms,

But the PAINT KING, he scoff'd at her pain.

"Prithee, love," said the monster, "what mean these
alarms?"

She hears not, she sees not the terrible charms,
That work to her horror again.

She opens her lids, but no longer her eyes
Behold the fair youth she would woo;

Now appears the PAINT KING in his natural guise;
His face like a palette of villanous dyes,
Black and white, red and yellow, and blue.

On the skull of a Titan, that heaven defied,
Sat the fiend, like the grim Giant Gog,
While aloft to his mouth a huge pipe he applied,
Twice as big as the Eddystone Lighthouse, descried
As it looms through an easterly fog.

And anon, as he puff'd, the vast volumes were seen,
In horrid festoons on the wall,
Legs and arms, heads and bodies emerging between,
Like the drawing-room grim of the Scotch Sawney
Beane,

By the devil dress'd out for a ball.

"Ah me!" cried the damsel, and fell at his feet,
"Must I hang on these walls to be dried?"
"Oh, no!" said the fiend, while he sprung from his
seat,

"A far nobler fortune thy person shall meet;
Into paint will I grind thee, my bride!"

Then, seizing the maid by her dark auburn hair
An oil-jug he plung'd her within.
Seven days, seven nights, with the shrieks of despair,
Did Ellen in torment convulse the dun air,
All covered with oil to the chin.

On the morn of the eighth, on a huge sable stone
Then Ellen, all reeking, he laid;
With a rock for his muller he crush'd every bone,
But, though ground to jelly, still, still did she groan;
For life had forsook not the maid.

Now reaching his palette, with masterly care
Each tint on its surface he spread;
The blue of her eyes, and the brown of her hair,
And the pearl and the white of her forehead so fair,
And her lips, and her cheeks, rosy red.

Then, stamping his foot, did the monster exclaim,
"Now I brave, cruel Fairy, thy scorn!"
When lo! from a chasm wide-yawning there came
A light tiny chariot of rose-color'd flame,
By a team of ten glow-worms upborne.

Enthroned in the midst on an emerald bright,
Fair Geraldine sat without peer;
Her robe was a gleam of the first blush of light,
And her mantle the fleece of a noon-cloud white,
And a beam of the moon was her spear.

In an accent that stole on the still charmed air
Like the first gentle language of Eve,
Thus spake from her chariot the Fairy so fair:
"I come at thy call, but, oh PAINT KING, beware,
Beware if again you deceive."

"'T is true," said the monster, "thou queen of my
heart,

Thy portrait I oft have essayed;
Yet ne'er to the canvass could I with my art
The least of thy wonderful beauties impart;
And my failure with scorn you repaid.

"I swear by the light of the comet-King's tail,"

And he tower'd with pride as he spoke,
 Gain with these magical colors I fail,
 Rater of Etna shall hence be my jail,
 And my food shall be sulphur and smoke.

If I succeed, then, oh, fair Geraldine !
 I promise with justice I claim,
 Thou queen of Fairies, shalt ever be mine,
 Side of my bed ; and thy portrait divine
 Will fill all the earth with my fame."

Like ; when behold the fair Geraldine's form
 The canvass enchantingly glow'd ;
 Arches—they flew like the leaves in a storm ;
 As pure pearly white and the carnation warm
 Ending in harmony flowed.

How did the portrait a twin-sister seem
 The figure of Geraldine fair ;
 The same sweet expression did faithfully teem
 Muscle, each feature ; in short not a gleam
 Lost of her beautiful hair.

The Fairy herself ! but, alas, her blue eyes
 A pupil did ruefully lack ;
 Who shall describe the terrific surprise

That seized the PAINT KING, when behold, he de-
 scribed

Not a speck on his palette of black !

"I am lost !" said the Fiend, and he shook like a
 leaf ;

When, casting his eyes to the ground,
 He saw the lost pupils of Ellen with grief
 In the jaws of a mouse, and the sly little thief
 Whisk away from his sight with a bound.

"I am lost !" said the Fiend, and he fell like a stone ;
 Then rising, the Fairy in ire

With a touch of her finger she loosen'd her zone
 (While the limbs on the wall gave a terrible groan)
 And she swelled to a column of fire.

Her spear now a thunderbolt flash'd in the air,
 And sulphur the vault filled around ;
 She smote the grim monster ; and now by the hair,
 High-lifting, she hurl'd him in speechless despair,
 Down the depths of the chasm profound.

Then over the picture, thrice waving her spear,
 "Come forth !" said the good Geraldine ;
 When, behold, from the canvass descending, appear
 Fair Ellen, in person more lovely than e'er,
 With grace more than ever divine !

THE RAIN.

BY MARY HEMPLE.

Beautiful rain comes dancing down
 In wayward dashing glee,
 The clouds look lovingly—softly on,
 In swift career to see ;
 The eyes of a mother, following still
 The fair child's happy play ;
 May beam with sunshine, or dim with tears,
 Never turn away.

Beautiful rain bears blessings down
 From the Giver of every good,
 To the dwellings of busy men,
 The forest solitude ;
 Lively with beauty and radiant life
 Cheer the thirsting earth,
 Bring down to her quiet heart,
 And bless the fruitage birth.

The beautiful rain has a pleasant voice,
 And its cadence is full and clear,
 If we hear it gush in a far-off rush,
 Or pattering lightly near ;
 I hear its footfalls, even now,
 On the silent Sabbath air,
 Like the step of a dear and gentle friend
 It brings a blessing there.

Lift up thine eyes to the clouded skies,
 When murmurs fill thy breast ;
 Arouse thine ear to the rain-voice clear,
 When sad with earth's unrest ;
 They tell thee softly, but truly, too,
 Of the Father high above,
 Whose tender mercies never fail,
 When sought by faith and love.

THE BLACK MASK.

THE celebrated *Vehmische Tribunals* of Westphalia, are said to have been founded by Charlemagne, for the purpose of preventing the relapse of the Saxons into idolatry, from which they had been reclaimed by force of arms. This opinion, however, is partially discredited by Sir Walter Scott and others, who allege that if the proceedings of this tribunal are examined, they will be found not to differ essentially from the jurisdiction exercised in the townships and hundreds of Anglo-Saxon England.

These peculiar institutions, so long the object of dread throughout the territory where their decrees were supreme, furnish a striking instance of the power of secrecy and mystery, as the instruments of terror in the prevention of crime, and of efficiency in its punishment. The jurisdiction of the "Vehme" extended to every species and degree of crime. According to Palgrave, any violation of the Ten Commandments, all secret crime, such as magic or witchcraft,—the forcible usurpation of land, the oppression of the poor by the rich, in short, "every offence against the honor of man, or the precepts of religion" were brought within the range of this singular code of penal statutes. The same author observes, that, "as to the Vehmische tribunals, it is acknowledged, that in a truly barbarous age and country, their proceedings, however violent, were not without utility. Their severe and secret vengeance often deterred the rapacity of the noble robber, and protected the humble suppliant; the extent, and even the abuse of their authority was in some measure justified, in an empire divided into numerous jurisdictions, and not subjected to any permanent tribunal able to administer impartial justice to the oppressed. But as the times improved, the Tribunals degenerated. . . . Yet as late as the middle of the eighteenth century, a few Vehmische Tribunals existed in name, though, as it may be easily supposed, without possessing any remnant of their pristine power."

We have thus briefly examined some of the prominent facts concerning the "Holy Vehm," that the incident represented by the engraving of the "Black Mask," may be better understood.

The scene is taken from "Anne of Geierstien," one of the most interesting and profitable of Scott's novels.

Charles, Duke of Burgundy, by his hostility to the Secret Tribunal which asserted its mysterious authority within his dominions, had incurred its

dreadful vengeance, from which even he, though supreme ruler in his own territories was not entirely safe. Precautions were therefore taken to guard his person both night and day. Yet a secret emissary of the Vehme found his way at midnight through the camp, and body guards, and even entered the sleeping-room of the Duke, with the fatal summons charging him under the severest penalty to attend a trial, at a fixed place and time. The alarm was instantly given; the attendants rushed in, finding the Duke, standing, alone, and striking furiously around him with a drawn sword. "When the Duke was somewhat composed," says the novelist, "he informed them with rage and agitation that the officers of the Secret Tribunal had, in spite of the vigilant precautions taken, found means to gain entrance to his chamber," and cited him to trial on Christmas night. The by-standers heard the story with astonishment, and could scarcely credit it, "but the citation was found upon the Duke's toilette, written, as was the form upon the parchment, signeted with three crosses, and stuck to the table with a knife. A slip of wood had also been cut from the table. Oxford read the summons with attention. It named, as usual, a place where the Duke was to come unarmed, and unattended, and from which, it was said he would be guided to the seat of judgment."

The engraving given in the present number is intended to represent the citation of the Duke while alone in his chamber, by the secret emissary.

The brilliant achievements of Charles of Burgundy,—his energy, talent and bravery have gained for him a character pre-eminent among the princes of his age; and the admiration which his exploits excited in the minds of his fellow warriors, has been felt by the more refined and peacefully inclined multitude of the present age; but we venture the opinion that had those energies and that valor which he really possessed, been governed by a more uniform discretion and directed towards a nobler object, his fame would have been more substantial and permanent. His character was, in a great measure, moulded by the times in which he lived; it stands now as a true index, in which is registered all the peculiarities of his age. The enthusiasm of his temperament, the boldness and vigor of his actions are all in keeping with the spirit of the fifteenth century. If we take him, then, as a specimen of the great men of that period, and

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compare him with some of even the lesser lights of our own times, we think the result would not be so discreditable to the present generation, as those who write upon "modern degeneracy" seem to imagine. True, we now have no brilliant system of chivalry, with its tournaments, where valor strives for the prize awarded by beauty,—its errant knights, with gorgeous heraldry and vaunted deeds,—its crusades to the Holy Tomb,—its brilliant, but desolating feudal wars,—its victories following in the train of death, and its triumphs in the midst of mourning; but we live in an atmosphere of improvement, in the

light of science, and comparatively under the supremacy of reason. If our age cannot boast of numerous and brilliant examples of individual prowess, it can lay claim to the still greater achievements of mind, which have been wrought in every department of human learning. "The pomp and circumstance of glorious war," has been laid aside, and an almost universal panoply of peace shields from insult and tarnish the honor of nations; the clangor of arms is hushed by sounds of honest, prosperous industry.

Who of this day and generation should be dissatisfied with the change?

THE MAIDEN KNIGHT.

BY WM. H. CARPENTER.

IN the quaint, imaginative histories,
Chronicled by men of olden time,
Many sage moralities and mysteries
Lie couched in prose or rhyme.

The beautiful humanities of chivalry,
That blended Heaven's with a human throne,
Where fine devotion held a chastened rivalry
With the heart's chosen one.

.....
.....

When the young squire, for Knightly honors
yearning,
With rigid fast and penitential prayer,
From eve till early dawn, by tapers burning,
Knelt at the altar stair—

Knelt very meekly, clad in a white vesture,
With hands cross folded on his manly breast,
And vowed by holy rood, with holy gesture,
To succor the oppressed;

To be an iron stay to innocent weakness;
All peril, seeking good, to deem as naught;
To bear, in lady's bower, a reverent meekness—
In war, a lion port.

Then with a mitred blessing on him resting,
In fair and shining armor forth he trod,
And adventures, marvellous, went questing
In honor of his God.

Through the dim forests overhung with shadows,
Through many dismal, dark and perilous ways,
With here and there a gleam of golden meadows,
He wandered many days.

And though behind him, and around, were voices.
Sweet voices crying fondly—"Oh! come back,—"
And though before were gulfs and hideous noises,
He still pursued his track.

For well he knew, though graced with wondrous
merit,
Full many a difficult battle must be fought,
Or ere the Christain warrior could inherit
The glorious land he sought.

Oh man! thy youthful errors, all confessing,
Put thou on raiment of the purest white,
And meekly kneeling, crave God's holy blessing
On thee his chosen knight.

Then with the strength that blessing hath imparted.
Go forth a warrior-pilgrim, clad in mail,
To lift the weary and the desolate hearted
Who droop in life's dark vale.

Go forth, and though the way be dark and fearful,
And spectral shapes thine onward path molest,
And voices, wanton-lipp'd, with accents tearful,
Cry, "Brother! turn and rest—"

Wrestle thou boldly, though their name be legiou,
True to thyself, none can thyself withstand,
And thou shalt tread, at length, the peerless region
Of God's own shining land.

THE COLD HEART.

FROM THE GERMAN OF WILLIAM HAUFF.

a traveling
gh Suabia
d neglect
visit the
c Forest,
sing as it
within its
circumfer-
all that
grand and
in, as well
ng, in the
beauties of woodland scenery. One may travel through it for miles, in some parts, and meet no trace of human habitation; on all sides stand the the gigantic pines, clothed in continual shadow, the slanting sunbeams but dimly revealing the untrodden recesses of the forest, while a strange stillness awes the bewildered traveler.

In other parts, following the winding of some forest rill, the wanderer will light on quiet homesteads, situated in spots of most rare and exquisite beauty, where the wood has been partially cleared away, and a little colony established in the very heart of the forest. How peaceful is the scene! Surely no life can vie with a forest one!

The inhabitants of the Schwarzwald are a singular race, differing to a surprising degree from any other people; they are taller and stronger than the generality of men; broad-shouldered and stout-limbed, it would seem that the invigorating odors, which the pines exhale in the early morning, had given to those who dwell beneath their branches a freer respiration, a clearer sight, and a firmer, albeit a less refined, mind, than are possessed by the inhabitants of the valleys and plains. But it is not in their growth or bearing that they materially differ from those who dwell without the forest; it is the singularity of their manners and customs which most attracts the attention and excites the astonishment of a stranger. They dress themselves with great care; the men allow their beard to grow, as nature intended it should, around the chin; their black jerkins, neatly plaited pantaloons, red stockings, and broad-brimmed pointed hats, give them a quaint, but respectable appearance. The ordinary occupation of this people is glass-making; but they also make watches, which have a very extensive sale.

Such are the inhabitants of one side of the forest: the people who dwell on the other are a portion of the same race; but their occupations have introduced among them habits very different from those of the quiet glass-makers: they trade with their timber, they fell their pines, and float them through the Nagold into the Neckar, and from the upper Neckar down the Rhine, into Holland; and the Black Foresters, with their long rafts, are well known on the Dutch coast. They stop at every town which lies on the banks of these rivers, and endeavor to procure a sale for the more insignificant portion of their cargo, reserving their longest and stoutest planks for the Dutch merchants, who pay large sums of money for them. These foresters are accustomed to a wild, wandering life; they like nothing better than to float down the river on their rafts; they have no greater sorrow than being compelled to return home by land. Their dress differs greatly from that of the glass-makers: they wear jackets of colored linen, broad green straps over their gigantic shoulders, and short black leather trowsers, from the deep pockets of which peeps forth a brass ruler, the honorable badge of their office. their principal pride, however, is in their boots, which are probably the largest of their kind in the world, for they can be drawn far above the knee; and the material of which they are composed being untanned ox-hide, the "floaters" can walk three feet deep in the water without wetting themselves.

Every community has some traditions peculiar to itself, which are carefully remembered and fondly cherished. However much this may be the case elsewhere, it is pre-eminently so in the Black Forest, where every stock and stone has a wild fiction attached to it, to which the people cling with reverent affection.

The supernatural beings who haunt the different portions of the forest accommodate themselves to the respective ideas of the inhabitants, whom we have just described; so that the tiny spirit of the glass-makers never shows himself otherwise attired than in a black doublet, pantaloons, and pointed hat; whilst Dutch Michael, the representative of the raft-men, is described as a gigantic fellow, in the dress of a floater; so gigantic, indeed, that it is a common saying among the Black Foresters, that they would not like to pay for the numerous

calves whose shins would be required to make one of his enormous boots!

A very singular adventure once befell a young forester with these wood spirits, the truth of which has never been doubted in his native shades, and which I am now going to relate.

In the glass-makers' portion of the Black Forest lived, many years ago, a poor charcoal burner, who, dying, left his widow, Barbara Munk, to bring up their only son to the business he had himself followed. Young Peter Munk, an intelligent lad, permitted his parents thus to dispose of his fate in life, for it never entered into his head to do what his father had not done before him; he was therefore content to sit week after week over his smoking kiln, or to carry his charcoal to the neighboring villages for sale. But a charcoal-burner has much time for reflection; and Peter's hut being even more isolated than those of his companions in trade, he had rarely any one to whom he could speak; and this solitude and silence naturally induced him to think early and late. But of what were his thoughts? Did the mighty forest around him, the fantastically shaped rocks, the awful roar of descending cataracts, inspire him with solemn dread of the Almighty Being, whose work they were? Did the flowery sward at his feet, the fragrant exhalations of the pines, the soft rippling of the rivulet, and the sweet-toned voices of the forest birds, teach him the *love*, as well as the *power*, of the Creator? Or perhaps the youth's spirit was imbued with poetry—the poetry of feeling? Perhaps he heard awful voices in the thunder-storm, and friendly whisperings in the passing breeze? Perhaps he pictured angelic forms in the clouds of heaven, or peopled the wild-wood with guardian spirits? He might have done so, and it had been a pleasant fancy, tending to better things; but it was not so—Peter's thoughts centred in *himself*; his devotion was not aroused by the beauties of nature, nor was his intellect awakened, nor his fancy excited; selfish thoughts, discontented thoughts, complaining thoughts, filled his breast, and to them he gave utterance as he went slowly to his work in the dewy mornings, or came wearily home in the balmy twilight.

Something weighed on his mind, something vexed, something affected him—*what* he could not rightly tell. At last, he discovered the cause of his uneasiness—his station in life. "A solitary soot-begrimed charcoal burner," said he to himself: "it is a wretched trade to follow! What respectable people the glass-makers, the watch-makers, even the musicians are! And might not I be even as they? am I not a fine, quick lad, and when well washed and dressed in my holiday

suit, have I not been often taken for something better than a poor charcoal burner?"

The raft-men on the other side of the forest were especially objects of his envy. When these wood giants visited the glass-makers, dressed very smartly, and carrying half-a-hundred weight of silver about them in the shape of buttons, buckles, and chains; when they placed themselves in a haughty position to watch the dance; when they swore Dutch oaths, and smoked out of long Cologne pipes, then Peter saw his visions of happiness embodied in the person of a raft-man.

O foolish Peter! is this the lot you would choose? opulence were dearly purchased, at the expense of all right-mindedness, generous feeling, and youthful simplicity!

But we must not anticipate. Peter particularly envied three of these floaters, they seemed to him the favorites of fortune. One was a very tall, fine man, with a florid complexion, known by the name of Eyekiel the Great. Twice every year he traveled to Amsterdam, with timber, and made such excellent bargains with the Dutch shipwrights, that, whilst his companions plodded homeward on foot, he could afford to ride back in state. The second was a very thin person, nicknamed the Long Schlurker; and Peter's envy of this individual was principally occasioned by the extraordinary boldness of speech with which he had been gifted; his conversation was composed of positive assertions, flat contradictions, and impertinent sneers; his wealth, however, blinded the foolish Peter to his defects. The third object of his admiring envy was a handsome youth, distinguished by his elegance, and known in consequence by the appellation of the King of the Dance; he had been a servant to a "timber lord," and had suddenly become immensely rich; some said he had found a pot of gold under a pine tree, others, that he had fished up a portion of the Nibelungen treasure, which lies in the deep bed of the Rhine; in short, the King of the Dance had become rich, no one knew how, and was considered by all a very prince. Peter thought much and often of these three men, as he sat in the solitude of his hut in the pine-wood; yet, in the midst of his admiration and envy, he could not but own to himself that each of them had a grievous fault, unbounded avarice, occasioning inhuman barbarity to the poor. The Black Foresters are a kind-hearted, charitable people; nevertheless, money stood the timber lords in good stead, and in spite of their heartlessness they did not lack for securing friends.

"I can bear this no longer," said the weary charcoal burner, one day when he was in unusually low spirits, for there had been a feast at the forest hostel the evening before, at which the

timber lords had displayed an unwonted degree of arrogance, and an unusual quantity of finery. "I can bear this no longer; O that I were rich as Eyekiel, independent as the Long Schlurker, and gay and good-looking as the King of the Dance! Where can that fellow have found his wealth?" Then the foolish lad set his brains to work to discover a means of becoming rich, but all in vain. Just at this moment a gust of wind swept through the woods, and its fitful sighing round his solitary hut brought to mind many wild stories, many supernatural tales; Peter's thoughts were in a short time absorbed by them, and his cause for discontent forgotten, when, among other traditions of the forest, he remembered one, which seemed sent as an answer to his fretful questions.

"How can I obtain riches?" His heart leapt for joy as he wondered how he could so long have forgotten the tale of some of his own sooty ancestors' good luck with the Wood Spirits! "I used to know, too, an invocation to the little Glass-man, our good guardian spirit; let us try—

"O! Treasure-keeper, in pine-wood green
For many a rolling year,
Lord of the shadowy forest scene—"

But not a word more could he remember; it was in vain he strained his memory; the invocation still wanted a line of its completion. He often debated whether it would be worth his while to ask some knowing old person to tell him the conclusion of the verse, but he could not make up his mind to reveal the subject of his cogitations; and he thought, too, that the rhyme could not be well known, or surely some of the numerous poor people in the forest would have tried their fortunes with the benevolent Wood Spirit. At last he questioned his mother on the subject. She could not tell him any thing about the invocation; but, after some hesitation, she informed him that it was only to those foresters who were born between the hours of twelve and two, on Sunday, that the Wood Spirit deigned to appear. "You, my son," she added, "were born at the Sabbath noontide." When Peter heard this his joy was unbounded, and he was eager to try his fortune. He thought the three first lines of the invocation would be sufficient to ensure the spirit's appearance.

A few days afterwards, therefore, he put on his Sunday suit, and telling his mother he had business with a recruiting sergeant in the next town, he set off. Peter, however, instead of taking the road to the town, bent his steps to the pine-knoll, in the centre of the forest, the favorite haunt of the Treasure-keeper. It was situated at the distance of two hours' hard walk from any

but; the foresters not daring to encroach on the spirit's demesne. The pines in this part of the forest were magnificent; the superstition of the people guarded them from the stroke of the axe, and the thick branches, growing in unchecked luxuriance, quite obscured the light of day. Peter Munk shuddered involuntarily as he entered these untrodden recesses of the dark pine-wood; no sound awoke the slumbering echo but his own foot-fall: the very birds had forsaken the haunt of the spirit. Peter soon reached the summit of the knoll, and stood before a pine of such gigantic dimensions, that a Dutch shipwright would have paid some hundred dollars for it on the spot. "Here," thought Peter, "dwells the Treasure-keeper;" whereupon he took off his Sunday hat, and making a profound bow to the tree, cleared his voice, and said timidly, "Good evening, Mr. Glass-man." But no answer was returned; all was still and silent as the grave. "Perhaps I ought to repeat the verse," thought he, and accordingly he began:—

"O! Treasure-keeper, in pine-wood green
For many a rolling year,
Lord of the shadowy woodland scene—"

The words were scarcely out of his mouth when he saw, to his great astonishment, a small, but strange looking figure, peeping at him through the bushes; he immediately imagined himself in the presence of the Treasure-keeper, and even fancied that he recognized his black doublet, red stockings, and little hat, and that he could distinctly perceive the outline of his pale and delicate, yet intelligent features. But the figure vanished as quickly as it had appeared.

"Mr. Glass-man," cried Peter Munk, after a little hesitation, "be so good as not to take me for a fool; if you think that I have not seen you. Mr. Glass-man, you are very much mistaken; I saw you peeping at me from behind the trees." But he received no answer, except a sound of smothered laughter in the underwood.

At last Peter's patience was exhausted, and he flew into a great passion.

"Just wait a minute, you good-for-nothing little fellow," said he, "I will soon catch you." So saying, he sprang with one bound behind the pine-trees, but he found no Treasure-keeper there—only a poor, delicate little squirrel, jumping about on the green sward.

Peter Munk shook his head in silent perplexity; he knew that the invocation wanted a line of its completion, and he imagined this the cause of the Glass-man's non-appearance. In vain he racked his brain to remember that line, that unfortunate line! The squirrel peeped at him between the

tangled branches of the pines, and seemed as though it were mocking at him, or, at least making itself merry at his expense. The little creature played such extraordinary tricks, and looked so cunningly at him, that at last he became afraid of it; and wished himself any where else than alone with it in the pine wood; he therefore retreated hastily from the knoll, but he had a long distance to go, and the shadows of approaching evening were added to the gloom that continually prevails in these desolate regions.

Full of wonder and awe, the young man pursued his way through the untrodden depths of the forest; and right glad was he when the majestic but oppressive stillness was broken by the sound of the dogs barking, and when a blue wreath of smoke, curling above the trees, announced that he was again approaching the dwellings of man. As he drew nearer, he remarked, with surprise, that the huts before him differed greatly in appearance from those of his native village, and he perceived that he had, in his fear and agitation, mistaken his road, and crossed the forest to the abodes of the raft-men.

The inhabitants of the cottage received Peter kindly, and forbore to question him respecting his name, abode, or object in quitting his home, but gave him apple-wine to drink, and invited him to share their evening meal—a wild hen. The family consisted of a woodman, his wife and eleven children, and an aged man, the woodman's father.

After the meal, the hostess and her daughters plied their distaffs by the help of a light, which the youths fed with resin from the pines; the grandfather and father smoked, and looked at their children; the lads were busy cutting up pieces of wood, and shaping them into forks and spoons. The storm howled without, and the branches of the pines creaked in the wind; crashing blows were occasionally heard, and, after a while, a sound as of a tree falling heavily. The rash youths were extremely anxious to run out into the wood to see what was going on, but the aged grandfather entreated them to refrain.

"I counsel you not to leave the house," he cried: "you will never return, for to-night Dutch Michael builds himself a new raft."

The young people looked inquiringly at him; though they had, doubtless, often before heard of Dutch Michael, still they asked their grandfather to tell them about him. Peter Munk, who had never heard any particulars of the wood demon's history, joined in their request.

The old man began: "He is the lord of these woods, and I will now relate to you all that I know respecting him. For many hundred years the Black Foresters bore the character of the

best of men; their poverty, their economy, their temperance, were renowned; but since the rapid increase of wealth within the precincts of the forest, much that is good and praiseworthy has departed; the lads dance and drink on Sunday; they even swear, which is a disgrace and shame to the whole people: formerly, things were very different, and I cannot but fear that all these bad habits originated with Dutch Michael. Some hundred years ago lived a rich timber lord; he had many men in his employ, and extended his trade far down the Rhine; a blessing rested upon his business, for he was a pious man. One evening a stranger stopped at the door of his house; he was dressed after the fashion of the Black Foresters, but was very unlike them in his appearance; he was so tall that the timber merchant had some difficulty in believing so monstrous a being could be a mere mortal. The gigantic stranger asked for work; and as the merchant thought he looked an industrious fellow, and certainly was a very strong one, he engaged him. Never had a timber lord such a servant as Michael proved to be. He could fell a tree alone in the time usually required by three men; and while six foresters labored to lift one end of a pine from the ground, he without difficulty placed the other on his shoulder. When he had worked thus for six months, he went to his master and asked permission to go down into Holland with the floaters, which life he liked better than tree-felling.

"Well, Michael," said his master, "you are so good a servant, that I should be sorry to stand in the way of your seeing a little of the world, if your taste lies that way; and I do not doubt but that you will make yourself as useful on the rafts as you have been in the woods; at any rate, you can go for once."

"So Michael became a raft-man, and astonished his comrades not a little by his exploits. When the raft on which he was to embark was ready, Michael made his appearance with another; it was built of eight enormous planks, which he carried on his shoulder as if they had been oars—whence they came no one knew. The timber merchant did not care to ask, but he reckoned up the dollars they would bring him, and rejoiced in his heart.

"Michael took it very quietly. 'They are to build me a float,' said he. 'Do you think I could go in that gimcrack thing? why! my weight would sink it at once.'

"His master offered him a handsome pair of floater's boots, as a proof of his gratitude for his services; Michael despised them, and produced a pair for his use, the like of which had never been seen before; my grandfather has assured me that

they weighed a hundred pounds, and were five feet long! The floats started, and if Michael had astonished the wood-cutters, much more did he astonish the raft-men; for instead of his raft proceeding more tediously than the other, which every one conjectured it would do, on account of its superior bulk, it absolutely flew over the rippling waters of the Neckar. Whilst it was advancing at this rate, the river made a sudden bend, and the raft-men in vain exerted all their strength to keep the float from running aground. In this dilemma, Michael jumped into the water, and with one effort guided it aright, so that the danger was averted; and when a convenient spot was found, he seized his immense oar, stuck it in the ground, and with another prodigious effort drove the raft off the shore with such violence that they flew like lightning past towns and villages, and were far down the river in a moment; so that in half the time usually occupied by the voyage, the astonished floaters had accomplished it, and found themselves at Cologne.

"Then Michael said, 'Comrades, you are right good merchants; but take my advice: I am sure that the men who buy your timber here, sell it again for a much higher price in Holland. Let us only sell our small beams here, and go on to Rotterdam; and surely all we gain for the planks, above the customary price, will fairly belong to us.'

"So spake the cunning Michael, and his comrades were content; some because they wished to see Holland, others because they coveted the gold, only one man remained uncorrupted by Michael's specious arguments, and could not be won from his master's interest to appropriate any portion of his gains to himself. His comrades heard, laughed at, and forgot his expostulations. Dutch Michael did not forget them. So they passed down the Rhine. Michael guided the raft, and soon brought it to Rotterdam; here they sold the timber for four times the usual price, and Michael's raft was disposed of for many hundreds of dollars. When the Black Foresters saw the money, they were beside themselves with joy; Michael shared the profit among his companions, reserving only a fourth for his master. Then they went to a public house, where they drank and played away their money with the low persons who resorted thither; as for the brave floater who had condemned their evil doings, Michael sold him to a kidnapper, and he has never been heard of since. From that time Holland became a kind of Paradise to the young foresters, and Michael was their king; from that time wealth, vice, drinking, and gaming found favor in the eyes of the once virtuous, frugal, and temperate inhabitants of this forest.

"Time passed on, and Dutch Michael's wicked accomplices paid the debt of nature; he, too, disappeared, but certainly he is not *dead*; for more than a century he has haunted this neighborhood, and those that seek for him will not seek in vain; he has held intercourse with many now living, and has helped them to become rich—at the risk of their miserable souls however; more I dare not say. But this is certain, that on those nights when the storm howls loudest, and all good people are sunk in peaceful slumber, Dutch Michael feels the finest pines in the forest, and these he gives to the wretched men whom he dooms to destruction; he conveys them to the water edge, and constructing a raft, freights it with them, and guides it down to Holland for his miserable victims. But if I were lord and master there, I would set fire to all the planks and beams Dutch Michael brought into my country, for no ship built with them ever yet reached land. This is the reason why shipwrecks are so numerous; why else should a beautiful, strong, well-built vessel sink in the finest weather, or run aground on the clearest moonlight nights? But for every pine that Dutch Michael hews down in the Black Forest, some one of his old planks starts from its place in the ship, lets in the water, and down goes the stately vessel, with all her crew, into the deep ocean. This is the legend of Dutch Michael; and thus you see how all that is evil in the ways of our countrymen originated in him. Oh, he can make rich, but keep me from his riches; for the wealth of empires I would not be Eyekiel the Great, nor the Long Schlurker, nor the handsome King of the Dance!"

The storm had subsided during the recital; the maidens quietly lighted their lamps, and went away; the lads placed a sack of leaves for a pillow on the stone bench, and then they too wished Peter good night, and he betook himself to his hard but clean couch.

Peter Munk had never been so disturbed in his sleep as he was this night; sometimes he imagined that he saw the dark-browed, gigantic Michael at the lattice-window, forcing it open, and showering down gold pieces, which fell around the slumberer with a gentle and inviting sound; then the scene would change, and the benevolent little Glass-man rode round the room, upon a great green flask, and his merry laugh rang in Peter's ear; a deep voice would then chaunt in his left ear—

"Gold! Gold!
List to me, ye woodmen bold,
Timber is in Holland sold!
Gold! Gold! Gold!"

Then a sweet-toned delicate voice sounded in

his right ear, humming the well-known invocation to the Treasure-keeper, and a low, mocking laugh accompanied the words, "Stupid Peter Munk, stupid Peter Munk cannot find a rhyme to *year*, and yet was born at twelve o'clock on Sunday! Rhyme, stupid Peter, Rhyme."

Poor Peter moaned and murmured in his troubled sleep as he tried to make a rhyme, and as he had vainly attempted it when awake, it is not very likely that he should succeed asleep. He awoke up at the dawn of day, and his thoughts were still occupied by his singular dream; he sat himself at the table, laid his bewildered head upon his folded arms, and whilst the laughing voice still echoed in his ear, "Rhyme, stupid Peter, rhyme," he heard steps approaching the house, and three young woodmen passed the window, on their way to their daily work in the wood, one of them singing cheerfully—

"Upon this verdant bank we stood
In shadow of yon dim pine-wood;
For many a long and tedious year
My love and I, we parted here."

Peter listened to the words like one petrified; then recollecting himself, he rushed from the house, and overtaking the young men, seized the singer roughly by the arm: "Stop, stop, friend," he cried, "what rhyme did you make to *year*? Pray be so kind as to tell me?"

"Why, what does it matter to you, fellow? Cannot I sing what I choose without being questioned by you? Let my arm go, sir, or —"

"I will not until you tell me your song," cried Peter, beside himself with impatience and excitement, and grasping the arm he held still more firmly.

When the two other lads saw what rough treatment he bestowed on their companion, they could restrain themselves no longer, but fell upon Peter, and beat him with all their strength, until he was forced to quit his hold.

"Now you have had enough," they said; "good bye, silly fellow, and when next you want to learn verses, do not assault people on the highway to induce them to instruct you."

"I will not," answered poor Peter, sighing bitterly; "but since you have so punished me for the assault," perhaps you will have the kindness to teach me the verses."

They laughed at him, but complied with his request, and singing the verse again, they left him.

"For many a long and tedious year
My love and I, we parted here,"

repeated poor Peter, smarting under the blows

he had received; "well, that is something gained. Now, Mr. Glass-man, we will have a word together!"

He went back to the cottage for his hat and stick, took a friendly farewell of the hospitable family, and bent his steps to the haunted knoll. He went slowly and thoughtfully on his way, for he had to compose a line; at last he found he was approaching the object of his journey by the increased height and thickness of the pines, and as he entered the gloomiest part of the haunted region he jumped for joy, for he had completed the invocation to his great satisfaction. Just at this moment, a gigantic figure dressed as a raftman, and carrying an oar that was fully the size of a mast, stepped into the path from beneath the pine-trees. Peter Munk's knees smote against each other as the strange figure approached him, for he thought, "This is no other than Dutch Michael."

The stranger was by this time at his side, but had not yet spoken, and Peter ventured from time to time to cast side-long glances at his companion. He was, as we have before heard, of gigantic stature; his face was no longer young, but could not be called old, although his brow was much wrinkled; he wore a jacket of colored linen, and enormous boots drawn up over his leathern trowsers; and in his whole appearance Peter recognized the hero of the woodman's tale.

The Forest King at last broke the silence, by saying in a threatening tone, "Peter Munk, what are you doing in the pine wood?"

"Good morning, countryman," answered Peter, trembling all over, but endeavoring to appear composed; "I am returning home this way."

"Peter Munk," retorted his companion with increasing anger, "this is not your way home."

"No, not exactly," said poor Peter; "but the day is so warm, and this path, though longer, is so much more easy, that —"

"Do not tell me a lie, you charcoal burner!" cried Dutch Michael, with a voice of thunder, "or I will fell you to the earth with my oar; know once for all that I saw you paying your court to the Glass-man; come, come," he added more gently, "that was a most foolish step to take, but it was truly fortunate you did not know the verse; he is a very niggard, that little fellow; he gives very little, and that little brings no joy with it. Peter, you are a poor simpleton, and I am very sorry for it; such a fine, handsome, high-spirited lad to be doomed to the life of a charcoal burner! it is a wretched life!"

"So it is," said Peter, "a very wretched life."

"Well," continued Michael, "I do not like to

see such a fine fellow in want; you will not be the first to whom I have given a helping hand; come, how much will you have?"

As he said this, he rattled the money in his deep pockets, and the sound attracted Peter in the same inviting manner as it had done in his dream; his heart beat high, and he felt cold and hot in a moment. He thought that Dutch Michael seemed to feel compassion for him, and did not offer the money as if he expected a return; but the mysterious tale of the old man was still fresh in his memory, and in inexpressible terror he answered, "I am much obliged to you, sir, but I do not want your money; I know very well who you are!"

He then took to his heels, and ran as he had never run before; the Wood Demon in two or three strides could have overtaken him, had he wished to do so, but he contented himself with crying after flying Peter, "Change your mind, change your mind, Peter; you may as well do so now, for I see written on your forehead, and I read in your eyes, that you shall not escape me at last; so do not run so fast, but exchange a friendly word with me; for you are almost beyond the circle of my domain."

When Peter heard this, and saw a narrow ditch before him, hope sprang up in his heart, and he increased his speed, in order to leap across it and escape from Michael's power; for the Forest King now hastened after him with curses and threats. The young man sprang with one bound over the ditch, for he saw the giant's arm raised to hurl his oar at him. The oar fell at a little distance from him, and Dutch Michael retreated with wrathful exclamations.

Relieved from his unwelcome companion, Peter proceeded trembling, but with cheerfulness, on his way, until he reached the great pine.

He made a still more profound bow to the tree than he had done before, and began—

"O! Treasure-keeper, in pine-wood green
For many a rolling year,
Lord of the shadowy forest scene,
Show thyself to me here."

"You have not got the verse right yet, Peter Munk," said a delicate voice near him, "but, as you were born at the right hour, I will let it pass."

Peter then saw under the pine a very small and aged man, dressed as a glass-maker. He had a thin and pale but benevolent countenance; his white beard was made of spun glass; he smoked out of a little, blue, glass pipe, and as Peter approached nearer to him, he perceived that all his clothes were composed of the same material.

"So you met Dutch Michael on your way

hither?" continued the little man; "I am surprised you escaped from him so easily."

"So am I, I can assure you, Mr. Glass-man; but let me thank you for deigning to appear to me, and then tell you the reason of my thus troubling you. The truth is, I am discontented with my trade; I do not like a charcoal burner's life. As I am still very young, I hope to be able to do something better; why should not I be rich as well as Eyekiel, or the King of the Dance, who spend gold as if it were as plentiful as straw?"

"Peter," said the Glass-man, with an earnest and sorrowful look, "Peter, never speak to me of those men again; what do they gain by their wealth? A few worthless luxuries, at the risk of their salvation. Peter, you must not give up your trade. I knew your father and grandfather well: they were respectable and intelligent men, yet they were content to be charcoal burners; you must be so also. I hope it is not the love of an idle life that has brought you here."

Peter was startled by the seriousness of the old man's manner, and his cheek glowed as he answered—"No, indeed, Mr. Glass-man; I know very well that 'idleness is the root of all evil,' but I hope you will not be angry with me if I still wish to change my trade. A charcoal burner is regarded by the world as low and mean; the glass-makers and the raft-men are very much more respectable."

"A haughty spirit goeth before a fall," answered the little Treasure-keeper; his tone of voice, however, was very friendly, and he smiled as he added—"You are a singular race, you mortals; few of you are content with your stations. The glass-maker wishes to be a timber merchant, and if that be granted him, he envies the woodmen, or would change conditions with the rangers. But let this pass; if you will promise to work hard, I will help you to change your trade, Peter. I watch over every Sunday-child, and am ready to grant them three wishes. The first two are unconditional; to the third I reserve the power of raising objections, if it be foolish. So, Peter, you may have your first wish now; but pray ask for something likely to profit you."

Peter's eyes sparkled. "Hurrah!" said he; "well, Mr. Glass-man, you are indeed the kindest friend in the world, and you may well be called the 'Treasure-keeper.' I am sure I am very much obliged to you; and I do not know what I could wish for more likely to profit me and make me happy, than that I should be able to dance as well as the King of the Dance, and always have as much money in my pocket as Eyekiel the Great."

"Oh, fool!" exclaimed the Treasure-keeper angrily, "a profitable wish truly! to be able to dance well and waste your money at play! Are you not ashamed of yourself, Peter? What good will it do your poor mother if you can dance well? As for your wish, it can only profit the public-house. You have got one more fine wish; see if you can choose something more reasonable."

Peter reflected for some minutes, and then said, "This time I wish for the largest glass-manufactory in the Black Forest, and plenty of money wherewith to carry on the business."

"Nothing else?" asked the Treasure-keeper anxiously, "nothing else?"

"I should like very well to have a horse and gig."

"Oh, Peter Munk, Peter Munk, you foolish boy!" cried the Glass-man, flinging his blue glass pipe angrily against the trunk of a pine: "a horse! a gig! Alas, alas! you should have wished for sense—sound, common sense—and not for gigs and horses; but never mind, do not be cast down; your last wish was not altogether so foolish as the first, a good glass manufactory is no contemptible thing, if you had but common sense and skill to take care of it. Had you wished for these, the horse and gig would have come of themselves."

"But, Mr. Treasure-keeper," answered Peter, "I have still one wish left, and, with your permission, I will now choose this sense and skill."

"You had better not; you may have some greater occasion for your wish, and you have sense enough if you will but use it, so now go home, and here, Peter, is my parting present; this purse contains two thousand dollars; but take notice, never must you come here again to ask for money, for if you do, I shall be forced to hang you upon this pine; so have I done ever since I have dwelt in this wood. Three days since, old Winkfritzy died, the owner of the principal manufactory in the forest. Go there the first thing to-morrow, and purchase the establishment, from his heirs; be honest, be industrious, and I will look in upon you from time to time, to counsel you and to give you a helping hand in those difficulties through which your shallow brains will not suffice to carry you; but above all things, I solemnly warn you to avoid the public-house. Peter, it has been the ruin of many."

Whilst the Treasure-keeper was speaking, he had been occupied in contriving another pipe, which he now quietly placed in his mouth, and giving his hand to Peter, in token of friendship, gradually disappeared in the volumes of pale, blue smoke, which issued from it.

When Peter reached home, he found his mother

in great trouble about him, for the good woman could not help thinking that her son had been forced to enlist. Peter was in high spirits, and told his mother that he had met a good friend in the wood, who had counselled him to change his trade, and had given him money to set him up as a glass-maker. Although Barbara Munk had lived all her life among the charcoal-burners, and had never tired of them, or their sooty faces, she was possessed of sufficient vanity to lead her immediately to look down upon her old associates and former pursuits; and she answered her son—

"Oh, that is pleasant: as the mother of a glass-maker, I can no longer be considered on a level with neighbors Trethel and Bertha; I shall, in future, take my place in church among the most respectable matrons."

Peter soon settled his business with the heirs of the glass-maker; he retained all the old workmen in his employ, and the business proceeded day and night. The novelty of every thing around him pleased him greatly; he carefully superintended his workmen, went backwards and forwards in the manufactory, tried his hand at the work, and chatted with his men, who did not fail to laugh at him behind his back.

But he soon lost his interest in the work; came at first every other day, and finally but once a week. His workmen might do, meanwhile, exactly what they pleased in the manufactory, for he never interfered with them. All this originated in *his visits to the forest inn*.

The very first Sunday after his return from the haunted knoll, he went to the inn. The King of the Dance was already displaying his elegant steps on the green, and Eyekiel the Great was engaged in throwing dice for a heap of dollars. Peter quickly felt in his pocket; his first wish was granted—it was full of gold and silver pieces, and he felt his limbs ready to begin a dance, rivalling in elegance the far-famed movements of the king; Peter chose his partner, and took his place among the dancers. The King of the Dance placed himself near Peter, in whom, to his astonishment, he found a rival who would soon dispute his right to that title, which had so long distinguished him; for when he pirouetted three feet high in the air, Peter surpassed him by at least a foot; and the mincing paces, which were once so admired, were quite outdone by the superior elegance of the young glass-maker. All this surprised the by-standers; but when they heard that the elegant young man was the richest glass-manufacturer in the forest, their astonishment changed into feelings of respect. Peter lost more than twenty dollars in play that evening, yet he

rattled the money in his pockets, as if he had many hundreds still left.

The King of the Dance was permitted to retain his name; but Peter was distinguished by the still more flattering appellation of the *Emperor*.

Among the most daring gamblers, none ventured so far as Peter; but the more he lost, the more he won! for he had wished always to be as rich as Eyekiel, who was generally his opponent at play; therefore, what Peter lost to Eyekiel was gain to himself.

By degrees he fell into the lowest company, and was oftener called Gaming Peter than Emperor of the Dance; for he generally sat all day at the public-house, throwing dice.

As may well be supposed, the glass-manufactory did not thrive under such a master. Glass, indeed was made, but when made, it was not disposed of to any profit; for it was usually left on hand so long, that Peter was glad to sell it at half price, to traveling merchants, in order that he might have wherewithal to pay the workmen.

One evening, as he was returning home from the public-house, and—notwithstanding the wine he had swallowed in large quantities, to raise his spirits—was meditating sorrowfully on the wreck of his fortune, he suddenly perceived that he had a companion in his walk. A second glance enabled him to recognise the Treasure-keeper. Peter, not quite sober, became violently excited, and vowed that the little glass-man was the cause of all his misfortunes.

"Where are now my horses and my gig?" he cried; "What is the use of my glass-manufactory? I was happier as a charcoal-burner than I am now. Then, at least, I had no anxiety about pay-day: but *now*; what am I to do when the sheriff comes to value my goods, and will sell them by auction—to my shame—to pay my creditors?"

"Well," answered the Treasure-keeper, "that is not my fault; are these reproaches the reward of my benevolence? Who put it into your head to wish so foolishly? You desired to be a glass-maker, and yet did not know how to dispose of your glass when it had been made for you! Did I not caution you as to your wishes? Oh, Peter, you wanted sense, sound sense and prudence."

"Sense and prudence!" answered Peter; "do not talk to me of sense and prudence! I am as clever a lad as any other in this forest, and that I will soon teach you, Mr. Glassman."

With these words, he seized the little man roughly by the collar, exclaiming, "Now, Mr. Treasure-keeper in pine-wood green, I have you fast, and you shall not go until you grant me my third wish; pay me down on the spot two hun-

dred thousand dollars, and give me a house, and—Oh! oh!" he shrieked, and wrung the hand which had grasped the collar of the little glass-man; for the latter had suddenly changed himself into burning glass, and disappeared.

Peter did not soon forget his folly and ingratitude, for his swollen hand reminded him of it constantly; but he smothered the voice of conscience, and reasoned thus: "When the manufactory is sold, and all my debts paid, I shall still have as much as Eyekiel the Great, and while there is gold to play for on Sunday, my store will not fail."

Certainly, Peter, you say true; you are ever to remain as rich as Eyekiel; but when Eyekiel is poor, how rich will you be?

And now were Peter's fortunes drawing to a crisis; Eyekiel lost his last dollar at play, and Peter vainly searched his pockets for the remnant of all his wealth! Then did he remember his first wish, and he groaned bitterly as his folly stared him in the face.

No friendly star lighted the wretched Peter to his home that night; and darker than the black darkness that shrouded every thing else from his sight, strode a well-known gigantic figure by his side, and a well-known voice said:—

"It is all over with you, Peter Munk; all your glory is at an end, and I could have told you, long ago, how it would be, if you put yourself into the hands of that stupid glass-maker; you can now see how those fare who despise my counsels. But I will not be hard on you. I pity your miserable condition; no one ever yet repented of following my advice, and I will give you another opportunity of seeking it. All tomorrow I shall be at your service; you will find me at any hour you like, at any place you will name, in the pine-wood."

Peter knew very well who thus addressed him; he wished to answer; but a cold shudder came over him, and he ran hastily home.

When Peter went to his manufactory the next morning, he found his workmen engaged in conversation with three visitors, in whom he recognized a sheriff and two policemen. The sheriff wished Peter a good morning, asked him how he had slept, and then drew from his pocket-book a long bill, which confirmed the poor glass-maker's worst fears.

"Can you cast accounts, or not?" asked the sheriff, ironically; "come, be quick, for time presses, and I have a good deal of business on hand."

Peter, who knew he was ruined, desired the sheriff to value his house and furniture. Peter thought to himself, "I am not far from the pine-wood, and since the little spirit will not aid me,

"'en betake myself to the great one!" He the pine-wood as swiftly as if the policeman had been at his heels. When he reached where the treasure-keeper had appeared, it seemed as if he were pulled back by a visible hand; but he disengaged himself from his grasp, and continued to run till he had the ditch which had formerly saved him from Michael's fury; when on the other side he paused to take breath, and ere he had reached himself, he whom he sought stood by his

"You are here," said Michael scornfully, "more fortunate than you deserve to be, being with a whole skin. What could you have from such a niggardly little fellow as I am? But all your dealings with him. Come to my house, and we will have a little traffic together."

"Ic," thought Peter, "what have I got to do? Will he have me serve him? I won't, however, he said nothing, but followed along a steep, woodland path, which led to a cleft in the side of a pine-covered hill. He crept into the gloomy abyss from the crags which encircled its yawning mouth, and assisted Peter to descend, who, on the ground, found himself in a dimly-lit, cavernous passage, through the many of which his guide conducted him, until he reached a small but good house; into this Michael led him, and he found himself in a room in no wise from those above ground.

Over a stove, the wooden clock, the broad table with the kitchen utensils arranged on propped shelves—all were familiar to Peter's eyes. Michael offered him a seat at the table, and placed a flask of wine and a couple of loaves, and whilst they regaled themselves, Michael related such interesting tales of his travels, of magnificent cities and rivers, that Peter could no longer restrain himself, and told him how much he wished he could thus do, and see similar adventures. "Ah! try easy to talk about," answered Michael, "but you are a pretty fellow to go seeking adventures; you, whose foolish heart has done every thing; and then you have fancied honor and the like; what did you lose when you lost your last dollar, and were driven from the public-house with contempt? You felt a great deal; but where did it affect your head, Peter? And what if it came this morning to turn you out of the world, a homeless wretch, did the cold, calculating countenance give you any thought? Tell me, Peter, where do you go?"

"In my heart," replied Peter, placing his hand on his left side, as he spoke, as if to still its throbbings.

"Do not be offended with me," continued Michael, "if I tell you plainly that you have thrown away many hundred dollars on beggars, and such like unprofitable persons; let me now ask you, what did you get in return? Blessings? Aye, blessings, and much good did they do you; have they preserved you from want, from sickness, from sorrow? I trow not, Peter; and what do you think of the matter? and what made you so tender to the beggars, so careless of your own prosperity? Was it your head, your eyes, your arms, your tongue, or any other of your members? No, Peter, it was your heart—your foolish heart."

"But what can I do?" asked Peter, mournfully; "I try in vain to master my heart, but in spite of me it throbs and beats."

"I believe you," interrupted his host, laughing. "Poor fellow, you cannot help yourself in this case; but give me the useless throbbing thing, and you will see how pleasant life will be without it!"

"Give you my heart!" cried Peter, violently excited. "No, never! why, I should die on the spot!"

"Aye, that you would," answered Michael quietly, "if a surgeon were to attempt to extract it from your breast; but that is not my intention, good friend; compose yourself, and follow me."

Michael rose as he spoke, and, opening a door, led Peter into an inner room.

His heart throbbed more than ever it had done before, as he stood on the threshold and looked around him. The room contained nothing but a number of wooden stands, on each of which was placed a glass box, containing a transparent fluid, whereon floated a heart, a human heart! Each of these boxes was labelled with the name of him whose heart it contained.

Peter read with eager curiosity the name of the sheriff, of Eyekiel the Great, the Long Schlurker, the King of the Dance, and many more of his most envied acquaintances. "Look!" exclaimed Michael, "those who once owned these hearts have cast them away for ever! they have done with all the cares and anxieties of life, and right glad are they to have expelled from their breasts so troublesome a guest."

"But what do they carry in their breast instead?" asked Peter, anxiously.

"This," replied Michael, handing him a heart of stone.

"What!" cried Peter, unable to repress a

shudder at the sight. "A heart of stone! is it not very heavy and cold, Mr. Michael?"

"It is cool, certainly; but what do you want with a warm heart? It is a very *quist* one, Peter; it never swells with anger, or sinks with fear; it throbs not at grief, nor beats with the sickness of disappointed hopes."

"And is this all you mean to give me?" asked Peter, fretfully; "I came for gold, and you give me nothing but a bit of stone."

"Well, I think a hundred thousand dollars are enough to begin with, and, when they are spent, millions more are at your service."

"A hundred thousand dollars!" cried Peter joyfully; "excellent! give me the stone and the dollars, and here is my heart, with all its cares and troubles."

"You are a wise fellow, Peter," answered the host, laughing in a friendly manner; "come, let us go back to our wine; when we have drunk enough, I will count out the money for you!"

They went back to the sitting-room, and drank until sleep overpowered Peter, and he lost all consciousness of his situation.

When he awoke, he found himself in a handsome carriage upon the high road; behind him, as a dark speck in the landscape, lay the Black Forest.

At first, he doubted that it could be himself who thus rode in state, richly dressed, and he could not help wondering also, that he felt no regret at leaving his home for the first time. He thought on his peaceful forest life, and on his poor old mother, whom he left in helpless misery; but not a sigh could he heave, not a tear could he drop. "So much the better!" said he to himself. "Tears and sighs, love of home, and fond regrets come from the heart; and thanks to Dutch Michael, mine is cold for evermore!"

For two years he traveled, but in vain did he seek for pleasures; in vain he saw the most beautiful landscapes, the most ingenious works of art. Nature had no longer a hold on his affections; his heart had no connection with his eyes or ears; no fine pictures, sweet music, and the kind smile of friendship's life—the warm grasp of friendship's hand—all passed unheeded by. The only pleasures left him were sensual—eating, drinking, sleeping; so passed his life.

At length he returned home; his carriage rolled over the soft sward, through the long, shadowy vistas of his native forest; his eye once more rested on the tall figures, and honest, friendly countenances of his countrymen; his ear was again met by the sound of the woodman's stroke; every thing was familiar to him, and he thought that he could surely now rejoice; but

no! he had a heart of stone; and if stone weeps not for sorrow, neither can it laugh for joy.

His first visit was to Dutch Michael, who gave him a hearty welcome.

"Michael," said Peter, "I have now seen the world; but nothing that I have seen has given me any pleasure or satisfaction. That stony thing of yours that I carry in my breast oppresses me grievously. I am never sorrowful, it is true; nor am I ever angry; but then I never rejoice, and I am, to all intents and purposes, more dead than alive. Could you not make this heart of stone a little more excitable? or, better than all, give me back my own?"

The Wood Demon laughed scornfully. "When you are dead, Peter Munk," said he, "you shall have your soft heart again—you shall feel once more; but on earth this can never be! You do not know what you are talking about; you are weary of traveling; but establish yourself at home—marry—use your riches, and you will have no reason to complain of your heart."

The news soon spread through the forest that Gaming Peter had returned richer than he had ever been.

Peter now engaged in the corn trade, and carried on extensive dealings with the poor of the forest, in which he displayed great avarice and harshness. When his customers could not pay their bills, Peter would brook no delay; the sheriff was immediately sent to seize their goods, and turn all families out of doors. At first, this occasioned Peter some inconvenience; for the unhappy beings he had ruined besieged his house—the men entreating forbearance, the women weeping silently, and the children clamoring for bread; but he soon put an end to "this cat's squalling," as he termed it, by setting a couple of bull-dogs on his petitioners.

But the most troublesome and incorrigible of them was "the old woman," who was no other than Peter's own aged mother. Barbara Munk had long been in great poverty, and forced to subsist on the bounty of some charitable persons; but, when her wealthy son returned, she hoped to end her days in peace and plenty. Her hopes were bitterly disappointed. Peter would do nothing for her. Sometimes, on Sunday evenings, when she tottered to the door of his house, he would send her a small piece of money, by a servant, in order to get rid of her; and though he marked well her pale face, her entreating looks, her feeble, bowed-down form, and thin, out-stretched hand; though he heard her trembling voice, as she thanked the servant and wished his master health and happiness, though her hollow cough met his ear, as she turned in sadness from his door, thinly clad and half starving, nothing

make any impression on his heart of stone! He regretted that he had spent even the sum he had sent to her, on other than himself.

At length determined to marry, but as he had to make a very prudent choice, he took care, and went hither and thither throughout the forest, and he might have had no difficulty in getting a wife from the many fair forest-maidens. Useful as they were, not one was beautiful for him. He had almost given up his search when he heard that the loveliest and fairest maiden in the neighborhood was the daughter of a poor wood-cutter. Timid as she was, she lived quietly with her father, and owed herself upon the green, nor sought to share in the dances and sports which were the delight of the forest youth.

Peter heard of her, he made up his mind that she should be his wife, and accordingly he took the early opportunity of riding over to the cottage, which had been pointed out to him by the old man.

The woodman received the wealthy Mr. Munk with great astonishment; how much more surprised when he learnt his errand! The

Peter's gracious proposal was not long in coming. The woodman promised his daughter without consulting her, and shortly after, Lisbeth became Peter Munk's bride. She was young, and youth is ever hopeful; he had anticipated more happiness than he had come to experience.

He was not unkind to her, and she might have been able to love him, but his heartless conduct towards her around him, especially to his old father, grieved her more than she could say. She first entered on her duties as his wife, as mistress of his house, she gave away her time to those who stood in need, and an aged person pass her door without a word or a drink. But when Peter found out that her practice, and in truth Lisbeth took care to conceal it, his anger knew no bounds. He said to her, "dare you waste my fortune by doing what you bring so very much into my house? You presume to give away what you

Let me hear of no more such doings, feel the weight of my hand."

Lisbeth's tears flowed fast, as she listened to his cruel words; but had she known that her heart was hard, even as stone, Lisbeth wept and wondered still more! And she saw a beggar approaching the cottage, she could shut her eyes not to see his face, and clasp her hands tightly to her bosom from unconsciously finding their use.

One day, Lisbeth sat at her cottage door, looking out on the green sward that surrounded it, whilst her busy fingers plied the distaff; the forest trees spread far and wide in every direction, but there were openings here and there, and the evening sun was gilding the dark green foliage, and casting lengthened shadows athwart the woody paths; the air was sweet with the breath of flowers, and tuneless with the voice of birds: the lovely weather and the quiet woodland scene had a soothing effect on Lisbeth; her husband, too, was absent from home, and, altogether, she was more cheerful than she had been for many weeks past.

Her light-hearted song was soon interrupted by the appearance of a way-worn traveler; he was an aged man, but heavily laden with a great sack, which he with difficulty deposited before Lisbeth's door, and implored her to take pity on him, and give him a draught of water; "for really," said he, "I am so exhausted, that unless I have some refreshment I shall faint on the spot."

Lisbeth hastened to the cottage, and soon returned with a mug of water; but when she reached the door, and saw the poor old man sitting on his sack, pale, faint, and weary, tears filled her eyes; perhaps she remembered, too, that Peter was not at home, for she put down the water, filled a goblet with sparkling wine, and carried it, with a large slice of rye-bread, to the poor traveler.

The old man looked at her till large tears rolled down his withered cheeks; he then said in a trembling voice, "I am an old, a very old man; but I have never seen in all my life one who gave so freely, so kindly. You will not want your reward, however: such a heart cannot remain unrewarded!"

"It shall not! the reward is ready," cried a thundering voice, and Lisbeth and the traveler beheld, with equal astonishment and dismay, the flushed and angry countenance of Peter Munk.

"And this is the way you amuse yourself in my absence, by giving away my choicest wine to beggars, and offering my own goblet for the use of vagabonds? There, take your promised reward!"

Lisbeth had thrown herself at her husband's feet; she clasped her hands, and implored forgiveness; but what does a heart of stone know of compassion? Peter seized his riding whip, and, with all his force, struck with its massive handle, the fair forehead of his kneeling wife; she uttered no cry, but sank lifeless into the arms of the dismayed traveler. As he bent over the lovely form to see if life yet remained, the old man spake in a well-known voice, "It is all over, Peter Munk; you have crushed the loveliest and sweetest

flower of the forest, and for you it shall never bloom again."

The color forsook Peter's cheek as he answered, "So it is *you*, Mr. Treasure-keeper? However, what is done, is done, and cannot be helped now. I only hope that you will not accuse me of the murder."

"Wretch!" answered the Glass-man, "what would it boot me to bring your body to the gallows? It is not earthly judges you have to fear, but fear him to whom you have sold your soul."

"And if I have sold my soul, I have to thank you for it! it was you who drove me to it, and on you be its blood for ever."

Peter trembled at his rashness, as he beheld the changed form of the glass-man, who, in fearful rage, flung himself upon the cowardly wretch, and struck him to the ground.

"Worm!" burst in thundering accents from his lips, "I could destroy you in a moment, and send you to the doom you so justly merit; but for the sake of your dead wife, who gave me food and drink, I spare you for the present. Your punishment will not, however, be long delayed; you cannot live for ever; and you shall then repent to all eternity your dealings with Dutch Michael."

It was late at night when Peter Munk was found by some passers-by, lying on the ground at his own door. It was long ere he could convince himself that all that had passed was dire reality, and no frightful dream, as he had at first supposed.

The deep solitude of his home was oppressive to him. True, he had a heart of stone, and could not feel; but whenever the thought of his gentle wife, murdered by his hand, came across him, he trembled like an aspen leaf; every thing seemed to accuse him and make his heart of stone heavier than lead. The tears of the poor that had failed to soften him, the curses of those on whom he had set his dogs, the silent despair of his mother, the blood of the lovely Lisbeth, all cried out for vengeance upon him!

His dreams, too, were very fearful; but when his terror was greatest, a sweet, low voice whispered in his ear, "Dear Peter, seek a warmer heart." This happened for several nights in succession.

Peter's remorse and dread of detection and punishment increased hourly; he felt the voice to be that of his injured wife; he thought much of the punishment threatened by the Glass-man, and at length he determined to follow the gentle spirit's advice and seek a warm heart. He put on his Sunday suit, as he had done in happier days on similar occasions, and went to the pine-knoll. He soon reached the spot; the day was a gloomy one, and, as he stood before the gigantic

pine and saluted it as heretofore, no cheering sun-beam broke through the thick branches over head to light up the scene. In a sad, faltering tone, he said—

"O! Treasure-keeper, in pine-wood green
For many a rolling year,
Lord of the shadowy woodland scene,
Show thyself to me here."

Then the little Glass-man came forth from the underwood, but he gave no friendly greeting to the unhappy Peter; he was dressed in deep mourning, his jerkin and hat of black-spun glass, and a long weeper attached to the pointed crown of the latter.

Peter knew but too well for whom he sorrowed. "What is your business with me, Peter Munk?" asked he in a sad tone.

"I have still a wish, Mr. Treasure-keeper," answered Peter with downcast eyes.

"Can hearts of stone wish?" replied the Glass-man; "you have every thing your wicked thoughts can desire, and I am unwilling to gratify them further."

"But you promised me three wishes, Mr. Glass-man, and I have still one remaining; will you consent to gratify it?"

"I will, if it be a reasonable one," answered the spirit; "at any rate let me hear it."

"Oh! Mr. Treasure-keeper," cried the wretched man, "I implore you to take this stone out of my breast; give me back my living heart! this is my sole desire on earth!"

"Give you back your heart! did I take it from you? Ask it of Dutch Michael!"

"Ah! he will never, never give it me."

"You make me pity you, wicked as you are," said the Glass-man, with a sorrowful look; "and as your wish is the best you could form, I will help you to its fulfilment. Listen and do just as I tell you." He then gave Peter directions how to act, and handed him a little cross of pure white glass. "Michael can neither touch your life nor your liberty whilst you fight him with this weapon; and when you have found what you seek, return again to me."

Peter Munk took the little cross, and set out for Michael's dwelling. He called him three times by his name, and the giant stood before him.

"So you have killed your wife, Peter!" said he with fearful laughter; "if you had not put an end to her, she would have ruined you with her charity; but you must leave the country for a little while; and I guess you are even now come for some money for your journey."

"I am come to deprive you of some of your treasure, certainly," said Peter.

Michael led Peter into his cottage, and handed him several rouleaux of dollars.

Peter counted them over, and said, "Now, Michael, I wish to be convinced that you have my living heart in your possession, and that I have a stone in its place."

"What! is it not so?" cried Michael, astonished; "do you not feel your heart as cold as ice in your breast? can you repent, or feel sorrow and fear? And I assure you, moreover, Peter Munk, that I have your living heart quite safe in the other room in a glass box."

Upon this, the demon smiling grimly, threw open the door into the inner room, and cried, "Here, Peter, come and see your own heart; does it not beat high? could wax do that?"

"I do not know," said Peter; "but this I know, that that heart is made of some material or other."

"Of course it is made of your own flesh and blood, you simpleton," said Michael angrily; "here, take it in your hand, feel how it throbs, and then doubt if it be yours."

Peter took the heart, pressed it to his side, felt indeed its anxious throbbings, and could now rejoice that it was once more in his power.

"Well, how do you feel?" asked Michael anxiously.

"Better than I have felt for a long time, Mr. Michael; and, moreover, I do not intend to part with my heart again, now that I have it."

"I see, you do not know me yet, Peter; come, give me back the heart again, if you please."

"Not so, Mr. Michael," cried Peter, stepping back and holding up the little cross; "I have been cheated by *you*, and now it is fairly *my* turn to deprive *you* of what is not yours."

The effect produced by these words was fearful; Michael fell back ashamed before the cross; Peter fled hastily from the spot, followed by the ravings and threatenings of the conquered demon.

A fearful storm burst over the forest; the peals of thunder were echoed by the hollow rocks around; the vivid lightning flashed across the narrow path, illuminating the dark recesses and long shadowy avenues of the pine-wood; and the tall trees swayed and creaked in the wind, whilst their outspread branches proved a slight protection to the bewildered Peter from the heavy rain that poured in torrents down. He held on his course, however, and paused not till he reached the base of the hill on which the Glass-man's pine-tree stood.

His heart beat joyfully, but his only cause for joy was, that it beat at all; for memory was busy with him, setting before his affrighted conscience the dark catalogue of his crimes.

He thought mournfully of his aged mother; he

forgot not his inhuman cruelty to his poor debtors; but chiefly did he think—and the thought was agony—of the lovely and gentle wife he had sacrificed to his avarice. Large tears rolled down his cheeks, and deep sobs impeded his utterance, as he again found himself in the presence of the Treasure-keeper.

The little man was smoking peacefully, and seemed in better spirits than before.

"Why do you weep, Peter?" asked he; "have you not succeeded? have you still your stony heart?"

"Ah, Mr. Glass-man," answered poor Peter, "when I had my cold heart I could not weep, my eyes were as dry as the thirsty flowers in July. No; I have my living heart again, but it is ready to break at the remembrance of all my crimes."

"Peter, you *have* been very wicked," said the Glass-man solemnly; "wealth and idleness have been your ruin; but, great as your misdeeds have been, there is still hope for you. Remember, Peter, that the cold heart is gone, I trust for ever, and therefore hope for a better mind!"

"I can hope for nothing," said Peter despairingly. "I am alone on the earth; my conscience my only companion, and an accusing conscience gives the guilty soul no rest. My mother can never forgive my conduct to her; perhaps she may be dead too, killed by her son's unkindness. And my wife! my Lisbeth! Oh! Mr. Treasure-keeper, all you can do for me is to put an end to my remorse by slaying me on the spot. I pray you, do so, and end my woes."

"What?" exclaimed the little man, turning on Peter a look which seemed to chill the blood in his veins, and in a voice of terrible anger—"What sayest thou? Dost thou seek death? Thou, the miser, the drunkard, the murderer? But, be it so; I will grant your request. My axe is hard at hand."

"O mercy! mercy!" shrieked Peter in agony of terror, "I thought not what I said; O spare me, spare me! I am unfit to live, but more unfit to die!"

"No, no," cried the Glass-man, "it is too late now; you have asked for death, and you shall die. I will be trifled with no longer."

"Spare me but for a day!" exclaimed Peter, throwing himself on his knees.

"Why should I spare you?" asked the Glass-man with a bitter sneer; "you spared not Lisbeth."

"But a half a day, then, that I may spend it in prayer?"

"No, nor a quarter of a day—no, nor an hour—no, nor a quarter of an hour. Come, bare your neck for the axe!"

So saying, the Glass-man went behind the pine-tree, and was lost from sight. Peter continued kneeling on the grass, offering up such prayers as rose to his lips, and thus awaited his death stroke. Oh! the agony of those few minutes—for they *were* minutes, though they seemed like years—while the Glass-man was absent!

When those minutes were past, Peter heard light footsteps behind him. He groaned bitterly—"Oh that I had been wise! oh that I had listened to advice! Oh that it were not too late now to show my contrition!"

"I am come to slay you, as you desired," said the Treasure-keeper. "Will you not give me a farewell look, Peter?"

Peter had closed his eyes to escape the cold, shimmering brightness of the descending axe. He now opened them, and lo, it was not the form of the old Glass-man on which his eyes first rested. A sweet, youthful countenance smiled on him, and a well-known aged face looked tearfully at him.

"My mother! my wife!" cried he. "Lisbeth, do you yet live? Mother, can you forgive me? Oh! this is too much, far too much."

"All is forgiven and forgotten by *them*," said

the Treasure-keeper. "But if I spare you at their prayer, it is because I have hopes that you will henceforth be a different man. I grant you life; take heed you do not abuse the gift. I grant you life, but it is upon the condition that you set yourself in earnest to the great task of reformation. You have been greedy and sensual: now you must mortify your appetites. You are by nature covetous: now you must labor hard, and give a portion of all you earn to the poor and needy. You have neglected to pray: take heed that one night in every week—the night of the same day in which you attempted (and, but for my intervention, would have taken) your wife's life—that one night in every week, from year's end to year's end, you spend in prayer at the top of yonder mountain. And now farewell; but take heed that you trifle not with the Treasure-keeper!"

Then he disappeared, and Peter, whose penitence was sincere, became the master of himself and the conqueror of his evil passions; and often, during the remaining course of his humble but pious and peaceful life, did Peter say, "It is better to be poor and contented with poverty, than to be rolling in riches and possess a COLD HEART withal!"

PAUL I. IN THE PRISON OF KOSCIUSKO.

BY MARY C. DENVER.

One of the first acts of Paul, immediately on the death of the Empress, was to visit Kosciusko in his prison, and assure him of his kindness and consideration. By him he was soon after set at liberty; and Paul, either impressed with the greatness of his character, or, the idea of receiving his future services, offered him a pension, which the noble Pole indignantly refused.

He slept! the Polish warrior slept! and o'er his
haunted mind
Swept visions of departed days, the glorious, the unkind:
When from his hearth the peasant rose—and from
his halls the chief,
And buckled on the sword, and vow'd to die or give
relief:
For the foeman's foot was on the soil—the soil they
called their own—
His arm suspended o'er their heads—his eye upon
the throne!

Once more upon the battle-field—once more upon the
field,
He stood, the chosen one of all, the last one who would
yield:
With love of country strong at heart,—with courage
in his eye!

Reliance in his little band—and trust within the sky!
How should he dread a world of foes—who never
yet knew dread,
With Poland's soil beneath his feet—and heaven
above his head?

He dreaded not,—his heart was firm—his blade was
tried and true;
High on the chainless winds of heaven, his country's
standard flew,
And brave men stood beneath its folds—the fearless
and the free,
Who to a foreign conqueror had never bent the
knee!
In hope and strength renewed they came—as roused
from long repose,
And gathering to their chieftain's note—looked down-
ward on their foes.

on his frozen hills of snow the fur-clad Russian came!
 r before him pleasant fields, and left behind a flame!
 e from every cottage roof—a flame in every heart,
 love of freedom had a home—or vengeance had a part!
 sious of opposing foes—like wild sea-waves they poured
 e a fair defenceless realm, and met instead—a sword!

ussia sent her battle-blast aloud upon the air,
 re no shout of anger heard?—was there no thunder there?
 l that Siboeski loved,—her children, where were they?
 ke a vulture from the skies she darted on her prey!
 r not meet her face to face?—upstarting in her track:
 zekociny's fatal field could give the answer back!

less Austria too was there!—nor felt a blush of shame,
 e dishonor dark and dull should stain her royal name,
 ed the sword—yet not for her, who needed not her aid!
 e the sword, and in the dust her bleeding children laid!
 eater came and trembled not, to chain a fearful land;
 ld *she* fear to break her faith—or blush to seize the brand?

ght,—the silent stars looked down upon a silent land,
 ring from a shadowy wood came forth a pale band,

of arm—the high of soul—the stern of were there,
 e stars—around their chief, they stood with *de* all bare!
 le he, their leader, spoke with firm yet *inn* tone,
 one drawing forth his blade, all crossed in with his own:

ar by Him, who rules above, and readeth *ry* thought,
 und breathes the breath of life, ye will *rt* him not!

shonor's breath may blast your souls in *y* part
 e bath bound these arms—your swords *e* failed this heart."
 upon the dark green grass—they took the *he* gave; *

as last and fatal battle, in which the free-
 and was for ever crushed. Kosciusko, it
 his attendants swear not to desert him living
 of the enemy. On seeing their leader fall,
 three horses killed under him, one of his
 : him on the head, and left him for dead on
 the.

Then each one solemnly passed on, as passing to his grave.

Now Poland for thy battle-cry!—call all thy children forth!

They stand upon thy every shore! the armies of the north!

Pause not upon thy threshold stones,—a moment may be lost!

Let not a tear bedim your eyes!—revenge is needed most!

Dispute their passage inch by inch—each battles for a home!

Arm Poland! down upon thy plains the royal-robbers come!

The morning broke! the sun arose and looked upon the earth,

And saw the sight of bannered men, all armed and hurrying forth,

The noblest of the band were there,—the prince and peasant, all

Went forth to win the battle-field,—to win the field or fall!

They saw the foe on every side,—they grasped the cup of life,

And draining to the very dregs—rushed madly to the strife!

The sun went down with closing eye,—but the scene it look'd on then

Was the rushing on of battle-steeds—the strife of warrior-men!

From morn till night they mixed in fight, and toiled and bled and died,

Some in the evening of their days—some in their noon of pride!

They recked not of the days before—they thought not of the past,

This was the day of days to them—the fatal and the last!

And Kosciusko! where was he, when on that field of death,

The bravest of his friends sunk down,—and yielded up their breath?

Amidst the thickest of the fight—with broken blade in hand:

He led them on against the foe,—that death-devoted band!

He saw the royal standard fall!—above his head a gleam.

The quick bright flashing of a sword!—he started!
 t' was a dream!

It was a dream!—but how like life!—he wakened but to feel

The next succeeding act was made of wounds that would not heal;

Of her—his country,—of her fate, it needed none to tell!

The clank of chains upon his heart with mournful echo fell:

And to his bosom audibly!—too audibly there came
 A sound, like to a dying groan, in answer to her name?

The inmate of a dungeon cell,—must be for ever
bound
In darkness and in chains, be doomed to hear no other
sound !
Must that for ever fill his dreams !—and to his waking
thought
Distinctly summon back the things, that fain would
be forgot ?
Alas ! poor country ! well for him, if ere thy sad
decline,
Thy earth had sanctified his rest,—his dust had
mix'd with thine !

The dungeon doors were open thrown ! and standing
face to face
Were they, the Polish chieftain and the crowned one
of his race !
Calmly and steadily they looked into each other's eye—

As seeking there the trace to find !—the trace of
royalty !
And Paul in all his pride of power, looked not so
noble then
As Kosciusko in his chains, the prisoner of men !

But a noble impulse stirred his heart too often turned
to wrong ;
To set *him* free, who bore his fate with fearless
heart and strong ;
And opening wide his prison gate, he bade him go
once more,
To seek the freedom that he loved on whatsoever
shore !
But alas ! for Kosciusko ! the boon was all in
vain :
While Poland gasped in chains, how could he ever
smile again ?

“MINISTERING SPIRITS.”

BY MARY HEMPLE.

BREATHED anear me—softly, clearly, when the day-
light drooped and dimmed.
Fell a whisper, bland and blessed, as by happy angels
hymned :
While the crimson'd clouds did cluster, with a waning,
wavering lustre,
And from out their drifted drapery, braids of beaming
silver streamed ;
I could hear it, in my spirit, as with words of wondrous
cheer,
From the riven clouds of heaven, came it gently to
mine ear.

“From our dwelling—where the swelling fount of
life is flowing free,
We are bending down, O mortal, with a gift of grace
for thee ;
Thou canst give no meet returning, for a love so true
and yearning,
Yet thy bosom shall be purer, if thou learn what love
can be :
Earthly passion hath brief fashion—but our love
knows no decay,
Sister-spirit—wilt thou share it? ere the gift be
thrown away.

“When the morning—dimly dawning, meets the smile
of earth and sea,
And the voice of prayer goes upward, like a chastened
melody,
Then to thee, in love, we proffer, what an angel's
love may offer ;
And we charm thee from the charmer, by thy bended
head and knee :
The happiness of holiness, we yearn to make thine
own ;
Wilt thou share it, sister-spirit, ere the golden gift
be flown ?”

The harsh noises of earth-voices, in the hush of twi-
light died ;
And shadowy solemn stillness, trembled through the
eventide :
As if silence kept her vesper in the golden glow of
Hesper ;
And human hearts and human hopes were thereby
purified :
And with lowly thoughts, and holy, knelt I humbly
down to pray,
That the gifts the angels offered me, might not be
thrown away.

THE WASHERWOMAN.

BY MISS S. A. HUNT.

THERE is a class of female laborers, often most cruelly imposed upon. To seek redress, only plunges them in deeper poverty, by depriving them of the means of subsistence. They are obliged to bear silently, no matter how much they feel, that *their* rights should be held as sacred as those of others. *Respectable* people have little chance of retaining their respectability, if they employ their meanness and injustice upon any but those who are in some degree dependent upon them. The middling classes are often very kind to those they have occasion to employ, but sometimes their supercilious airs and cold, unfeeling conduct, would lead one to suppose they were dealing with those who were out of the pale of human sympathies. It is true that we should not look about in order to discover the faults of our neighbors—but there are few persons so situated, that instances of quiet, cool injustice do not fall immediately under their observation. It rouses the more indignation, that we are so utterly unable to extend a helping hand. Our meddling would be of no avail; it would only excite deep and bitter anger towards ourselves.

Susan Grant was a washerwoman, a widow and poor. During her husband's life her circumstances had been comfortable. She had but two children; the eldest, a son, was about twenty years of age. When he was quite young he was placed in a grocery, that something might be gained, to add to his mother's hard earnings. While there, he acquired a taste for liquor, and when the time came that he should have supported his mother entirely, he was an idle vagabond, wandering about the streets in a state of intoxication. His nights were frequently passed in a porter house; when turned out, he sought the miserable dwelling of his mother, which he never was forbidden—for hope was strong in the poor woman's heart, and her faith, in reclaiming him by affection was unwavering. What if weeks and months went by, without a single kind word?—what if he even begged for the little money that was in her half-worn out purse?—still her heart whispered, that he *would* come back, that he would some day bless her, for her unwearying kindness—again she would see in his face the warm, frank look that beamed there, in his pure infancy and happy childhood.

Hope! sweet hope, how could woman live without thy blessed whispers? Mrs. Grant's only daughter was a young girl of seventeen. She was a sweet, gentle creature, over whose lip a harsh word never passed—and harshness would ill have beseeemed one so fragile. Consumption burned in her thin cheek, and rested in marble whiteness upon her young brow. She was not beautiful in features, yet she was very lovely—the purity of an angel was in her blue eyes, so loving and soft in their expression. To gaze upon her countenance, was to fill the soul with a sense of exquisite beauty—for in that beauty there mingled nothing but what was pure and good.

"Oh! mother, I am so glad you have come," exclaimed Anne, rising feebly from her chair, and clasping Mrs. Grant's hand, while a glow of joy lit up her fair, but wasted features. It was evening, and the washerwoman had just returned from her day's labor. She kissed Anne tenderly and led her back to her seat.

"How have you been to-day, dear?" she inquired, scanning with yearning fondness, her daughter's face.

"Pretty well; I have not suffered much pain; Mrs. Burrell has been in to see me, several times, and her little girl has been sewing by my side nearly all day."

"How kind! she is almost as poor as we are, and yet she is willing to do any thing in her power to help us along. If I was only where I could look in upon you a few times throughout the long day, I could work a thousand times better." Poor Mrs. Grant sighed deeply. She was more than usually cast down. She did not even attempt to cheer up her invalid child, as was her custom, forgetful of her own fatigue.

"Has any thing happened, mother?" asked Anne, raising her face and looking earnestly into her mother's eyes.

"Do n't feel bad, Anne," replied her mother, "something else will turn up, but I have washed the last time, for Mrs. Gilchrist. The family are going to move into the country, so I am out of work on Mondays. I stopt, on my way home, at a place where I was recommended, in hopes of getting work. But the lady was not at home. Her little girl came to the door, and promised to tell her mother what I said. Perhaps she will

let me bring her washing home to do, and then I can be with you all the time. O, how I hope it will be so, I am almost sure it will!" Mrs. Grant's countenance lit up with an expression of delight. "I'll tell her of your situation, and if she is human, she will not have the heart to refuse."

Anne smiled faintly, and said, "You are not sure, mother, that the lady will hire you at all; if you calculate upon it so certainly your disappointment will be greater, if it does not come to pass. Rich people, give but little heed to what we poor folks say."

"But she is not rich," returned Mrs. Grant, "and that makes me think she will have more feeling for me; her husband is a printer, and she, herself does all the housework of a large family. If she hires me at all, I am almost certain she will consent to my bringing it home. Oh! my heart has not been lighter since you have been sick." Anne met her mother's glance with a look of pensive tenderness. "I wonder I could be so low spirited because I was going to lose one place," continued Mrs. Grant, "in all probability I may like another situation better."

Their slight evening meal was finished, and again they were talking on the subject that most interested them, when a tap at the door interrupted their conversatin. Mrs. Grant admitted a pert little girl of about ten years, who was followed by a boy a few years older.

"O, you 're the washerwoman," exclaimed the girl, in a tone, neither very low, nor respectful, "well, me and Bill 's been racing all over the house, to find you. I declare! I thought I should give up! I never saw so many families in a house before, in all my life. Gracious! I do n't see how you live. We 've only got one family in our house besides our own, and O dear me! we have such times. They hardly ever do the cleaning when it comes their turn, and they 've got three of the hatefulest boys I ever saw. They make such a noise, mother almost goes distracted with the headache. Why, this morning Charles Herick pushed my little brother Dick down the kitchen stairs, just because he snatched a bite of his apple. Did n't he Bill?"

"I suppose he did," answered her brother, "I do n't know, and what 's more, I do n't care anything about it. And now I tell you, I think you'd better do what you 've got to do, than to come here tattling every thing you know. When your tongue once gets a running there 's no end to it."

"Oh! dear gracious! Mr. William Crocker, you think you can talk very great to me, because you know mother aint here to take my part. I thank you, I'll talk just as much as I please, and

wont ask nobody in the bargain; now, you 've just got a piece of my mind, and I hope you 're satisfied." After this lecture to her brother, Miss Elizabeth Crocker flirted petulantly up to a chair, and seated herself in it. Mrs. Grant and her daughter exchanged an expressive glance, and the latter turned her head aside to conceal a smile.

"Well, washerwoman, I believe I might as well tell you what we 've come for," began William Crocker, taking advantage of a moment's silence, on the part of his sister.

"You just hush, Bill," interrupted that young lady, "mother said I must do all the talking, because you 're so dumb about speaking to folks. She only sent you to wait on me here."

"You do n't catch me waiting on your ladyship again, I can tell you," said her brother, sulkily.

"Pooh!" answered Elizabeth, turning up both lip and nose to express her contempt.

"Yes, and if you *pooh* much more, I'll go home, now, and leave you here," retorted William threateningly.

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed out his little sister in derision, "I think I see you going; the way you 'd be sent back after me, would be a caution to lazy folks."

On hearing her tantalizing laugh, William had sprung angrily from his chair, and jerked his cap on, but the idea of being sent back, appeared to have a soothing effect. He dropped in his seat again, and took off his cap, mumbling. "I'll pay you for this." A silence followed. Mrs. Grant turned quietly to Elizabeth and said, "what is your business with me, my child? Does your mother want me to wash for her?"

"Yes, she wants you to call at our house, early to-morrow morning, before you go to your work. If she thinks you 'll suit she 'll hire you."

"Does your mother ever have her washing put out?"

"I guess not. I believe the washerwoman always comes to the house." After sitting awhile longer, and chatting very volubly, Elizabeth and her brother took leave, to the great relief of Anne, to whom they had given a headache. The next morning, Mrs. Grant knocked at the basement door of Mrs. Crocker's house. Elizabeth ushered her into the room where the family were taking breakfast.

"Good morning," said Mrs. Crocker, nodding carelessly, "I'll attend to you after breakfast." Mrs. Grant replied only by saying "yes, ma'am." She waited impatiently, counting the moments as they slowly passed. The time for her to be at her place of service arrived, and yet Mrs.

Crocker idly sipped her coffee, and bade William toast her another slice of bread. Poor Mrs. Grant kept her eye on the bread until it was sufficiently toasted, watched Mrs. Crocker's hand while she buttered it, and inwardly rejoiced as she saw each mouthful disappear. At length the meal was concluded. "Well, Mrs. Grant," said Mrs. Crocker, drawing her chair towards her, "you have been recommended to me as a good washer. I'm very particular, and if I am not perfectly suited, I never hire the same woman but once. You don't look as if you could lay out much strength on clothes."

"I generally manage to do my work well," replied the poor washerwoman, with a sinking heart.

"Perhaps so; the only way to find out is to try you. What do you charge a day?"

"Six shillings is my price." "Six shillings!" echoed Mrs. Crocker, with a face of the most unbounded amazement. "Six shillings! Then I suppose the business is settled at once. I never have paid more than four shillings a day. There is a woman living a little way from here that I can get for three and six pence. But her washing does not suit me entirely. I never can think of hiring you, my good woman."

Mrs. Crocker rose from her chair, and shook her head in answer to Mrs. Grant's appealing look. The washerwoman also rose, and approached the door, silently, with a deep flush upon her cheek, and a heart that dared not reveal its unheeded grief and anger.

"I'll give you four and six pence!" cried Mrs. Crocker, as Mrs. Grant opened the door.

"I cannot take less than five shillings," said the washerwoman, firmly. "My money is earned by my hard labor, and I have a sick daughter to support. We can barely live when my work is best." I would sooner trust to finding another place, than to work for so little. Mrs. Crocker had heard that Susan Grant might be trusted entirely. She liked her appearance, and therefore resolved to have her.

"Well, Mrs. Grant, I'll give you, my washing, and pay you what I never paid any one else. So, I shall expect it to be done better than it ever was before."

"May I take it home to do?" was faintly inquired. "O, no," replied the lady, with a slight laugh at the absurdity of the thing. Mrs. Grant urged no more. She felt that all her reasons would be utterly disregarded. She agreed to be at the house of her new employer, early on the following day, then bidding a hasty "good morning," she hurried off. In about a quarter of an hour, she entered the basement of a very elegant dwelling. She was met in the hall, by a pleasant looking lady.

"Good morning, Susan," she said; "you are rather late. Is your daughter worse?"

Mrs. Grant made the necessary explanations, to which the lady listened carefully, taking out her watch in the mean time to ascertain the hour precisely. "Heigho, eight o'clock," she said, as Susan stopped speaking. "Well, I have plenty to do, before I make my calls." Humming a light air, she then proceeded up the stairs, and Mrs. Grant went out into the broad area, the theatre of her labors, during the warm weather. The day passed as usual, occasionally enlivened by a little conversation with the cook, chambermaid, or the beautiful children of the lady who employed her—for Mrs. Grant was a favorite with all who knew her well. But many times an anxious feeling filled the poor mother's breast, and nerved her hand to work the faster, that she might soon rest her eyes upon the pale face of her child. Evening, with its blessing of sad yet tender joy came, and the weary day was forgotten—sometimes it seemed as if a new fountain of grief were opened in her heart, when *first* her eye fell upon the sweet emaciated countenance of Anne, so bright in its expressive greeting, yet, alas! to the mother's eager gaze, bearing more plainly the marks of the destroyer. To her, death, seemed indeed the destroyer of life, hope and joy. She thought shudderingly of what was beyond, although she professed to be a Christian. And a better Christian she was, than many a sounding hypocrite. This life did not appear to her, *only* as a state of preparation,—the field of trial and combat, which is to usher us into a more free, and expansive state of existence. But with the idea of death, there came, involuntarily, a feeling, as if the sweet affections that bind our hearts together upon earth are severed—as if our real life, the exercise of our volition, our thoughts, and feelings must be no more. She believed in a future state, that the good are saved—yet death was never stript of its fearful horrors.

Early next morning, Mrs. Grant gave Anne her parting kiss, and hastened to Mrs. Crocker's.

"Ah! Mrs. Grant, you've come, hey," exclaimed that lady as the washerwoman entered. "Bring that basket of clothes, and I'll show you where you are to wash."

Susan raised a very large, heavy basket; she glanced at William, who was pulling the cat's ears, hoping that he would render some assistance. But she was mistaken. She followed Mrs. Crocker into the yard, who sent her after coal, soap, starch, and several other things before she was ready to commence operations. Mrs. Grant eyed rather dismally the large, heterogeneous mass of clothes before her; but as hers was not a disposition to borrow trouble, she proceeded

quite cheerfully with her labors, until Mrs. Crocker brought out something else she had discovered,—and her discoveries were not “like angel’s visits, few and far between.” After dinner, the washerwoman was called upon to do several errands, entirely disconnected with her business. She dared not say any thing lest she should lose the place, which her necessities could not well admit of. Six o’clock came, and yet her labors were unfinished. With what sickening impatience did she think of poor Anne’s expectation. She saw her feebly crossing the floor, and straining her gaze out of the window. Daylight disappeared; the clouds of vermilion no longer floated in the pale blue of the west. She could bear it no longer. Entering the basement, she said, in a half timid, half decided tone, Mrs. Crocker, my usual time of going home is between five and six, and now it is near eight; my daughter will be expecting me, and I cannot stay longer.”

“Really, this is a pretty how de do,” cried Mrs. Crocker, elevating her eyebrows, “a pretty how de do indeed! Want to go home before your work is done! Why, Mrs. Grant, if you work slow, it is not my fault. I can’t afford to pay out money, and have you go, before you have done what you are hired for. No, indeed, if I had known your character, I never would have patronized such a woman. Mr. Crocker, do you hear all this?” she asked, turning to her husband, a little man, who hardly dared say “boo” to a stranger. He bowed his head silently. All the independence Susan Grant possessed, was called forth. Her face crimsoned, and her eyes flashed. “I will stay to-night until I have finished all,” she said in a tone that trembled with suppressed anger, “but I never will enter this house again. If I am poor, without a friend in the world, I will trust in God, to heed the widow and the fatherless. I can bear any thing better than being imposed upon.”

“My gracious! I never was so insulted in my life,” exclaimed Mrs. Crocker, “and in my own house too. Here, madam, you may baggage off! I do n’t ask you to finish your work. I would n’t let you touch a rag of my clothes with the tongs, now I’ve found you out. Be off! do you hear?”

“I hear,” replied the washerwoman, “but I want the money I have earned to-day.”

“Is it possible?” said Mrs. Crocker in a shrill voice, and turning up her lip. “This is the height of impudence! Money you want, hey? And going off with your work half-done. No, madam, you do n’t get a cent of money out of me. Take your hat and march off!” Mrs. Grant did not utter a word; tears of mingled anger, pride and insulted feeling, gushed into her eyes. She

wiped them away hastily, then closing the door, took up her bonnet, which lay on the hall table, and left the house. She reached her humble abode, and met with the sympathy of Anne, her only earthly friend. In answer to her daughter’s inquiring look, she only exclaimed “O Anne,” then pressing her hand over her eyes, her hard-suppressed tears gushed forth. She sat down in a chair, and sobbed as if her heart would break. “I can’t help it, dear,” she said raising her streaming eyes to Anne’s face, “I did n’t intend that you should see me cry, but”—a sob interrupted her. She clasped both arms around her child, and drew her slight form down into the chair next her. “Oh! Anne, if she had known how little happiness I have, *could* she have been so cruel?—I shall soon lose you, too. O, God! who will care for me then, in this world? I should die—I could not bear it—I *could* not,” she repeated almost wildly, pressing her child to her bosom, in a tight embrace, and weeping hysterically.

“Oh! mother, don’t press your arm around me so tight. I cannot breathe”—gasped Anne, her chest heaving with a quick, labored breath. She raised her blue eyes to her mother’s face with an expression of agonizing tenderness—a look so full of troubled meaning, it revealed to that yearning mother’s heart the deep thought stirring in the bosom of her darling.

“I am better now,” Anne whispered, and she nestled her head upon her mother’s shoulder, and listened to her account of the treatment she had received. She closed her eyes; but it held not back her tears. Laying one slender, emaciated hand upon her mother’s neck, she wept without restraint. Her whole frame was in trembling agitation. With a strong effort Mrs. Grant commanded herself, and soothed her as she would a child. The poor girl was seized with a violent coughing fit, and pain in her side. Her mother removed her to her pillowed arm chair, for she could scarcely breathe, lying down. All night, her fond eyes watched that cherished invalid. When the shutters were open in the morning, and the light of day broke over the wasted features of the sick girl, Mrs. Grant turned away her face.—For well she knew, her quivering lip would tell what lay upon her heart.

“I feel almost as well as usual, mother,” said Anne, with a tremulous smile, taking her mother’s hand, and seeking her averted eyes. “Do n’t turn away from me, mother! I know how you feel. I know how you will grieve for me when I am gone.”

“Don’t say when you *are* gone, Anne, my own Anne. Oh! I can’t bear the words.” Mrs. Grant looked a moment on the sweet, uplifted

countenance before her, with a tightly compressed lip, and eyes that hardly held back their trembling tears.

"If I leave you, dear mother, we will soon meet again?" whispered the invalid. "Would God make you desolate awhile on earth if it were not right?"

No reply escaped the mother's lips: no resignation settled upon her bosom.

"I may yet be a long time spared to you, mother, dear, dear mother," resumed Anne, with all the fond earnestness of affection. "You have been watching me all night; if you lie down awhile your spirits will be better. You are weary and sad now." Yielding to the importunities of Anne, Mrs. Grant threw herself upon the bed, and rested an hour or two. When she arose, Anne had smoothed her hair, and arranged her dress, in the vain hope of convincing her mother that she was no worse.

"Do n't stay home to-day, on my account, mother," she said with a cheerful smile. "My little friend will sit with me most of the time, I dare say."

Mrs. Grant apparently complied with her wish, and anxiously bent her steps towards the house of Mrs. Lawrence, a widow lady in comfortable circumstances, who had employed her about a year. Instead of going into the kitchen as usual, she hurried to the family setting room, where she found a tall, business-like looking woman.

"I can't wash for you, Mrs. Lawrence," she said as the lady regarded her with surprise, "unless I can take your work home to do. My daughter is too sick to have me away. I will wash for you just as cheap, and be punctual. May I have your work, madam?" she inquired with a sudden timidity, for excitement had made her bolder than usual.

"Certainly not," replied the lady with a slow measured emphasis. "When I want my work done out of my own house, I will let you know. You have asked this same thing, a half a dozen times before, and I thought I had answered you. I can't help your daughter's being sick. I am very sorry, it is true, but still I cannot disarrange my affairs to accommodate her. You have always suited Mrs. Grant," she continued, observing the poor washerwoman's dawned face, "and as long as you will come here, I will employ you. But, no longer. Hav 'nt you a son, who can add something to your support?"

Mrs. Grant shook her head, and attempted to speak, but could not. She left Mrs. Lawrence silently, and hastened to two other places, where she met with the kindness she deserved. Her requests were not refused. A little inconvenience was endured by those able to bear it, and the poor woman's heart was made glad by a favor

cheaply conferred. Weeks now went by, and each one brought its trials, yet the washerwoman was comparatively happy. Anne's distressing cough was gone, and she suffered but little pain. But she wasted away, quietly and languidly,—a yet more spiritual loveliness breathed over her delicate features. The deep, fevered blush upon her cheek grew fainter and harder contrasted with her clear transparent brow. "Hope, the deluder," came again to the mother's bosom, and breathed her tale of joy. To her trembling lip, she gave the full smile of strong yet tender love—to her sad, unsteady voice, she imparted the rich music of awakened gladness—in her fond caress the heart's out-pouring gratitude was registered. Alas! how often the heart craves that which must not, cannot be. How often, in its agony, would it fearlessly grasp the strong hand that wields its destiny, and seek to change its unerring purposes, vain—vain!

In circumstances over which we have no control, how can we know what is best for us? Why should we wish to change the designs of benevolence, more expansive than we can dream of, because we cannot comprehend their mysterious windings? But not so reasons the troubled breast, in its time of grief. It sees not the light of God's love, behind the clouds of chill desolate blackness. In the fierce crash of heavy thunder, it asks not if the storm is making way for clearer air, and summer skies. In the fitful blaze of the angry lightning it reads no sign of good beyond. Yet even here upon earth, we sometimes realise the blessing of sorrows, which at the time we thought too heavy to be borne. Oftener, perhaps, we look not into the spirit's depth, and know not if the dew of deeper gentleness have fallen upon it—if it have sent up to God a more unselfish incense. So it should be. When earthly links are loosened, then more yearningly should our souls turn to Heaven, "the land of the blest."

It was a glad day of sunny June. Glad in itself,—but, as Anne Grant felt the balmy air upon her young cheek, it whispered only of the sweeter atmosphere of a better world. Slowly her languid eyes turned towards the half open window; but the blue sky and rich, silver clouds that floated in many a glorious shape upon its bosom, quickened not, as of old the beating heart. She was dying. In a chair next her, with one small hand clasped in her own, sat her mother. Her straining gaze, was fixed upon the pallid countenance of her, who was her earthly idol—with the calmness of despair, she listened to the heavenly breath of her dying child.

"Will he come soon, mother?" murmured Anne, faintly. "He will listen to my *last* words if he have never heeded me before."

"I have sent for him," answered Mrs. Grant, almost inaudibly.

"Oh! he will not come," moaned the sufferer. "Who will love you, as I have done, dear mother? who will care for you?" she paused, and then resumed flutteringly, "Oh! what a cold world this is, to the poor! will you stay long without me, here? oh, no," she went on, in a few moments, in a tone of dreamy musing, her sweet, misty eyes resting droopingly upon her mother's face. A change soon came over her countenance. "Kiss me, mother," she said, gaspingly, "put your arms around me—Oh! mother, God will help you." She tried to raise her feeble arm, but it fell strengthless at her side. "Dear mother," she murmured, again. Her loving eyes were closed,—the chill of death came upon her forehead before the mother realized that her gentle spirit had fled from its tenement. Unclassing her arms, from the cherished form of her child, she gazed upon her cold, cold features. Then a fearful cry rent the death-like stillness of the apartment. "Oh! God, my heart is broken," burst from her lips, and she fell back senseless, upon the floor. Neighbors, humble, but kind, had heard her wild scream, and when she awoke from her swoon, three or four women were bending anxiously over her. The slender form of Anne, had been removed from the arm chair, and placed upon the bed. Her glossy hair lay in loose tresses upon her neck; and even in death the expression of her countenance was so lovely and natural, that Mrs. Grant half believed what had passed, was only a horrible dream. She laid her hand upon the white brow of that lovely one. Death was there. A low wail escaped her lips, but still her eyes dwelt upon her child. Slowly the tears gathered, until they blinded her. She sunk upon a chair, and then her wild sobbings of passionate grief broke forth.

It was not till the next day, Joseph Grant knelt by the coffin of his sister. His eye was blood shot, and his face red and swollen. He was silent and gloomy; remorse was in his breast—but the softness of repentance was not its companion. A touch of feeling, occasionally, relieved the dogged sternness of his countenance, when he watched his mother stand, hour after hour, and gaze upon the senseless clay that once held the spirit of her child. One of Mrs. Grant's neighbors went to

those who employed her in washing, and, in strong impetuous language, described her situation. She succeeded in awakening their sympathies. A decent burial was given to Anne, for Mrs. Grant was utterly destitute. Kindness was poured in upon her by strangers, for her story was spread abroad. Yet she, for whom it would have been so dearly prized, could not be relieved by it, and its value was lessened. A wealthy and kind hearted lady took the poor, but industrious washerwoman, into her family, as housekeeper. Time, the softener of all grief and sympathy and kindness too, came healingly to the stricken mother. She was no longer at the bidding of those who considered it no duty to soften and relieve, as far as lay in their power, the hard lot of a less fortunate being. Self—self—how corrodingly in a thousand petty ways, it eats into, and saps the very life of society,—marrying what God would have so beautiful. Mrs. Crocker heard of Mrs. Grant's good fortune, in getting permanently established in a kind family.

"Oh! pshaw!" she exclaimed, contemptuously, "it's easy enough for people to be very benevolent and kind to the poor, when they have more money than they know what to do with. Very nice, to be praised by every body, when it don't cost any thing. I suppose if I were sick, I'd be called a pattern of goodness, a ministering angel—and all that kind of stuff. No matter what I should do now for some lazy beggar, no one would hear of it. I guess if I should tell all I know about that old washerwoman, it would 'nt be a little."

Mrs. Crocker's view of benevolence was not entirely peculiar to herself. She thought of the sound it would make, rather than the good it would do. She did not consider that her small mite, thrown in, in all kindliness, was charity greater than the most brilliant gift, bestowed through ostentatious motives. We cannot be placed in a situation, where, if we will, our kindness may not avail in some way. Sympathy may give a gentle passage to hours, that would otherwise be weary and cheerless. It need not necessarily, be the sympathy of familiarity, but a sphere of kind feeling, going forth towards every one with whom we may come in contact. If our charity is not extensive, it should at least be pure and generous.

LINES.

REFLECTED on the lake, I love
To see the stars of evening glow;
So tranquil in the heaven above,
So restless in the wave below.

Thus heavenly hope is all serene,
But earthly hope, how bright so e'er,
Still fluctuates o'er this changing scene,
As false and fleeting as 'tis fair. HEBER.

MUNIFICENCE—A TALE OF LIFE.

BY REV. JOHN M'JILTON.

"Such charitable hearts have we, forsooth,
That they in trouble deep would bury us,
If we'd no hand to hold the purse-strings tight."

M'QUIGGIN'S MANUAL.



WELL, well! This has been to me a day of most provoking adventure,—a day of the most vexing and perplexing trial that ever a christian man was called upon to endure."

was the exclamation of Caleb Carking, chant, to his lady, as he entered the here she was sitting, one evening, and neatly folded bundle of papers into her

asking, my dear, did you say?" cried Mrs.

"Vexing and perplexing! Why I was provoked as I have been to day,—never vexed and perplexed in any single day, and my prayer is that I may never see day like it."

"Indeed?" rejoined Mr. Carking, "why are companions in misfortune. But when the matter, here at home? It is at we of the counting house should have vexes and vexations to encounter. Do me of your troubles! What in the happened?"

"Indeed! why every thing unpleasant and has happened. But you must tell me yours first. You gentlemen," said she, "et smile, which had a deal of meaning to gentlemen are the most important in the world, and it follows, of course, troubles are greater than those of a future, at least you will always have it am so anxious to hear what has vexed

can sympathize with you. Come, tell me your story. I can remember my late them much better after I hear

"My dear," said Mr. Carking, with a sigh, my perplexities have been of

the very worst kind. I have had no less than four visits, from persons asking contributions of money for as many different charitable objects, and, being compelled to refuse them, I know that my character as a benevolent man must be underrated. One man called on me for aid in the effort to relieve a congregation of our church from a very pressing embarrassment. Another for a trifle, as he said, for the relief of a distressed family. Another for a contribution to assist in purchasing the freedom of an old good for nothing slave. And another for a subscription to a new church which some ill advised persons have determined to build. I have been bothered by these calls almost out of my life. They have pestered me and set my head wrong. They have done me more harm than the money would have done them good."

"Indeed I know that to be the truth. But I most ardently and devoutly hope that you did not give heed to such unprofitable customers. Politeness compelled you to listen to their importunities, and to be bored almost to death by their entreaties, but I am mistaken in your correct judgment and prudent habits if you gave them any thing."

"Indeed I did 'nt. I'm not one cent the worse off, thanks to my good fortune, not one cent the worse off in consequence of their calls. There are too many of these benevolent beggars and the occupation has ceased to be respectable. I told Mr. Willing, my private clerk, to write '*No Admittance*,' and place it over my counting room door. I am fully resolved that, hereafter, I will not endure such incessant torment. One can give all he's got away, and mortgage himself into the bargain, all for charity. Surely this world's an unfit place for a feeling man to live in."

"Yes, my dear, that's very true. You did exactly right, and your reasoning is good. But what astonishes me, is, that our difficulties have been so much alike,—yours away at business, and mine here at home. It's mighty—marvelously strange! I've been pestered and provoked with

two of the most importunate of these charity mongers that this round world contains. And what do you think?—one of them had the impudence to say, with a slur, that religious people, now-a-days, are not so charitable as worldly folks. It's almost insufferable. I had a mind to order the creature out of the house. I did tell her it was a pity she had no better business to follow,—the saucy thing."

"Well—well—well!" sighed Mr. Carking, heavily, I do wonder what this world's coming to! Six calls upon the same family, in a single day, for charity. Why the people must be in a sad case. It's awful!—it's awful!—it's enough to drive a man out of the church,—it's enough to run him stark mad."

"Out of the church, indeed;—it's enough to drive one out of the world. It's most abominable! The wretches, no doubt, before this, have spread it all about, that we are the most uncharitable people in the church. I'll insult the very next beggar, good, bad or indifferent, that darkens my door. I'll drive 'em out. I'll insult 'em, that I will."

"I wish I could find them a more creditable occupation. I really believe it's laziness that invents so many charities. Why don't these very benevolent individuals go to work, and give their earnings to the church and to the poor, and to the suffering slaves? What's the test? Charity's a cheap article; it's too low to be good for any thing. The law ought to interfere and protect honest and good citizens, from the unpleasant importunities of the idle, who, for the very want of something else to do, make benevolence a profession, and tease people to death."

"Yes, my dear, and who knows what's done with the money one gives in this way? Like as not the miserable creatures make use of it, themselves, and that it is seldom appropriated to the purposes for which it is asked."

We have not time to follow the Carkings through the colloquy here introduced. Their idea of benevolent beggars, and the movements of the charity mongers, that vexed and perplexed them, is contemptible enough. Sad, indeed, and deplorable their character as estimated by them. The calamities of Job were not to be compared to those they endured, for, in all the wreck and ruin of his worldly prospects, we do not know that he was outraged by the insulting tale of a single individual asking charity on behalf of a suffering neighbor, or a contribution for a church. Nor are we informed that his wife ever endured the interruption of her domestic peace, by the intrusion of a benevolent beggar. Truly, the Carkings had fallen upon most dreadful times! Their troubles were too intolerable to be borne.

It was hard that they could not be at ease in their possessions,—hard that the work of God, and the cause of the suffering and the enslaved, could not be carried forward without provoking and vexing and perplexing them.

But let us examine a little into the troubles of that adventurous day. And let us judge righteous judgment from the testimony we may obtain in relation to its perplexities.

Mr. Carking was a gentleman of about fifty-five years; a shipper of the port of Boston, of long standing. He was much respected on account of his wealth and regular and systematic mode of doing business as well as of living. He had amassed a fortune which amounted to more than a million; and upon this he flourished, in his advancing age, in a style of the most princely splendor. He was a prominent, and no doubt, in many respects, a useful member of the church. From the high station he occupied, he was consulted upon matters of importance, and his advice and co-operation were always in demand when the interests of the sanctuary were considered. The million he controlled was the talisman of his fame, and the appeal to his bounty was not always unsuccessful.

The first call for charity the old gentleman had endured, on the day of disasters which introduces him to the reader, was that of a gentleman from a distant county, who came with letters, from persons of his acquaintance, soliciting aid in behalf of a college building and small school house belonging to the church. The buildings had been seized, for debt, and were liable to be sold if the amount were not speedily secured.

"The buildings are under the sheriff's writ, I discover," said Mr. Carking, handing the letters, which he had just perused, back to his visitor, whom he had not asked to be seated, but left standing by the chair on which he was himself sitting.

"They are seized, sir," was the reply, "and will be sold if the money is not made up."

"It's a most astonishing thing," said Mr. Carking, with a slight evidence of angry feeling. "It's a most astonishing thing that people will suffer the property of the church to get into such a situation. It's marvellous, sir—a marvellous thing! Why did n't they manage it better?"

"The debt, sir, is one of long standing," said the visitor, "in fact it was not known, certainly, to be a debt, until a late decision of the court. It was supposed to have been a gift, and was so intended, by the person from whom it was received; but he died before the deed was properly executed, and his heirs have sued for the amount. The suit was tried, in court, and the decision was in favor of the heirs. It was caused by no mis-

most not imprudence on the part of the

"unfortunate, very unfortunate," exclaimed King, a little pettishly, and apparently, in the effort to continue the conversation, his wishes in his heart were ended. He viewed the room, a moment, then springing restlessly upon his feet, he added, "But ought to know their business; if they prompt in the discharge of their duties, why might never have happened. I'm very sorry, my good friend, that I cannot

But you must excuse me if I say I find the opportunity of encouraging the duty of trustees. And besides I've so

smallest amount, sir, would be thankfully replied the stranger, too intent upon him to notice the reproach his connexion with trustees had brought upon him. "We are in want," he continued, "and I do most hope you will assist us in saving the room being sold under the hammer of

help you now, my friend, although, I trust I wish you success, yes, sir, I'll say you all possible success."

you, sir," said the stranger, with a smile for his good wishes. "And, perhaps," he said, "perhaps you'd be willing to give to your friend, Mr. Woollen, whose name is mentioned in one of these letters. I was asking an introduction from you. If you would as to give me a line, to him, I have the feeling that I shall obtain help from him." "Yes, sir, O, yes, I'll give you a line to him," said the benevolent man, and, yes, sir, I success in your appeal to him."

The merchant turned to his desk and the letter was soon favored with the following consistency, in comparison with the deeds and actions, cannot fail to arrest attention.

"Tuesday, May 6, 1841.

Friend Woollen:—

I have just heard with great regret that the young and grammar school house, at Flemington, seized by the sheriff for a debt, voidable, by the trustees, and the proceeds they will be sold. Certainly if aid is not rendered. It is an object worthy of attention, and I do not doubt but that what you give towards so laudable an object, will do you again, even in this world, by the way always to reward the deed of beneficence, you know, seldom reduce our for-

Your old friend,
CALEB CARKING."

The gentleman, who had kindly and generously undertaken to save the property of the church, received the letter with thankfulness, and departed; not, however, without indulging the thought, as he passed the merchant's door, that folks can be exceedingly polite, and even charitable, in their feelings, when their pockets escape the cost.

The second visitor seeking charity was an old friend of Mr. Carking's, who had been wealthy in his day; but, by a series of most unaccountable misfortunes, he had been reduced to the lowest stage of poverty. His family was in a suffering condition. They were in want of bread, and not knowing where to obtain relief, in the midst of such pressing necessity, painful as was the expedient, the old man ventured to wait on his more fortunate friend to ask for the removal of his immediate necessities.

"You've been very unfortunate, Mr. Wilson," said the merchant, after listening with replete concern, to his tale of sorrow. "I am sorry, sir," he continued, "extremely sorry for you, now in age, and reduced so low by misfortune. It's a great calamity, Mr. Wilson, it's a great calamity, to be so much in want, and with your large family—truly the ways of Providence are past finding out,—it's a pity, sir,—a pity,—a great pity."

"Every heart knows its own bitterness," replied the old gentleman, as the tears ran down his cheeks. "No one, on earth, can tell how much I've suffered. I have endured every possible privation, and now I've none to render me the least assistance. I have borne every thing but actual starvation, Mr. Carking, and now the urgent wants of my family drive me to the last mortifying resort of seeking bread at the hands of charity. But my time will not be long. I shall soon be relieved of all my earthly cares, and if I can but see my family in the way of a comfortable living, the rest of the grave will be sweet to my wearied limbs and aching heart."

"Yes, friend Wilson," returned the merchant, "it's a fine thing to be able to look upon death and the grave with composure—a fine thing, sir. The world is full of misery, and none of us are without our cares. But a-hem-ha, Mr. Wilson, when did you hear from your son?"

"It has been several months since he wrote. It seems long that he has been away from us, but I hope that he is well."

"He owes me a balance on his account of one hundred and sixty dollars—a balance which ought to have been settled long ago."

"The poor boy was very unfortunate. He did not succeed in his business, on account of the sudden change, which took place in mercantile affairs, and he left us, with a broken spirit, to try his fortune some where else."

"Yes, Mr. Wilson, it's true, as I state to you, your son owes me one hundred and sixty dollars. There's his account still open, as you see, and having been engaged in business in your time, you know, from experience, how troublesome and unpleasant it is to have accounts remain so long open in this way. It throws our books into disorder, and produces so much inconvenience. He has owed that amount more than a year, Mr. Wilson, and the interest is still running on."

"I am sure, Mr. Carking, he would have settled your bill if it had been in his power. But his last dollar's worth seems to have left him almost without his being aware of it.—Certainly without his once thinking it was his last, so eager was he to pay his debts. I am sorry he owes you, sir, very sorry, indeed. But really, I must say that it is his misfortune, not his fault; for if he could possibly have paid you, I am sure he would have done it."

"Yes, he always proved himself to be honest. His whole bill amounted to over forty thousand dollars, and he paid it all but this trifling balance. And to keep the account open for that small sum occasions us too much trouble." Here Mr. Carking paused a moment, and turning his head aside, seemed to be in deep thought, then starting suddenly as if a new idea had struck him, he exclaimed, "I'll tell you what, Mr. Wilson, I'll tell you what I'll do. If you'll get me that hundred and sixty dollars, from your son, I'll give you ten out of it for your own use. Now that'll be a good lift for you. Come,—what do you say to it?"

"If I could obtain the money, for you, I would do it, sir, with much pleasure," said Mr. Wilson, in a meek and half smothered tone of voice, and with much confusion. "But, as I have stated, William's situation is such that I am sure it will not promise any thing now—I know very well that he would not permit his parents to suffer if it was in his power to afford them relief. He's honest, sir, honest to the last farthing, and would pay you if he had the means to pay with."

"O yes, Mr. Wilson, I know him to be honest, as I remarked before, and I have good reason to believe with you that he would pay if he had the means. But—ha-hem, young men, you know, can sometimes make extra exertions; especially when more than ordinary advantage is to be gained by it—and—"

But we will close the colloquy here, as the substance of the whole argument is given to the reader in what is already received. The old gentlemen were engaged, for some time, in the same style of conversation. The merchant could not possibly see why he should not succeed in getting his money. He made mention of many plans by which the young man might obtain it,

and no doubt he himself, with his vast resources, might easily have succeeded with either of them; but his mind could not be brought to bear upon the fact, that young Wilson could not, some way or other, raise one hundred and sixty dollars. And then there was the inducement presented, to the father, the opportunity of realizing ten dollars. It was a perfectly merchantable charity and struck the wealthy shipper as being a most admirable proposition and a very benevolent one, withal.

Here, then, we have the merchant eager after his money, and the father just as anxious to maintain the character of his son, as well as to urge his own claims upon the Christian charity of his rich acquaintance. In his eagerness to protect his son's reputation the poor man forgot his own necessities, but no consideration could move the man of abundant means, from the idea of its being beyond all endurance, that he should be kept out of his money, let the circumstances of his debtor be what they might. Poverty he could not appreciate. Nor could he conceive it possible that a man who had dealt with him, to the amount of forty thousand dollars, should be so reduced as not to be able to pay him the small balance of one hundred and sixty dollars, when the same was legally due to him. To forget *self*, under any circumstances, is a difficult task, but we have proof sufficient to establish the fact that the poor man can accomplish it much more readily than the man of wealth. Mr. Wilson retired, leaning upon his staff, stung to the soul at the reproof he had received from one he thought to be his friend. He dropped a burning tear upon the shipper's threshold when, in passing it, the words of the Saviour rushed in among his thoughts: "How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of heaven!"

The third call upon Mr. Carking, was made by a brother merchant, who was desirous of effecting the release of an old slave, once the property of his father, but having been sold to a gentleman of Maryland, some years before, he had entirely lost sight of him, until in the settlement of the purchaser's estate, the slave bending beneath the weight of years, was likely to be sold out of the state and separated from his family. The interest of the gentleman being excited, he determined upon making an effort to save him, if possible. He started out, for the purpose, with a proposed subscription, which called for a small contribution from each of a number of his friends, the aggregate of which was sufficient to effect the object.

"This thing of slavery is a great evil, and a curse," said Mr. Carking, after he had heard the story. "It's a *great* evil and a curse," he repeated, emphasising the words *great* and *curse* so that it might touch his friend for being in any way inte-

rested in the sale, and purchase of a slave. After a moment's silence, he went on. "This evil of slavery causes us much trouble. I am opposed to it, Mr. White, I'm opposed to it, altogether. I shall have nothing to do, neither *pro* nor *con*, with the slave traffic. I never owned a slave, and I never will. Some say it's wrong,—some say it's right. For my own part I do n't intend to have any thing to do with either side. If it's wrong, I shall not be the means of making them so; and if its right, I shall have nothing to do with releasing them from their legal owners. Occupying this neutral ground, as I most certainly am pursuing the course which is consistent with it, as I shall most conscientiously, I am sure to be in the right. Ha! old friend what say you, 'aint it so?"

The merchant, being a man of business, understood the meaning of Mr. Carking's conscientious desire and purpose. He therefore dropped the subject, forthwith, and changed the conversation to some point of business intercourse which was more agreeable to his venerable brother in the trade.

The fourth and last appeal to Mr. Carking's benevolence was made by a city clergyman of the church to which he belonged. He called to solicit a contribution to aid in the completion of a church, then building in a destitute neighborhood. The countenance of the old gentleman changed color several times while the Rev. Mr. Haddam was stating his appeal. He could not wait to hear him through, but interrupted him in the middle of his address, by asking,

"Why do you wish to build so many churches, Mr. Haddam? Don't you think we've got enough already? Yes, sir, don't you think we've got more than are filled?"

"The part of the city, sir," replied Mr. Haddam, "which we intend to occupy with a church has been long destitute, and the people have no place near them where they may regularly hear the gospel preached. There are many families in the neighborhood, who seldom or never attend service, and it is the openly avowed opinion of all our city clergy, that a church building should be planted there."

"Does Dr. Halwich approve it?"

"He does, sir, most heartily, and desired me to make an early call upon you for aid."

"Aye, indeed, well—well! As to all that it may be well enough, Mr. Haddam, but I am decidedly of opinion that there are places of worship enough in our city. Get the people to attend, Mr. Haddam, get them to attend the churches already built. There's the point of duty for you. Go out and hunt them up, and direct them where to go. Fill the houses, now erected, and then we'll go in for new ones. Missionate, sir, missionate and hunt the people up. When the present churches are

full we'll build more, but I'll not give a farthing to build a church till then."

"Our building will not cost a great deal," said the clergyman, "it is to be very plain and not large. It is just such a building as the neighborhood is in need of. It was decided, sir, in a council of our clergy, that there was a church wanted there, and that we were negligent of duty until we should succeed in having the gospel preached to the people of that vicinity."

"That's very well, Mr. Haddam; a good resolution, to be sure. I wish the gospel success. It must have success—it will have success. For my part, I am free to say, sir, that I like to see its advancement and prosperity. It makes our people better citizens, and improves the age. But I'm opposed to building so many churches. And besides, Mr. Haddam, I've so many calls. It is impossible for me to meet them all. I could do it only by owning a mint and exhausting it. We've a great many churches, Mr. Haddam, a great many, sir."

"Not too many, sir, certainly. Thousands of our citizens are out of the way of the buildings, now in use, and it is impossible for their children to attend either the service or the Sunday School. We must place the gospel within their reach. And, my dear Mr. Carland, let us look upon it in another light. If God has blest us with the means, should we not rejoice that he frequently sends us opportunities of using them in the promotion of his kingdom upon earth? He has dealt kindly and bountifully with us, and he demands of us that we should minister, of our abundance, to the necessities of others."

"O yes, that's very true, Mr. Haddam; but we must be very careful *how* we apply our means. Remember that *how*, sir. We may apply them improperly and do harm, rather than good, in their appropriation. I am sure, Mr. Haddam, that we've churches enough. I cannot bring myself to believe it was ever intended that we should build so many. The people wont go to those that are built. You had better, sir, give over your effort to establish a congregation down there. I am sure you will not succeed. The people down there are not much better than heathens. You can't convert them if you try. They are as bad as the Africans, and worse; and it is no use whatever to fool with them on the subject of religion. Suppose you postpone your effort for the present, and at some future day, when the prospect is more clear and chances more favorable, then you may take the matter up with more certainty of succeeding."

"It is too late now, sir, to postpone. We have already commenced the work, and must go on. All we require is a small amount from each indi-

vidual, and with it we shall be able to carry out design without difficulty. Give us but a small donation Mr. Carking, and it will answer. We shall be very grateful for it, and God will bless you as he has done, and perhaps much more abundantly."

"I can't agree with you, Mr. Haddam, you're all wrong; and I believe you will bring trouble on yourself and the church. You had better stop where you are, and then the loss will be much less than it will certainly be if you go on."

"Give us but five dollars, Mr. Carking, and we will thank you heartily; or even a less amount will be gratefully received."

"I'm sorry I can't help you, Mr. Haddam, but I'm called on so often, sir, that the thing is impossible. I can't possibly give to all. Why sir, a man could soon dispose of his entire fortune in this thing of giving. Its give, give, give, all the time, and there's no telling where the end of it will be." Mr. Carking warmed up, as he spoke. His manner was any thing but becoming in the presence of one whose call was made in the line of duty, and not to benefit himself, but others; and his errand should have been as interesting to Mr. Carking as to himself. Mr. Haddam was too much mortified to speak, and he stood and listened, in silence, to the reproaches cast upon his effort to do good.

"I could sell my houses," Mr. Haddam, continued Mr. Carking. "I could sell my stock in trade, my furniture, my carriage, my horses—every thing I have, and give all the money received for them away. Yes, sir, I could give away every shilling I've got on earth, and who'd be the better off for it? Who, I'd like to know? Not me sir—not me I assure you—not my family. No, sir, we'd not be the better off for it. There are too many churches, and to be candid with you, sir, there's too much preaching. The world is the worse off for it! The church is too expensive; it's almost as well to belong to no church at all."

The latter portion of Mr. Carking's speech was delivered with a rapidity which gave evidence of his state of feeling. His behavior was so repulsive and violent, that the minister stood before him in astonishment. He was mortified, and felt as though he was reproved for asking alms for himself. Deeply wounded, his first impulse was to turn away and retire. But he thought of his office and situation, and determined to bear as meekly, as possible, the insulting demeanor of the man from whom he least expected such treatment. After a moment's thought Mr. Haddam concluded to continue the conversation, a little while, and leave his friend, if not pleased at his visit, at least in a good humor.

"Why, Mr. Carking," said he, with a smile. "You know that, in ancient times, a tenth part of every man's estate, was given to the support of the church. Suppose every one felt it to be his conscientious duty, now, to contribute the tenth of his property, how much better off would the church be? We poor ministers would not then be obliged to solicit contributions after this desultory fashion. Church buildings would grow up, without difficulty—their springing would seem to be spontaneous."

Mr. Carking was subdued by the mildness and half jocular manner, of Mr. Haddam, and somewhat relieved from the distressing idea of giving away his money, he replied, half in shame and with affected good humor:

"I guess it would 'nt answer so well, now, to give a tenth of one's property to the church, or any thing else. A tenth indeed. The people were poor, sir, when they gave the tenth. Only think sir. A tenth of every man's property! Why if that were in the church, there would be no end to its wealth. The times were different, sir, every thing was different when that arrangement was practiced. It would 'nt do, now. The church would be overrun with wealth,—too rich to exist without corruption, gross corruption—too rich—too rich, entirely too rich."

"But you speak of the poor, Mr. Carking, as those who might give the tenth. Surely a minute's meditation will be sufficient to remind you that the poor are, of all persons, the least able to resign the tenth of what they have. Many of them are in absolute want. And you must remember that it is the duty of the church to provide for the poor. And, let me ask you, sir. Do you suppose if the tenth were given by the rich; and those in moderate circumstances, who are able to spare it, that the aggregate would be more than sufficient to support the church, that is, to maintain a decent worship, and keep the poor comfortable?"

"Why, as to that, Mr. Haddam, it makes a great difference—a material difference. I did 'nt think of that. It will take a great deal to keep the poor comfortable. But, sir, the poor ought to help themselves. There's enough, in the world, for them. And it's only necessary for them to work and obtain it. Bless me, sir, I've had to labor for every dollar I own. The truth is, there ought to be no poor people. It's their own disgrace that there are any such."

"But, my dear friend, we must expect that there will always be demands upon us for the support of the needy. This is a world of vicissitude, and the wheel of fortune cannot roll out wealth, for all. And consider the words of our Blessed Saviour: "The poor ye have always with

you." And consider further that declaration of His: that in ministering to them we minister to Him. Surely, sir, we must regard the poor as a legacy left to the church, by Him who knew what was best for it, and his words, in relation to our duty, towards them, compose the law by which we are to be governed."

"Very true, sir, very true; all right, sir, according to Scripture. But I can't help thinking, that if poor people would go to work, the community would not be overrun with them, and the church going people wouldn't have so much trouble and expense in supporting them."

"Well, Mr. Carking, I see that we shall not agree, in the subject matter of our discussion, to-day, said Mr. Haddam, good humoredly, "we shall not agree, and I hope we shall part good friends. I called, as was my duty, to give you an opportunity of aiding us in the extension of our Redeemer's kingdom, and spread of his Gospel. I am not begging for myself, you know. I had much rather dig than do so. But I felt bound to call on you. I have done so, and discharged my duty in that particular. I now leave the matter with you, for consideration. I have many visits to make to-day, some at a great distance, and I must therefore bid you farewell."

"Good-bye, Mr. Haddam," was the cold reply.

Thus ended the fourth and last appeal to the tender mercies of the merchant's charity, by the benevolent beggars. Whether he saved his character or not, the thing, of which he boasted, is certain. He saved his money.

And now for a peep into the particulars of Mrs. Carking's trials. She complained of two visits. By no means a large number; especially when the wants of the church, and of the suffering multitudes of our race are taken into the account, and compared with the attractive and elegant style in which the lady lived. Their being troublesome must have grown out of the visits themselves; certainly it could not be on account of their number. But let us examine and judge for ourselves.

The first visitor was a lady, who was soliciting contributions for a Sunday School, which some of the members of the church, under the direction of a rector, were about to establish, in a destitute neighborhood.

"I have come," said the lady, smiling, as if in sweet apology for the intrusion, "I have come to favor you, madam, with the opportunity of contributing to a most noble and excellent charity. It is the support of a Sunday School, in a destitute part of the city. The school will be started by the rector of Grace Church, and it will be under the charge of a superintendant appointed by him. The room has been selected, and we want about

forty dollars to purchase books, etc. for a commencement. I have waited on you, madam, knowing your wealth and liberality, for a mite towards the sum."

"Why, yes, ma'am," returned Mrs. Carking, "the Sunday School is a very praiseworthy institution. They are doing a great amount of good, among the rising generation. But I think there are enough of them in operation, already. I can't see what we want with any more. And I've contributed so many mites, to other objects, that it has exhausted my purse. I've nothing left."

"O, I am sure you would be pleased to exercise your liberality, on this occasion, if you only knew how much the school is needed, and how much good it has the prospect of accomplishing."

"Yes, ma'am, I like to do good, and to be liberal and all that; but I've been liberal to my sorrow, and I'm heartily tired of the proceeding. I've given to this thing and to that thing, and to so many different objects that I am wearied with giving, and my husband's given until giving's no longer a pleasure. We're wearied out now, ma'am, and you must excuse me from contributing to the purpose you present."

"O don't refuse me, ma'am, I beg of you; I have labored so hard and met with so little encouragement, from religious persons, that I can hardly bear another repulse. Really, madam, I have received more from worldly people than I have from the members of the church. I hope you will give me a trifle, ever so small an amount will answer."

"I've nothing to give you, ma'am, and I am truly sorry that ladies can find no better employment, than that of running the streets, and begging for other people, and for Sunday Schools. I've nothing ma'am to give,—nothing at all."

This was a sharp reproof, and it was sufficient. The lady was mortified and pained at its enunciation. She had no reply, but turning towards the door, she made a respectful courtesy and departed. The smile still lingered upon her lip, but her cheek was flushed with a crimson glow, which explained her feelings in a language more forcible than the eloquence of words, however, impassioned their expression.

Mrs. Carking retired to her room, in a bad temper. She was provoked and agitated. But it was the consciousness of having done wrong that vexed and troubled her. She was out of humor, and the cause was apparent. She had refused to discharge an obligation, which the monitor within told her was binding upon her; and which she knew she had the ability to perform. She had asserted what was false to cover her cupidity. And she had treated a respectable and benevolent lady with marked disrespect. She was alarmed lest

her behaviour should be made known, and her character made to suffer in the rehearsal. The reflection was any thing but pleasant; but she could not shake it off. Stung with remorse, and yet too proud to make confession of her sin, even to herself, she became enraged. Angry with herself, and angry with every person and every thing around her, for a while she was wretched, indeed. In an hour or too she became more composed. Time drew the string from her conscience, and she had recovered more than half her accustomed cheerfulness, when another visitor was announced. In the hope of meeting some familiar friend, or more formal acquaintance in whose society, she might forget entirely the thoughts that troubled her, she entered the parlor, and, to her disappointment and dismay, she encountered another stranger.

The second demand upon Mrs. Carking's attention, was made by an elderly person, plainly but neatly dressed, and very modest and lady-like in her appearance and manners. She brought a letter from the minister of an adjoining parish with whom Mrs. Carking was acquainted, stating the distress of her family and their great need of relief from present, and exceedingly painful privation. The letter represented the bearer as a lady, once of fortune, now reduced to poverty and want by dissipated relatives. She lived with a widowed daughter, who was very poor, but respectable, and who labored, incessantly, when she was able, for the pittance it took to support them. Sickness had deprived the daughter of the ability to work, and want and suffering ensued. As if in aggravation, to the very utmost, of their affliction, their landlord had seized their furniture, for rent, which, in the struggle through a long and severe winter, they had been unable to pay. Three days were allowed for the redemption of the articles seized, and, at the expiration of that time, they were to be sold. The letter of the pastor was based upon a personal knowledge of the parties, and the fact of his being an eye witness of their distress. He spoke of them in the highest terms, and appealed to the generosity of his friend Mrs. Carking, in the almost confident hope that the effort would avail in behalf of a worthy family, which nothing but his own poverty prevented him from relieving, at once.

Mrs. Carking read the kind letter of the minister, hastily. As she run over it, she felt the same indignant feeling coming over her, which agitated her, in her interview with her former visitor, and she resolved to cut the matter short. Handing the letter back, to the poor woman, she said, in a cross tone,

"I cannot give you any thing, ma'am. There have been so many persons here, to-day, seeking charity that I'm wearied out of all patience."

"We've had a very hard and pressing time of it, since the beginning of the last winter," returned the woman. "We have suffered almost every thing that the most destitute could suffer. But my daughter's health is better, now, and we could soon be comfortable if we could save our things from being sold."

"You may have had a hard life of it, ma'am; but there are so many that come for help, and we cannot give to all,—it's utterly impossible,—it would take all we've got, to do it."

"During the winter," resumed the visitor, "we were actually in a starving state. We were greatly distressed, in the cold weather, and seldom knew what it was to have enough to eat."

Mrs. Carking's temper was now excited to the highest point of endurance. She could bear no more. Her manner may be imagined from her reply.

"I can hardly get enough to eat, myself," said she, "nor time to eat it. I'm disturbed so often, and importuned so much, by beggars, that I've no peace of my life. And now I've come to the conclusion that I've no more time to spend, in this way. Good morning, ma'am."

The last speech was pronounced in an impatient and fretful tone, and, as soon as it was concluded, Mrs. Carking turned on her heel, and walked away, leaving the poor lady to find her way out of the house the best way she could. She was directed to the door, by a servant, who had overheard the conversation narrated above, and touched with sympathy, at the recital of her misfortune, she slipped a half a dollar into the lady's hand as she showed her the way into the street. A look of gratitude was all the servant saw. She closed the door as the sufferer fell upon the marble steps, and watered them with her tears.

Thus ended the day's difficulties,—the exceeding sad disasters of which were imagined to be sufficiently provoking to drive folks mad, especially some religious ones, who know so well that the goods they possess are only lent them for a little season—placed in their hands by an all wise and beneficent Providence, who has been pleased to make them the stewards of his bounty.

Such conduct clearly teaches us that religious principle and the treasures of the world are incompatible. They have but little affinity for each other, and seldom seek their habitation in the same bosom. They seem to be intuitively sensible that God and mammon cannot inhabit the same heart. The wo is fearful which the Lord denounces against those who live as though life consisted in the abundance of earthly possessions: "Wo unto you that are rich, for ye have received your consolation. Wo unto you that are full, for ye shall hunger."

more than an hour the Carkings continued to muse about the annoyances of that memory, which seemed to stand out in bold relief on all other days of their history. During conversation Mrs. C. was busily engaged in tossing about the package which her husband had thrown into her lap when he entered the room. When the interest had subsided of the adventure, the lady was suddenly smitten with a most eager curiosity to know the contents of the package. Forgetting for an instant her vexations and perplexities, she asked in a low tone,

"What's this, my dear? What's the meaning of this bundle so neatly done up? Is it a present for me, or is it for one of the girls?"

"No, my dear, it's no present, and it's not for you. That package contains the proceedings of our committee and the detailed arrangements in relation to the new church. We have concluded upon the particulars, and will set the workmen at it in a very few

days. What decision have you come to, in the arrangements you have made. I most hope you've not concluded to put up a shanty. If you have, Mr. Carking, my husband will not attend, I promise you. I vow that my daughters shall not go to a shanty church."

"Indeed, my dear, we'll have no shanty-looking building. I consider that we've got an excellent disposition of the whole lot, withstanding our troubles in the beginning. Price is to give ten thousand dollars; on twenty; Mr. Saltonstall six; Mr. Melve; and me your humble servant, I'm the father and founder of the church, I'm to give thirty-five thousand. That we have eighty-three thousand and I'm sure that we can get thirty more in small subscriptions. I think, that we shall have a splendid building, and neither you nor your daughter, need be troubled."

"Then truly may we say that we are under our own vine and fig tree. I will pick the very best preacher in the city; we can find one to suit us; and if we'll send to England and get the best, we shall finish off in grand style, I'm sure. We'll do the thing genteelly and we'll take the shine off of any other party."

"My dear, that's exactly the right way you've settled the business so when you gentlemen have done a must allow us ladies a chance to show the inside. I'll give three thou-

sand dollars, and I am sure that among my friends I can make up nine or ten thousand more. We'll have the walls arranged in stucco, and we'll get the loveliest ornaments that money can buy. As you say, my dear, there shall be no mistake. O what praise you gentlemen deserve for having the matter fixed in such double quick time, and all so elegant and so complete!"

"We've had business men at it, and we've worked it well." Mr. Carking's countenance brightened up as he thought of the part he had taken in an enterprise so important. With great animation, he continued, "We've had a first rate captain at the helm, (the illusion was to himself,) and we've run the ship rapidly along. We'll not be beaten soon, my dear. We're good sailors and must be successful."

"O I think we are doing exactly right," exclaimed Mrs. Carking with joy beaming in her countenance. "We're doing just right, my dear. We've been much prospered: Providence has been our guide, and we've had a fine run of good luck both in business and in the family. The boys are almost grown and ready for the counting room. The girls are at an age when a respectable place of worship is necessary for them, and when just such a preacher and such preaching as you speak of is required. And above all how proper it is that we should contribute of our means and use our exertions to extend and beautify the church? I think we should endeavor to do all the good we can. In building the church we shall be highly useful while we live, and we'll leave a monument of our labors behind us when we're gone."

"Yes, my dear," returned Mr. Carking in a solemn tone of voice, as though he felt very religiously under the sound of his wife's self-gratulations, "yes, my dear, we are not, you know, to live altogether for ourselves. The church and the world both have claims upon us, and we must expend a portion of our substance in the service of God. He will reward us for it here. He has done it already, and He will reward us hereafter. For my part I'm right glad that we're connected with the church; we should be exceedingly thankful for the privilege, and we should show our thankfulness in works,—such works as will tell upon the present age and extend to future generations."

Thus it was that these munificent christians talked themselves into a pleasant humor after the day's trials. The calls for insignificant charities were forgotten in the consideration of the great scheme of benevolence, which would enable the family to exhibit the pride of station which wealth has power to purchase. The troubles and wants of the poor were not to be

remembered in the same hour with the grand idea of erecting a splendid temple for the worship of the Holy Being who turns aside from the world's adulation, and takes up his abode in the heart that is humble.

The Carkings are but the representatives of a class who worship the Almighty in their own way and treat Him as though He were altogether such as they are themselves. They show the loftiness of their character and feelings by despising what is humble and reaching after what is magnificent and imposing. To give a few dollars to an obscure charity is in their eyes a thing too contemptible for notice, and if they do it at all, it is with the miser's reluctance, and the deed is followed by his hearty grudge. And how does the character of such compare with that of the meek and lowly Redeemer, who despised not

the humble and the poor, but always gave them the preference in his ministrations. It is not for man to exalt himself. He cannot build his way to Heaven in deeds of splendid charity while he is neglectful of important Christian duties. He is to do all he can to promote the glory of God and secure his own and others' salvation. He must contribute of his abundance to the erection of the temple, and he must give the mite that relieves the poor from suffering. The house of God may be reared in its beauty, but the day of small things must not be despised. Measure thy gifts, O man! by what the Lord has given thee. Withhold not the tenth of thy substance whatever it may be, and verily thou shalt prosper upon earth. Whatever thou givest give with a willing heart to the glory of God, and thou shalt secure treasures in Heaven.

TO THEE.

BY JAMES HUNGERFORD.

THE roses are fading,
That lighted thy cheek,
And the lilies pervading
Of life's autumn speak;
Yet thy beauty, that paleth
As time glides away,
In its fall more prevaileth
Than in its young May.

Thine eyes of dark lustre
More feelingly glow—
More thy locks' jetty cluster
Contrasts with thy brow—

And thy voice!—though of pleasure
No longer it tells,
More grateful the measure
That pensively swells.

Yet the pale flower, that bloometh
Till autumn's last day,
When life's winter cometh,
Must wither away;
But true love will flourish
Still verdantly on,
When the soft airs, that nonrish
The pale flower, are gone.

CONSOLATION.

FROM THE GERMAN OF FOUQUE.

If life were fair around thee,
Fair as thy heart had willed,
Without a grief to wound thee,
Or a bright hope unfulfilled;
Mortal, for death preparing,
Couldst thou to death submit?
Then wouldst refuse, despairing,
A world so dear to quit!

But one by one, thou knowest,
Life's gentle bands are riven;
So, cheered at heart, thou goest
Through the deep grave to heaven.
The chains of fear are broken,
Hope's star is bright aloft,—
Oft has this truth been spoken,
But never yet too oft!

ACCOMMODATING THE PUBLIC.

"A. B.—," said my partner to me, in a anxious voice, one morning about nine, as he turned half around from his desk, an open letter in his hand—

"A draft of ten thousand dollars which we received before yesterday is a forgery!"

"Urgency!" I exclaimed, starting to my feet in alarm, and alarm.

"It is too true. Here is a letter in reply notifying our New York correspondents of the payment, stating that no such draft had been drawn by them."

"What is to be done?" I asked, coming to my lips with the instantly formed resolution not to lose ten thousand dollars without a struggle to regain it.

"The Hibernia sails to-morrow at twelve," replied my partner significantly. "The scoundrel is already in Boston, no doubt."

"What hour does the boat leave New York to-morrow?"

"At five," I replied.

"There is still time enough left to cut off before the Hibernia sails. As you do all the sailing, you had better start by the half-past-four line, which will reach New York at five o'clock, to connect with the Boston ferry, which will then arrive in Boston by seven o'clock to-morrow morning. If he intends going to Hibernia, you will have him safe."

"Fortunate that we received intelligence of this morning. A few hours later, the hope of recovering our property would have been extinguished." This I replied, as I began to make all requisite preparations for my journey.

"At ten past ten I was on the ferry boat at the foot of the street, and in about twenty minutes I was seated in the cars at Camden. A short time elapsed before passengers were all stowed away in the cars, etc. My impatient spirit almost interminable. At last, I grumbled to a conductor who told me we shall not be in New York until five o'clock."

"I did not reply; and I leaned back in my seat, with my impatient. At last the welcome whistle of the Hibernia," sounded cheerily though the boat was away we went; but not fast enough to relieve my anxious state of mind. With my watch, I marked the time that elapsed in

passing each mile, for some ten miles,—took the watch, and found that at the rate we are going, if it were continued, we could not possibly reach New York before half past five or six o'clock. This discovery made me nervously anxious.

"Do not we go very slow?" I said to the conductor, who came through to examine the tickets.

But I was not heard. Again I consulted my watch, and the result gave me but little better encouragement. I grew more and more anxious and impatient.

"Will we arrive in New York in good season?" I asked of the conductor when he again made his appearance, catching hold of his arm, as I spoke, to secure attention.

"O yes, sir. In excellent season," was the bland reply.

Again I sank back in my seat—this time somewhat relieved in mind. But still the cars moved on at a speed unaccelerated.

"At this rate we shall be far behind the time," I muttered aloud, about an hour after the conductor's assurance, lifting my eyes from my watch which I had consulted as another mile past glanced by.

"Terrible slow!" responded a gentleman seated before me. "They go upon this road at a snail's pace compared with the speed on New England rail roads."

"They have a reason for it, no doubt," remarked another passenger, tossing his head half contemptuously.

"O yes," added another, "If corporations have no souls, they have pretty good reasons for what they do."

"The steamboat will, no doubt, make up for all lost time," suggested a fourth.

"Ah! yes. I suppose so," I returned, catching at the suggestion. The conductor re-appeared at this moment.

"You have a swift boat on the Raritan?" I said, interrogatingly.

"O yes. An elegant boat," was his half-absent reply.

At length we arrived at Amboy. On consulting my watch, I found that so much time had been consumed, that, unless the boat made unusually good speed, New York could not possibly be reached until after five o'clock. I was, of course, in an exceedingly perturbed state. As soon as we were fairly under way I sought out the captain.

"Captain," said I. "How soon will we reach New York?"

"At about the usual time, sir," was his polite reply.

"You will have to make up, then, in the speed of your boat, what has been lost by the cars."

"That we can do easily enough," he answered, quietly, as he began counting over the dinner tickets, to buy which, the passengers were beginning to cluster around the window of his little office. I turned away, but half satisfied.

"A miss is as good as a mile," I said to myself. "If we are five minutes behind the time, at which the Boston boat starts, all is over. Ten thousand dollars gone to the winds."

It was three o'clock when we left Amboy, and therefore, we had but two hours to make the remaining distance. The boat, I could see by the swiftness with which she passed objects on the shore, was going at an excellent speed. This gave me hope. But, it was a hope mingled with anxiety, doubt, and fear.

But why prolong description. Before five, we were ploughing, at a beautiful speed, the noble bay that stretches out before the commercial metropolis of the United States. The houses and shipping were becoming more and more distinct at each moment. At last I could see the Boston boats, lying side by side. I looked at my watch. It was five o'clock! My heart sunk in my bosom. It would take full twenty minutes to reach the pier, land, and get on board the Boston Steamers. Just at the moment, my mind had become distinctly conscious that I was too late, I could see, distinctly, the first motion of the massive engines of the two boats, which began slowly to move out, and which were, in a few minutes, gracefully sweeping around the Battery, side by side. I sunk upon a chair as quickly as if a giant had laid his hand upon my shoulder, and crushed me down.

It was about six o'clock when I entered the office of our firm's correspondents. To them I related my grievous disappointment, in not having reached New York in time for the Boston boat.

"In what line did you come?" I was asked.

"In the half past ten o'clock line."

"No wonder, then. The line never arrives here, unless by mistake, before the Boston boats leave?"

"Why not? It has plenty of time to run through, and have half an hour or more to spare. Or, if six hours and a half, are not enough, why not start at ten, or even half past nine?"

"For a very good reason," was the reply. "It is the three dollar line. By their charters, they cannot charge more than three dollars on the Camden and Amboy Road. But on the line from

Jersey city, which is mainly owned by the same Company, four dollars can be charged. Now, do n't you see, that if the half past ten o'clock line arrived here in time for the eastern boats, all the passengers going directly east, would prefer that line, as it is cheaper, and would save the trouble of going to a hotel, for two or three hours, and the expense of removing baggage twice, with carriage hire, &c. To compel such passengers, therefore, to pay four dollars to New York, the Amboy line is run at an hour so late, that the passengers who wish to go to Boston, if they take that line, will have to stay twenty-four hours in New York."

"Incredible!" I ejaculated.

"Yet, nevertheless true. And, moreover, I have heard it said, that an engineer who would bring the train of cars into Amboy before a certain hour, would be instantly discharged. I will not vouch for this. The same system is pursued in regard to the cheap line from this city. It is started at half past five in the morning—a half hour, or an hour before the Boston boat arrives. The passengers going directly south, are, consequently, compelled to wait three hours in New York, and then pay four dollars to Philadelphia."

"Infamous!" I could not help exclaiming, as I rose to my feet, and paced the floor. "And so, I have, doubtless, lost ten thousand dollars by this shameless imposition upon the public of a chartered monopoly. When will the people look to their true interest! When will this country see the day when the public welfare shall not be sacrificed to individual gain!"

"It will be a long time first," was the cool reply.

"Why don't the newspapers take this matter up?" I asked. "Why is it not fully exposed?"

"Some have spoken out on the subject. But newspaper publishers, generally, do not like to lose good advertisements."

I understood his remark and was silent. On the next day I gained such information as confirmed my suspicion that the forger had gone to Boston. At five o'clock I took one of the Sound boats, and arrived in Boston next morning. The Hibernia had sailed punctually at twelve o'clock, on the day previous. She took from our shore a secondrel and ten thousand dollars belonging to the firm of B—— & Co.

[NOTE.—This rather "feeling" sketch appears to have been written at a time when the "Line" to which allusions is made, started from Philadelphia at an earlier hour than at present. Whether the public are any better accommodated now than formerly we leave the patient public to determine—Ed.]

THE COUNTRY SQUIRE.

the New York *Commercial Advertiser* are a series of letters from the "Mid-land" of England, from which we take one of the *Country Squire*, that pleases our sight well. We never met the English Squire, but we are sure, notwithstanding, description is true to the letter. The picture pleasant one.—Ed.]

the numerous classes of English society, perhaps none so little understood, or of little is known in this country, as that influential part of the community—the gentlemen. Attached to the home of fathers by the strongest ties of affection, salient predilections which, imbibed and strengthened in maturer years—entirely among rural scenes, and devotedly to the performance of the grateful duty to country life, or occupied in the of its harmless sports—they pass their lives in the houses of their ancestors, from the turmoil of the world; taking of its agitations, and comparatively to the votaries of its more giddy plea-

the nobility of the land are they; and, of the oldest families in the realm, their names are unheard amid the bustle of every day life, and their quiet unheeded, as the more dazzling claims successful politicians challenge our yet are they not envious; dreams of it and distinction never disturb the serenity of their lives. Their home—, is in the tumble-down old mansions there; buried in elm and chestnut guarded by antiquated rooks. I am asking of farmers, but the old country fathers of the parish—the J. P.'s of districts; in short, to sum all in one cannot be translated from the vernacular Squire. In their ranks, the representatives of the Swinfords, the Mertons, Chettons, and hundreds of other families of old antiquity, are to be found, pas-

sing their lives in unassuming tranquility and usefulness. If one does feel at times inclined to regard with contempt the supine obscurity of their existence, still is the feeling moderated when we consider that, if they possess not the brilliant talents of their progenitors, in the field or the council, yet are they exempt from their vices, and in their virtues, they are the sterling examples of what a thorough-bred Englishman should be; the only living patterns of the frank heartiness, the unaffected hospitality and the bluff generosity of our forefathers.

I am not about to hold the Squire up as

"That faultless monster which the world ne'er saw;"

on the contrary, he has many faults; but as none of them are capital offences against the code of morality, we can afford, on account of his good deeds, to laugh at them as prejudices, if not to love him for them.

Your country squire is by no means a learned man; he received a tolerable education in his youth, but when he came into possession of his estate, he took to hunting and coursing—he neglected his classics for the study of the laws of poor rates and by-ways—he became enamored of breeding hounds and raising monster oxen—and only occasionally exerted his powers of elocution at parish meetings, or the board of guardians, (which powers he possesses, as the farmers and peasantry will assure you, in an extraordinary degree). In a few years he married the daughter of his nearest neighbor, and fell at once into the bad habits attending matrimony in the country; taking delight in long pipes, port wine, "mild old October," and naps after dinner. So that his literary researches confine themselves to the columns of a country newspaper, The London Times, an agricultural journal, and a sporting magazine.

He is essentially a stay-at-home man; he was never fifty miles from his own estate; he knows that the road to London lies through the country town;—he knows also that France is situated on

a certain column in "the Times," and that the East Indies is a hot country, with the liver complaint, in the uttermost parts of the earth—where money grows spontaneously, by the side of tea shrubs. But, as a knowledge of geography is not essential to rearing sheep and preserving game, why should he trouble his head about it?

He is not a great politician, yet a stickler for liberty, and "the constitution as by law established in Church and state." He does not profess to understand exactly what he means by this; but his forefathers did, and if they found it good enough, why should he grumble? He regards all foreigners as some strange animals from beyond the seas; he surveys them with a kind of comical awe, as he does every thing that is novel or far-fetched; he will oppress them with hospitality, but if they are rash enough to draw comparisons between their country and his, he will almost lose his temper, and feel piteous commiseration for their envy and ignorance. He is generally speaking a staunch Tory, a despiser of young men and new measures, and in time of election, a supporter of the grey-headed candidate who has represented the county division for twenty years,—never made a speech except once on the game laws, when his feelings got the better of his eloquence, and compelled him to sit down abruptly,—and has a rent roll of twenty thousand a year.

The Squire is a bitter enemy to railroads, and takes to sulkiness and heavy drinking when a new one is projected across a hunting country. He has an insuperable contempt for manufacturers, mechanics or trades people who have lined their pockets; and, although he concedes a great deal to his banker in the county town, who always runs out of his private office to shake his hand, and whose grandfather conducted his grandfather's business; yet he cannot deny to his conscience, that a banker even, is not "quite the thing," although he can perhaps buy and sell half-a-dozen men like himself.

The entrance to his hall is through a large gateway built of brick; the two pillars of which are surmounted by two stone lions couchant, which have been asleep for three or four centuries, and in their "green old age" are protected from inclement weather by thick clusters of ivy. Every morning at eight o'clock and every evening at six the squire walks down to the porter's lodge, and waits till the mail coach passes. He could neither eat his breakfast, nor sleep at night, if he was to miss the coach; his two pointers sit upon the grass beside him, and the ancient porter stands at a respectful distance, to answer his questions, until the rumbling of the coach is

heard in the distance. The squire scrutinizes narrowly the "action" of the "cattle," for the hundredth time, and the flame-faced coachman puts the leaders into a smart canter as they near him; then he lifts up his whip hand, and elevates his little finger, which has been a coachman's method of salutation since Jehu's time. The guard breaks off in the middle of "Rule Britannia," (which he always plays at this place), to carry his hand to his hat, and fling down a newspaper, or a basket of fish, then plays away more heartily than ever. The squire nods his head and smiles, the dogs wag their tails, and when the coach is out of sight he walks home quite comforted. If it rains he has to peep at the coach through the window of the porter's lodge, which being a rather unnatural proceeding makes him melancholy. He never spoke to the coachman or guard in his life; but he will take his oath that they are the best fellows in the world, who were born upon a coach, and will die there—if such red-faced fellows can be mortal.

In his younger days the squire has a propensity for a faultless sporting dress, and becomes enamored of a green Newmarket coat, a flashy cravat, white corduroys and top boots. He trains two thorough-breds, Euphrates and Slender Billy, which he enters for the Queen's plate, at the principal races in the county. This passion subsides, as he advances in years and matrimony; and is succeeded by a steady fox-hunting *casualty*, a love for quiet coursing in a level park, or over a flat common; a tendency for giving soup to the poor, and for becoming more intimate with the affairs of his tenants.

When he has passed the rubicon of years, and the gout gives admonitory twinges, he cultivates the acquaintance of the parson, who is generally a hearty fellow,—excellent in his way. As their friendship increases, the squire cannot dine without him, for when the gout is threatening, the good man must have some one on whom he can vent his good-humored bursts of ill-temper, who will take his petulant foibles in good part, well knowing the sterling qualities of his nature.

He is a religious man, too, and insists upon his butler reading prayers, morning and evening, in the servant's hall. All his domestics must attend church, in their proper turns, every Sunday. It would do your heart good to see the old fellow himself in church every Sabbath morning, taken there by the old bays in the older coach, with his wife and family. To see the grey-headed beadle walk before him down the middle aisle, to open his pew door; to mark his stately step, (when gout is out of the question,) and his patronizing look; while the eyes of the poor in the free seats sparkle as they follow his advance,

as plain as eyes can speak, "That's *our* look at him!—God bless him!"

common pew either is the squire's, but with small brass rails, hung with green; with a small stove in its centre, and a his favorite dog Dash. Nor does he sit on entering it, as common people do, but boldly up, draws aside the curtains, and survey of the congregation. He makes a lot of joining very loudly in the responses, singing with an air of scrutiny at the singers, giving time to the asthmatic organ. Then, as sermon commences, he folds his arms, and fixes the minister with a kind of critical gaze that would make any common parson his shoes. But he does not sneer like a mere critic; because he is not the slave, of envy, or ambitious impotence, and the not frightened at all, for he knows his lord love him! and proceeds fearlessly through the sermon, and the squire is well pleased to, though to confess the truth he knows little of all of the discourse. Then, when the sermon is almost completed, and the coachman is on tip-toe, and in his anxiety to make himself attract the attention of all the audience, to describe the air of protection and pride with which the squire looks up at the end when the parson concludes, with God the Father, &c. he alone rises up, from over his pew, while all the people keep their heads bent down, until the sermon is pronounced. And if he does not do so that day, when all the poor people courtsey to him; and if he does not feel so at dinner he assures his wife, that and so, and old so and so, are excellent very badly off, and there must be a dress of coats and cloaks this Winter, why or who ought to feel, proud and happy? As years increase, he betrays a weakness of the knees, buff waistcoats and long skirted frocks—contracts a habit of walking down the stairs—patting children on the head, and visiting the white cottages, to chat with the old women. He sometimes takes too a long walking "spud" in the end, to cut down the grass, or gives up his hunting, and concentrates his powers of his mind, and all the while his body, upon fattening stock for sale, and raising prize turnips. He becomes charitable to the poor, leaves off poaching, and is more lax with his dog, though he never was hard with them, and is not inquired for rent, nor kept a steward or a butler, nor does such dirty work for him, while he is in pretended ignorance.

Forgotten to say, though the reader

must have understood it all along, that the squire is a justice of the peace, one of the quorum, and the happiest day in each of the last twenty years of his life has been that on which the Lord Lieutenant of the county has presided at the annual agricultural dinners; shaken him heartily by the hand, told him all the gossip of London, and proposed his health with three times three, which was drunk in a bumper, while the band played the "fine old English gentleman." Such a riotous display of regard is always too much for the squire's feelings, as he assures them, and one who, like him, is unaccustomed to public speaking, feels overwhelmed, &c. &c. But the old man's heart goes mad with pleasure, when he sees the Lord Lieutenant open the ball with his own beloved wife, who, though rather *enbompant* for perfect grace in dancing, is as merry as the younger people. His son dances with the lord's daughter, and his daughters dance with the sons of the surrounding gentry, and he loves all the world better than ever, if possible.

His decline is calm and peaceful. The vicar dines with him oftener than ever, and they quarrel for a few minutes every day. He suffers himself to be coaxed by his daughters, and wheedled by his son. All his occupation now consists in going down to meet the coach, and taking some soft bread daily, to feed his old hunter, which is a free life pensioner on the lawn; two old grey-headed pointers follow him wherever he goes; they curl themselves up on the hearth rug, at his feet, and watch him for an hour at a time, with thoughtful loving looks, and talk to him in silence, of other days, when he shot over them with a firm hand and a light heart.

Most of his servants have lived with him so long, have loved him so well, and got so fat in his service, that he looks upon them as essential parts of the family, and if he *does* snap a little when the gout is bad, what matter? They know his ways, and an extra kind word is sure to make amends. So by degrees he breaks, and sinks at last quietly in death, and the dark solitude of the old family vault is broken once more. No hired mourners counterfeit grief at his funeral, but the speechless sorrow of a thousand true hearts hal-lows his memory; all the village grieves, and the simple cottagers call to mind a thousand little acts of kindness and eccentric manners, that were unnoticed in his life. How he used to beg a moss rose from their wives—how he used to sit upon the bank in the sunshine, and talk to his old dogs—how he used to lean upon the gate, meditating for half an hour at a time. Every trifling incident is recalled, and in after years he is spoken of to their children, as the "old Squire," "The Squire's father."

EDITOR'S TABLE.

LITTLE of very particular interest has transpired in the literary world, during the past month, if we except the slight commotion amongst the critics, excited by the appearance of "Lyell's Travels in North America." The high character of the writer of this book, as a man of profound scientific acquirements, naturally gives additional interest and importance to whatever opinion he advances, while it is the cause of their being subjected to a more rigid scrutiny, than they would otherwise receive. The Knickerbocker, finds fault with the book, as containing too much matter which would only be interesting to the geologist, and thinks the writer indulges in too much professional display. Quite a number coincide in this opinion. A writer from London thus speaks of its reception in England.

"Mr. Lyell's volume of American travels have received remarkably good treatment from the London press. The whole character and tone of the work may be called novel and original; it is novel to find in an English work on America, such a combination of careful and elegant diction, intelligence, philosophic discrimination, trustworthy candor and impartiality. The characteristics are so apparent, that even the most rabid Tories and Yankee-haters among the critics, are compelled to fall into the decidedly favorable conclusions, on the state and progress of the Republic, which the book arrives at—on the whole. Papers of all grades of politics have united in giving currency to large quotations, illustrative of the true state of several questions which have been misunderstood, or outrageously misrepresented by most other English writers. John Bull—on the 'extreme left' of Tory weeklies—admits that he must adopt some new notions on American affairs; while the liberal or whig radical, *Mr. Tat*, concludes his notice by saying that 'Mr. Lyell's' book will give opinion another forward heave.' Mr. Lyell goes out in this steamer, for the purpose of a geological visit to Alabama, and other Southern States."

A POPULAR TREATISE ON THE TEETH.—Dr. Robert Arthur, Dental Surgeon, of this city, has in press a Popular Treatise on the Teeth, the design of which is to give light to the people on a subject about which too little is known. We have glanced over the sheets of this work, and find it replete with the most valuable information. It commences with an anatomical description of the teeth and mouth; then treats of the formation of the teeth; second dentition; the decay of the teeth; the treatment of decay; various diseases of the mouth and their effects upon the general health; with plain and comprehensive directions for preserving the teeth or guiding the patient who may desire operations in the choice of a Dentist who will preserve them, instead of, as is too often the case, hastening their decay.

In no profession, perhaps, is there so much ignorance and quackery as in that of Dentistry. The

regular physician, absorbed in the endeavor to cure the various diseases that threaten the most serious or fatal results, gives little or no attention to the condition of the mouth, except, in cases where no dentist is at hand; and then he goes little beyond the mere extraction of an aching tooth. But the rapid decay of the teeth in many persons has created the necessity for operations designed to preserve them. For many years, these operations were performed, with a few exceptions, by men of but limited scientific knowledge, who in too many instances did more harm than good. Of late, many individuals of enlarged views, intelligence and skill, have devoted much attention to the subject, and, by their untiring efforts, have elevated the dental profession to a high and useful plane. The American Society of Dental Surgeons has done much towards affecting this object; and the Baltimore School of Dental Surgery, a chartered institution, with power to confer the degree of Doctor of Dental Surgery, is an efficient coadjutor in the good work. It is to be hoped, that in a few years the crowd of pretended dentists who swarm over the land, performing operations that arrest disease in the teeth only temporarily, or in too many instances accelerate its progress, will be compelled to "hide their diminished heads" before true professional men thoroughly instructed in their art, who have not only mastered all the scientific principles requisite, but who combine with these the most perfect skill. It is folly to employ any others. They do harm instead of good.

To enable every intelligent man and woman to understand enough of the structure and condition of the mouth in a healthy or diseased state, to decide when and how to choose a dentist, has the Treatise under consideration been written. Its style is plain, forcible, and familiar, and it is entirely free from those technical terms that make most professional works unintelligible to ordinary readers. The author is a graduate of the Baltimore School of Dental Surgery, above alluded to, and seems to be perfectly familiar with his subject.

In anticipation of the appearance of the book, we had designed making an extract, showing the effects of a diseased condition of the teeth and gums upon the general health, but we have not the room to spare in this number of our magazine.

The Snow Flake. A Gift for Innocence and Beauty. Edited by T. S. Arthur. E. Ferrett & Co. New York and Philadelphia, 1846

This is a new and superbly embellished annual for 1846. The plates, ten in number, are exquisitely engraved on steel by the best artists, and the literary contents are from the pens of George P. Morris, Fanny Forrester, Mrs. Seba Smith, Mrs. Ellett, Professor Ingraham, Otway Curry, Wm. H. Carpenter, J. Morrison Harris, Rev. Jno. N. McMillton, Charles J. Peterson, N. C. Brooks, Henry B. Hirst, Mary C. Deaver, T. S. Arthur and others.

Snow Flake has been gotten up in the very le of typographical elegance, and is not sur- if indeed, equalled, as a whole, by any for 1846. The literary matter has been sub- > the closest examination, and only articles of est order of merit admitted,—the plates are ists of the first ability, and every one a gem ay. The frontispiece, "The Lady Helen," lendid picture, and the story, which it illus- fine performance of a writer with few equals prose or verse—Wm. H. Carpenter, who understand, a new American novel just ready press. Besides "The Lady Helen," the contains a couple of delightful little poems pen. Here is one of them—

"THE MAN.

BY WM. H. CARPENTER.

he weeds o'er ran the garden,
The weeds usurped the fields,
or nothing but weeds and briars,
The idle hand would yield,
When a burly Man upstepping—
A Man! I say A Man!—
ried aloud—"I will amend this,
If a son of Adam can!"
say it was to do it,
When he had vowed his vow;
, full of hearty action,
Himself he grasp'd the plough.

ne neighbors flocked around him,
And gazed with purblind eyes,
lifted up their timid hands
In marvelous surprise.
ny there were who mock'd him,
And a few there were, who, then,
ent home with hearts uplifted,
Wiser and better men.
the Man wrought on, undaunted;
Nor stint nor stay he knew,
ll, where the wild weeds flourished,
Fair grains and grasses grew.

stubborn glebe he tilleth,
With an iron, resolute will,
the blossoms of the spring-time
he air with perfume fill.
autumn brought the fruitage—
he corn, oil, and the wine—
the Man he said, yet humbly,
Lo! these good deeds are mine.
ugh I have read but little,
are I have wrought the more,
have made two blades of grass grow
here one blade grew before."

rave words and stout labor,
is high success he taught;
though his phrase was homely,
was Manhood spake and wrought;
when his work was ended,
laid calmly down to rest,
of hope and reverent meekness,

With the sunshine on his breast;
And when flowers bloomed above him,
And time some years had won,
Men began to know and love him,
Through the good deeds he had done."

As we have copied one piece from the *Snow Flake*, we must give another—a song from General Morris.

"THE MEMORY OF THE PAST.

BY GEORGE F. MORRIS.

One balmy summer night, Mary,
Just as the rising moon,
Had cast aside her fleecy veil,
We left the gay saloon,
And, in a green sequester'd spot,
Beneath a drooping tree,
Fond words were breathed, by you forgot,
That still are dear to me, Mary,
That still are dear to me.

Oh we were happy then, Mary—
Time linger'd on his way.
To crowd a life-time in a night,
Whole ages in a day!
If star and sun would set and rise
Thus in our after years,
This world would be a paradise,
And not a vale of tears, Mary,
And not a vale of tears.

I live but in the past, Mary—
The glorious days of old!
When love was hoarded in the heart,
As misers hoard their gold:
And often, like a bridal train,
To music soft and low,
The by-gone moments cross my brain,
In all their summer glow, Mary,
In all their summer glow.

These visions form and fade, Mary,
As age comes stealing on,
To bring the light and leave the shade,
Of days for ever gone!
The poet's brow may wear at last
The bays that round it fall;
But love has rose-buds of the past
Far dearer than them all, Mary,
Far dearer than them all."

To these, we will add a brief sketch from our own pen.

"DEATH OF A CHILD.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

The death of a child, to those in no way connected with it either by relationship or daily intercourse, is a thing of little moment—a circumstance scarce noted; but how different is such an event to those who have grown familiar with the little prattler;

to those who have begun to listen, even in memory, for the music of its happy voice.

In the family where I once resided, was a dear child who had won his way into every heart. Ten of us there were—but of these, six only claimed relationship—the rest of us were strangers and sojourners. But words cannot tell how dear to us was that sweet child. He was our playmate when in the house, and claimed many of our most pleasant thoughts when we were away. The father and mother were very happy in the possession of such a treasure, and though sensible persons, found it almost impossible to restrain even tiresome expressions of fondness for, and interest in, their little one.

He was just three years old, when he was suddenly taken with symptoms of that terrible disease, the *croup*. In the silent midnight his parents were startled from their sleep by his loud and difficult breathing. A hot bath was immediately prepared, and antimonial wine administered, but to no good purpose; and, ere dawn, an experienced physician had been summoned to the house. No relief could be obtained, however, for many hours, and that relief was but a slight abatement of the alarming symptoms. But little was eaten by any at the breakfast table next morning. Concern and anxiety were upon every face. How all was changed since the day before! Then we were happy with our little playmate—now we spoke low and ominous words together, and stole about softly, as if we feared to wake a sleeper.

When we again assembled at the dinner hour, hope had not yet dawned upon the hearts of the anxious parents. One by one we gathered in the sick chamber to look upon our pleasant companion, now struggling with pain, and subdued by sickness. For a moment his eye would brighten as each familiar face bent over him, but it would soon settle into an appealing look, as if he asked our aid in his extremity.

How ardently did we long to bestow that aid, and how humbled in spirit were we, as we turned away from his bed side, feeling as though his rebuke went with us for not rescuing him from the hands of his tormentor.

The day wore on heavily with each one of us who was absent on business, and at last the evening came.

"How is little Willie?" I asked, eagerly, of his mother, who was the first that met me as I entered. She looked at me a moment before she spoke, evidently struggling to keep down her feelings, and then said, mournfully, and with wet eyes:—

"He is no better."

Softly I entered the chamber, the stillness of which was broken only by the loud, quick, labored breathing of the child. How changed was our little friend! The rose of health had faded from his cheek—the gladness from his young, bright eye. Nor was he suffering from the violence of the disease alone. Powerful medicines had prostrated his system, without expelling the malady, and a large blister had burnt the skin from his breast without moving the spoiler from his vigorous hold. I whispered his name as I bent over him, but he heard

me not—I spoke in a louder tone, but he heeded not my voice. Even to his mother's earnest call of—"Willie! dear Willie!" he answered not by a look, a word, or motion.

The night passed heavily. The first sound that greeted my ears in the morning, as I left my room, was the hoarse, suffocating breathing of the child. It sounded through the house, fearfully distinct, from the half-opened door of his chamber.

Another day passed, and another night, and then we were called to see him die. How my heart bents with a troubled, unequal motion, even now, while I recall that scene. His throat had become so swollen, that to breathe was almost impossible. He lay panting and gasping before us, and we could not even smooth his passage to the grave. The mother supported the head of her darling, and the father stood looking on apparently unmoved, but there was a tempest of feeling subdued, not stilled, in his bosom. The former had ceased to weep. Her sorrow was too profound to allow of a tearful relief.

The breathing of the little sufferer grew quicker and fainter, but he still labored fearfully. Each respiration convulsed his frame and distorted his features. Even to the last gasp, the struggle was painful. But when the spirit disengaged itself from the body, how calm, how still, how lovely was he in death! It was like a Sabbath rest after a week of toil and pain.

Bowed down in spirit we stole away from the chamber of death. What had we done that our delight was taken away, and our hearts stricken with sorrow! How can I attempt to describe the agony of the mother's heart! It cannot be told. It was known only to Him who sustained her in her affliction, and in a voice of indescribable sweetness, whispering even from the inner temple of her spirit, said, "He is not dead, but sleepeth." Far more touching is the silent, subdued, reigned grief of a Christian mother, than the transports of one whose sorrow looks not out from self. Never shall I forget when Mrs. H—— bent over the coffin of her dear little Willie and kissed his cold forehead, lips and cheeks for the last time. Large drops were falling upon the pale insensible face, but no sound passed the mother's lips. Ah, how many dear hopes did that coffin lid enclose, when it passed over the face of her loved and lovely one forever!

Days, weeks, months did not take away the loneliness from that house. I never passed its threshold, that I did not miss something. My ear listened for a well known voice, but the sound never more fell sweetly upon it. Feeling thus myself, how often did I pity the bereaved parents; but they bore their loss with Christian patience, looking beyond the veil of death, and seeing, by an eye of faith, their little one in the company of celestial angels."

We can confidently recommend this gift book to all who wish to make a really handsome present to their fair friends in the approaching holiday season. We know it to be as excellent within, as it is elegant without, for we have ourselves decided upon the admission of every article.

Forest Leaves. By Lydia Jane Pearson. Philadelphia: Lindsay and Blackiston, 1845. We have here a volume of poems by one who has written under circumstances of a very peculiar character. How she has been able to awaken from her lyre such sweet, touching and powerful melodies is a mystery to us, knowing as we do so well how stern have been the realities with which she has been surrounded. A young wife, she removed with her husband some twenty years ago to a wilderness county in the northern part of this state, and took up her abode in a log cabin, miles and miles away from any human habitation. There she still lives! In that lonely, cold, desolate region she has spent the best portion of her life, toiling early and late with and for her children, in sickness, discouragement, privation, sorrow, and, often, almost despair. Amid all this, her heart would at times become so overburdened with song, that it had to gush forth in sweet, wild, and often sad eloquence, or break.

In glancing over her volume of poems, we are surprised at every page with their richness and beauty. Could any thing be sweeter than this?

"Yes, I will go down to the hemlock dell,
Where the pure young breezes play,
Where the waters gush with a witching swell
Of dreamy melody.

Where the wild bird warbles her lullaby,
As the free winds rock her nest,
And the mountain doe comes stealing by
To her quiet place of rest.

Where the wild bee swings in the dewy flower,
With a low delicious hum,
And the diamond drops of the blessed shower
Like welcome strangers come

Through branches, which more than a hundred years,
Have shadow'd the holy spot,
Lest the sun-beam should kiss away the tears
Of sweet forget-me-not."

Or this, from "Sunset in the Forest"?

— "Hark! from the dell
Where sombre hemlocks sigh unto the stream
Which with its everlasting harmony
Returns each tender whisper; what a gush
Of liquid melody, like soft, rich tones
Of flute and viol, mingling in sweet strains
Of love and rapture, floats away tow'rd heaven.
'Tis the *Ædolco* from her sweet place,
Singing to nature's God the perfect hymn
Of nature's innocence.

Does it not seem
That earth is listening to that evening song?
There's such a hush on mountain, plain, and streams.
Seems not the sun to linger in his bow
On yonder leafy summit, pouring forth
His glowing adoration unto God,
Blent with the evening hymn? while every flower
Bows gracefully, and mingles with the strain
Its balmy breathing."

We have neither time nor space this month to do justice to the volume before us; but we hope to be able to take it up and give it a much more extended notice in our next. In the mean time, we would ad-

vise every lover of true poetry to purchase and read it.

—
Scenes in the Life of the Saviour; By the Poets and Painters. Edited by Rufus W. Griswold. Philadelphia: Lindsay and Blackiston.

This tasteful gift book, as its title indicates, is composed of selections from some of the best poets, illustrated with mezzotints by Sartain, from designs by eminent painters, representing scenes in the life of Christ; and the publishers are right in believing that "it will be welcome as an appropriate Souvenir, in the happy season in which we commemorate the advent of the Saviour into the world." The painters from whom the illustrations are taken are Poussin, Vandyke, West, Deloune, and others; and the selections are made from Milton, Montgomery, Croly, Milman, Hemans, Willis, Sigourney, Klopstock, Croly, Keble, Landon, and a host besides.

The style in which this volume is got up reflects great credit upon the publishers. It is bound, superbly, in Turkey morocco, calf, and rich muslins.

—
The May Flower. Edited by Robert Hamilton, Boston: Saxton and Kelt. The "*May Flower*" is a neat and beautifully illustrated annual. The contents, though not entirely original, embrace many articles of interest and merit. The engravings are all mezzotints, executed by Sartain in his best style, and cannot fail to please.

—
The True Child. By Mrs. E. Oakes Smith. Boston: Saxton and Kelt. Among the multitude of children's books which have come under our notice, we have seen none of late which has pleased us better than this little miniature book of "Stories, not for good children, nor for bad children, but for real children." Its accomplished authoress has well accomplished her task, in adapting the tales which composed the book, not only for the capacities, but for the improvement of the little readers for whom they were intended. We are always ready to welcome cordially the appearance of such books.

—
Oracles of Shakespeare; with a selection of Aphorisms from the same author; By Robert Hamilton. Boston: Saxton and Kelt. New York: Saxton and Miles.

Many of the most beautiful passages from the writings of Shakespeare are contained in this miniature volume, arranged, as answers to certain questions, so as to form a very interesting game. The aphorisms are generally well selected.

—
Pictorial History of the World. By John Frost, LL. D. Philadelphia: Walker and Gillis. Nos. six, seven and eight of this splendidly illustrated work have been received. We have heretofore spoken of its high character as a faithful, pleasing, and well executed history, and as far surpassing any similar work we have seen in the beauty of its embellishments. We can discover in the numbers before us a marked improvement on the specimen number. This is as it should be.

Sheet Music.—It is the intention of Ferrett & Co. to publish, speedily, a large collection of sheet music, at about sixpence a song. As most of the popular songs cost from twelve and a half to fifty cents, this reduction in the price will be hailed with pleasure by the musical public. In consequence of a large number of the regular music sellers and publishers setting their faces against this cheap music—as all who are interested in keeping up old usages do in regard to every new improvement that benefits the public—this music is to be found at the periodical stores and many of the book stores. The opposition of the old order of music sellers is a very foolish one on their part. They can no more stop this system than they can stop the wind; and if they are weak enough to refuse to sell cheap music, they will soon find the trade diverted into new channels, and they left with a meagre business not worth pursuing. The public will take care of itself.

Splendidly Embellished Music.—That music so beautifully printed, and on paper so white and thick could be afforded at so low a price, was a matter of surprise enough to the public; but to this cheapness and beauty the publishers have added embellishments of the richest kind, thus completely covering the whole ground of music publishing, at rates unheard of before. Among these embellished and illuminated sets, we will mention *The Mazurka and Polka Quadrilles*, by Coote and Glover, with all the figures complete for 25 cents! *A set of new Quadrilles by Strauss*, just received from Vienna, where they were very popular, for 12½ cents. *A set of Quadrilles from the Bohemian Girl* at the same low price; *The Chimes Quadrilles*, by Julien, splendidly embellished, for 25 cents; and *Queen Victoria's Dancess*, also splendidly embellished.

The Musical Annual, for 1846.—E. Ferrett & Co.—Here we have the most splendid "souvenir" of the season. Something unique, appropriate, and beautiful,—a volume of over two hundred pages of vocal and instrumental music, from the very best composers, and ornamented throughout in a style of tasteful elegance, that makes it one of the most desirable presents to a lady that can be made. We predict for it an extensive sale, as the price is low for so large and elegant a volume of music.

Miss Pickering's Novels.—Ferrett & Co. have now issued seven of Miss Pickering's admirable novels in uniform style, at twenty-five cents each, viz: "*Nan Darrel*," "*The Secret Foo*," "*Who Shall be Hair?*" "*The Fright*," "*Agnes Serle*," "*The Prince and Pedlar*," and "*The Expectant*." They have in press, "*The Quiet Husband*," "*The Squire*," "*The Heiress*," and the "*Merchant's Daughter*."

The Whip-poor-will. By George P. Morris.—Messrs. Ferrett & Co. have published a very elegant edition of General Morris's "*Whip-poor-will*," richly embellished by Chapman with seventeen illustrations on steel. The whole getting up of this book is very beautiful; the illuminated cover is among the most attractive we have seen.

A volume, by Fanny Forrester.—We are pleased to see that Messrs. Paine & Burgess of New York, have in press a collection of stories, letters, &c. by Fanny Forrester, one of our sweetest magazine writers. The public will welcome the volume with a hearty good will. We are gratified in being able to announce, that we have made arrangements to secure for our magazine a series of articles from her pen, to commence with the new volume.

LIFE OF HIRAM POWERS.—A life of this distinguished artist, taken, principally, from his own lip, is, we learn, in press. It is by C. Edwards Lester, translator of the "*Medici Series of Italian Prose*." The brief article in our last number, taken from the *American Review*, describing the visit of Thorwaldsen to Powers, was an extract from this forthcoming work. We look for its appearance with much interest.

FREDERICA BREMER.—Every thing relating to the person and private history of a favorite author is interesting. We naturally feel a desire to know how far the habits of thinking, as seen in books, and the real life, correspond. It is not often that our imaginary character agrees with the true one, or that the face is at all as we expected to find it. We must confess, that the likeness which appeared in one of Miss Bremer's books about a year ago, disappointed us sadly—perhaps the "thin wrinkled physiognomy," alluded to below, would not make a more favorable impression. With the written picture here presented, we have no particular fault to find. It is not, we must own, very brilliantly colored. But it has the air of truthfulness. It is from a series of "*Letters from Sweden*."

"Frederica Bremer was born in the year 1802. After the death of her father, a rich merchant and proprietor of mines, she resided at Schonend, and subsequently with a female friend in Norway. She now lives with her mother and sister alternately in the Noorlands Gatén, at Stockholm, or at their country seat at Arsta. If I were to talk to you about Miss Bremer's romances you would laugh at me, for you are doubtless ten times better acquainted with them than I am. But you are curious, perhaps, to learn something about her appearance, and that I can tell you. You will not expect to hear that Miss Bremer, a maiden lady of forty, retains a very large share of youthful bloom; but, independently of that, she is really any thing but handsome. Her thin, wrinkled physiognomy, is however, rendered agreeable by its good humored expression, and her meagre figure has the benefit of a neat, simple, style of dress. From the style of her writings I used always to take her to be a governess; and she looks exactly like one. She knows that she is not handsome, and on that account has always refused to have her portrait taken. The one they sell of her in Germany is a counterfeit, the offspring of an artist's imagination, stimulated by speculative booksellers. This summer there was a quizzing paragraph in one of the Swedish papers, saying that a painter had been sent direct from America to Rome and Stockholm to take portraits of the Pope and Miss Bremer."

non Epheſius, but when it is conſidered, that theſe things were ſaid in 1607, his
work was not published in the life time of his own country, and proceeds to lament over

ARTHUR'S MAGAZINE.

DECEMBER, 1845.

SHAKESPEARE GALLERY OF BEAUTY.—NO. VI.

JULIET.

IN none of his female characters has Shakespeare depicted with more exquisite minuteness and perfection the varied workings of love, its ardor, and *constancy*, than in that of Juliet. The language throughout the tragedy of Romeo and Juliet is full of beauty and grace, while the occasional extravagance of its hyperbole is excused by the originality and aptness of its conception. Each scene is replete with the energy and passion of youthful love, and the style, at times, seems to partake of the nature of the sentiment, which appears to spurn control.

We decline going into an analysis of Juliet's character, since the reader can obtain so much better an idea of it by a perusal of the tragedy, and since it has been so often written upon by others, that we would be incurring the charge of triteness, were we to indulge in a lengthy discussion.

We prefer giving the following extract from "Dunlop," which gives an account of the various Italian romances, from some one of which Shakespeare is supposed to have taken the plot of Romeo and Juliet.

"The origin of Shakespeare's Romeo and Juliet has generally been attributed to the *Giuletta* of Luigi da Porto. This tale, Mr. Douce has attempted to trace as far back as the Greek romance by Xenophon Ephesius; but when it is considered that this work was not published in the life time

of Luigi da Porto, I do not think the resemblance so strong as to induce us to believe that it was seen by that novelist. His *Giuletta* is evidently borrowed from the thirty-third novel of *Massuccio*, which must unquestionably be regarded as the ultimate origin of the celebrated drama of Shakespeare, though it has escaped, as far as I know, the notice of his numerous commentators. In the story of *Massuccio*, a young gentleman who resided in Sienna, is privately married by a friar to a young lady of the same place, of whom he is deeply enamored. Mariotto, the husband, is forced to fly from his country, on account of having killed one of his fellow-citizens in a squabble on the streets. An interview takes place between him and his wife, before the separation; after the departure of Mariotto, *Giannozzo*, the bride, is pressed by her friends to marry. She discloses her perplexing situation to the friar, by whom the nuptial ceremony had been performed. He gives her a soporific powder, which she drinks, dissolved in water, and the effect of this narcotic is so strong, that she is believed to be dead by her friends, and interred according to custom. The accounts of her death reached her husband, in Alexandria, before the arrival of the special messenger, who had been despatched by the friar to acquaint him with the real posture of affairs. Mariotto forthwith returns in despair to his own country, and proceeds to lament over

the tomb of his bride. Before this time she had recovered from her lethargy, and had set out for Alexandria in quest of her husband, who, meanwhile, is apprehended and executed for the murder he had formerly committed. Gianpazzo, finding that he was not in Egypt, returns to Siena, and learning his unhappy fate, retires to a convent, where she soon after dies.

"The catastrophe here is different from the novel of Luigi da Porto, and the drama of Shakespeare; but there is a perfect correspondence in the preliminary incidents. The tale of Massuccio was written about the year 1470, which was long prior to the age of Luigi da Porto, who died in 1531, or of Cardinal Bembo, to whom some have attributed the greater part of the composition. Nor was it published until some years after the death of Luigi, having been first printed at Venice in 1535. It afterwards appeared in 1539, and lastly at Vicenza, in 1731. These different editions differ as to some trifling incidents, but in all the principal circumstances, except those of the catastrophe, the novel of Luigi da Porto coincides with that of Massuccio.

"In the dedication, Luigi says, while serving as a soldier in Friuli, the tale was related to him by one of his archers, (who always attended him,) to beguile the solitary road that leads from Gradisca to Adino. In this story the lovers are privately married by a friar, Romeo is obliged to fly on account of the murder of a Capulet. After his departure, the bride's relations insist on giving her in marriage. She drinks a soporific powder, dissolved in water, and is subsequently buried. The news of her death comes to Romeo, before the messenger sent by the friar. He hastens to the tomb of Juliette, and there poisons himself; she awakens from her trance before his death; he soon after expires, and Juliette dies of grief.

"It is said in Johnson's Shakespeare, that this story is related as a true one in Girolamo de la Cortez history of Verona. It is also told, as a matter of fact, in the ninth of the second part of Bandello, which corresponds precisely with the tale of Luigi da Porto. Bandello's novel is dedicated to the celebrated Fracostora, and the incident is said to have happened in the time of Bartolomeo de la Scala.

"Luigi da Grotto, surnamed the Cieco d'Adica, one of the early romantic poets of Italy, who wrote a drama on this subject, declares that his plot was founded on the ancient annals of his country. In his drama, the Princess of Adica is in love of Latinus, who was the son of her father's bitterest enemy, and had slain her brother in battle. The princess is offered in marriage to the King of the Sabines; and in this

distress she consults a magician, who administers an opiate. She is soon after found, apparently dead, and her body is deposited in the royal sepulchre. Latinus, hearing of her decease, poisons himself, and comes in the agonies of death, to the tomb of the princess. She awakens, and a tender scene ensues—the lover expires in the arms of his mistress, who immediately stabs herself.

In this play there is a garrulous old nurse, and it appears from the coincidence of several passages, pointed out by Mr. Walker, in his Memoir on Italian Tragedy, that the drama of Luigi da Grotto must have been seen by Shakespeare.

"The story of Romeo and Juliet, which was thus popular and prevalent in Italy, passed at an early period into France. It was told in the introduction to a French translation of Boccaccio's Philopoco, by Adrien Sevin, published in 1542, and is there related of two Slavonians, who resided in Morea.

"The lover kills his mistress's brother; he is forced to fly, but promises to return and run off with her; she, meanwhile, persuades a friar to give her a soporific potion for the convenience of elopement. A vessel is procured by the lover, but, not knowing the lady's portion of the stratagem, he is struck with despair at beholding her funeral on landing. He follows the procession to the place of interment, and there stabs himself; when his mistress awakens, she stabs herself also.

"From Bandello, the tale was transferred into the collection of tragic stories by Belleforest, and published at Lyons, in 1564. In this country, it was inserted in Paynter's Palace of Pleasure,—but it was from the metrical history of Romeus and Giuliet, that Shakespeare chiefly borrowed his plot, as has been shown by many minute points of resemblance. It was by this composition that he was so wretchedly misled in his catastrophe as to omit the incident of Juliet being roused before the death of her husband, which is the only novel and affecting circumstance in the tale of Luigi da Porto, and the only one in which he has excelled Massuccio. From the garbled and corrupt translations to which he had recourse, the English dramatist has seldom improved on the incidents of the Italian novels. His embellishments consist in the justness and beauty of his sentiments, and in the magic of his language.

"Besides the Romeo and Juliet of Shakespeare, and the Italian play already mentioned, there are two Spanish dramas on the subject of Romeo and Juliet: one by Fernando Roxas, who was contemporary with Shakespeare, and the other by the celebrated Lopez de Vega. The former coincides precisely with Romeo and Juliet; in the latter, the names are changed, and the catastrophe

is totally different. Thus the lover, who corresponds to Romeo, comes to lament at the tomb of his mistress, but without having taken poison, and the lady, having recovered from the effect of the soporific draught, they fly to an old uninhabited chateau belonging to her father, which he seldom visited. Meanwhile the father resolves to console himself for the loss of his daughter, by entering into a second marriage, and goes to celebrate the nuptial festival at the castle where the lovers had sought refuge. On his first arrival

he beholds his daughter, and, supposing her to be a spirit, he is struck with remorse. The lady aids the deception, reproaches him as the cause of her death, and declares that she can only obtain pardon by reconciling himself to her injured lover. On his sudden appearance, the old man declares that, were his daughter yet alive, he would willingly bestow her upon him in marriage; and the fond pair embrace the opportunity of throwing themselves at the feet of the father, to claim fulfilment of his promise."

THE HIGH DESTINY OF MAN.

BY JOSEPH H. BUTLER.

Author of "Wild Flowers of Poesy."

WHAT is the flight of time to man
Whose soul is of ethereal birth;
Why should he mourn life's transient span?—
His rightful home is not on earth!
Born to a loftier destiny,
Imbued with attributes divine,
He triumphs o'er mortality
And rises from the wreck of time!
The elements that form his frame,
Must soon dissolve as mountain snow,
But, Phoenix like, his soul of flame
Close o'er the mouldering dust shall glow—
Much I have borne "to be forgiven"
Which the cold world can never know,
Secret to me and Him in heaven,
(Who ever pities human woe—)
Still, let me cast a glance along
The darkened vista of my days;
Still, let me frame an artless song
Regardless of the voice of praise—

Oh, yet they come—those vanished dreams—
That hovered round my youthful head,
As the pale, mystic fire that gleams
Over the dwellings of the dead!
But, pass they from my mortal eye,
Fade every scene with beauty rife;
My hope is centered far too high
To wither with the things of life;
Heir of immortal life and bliss,
Shall I repine for human joys?
Yet clinging to a world like this?
Where mere possession, bliss destroys!
Over yon firmament of blue
Let midnight throw her dusky veil,
Shrouding the silver stars from view,
And mantling Luna's brow so pale;
Let them forever quench their fire—
Let this bright planet too be dark—
Bid mighty worlds in wreck expire—
No change can quench the "vital spark!"

TO THE LOVED AND THE LOST.

BY EARNESTINE.

MEN tell me that I loved thee not,
They say my heart is hard and cold,
Because I have not pity sought,
Nor of my griefs the burden told.

But could they view the agony
That silent racks and rends my breast,
Oh! they would never charge on me
The sin of cold unconsciousness.

I cannot weep, I cannot moan,
I cannot grieve as others grieve;

The anguish which my soul hath known,
Tears never, never could relieve.

They think, because mine eyes are dry,
Thou, lost one, wert not dear to me;
They think, because I do not sigh,
Thus soon I have forgotten thee.

But never, never from my heart
Shall fade thine image, there impressed,
While truth and honor still impart
A generous spark to warm my breast.

THE FRUSTRATED REVENGE.

BY E. FERRITT.

THE western counties of Great Britain are remarkable for their beauty. Devonshire is properly called the garden of England, and Somerset, its neighboring county, is scarcely inferior—Through the lower part of Somerset, the Avon flows in a serpentine course, its banks occasionally ascending from the bed of the river to the height of several hundred feet, and forming acclivities from which may be seen one of the most delightful inland prospects that a weary traveler could wish to gaze upon:—no sterile waste, no barren, unprofitable common—no fens—but a finely undulating country, exhibiting every order of cultivation, by which its natural beauty is increased and displayed, like a precious stone in a handsome setting; the eye can take in at a glance some twenty or thirty miles of such scenery, with here and there a sparkle of light gleaming in the sunshine, as the winding river quietly passes from the shadow to dance in the sunbeams; in the distance may be seen the dense smoke arising from a large city, and far away mingling with the clouds, the Welch mountains close the prospect.

Somersetshire abounds in villages and hamlets, partaking of that quiet beauty, which is the most striking characteristic of the county—retired spots, far removed from the haunts of towns, and even out of the direct line of communication between large cities—places in which, when worn out with the turmoil and strife of the busy world, sick of the struggle for existence, the weary might find rest, and the wanderer a home, to satisfy the most fastidious taste;—these villages are full of neat little cottages, around which lilac trees, laburnams and acacias, throw their charms and fragrance—and the rustic paths are bounded by hedgerows redolent with the perfumes of the wild honeysuckles and roses—contentment seems to be a part of the air you breathe—beautiful nature displays herself in her most endearing attributes, and you involuntarily form your thoughts into thanksgivings to the bounteous provider of such undeserved blessings. Sleep has been called “tired nature’s sweet restorer,” and the face of nature in the country may be with propriety called the mind’s sweet restorer.

Chillcompton is inferior to none, and superior to many of these villages—its cottages are among

the prettiest, its perfumes of the sweetest—its walks the most charming—but out of the many modest little dwellings that appear to shrink from the gaze of a transient passenger, one was remarkable for its natural beauties,—surrounded by a shrubbery, it was scarcely visible from the road—situated on a slight eminence, with a beautiful lawn gradually sloping from it to the edge of a small stream which bounding its domain, formed a cascade or waterfall immediately in front of its windows. The Turks say, “hear running water and be happy,” and there certainly is something peculiarly lulling and soothing in the constant roar of a water fall.

The moon was spreading her modest light upon the waters, which smiled brightly as they reflected her lustre, when a maiden stealthily crept out of the cottage and crossing the lawn in front, made for a part of the garden, in which the shrubs were so tall as to withstand all efforts of the parish lamp to penetrate beneath their shadow. Scarcely had she reached the friendly shade, before she was clasped in the arms of one who had been anxiously awaiting her appearance.

“Dearest Ellen, I began to despair of your coming.”

“And I, William, had almost determined not to come. My conscience is dissatisfied with these clandestine meetings; and were it not that you depart to-morrow, I certainly would not have been here now.”

“And you, Ellen, have suffered yourself to be biased against me”—exclaimed the young man, mournfully—“I had hoped better things, but so be it; I shall be in reality alone, and if I fail in my difficult enterprise, there will be none to grieve over my fall.”

“You wrong me, William—are unjust and unkind,—but is it right, is it even maidenly for me to meet you in direct opposition to the will of my parents? Will an undutiful daughter make an obedient wife?”

“Ellen, there should be reason even in your obedience. Where parents are unjust, cruel and oppressive, we surely are not bound to yield implicit and blind obedience. Were your mother to direct you to commit a crime—to steal for instance; would you do it?”

tainly not!"

"Why rob yourself of your happiness? We've confessed, dear Ellen, that an union is essential to your future happiness, and at the command of your parents, you may have every chance of realizing it—literally itself of happiness."

"Do not, William, with sophistry—let me be conscious of doing my duty. I have said that you are dear to me, I repeat it, and more assure you that until you have said no, I will never wed another, but I have promised my parents not to marry you without their consent."

"Your consent will never be given," exclaimed a female voice, somewhat too shrill to be calm. "So this is the way you amuse your young lady? Shame upon you, Ellen!"

"This that I have striven to instil into you a proper degree of respect for your parents at once—and for you, sir," turning to the young man, "the sooner you quit our house the better. If you loved my daughter, you would not pretend to do, you would have more respectful character than to drag her into these meetings, such as these."

"Well, madam, you remind me of what I said to the woman whom I trust to call my wife, spite of your rejection.—Farewell, Ellen," cried he, and, with a hand, "God bless you! Doubt not, but remain but true to me, and every shall be surmounted."

The young man sprang from the lawn into the garden and disappeared.

Langley was an orphan of a respectable, whose parents had died in his youth. In which had been left, proved sufficient to educate him and defray his expenses according to the law, with an attorney of some

Mr. Wharton was the only daughter of Mr. Wharton, a brewer and maltster, who had inherited considerable property. William and Ellen Wharton had grown up together. Langley's parents were Wharton's close friends, and as they were well to do in the country, his parents had watched the youthful children, well satisfied to foster their health and losses had materially retarded Langley before he died, so he was left with a mere pittance, and at the expiration of his legal apprenticeship was literally means of defraying the expenses to him prior to becoming a pillar of the family. Mr. Langley's affairs became embarrassing as his neighbor's grew better and better, and William Langley at twenty-four was sent into the world to struggle for a liv-

ing, Ellen Wharton was heiress to some forty or fifty thousand dollars. In childhood, young Langley had guided her steps, and culled wild flowers for her posies—protected her from wild cows, and stray dogs—in youth he had even been her partner in the rustic dance, and thus they had grown until he at twenty-four and she at eighteen, discovered that they were all the world to each other.

Mr. Wharton was a good natured, easy man, and would have been perfectly willing for his daughter to secure happiness in her own way; but, unfortunately for the young people, Mrs. Wharton thought differently, and being as remarkable for energy of character as was her husband for supineness, her opinion carried most weight in the household,—thus, through her influence, her husband was induced to consider young Langley reckless and dissipated—a mere idler, altogether unworthy of his daughter. Mrs. Wharton, like many people of narrow minds, who have accumulated wealth, had an idea that money constituted true worth, and determined that her daughter should mate with one as wealthy as herself. She had therefore discountenanced the addresses of Langley to her daughter, and encouraged those of an ignoramus, called Thomas Long, whose friends had left him much more money than wit. Long was as disagreeable to the young lady as Langley to the mother, and after many struggles it was finally settled, through the mediation of her father, that Ellen should not be forced into a repulsive match, and that she in return should not wed without her parents' consent.

Thus matters stood, when William Langley was free from his indentures, and determined to leave the isolated village of Chillecompton, and seek his fortune in that El Dorado of the poor and the talented, London. Visions of fame danced before his eyes—wealth, honor, and renown—the woolstack and hosts of indignities, seemed within his grasp, as though it were indeed

"An easy task to pluck
Bright honors from the pale faced-moon."

Happy scenes in which Ellen Wharton conspicuously figured, were perpetually haunting him—and these strong hopes buoyed him up through the grief of parting from the only person now left him to love.

Ah! those aspirations which the young and sanguine seem to think they have only to strive for and realize—how many thousands have breathed them—how many have entered London, that great arena, with boundless confidence, only to be disappointed—to sicken, day after day, with hope deferred, until all, even hope, is gone.

Leaving William Langley to fight his way with what success he can, and, jumping over an interval of two years, let us look in upon Mr. Wharton. The usual order and neatness do not prevail—the little parlor seems, in lady phraseology, upside down. Sitting on a chair, and steadfastly gazing from the window at the waterfall, was Mr. Wharton—he was thin, and looked grave and stern. In a rocking chair sat his wife, with a flushed and angry face—and on the sofa Ellen sat with her head bowed down and her face covered by her hands.

"And so Ellen," cried Mrs. Wharton, "you will suffer your poor old father and mother to be sold out of house and home, when one word of yours would save them? Is this the return you make for all our kindness—for the money that has been spent upon you? Ellen!" continued she, sitting upon the sofa, and putting her arm round her waist, "Ellen, will you not say that word? Will you not marry Mr. Long, and so keep your father's credit and name still fair with the world? We do not ask any great difficulty, —hundreds of girls would gladly take what you so proudly refuse—a good husband with every comfort and luxury, and the chance of saving your father from disgrace! Can you hesitate?"

"Oh! mother, spare me, spare me! If you knew what I feel, you would not torture me, mother! You have been happy with my father—he is kind and considerate, has ever gratified your slightest wish,—think, if instead of such a husband you had a brutal and selfish one!—do not urge me to marry a man whose whole conduct shows unfeeling brutality.—Mother, I will work for you, beg for you! but do not urge me to marry this man—his very offer to release my father, if I will give my hand to him; his very determination, should I not do so, to inflict upon us the extreme severity of the law, shows what he really is. Oh! mother! dearest father, let us struggle on together—we shall not be forsaken—but do not condemn me to a fate worse than death."

"Say no more, Ellen," cried the old man, "and you wife, desist from your importunities. We have not long to live, and shall we embitter the long life of our darling child, to save our worthless remnants from a little fancied degradation?"

"Fancied," exclaimed the mother. "Is there any fancy about being turned out of doors?"

"Yes, *fancied*," said her husband, "no honest man can think worse of me—I give up all—and if there be disgrace, shall we give our child to the man who has determined to ruin us, unless he have her? Never!—come here, Ellen, kiss me, my girl, and dry your tears. We have all

hands to work, and never shall it be said, that old John Wharton sold his daughter to misery, to save himself."

Poor Ellen, as she clung around her father's neck, only cried the faster, and before we could sooth her into composure, the door was thrown open by the subject of their discourse. Ellen clung closer to her father with a shudder, while the old man faced his persecutor.

Long, in whose manner the brutality of strong passions, running riot, had left many a deep line, greeted the family with a courtesy which indicated a desire to be friendly,—after the first salutations he turned to Ellen:

"Well, Miss Ellen, I trust that you have decided in my favor, you were ever an affectionate daughter, and I fully rely on your saving your father from impending disgrace."

"Indeed, Mr. Long," answered Ellen, "I would save my parents from every trouble, God knows how willingly; but this which is asked of me involves the sacrifice of another as well as myself,—nay, would perjure me, for I have vowed never to become the wife of another until William Langley free me from my engagement to him."

"But," said Long, "it is two years since Mr. Langley left, during which time you have not even heard of him,—doubtless he has forgotten you, and surely you will not set your father's happiness in the balance with so faithless a lover."

"He is not faithless," cried the indignant girl, "and if he were, still it would be preferable to endure poverty, even disgrace, rather than wed a man so destitute of every honorable principle as yourself.—What sort of husband can that man make, who basely takes advantage of the father's misfortune to secure the daughter's hand, when he knows that she is another's by every tie that good men hold sacred?—Shame! shame upon you—let me respect you, if I cannot love you; be generous; give my father time to pay your debt, and leave me to my sorrow."

This unusual burst of indignation from one who was generally quiet, somewhat astounded Mr. Long's opaque mind; but he was not to be turned aside; nay, the opposition only roused him to more speedy action.

"I find, Miss Wharton, that it is useless to argue with you, therefore I turn to you, sir," addressing the old man, "Am I to consider that you abide by your daughter's decision?"

"You are Mr. Long; never will I, to save myself, sacrifice my child."

"Sacrifice is a fine word, Mr. Wharton, but a silly one. Is it a sacrifice to marry your daughter to one of the wealthiest, indeed, *the* wealthiest man in your parish?"

r. Long," said old Wharton, with some
h, "marriage is a holy bond, instituted
r happiness. To insure that happiness,
ity of taste and disposition is essential in
tracting parties, and above all, it is neces-
at the wife should respect her husband.
annot respect you,—I cannot ask her to,
shall not marry you against her inclina-
You must do your worst, you have the
and the will to injure us, and we must
"

be it," cried Long, stamping with pas-
by this day week you will regret this
e," and closing the door he rushed from
se.

nough was the little family, and each
reased the measure of their woes. It
t noised abroad that Mr. Wharton was a
nan—crops with him had failed—repeated
ts and unfavorable speculations had re-
im to bankruptcy, and at length a formal
f the sale of his cottage and effects ap-
efore the public. Wharton, while rich,
ie much good,—few men were more
d, and numerous were the kind offers of
assistance. The old man bore up stoutly,
ie every preparation for new efforts to
living, but his wife was sour and dis-
d, while Ellen's spirit was crushed with
ciousness that she could have put aside

gth the day arrived which was to trans-
little property to other hands, perhaps
ones; those only who have lived their
res in one spot, which has become en-
b them by a thousand tender recolle-
form an idea of the grief with which
lled round her garden for the last time.
a rose bush or pink that had not been
intly by her and Langley—every shrub
memory attached to it, waking up happy
and rendering present dejection more
by the contrast. And what had be-
er lover? Had he indeed proven false,
ten her? Was a question which pre-
elf for a moment, but was banished as
conceived; although his silence was
ensible, she would not allow herself
—when has a woman's first warm faith-
ra's' truth forsaken her?

ment for sale had arrived—the country
embled with sober faces. Long, with
ion of brutal malice, stood alone; he
to converse with his neighbors, but
nd all shunned him as they would a

age was first put up for sale—there
dders for some time—the country-

men had determined not to bid; but the auc-
tioneer had to attend to his business, and had
provided a person to start the auction. After the
first bidding of the auctioneer's deputy, an
elderly stranger made an offer so far in advance,
indeed so much above the real worth of the cot-
tage, that it was immediately knocked down to
him. The sale of furniture went on—the elderly
stranger distanced all competitors—bought every-
thing at a high price, and desired that not a
single thing should be removed. Long was
very anxious to know who was the purchaser,
but could only learn that the stranger had acted
as a deputy for another. Long protested against
giving up the property until the money was paid
down, but the strange gentleman immediately
produced bank notes to the amount required.

Long was annoyed, he could not tell why,
unless that the sum realized would more than
pay his debt, and leave a surplus to old Whar-
ton, whose other creditors would not touch a
penny. With a feeling of anger, which he sought
not to disguise, he was about to rush from the
room, when the strange gentleman quietly laid
his hand upon the young man's shoulder, and
whispered in his ear. Long turned pale, but re-
covered in a moment, and exclaimed with anger,
"Your prisoner! what do you mean, old man?"

"My good friend," said the stranger as coolly
as possible, "make no disturbance, I have assist-
ance enough without to enforce your compliance.
You are my prisoner, on a charge of having
robbed her majesty's mail."

Long staggered against the wall in helpless
astonishment, and the stranger, opening the door,
called in his assistants, who proceeded to hand-
cuff their prisoner.

Long made an effort to bear himself up, "What
do you mean? who is my accuser?" he ex-
claimed.

"The proper place for you to learn that, Mr.
Long, will be when you are at the bar of the Old
Baily; but if it will be any gratification, you
shall know it sooner," and throwing open the
door he called out, "Walk in Mr. Langley." In
another instant young Langley faced his rival,
but that rival was powerless, he sunk his head
and yielded to the officers who led him away.

In the cottage of a friend sat the Wharton
family, sad and disconsolate; they could not at-
tend to the sale, and had only learned that a
stranger had bought every thing. A knock at
the door caused Ellen to rise and open it, when
exclaiming, "William! are you come at last,"
she sunk fainting into the arms of her lover.
The tender attentions of William Langley soon
restored her to consciousness, and she learned
with delight, that not only was he in a situation

to support her in comfort and respectability, but that he had actually bought their cottage as it stood, furniture and all.

When Mrs. Wharton comprehended that her favorite, Mr. Long, had stopped Langley's letters and broken the seals, thus bringing himself under the bar of the law with a certainty of transportation; while young Langley had got well to do, she did not long withhold her consent to her daughter's union with the latter.

Young Langley had, like thousands of others, struggled for a long time without success; by a mere accident he rendered an important service to a man of opulence who possessed large estates

in the neighborhood of Chilcompton. Gratitude for the service, caused him to push the young man's fortune, and, after passing him through the expense of securing his legal credentials, to give him the management of his estates, and the means of purchasing the cottage of the Whartons.

Langley and Ellen were speedily married—their early troubles made them enjoy their prosperity with a chastened and grateful spirit. Ellen's father and mother lived long with them, and when children grew up around them, no happier nor more hospitable family could be found in the world.

J A N E.

BY MARY C. DENVER.

THERE are murmurs round me stealing, murmurs of
the glad and gay,
Like the distant sound of music, floating up the azure
way;
Catching sweetness in the valley, gathering beauty
on the hill,
And when melted into distance, playing through our
bosom still.

FOR they come like old companions, with thy sweet
familiar name,
Yet to tell me they are faithful, as when first of old
they came,
To my weary heart to cheer me, when the wild and
wilful bird
Of glad song had hushed her music, and her voice no
more was heard.

THEY have floated through my bosom—lovely forms
they have defined—
Claiming richest gifts of person, and most glorious
ones of mind,
That have shone around and sparkled from their high
and jewell'd throne
Till my heart was stirr'd within me, by a glory: not
its own.

FROM my childhood have I worship'd that high
intellectual power,
That, while scattering gems around us, thickly as a
golden shower,
To the toil-worn and the weary when affliction
draweth nigh,
Yieldeth forth a sweet refreshment, when they almost
pine to die.

AS a fountain in the desert, when the storm-clouds
onward roll,
Giveth life, and health and vigor to the parched and
thirsty soul,
So the well of mind will strengthen when our
strength is almost gone,
And amidst this living desert, we have wandered far
alone.

NOT all lonely have I wandered, not unanswered have
I sung,
For thy voice like gladdest music, ever on my ear
hath rung,
In the lone and far-off valley,—on the rugged moun-
tain's side,
To whate'er my thoughts have wandered,—thou was
ever found beside.

OFT in fancy we have travel'd o'er the fields of
Palestine,
Seen a thousand armors gleaming, seen a thousand
lances shine,
Followed with our eyes the banners of the stern and
high crusade,
When the lion-hearted Richard, into dust the lion
laid.

HIGH above the holy city, with her thousand minarets,
Gleaming in the silent moonlight, like a sun that
never sets,
Seen the banner of the crescent, looking upward
toward the sky,
Whilst afar in stern defiance, waved the red-cross
flag on high.

Though the minstrel-band hath sung them, and the
minstrel eye hath seen,
And the minstrel heart hath loved them for the glories
that have been,
Like to fancy's wayward children, still they gleam
before the eye,
Claiming for themselves a tribute, though that
tribute be a sigh.

Not alone the days of knighthood, hath our wondering
fancy claimed,
Yet a feeling binds us to them that the present hath
not nam'd,
And the past is but a spectre, haunting with its
warning tread
Every palace of the living, from the chambers of the
dead.

And it reads to us a lesson, it were wise in us to
learn,
Of the thousands gone before us, of the gentle and
the stern,—
From the empire worn and wasted, to the single rose
leaf shed,
There are foot-prints left to guide us,—took we lessons
of the dead !

And the faithful Christian soldier, with his helmet and
his shield,
Ever ready for the combat,—ever ready for the
field,
Shadows forth the hurrying Present, where the armies
of the heart ;
Moslem host, and Christian soldier,—striveth for the
better part.

Hark ! the tread of armed foeman—rushing onward
to the fight .
In the crowed noontide hour—in the stillness of the
night !
Louder, louder, yet the trumpet sendeth forth its
warning tone
To the sleeper's startled bosom,—we have heard it
in our own !

We have heard it—oft-times heard it ! and amidst the
hurrying throng,
Some glad tone of young affection, pouring its sweet
stream along !

To the wan, the worn, the weary, breathing words
of life and love ;
Pointing upwards, ever upwards to the fountain-head
above.

It hath gathered strength and fervor—it hath gathered
sweetness too,
Since the world of sun and shadow burst upon our
infant view !
It hath been a star of promise, shining o'er a weary
way,
Singing, singing through the darkness, like a bird ere
break of day !

We have heard it on the hill-side, when together
side by side,
We have watched the white clouds moving, at the
pleasant eventide !
Pictured forth their strange appearance, through
imaginations eye,
When for our beloved country, fought the warriors
of the sky !

Oft beneath the tall, dark cedars of our first and far-
off home,
We have heard it through our bosoms like a gush of
music come,
When the earnest stars were looking from their
silent homes above,
There hath breathed a whisper round us—and that
single word was love.

There hath been an angel with us,—'neath the darkly
shining tree
We have heard the sound of pinions, rustling round
us joyfully !
Heard them in the voice of waters—heard them in
the thrilling song
Of the wild bird on the mountain !—may it linger
with us long !

May it hover round us ever ! leading to the only
shrine :
Through a world of sin and sorrow, we have need
of light divine :
Aiding every first endeavor,—making e'en affliction
dear—
May we feel that earth is hallow'd—there hath been
an angel here !

A D E A T H B E D .

Her suffering ended with the day,
Yet lived she at its close,
And breathed the long, long night away,
In statue-like repose.

But when the sun, in all its state,
Illum'd the eastern skies,
She passed through Glory's Morning gate,
And walked in paradise !

James Aldrich.

REVIEW.*

It is, at the best of times, an ungracious task to criticize the writings of another, and more especially is it so, when those writings come to us in the glorious guise of Poetry.

To be a Poet at all, argues a finer mental organization than falls to the lot of most men—a keener sense of the beautiful, the good, and the true—a more wonderful development of the imaginative faculty, and, alas! as a necessary consequence—a morbid sensibility that shrinks from the slightest word of counsel or disparagement, as a querulous invalid shudders at all airs that blow, as if they partook alike of the qualities of the east wind.

The present age is so essentially utilitarian, that the question "*Cui bono?*" is becoming to be rigidly applied as a test to works of every kind both in art and science. To simply *amuse*, is not now a sufficient reason for doing a thing. To instruct; to add to the garner of knowledge—or, in the case of Poetry, to lift us above the ordinary dead level of common emotions, and fill us with a consciousness of power. Such, now, are the demands made upon every man who enters the world-arena gladiatorially. It is gratifying to find how high a standard the age requires to constitute good poetry. Those wordy Epics—those solemn and ponderous didactics; those jingling narratives, which a hundred years ago gave their authors an elevated rank in the estimation of their contemporaries, would, at this time, scarcely lift them above the commonality for a single day. Poetry is rejuvenising. It has gradually slipped paint and patches—bag wigs—silk stockings and nethers—red heeled shoes and rosettes; and, retrograding steadily through the long vista of the past, has gathered health, strength, and increased vigor, by bathing in the purer waters of the earlier fountains.

The poetry which is now held in most esteem is that of the emotions, bearing imaginatively upon whatever is actual—the beautiful pervading all.

But, "lest like the Myndians we make our gates greater than our town," and our critique be overlaid by our preface; we turn with the kindest feelings to the poems before us.

Wherever we see *promise* in a young author, we are disposed to overlook many inaccuracies which, in a more matured writer, might be con-

sidered unpardonable; and, "*promise*" is evidenced herein to a considerable degree. Imperfections, there are indeed, both in thought and in expression.—An attempt to grasp the intangible—a violent straining after effect, and a confusion of imagery—faults common to almost all earlier efforts; but there is, also, much beauty, and some signs of latent power, and the generous reader noting these things, will forgive the blemishes, for the sake of the beauties by which they are attended.

There is, however, one thing we would suggest to the consideration not only of the author under review, but also to all those who, like him, are followers of a particular school. And this is, that imitation, however excellent the copy may be, erects an invidious standard of comparison, and invariably sinks the imitator below the imitated.

The best advice that can be given to a young writer is:

Dare to be yourself, rather than the reflex of any other, even thought that other be ever so excellent. Wherever genius really exists, there, also, will be found originality; but the man of genius, however humble, who assumes the color of this writer, or the tone of that—does but assist to build an altar for another, when, by properly applying the same materials, he might erect one for himself.

Of all things in the world we hate most to hear a well bred man exclaim,—"*This is from such, or such an one!*" Literary resemblances there will always be among men who chanced to fall into a similar train of thought, but even then, the collocation of words to express the particular idea, will almost invariably be found to differ.

The author of these poems has, in some instances, overstepped the bounds of simple literary resemblances, and laid himself open to a much graver charge. Why will he not rely upon his own resources rather than call in aid from any other quarter?

The burial of Eros, was evidently suggested by Tennyson's "*Death of the Old Year.*"

Eleanore is an imitation of Tennyson, and a very good one.

"The song of the Scald Biorn," would never have been written, had not the author previously read Motherwell's "*Wooing of Jarl Egill Skallagrím,*" and, "*Oh! the Difference to Me.*"

In "*Eulalu Vere,*" the following excerpt forms part of the description of the lady.

* The Coming of the Mammoth—The Funeral of Time, and Other Poems, by Henry B. Hirst.

in, where the loveliest of lustres reposes,
of lilies, and mountains of roses!

ter would be puzzled to sketch so
undulating a face.

lona," in the fifth stanza, the poet re-
effect of her disappearance, says :

passed; there was no sun, no moon,
stars, but chaos *dark and dim* ;
air was like an August noon,
with heat; *and, from the rim*
umbrous clouds, a maniac tune
in mine ears, *like songs sung in a swoon!!*

downright nonsense.

t, notwithstanding the many faults and
of the work, we pronounce the book as
ided promise.

le," "Eleanore," "The Passage of the
The Death Song of the Nightingale,"
ortions of "The Unseen River," "To
the Fringilla Melodia," are poems of
erit; in proof of which, though long,
the latter.

THE FRINGILLA MELODIA."

ng-sparrow, that on woodland side,
mendow sits, and, ceaseless sings
w roundelay in russet pride,
o care between his wings.

tax to pay, nor work to do :
of life is ever a pleasant one ;
re merry that may naught but woo
w down to set of sun.

st fields,—the river side, the road ;
garden, and the orchard green,
ng with breezy footstep stir abroad,
, mottled form have seen.

at the cottage door, contains
be lilac by the walk as well ;
re arise his silver swelling strains,
rudly down the dell.

t dewy eve the farmer lies
oor, his children all around,
e twig the simple sparrow flies,
e hear their laughter's sound.

r farmer-boy, with his shining spade,
we mould around the garden flowers,
timid, but not yet afraid,
out him there for hours.

And when, his labour o'er, the urchin leaves
The haunted spot, he seeks some lofty spray,
And there, with ruffled throat, delighted weaves,
Gushing with joy, his lovely lay.

Puchance, his nest discovered, children come,
And peer with curious eye, where lie the young
And callow brood, and then with ceaseless hum,
He shrew-like scolds, with double tongue.

A little while, and on the graveled walk
The nestlings hop, or peer between the grass.
While he sits watching on some blossom stalk,
Lest danger might toward them pass.

He sees the cat, with stealthy step and form,
Pressed closely to the ground, come creeping through
The white-washed fence, and with a loud alarm
He flies; and they—they swift pursue.

So passes summer; and when autumn treads
With sober step the yellowing wood and vales,
A mellow song the gentle sparrow sheds,
From orchard trees or garden pales.

And as the nights grow cold and woodlands dim,
He seeks, with many a kin, a warmer clime,
And perching there, along some river's rim,
Fills up with song the solemn time.

But with the sun of March, his little soul,
Warm with the love of home, impels him where,
In by gone hours, he owned love's sweet control;
And soon he breathes his native air.

And then again his weary song rings out,
And meadow, orchard, valley, wood and plain,
Ring with his bridal notes, that seem to flout
Dull echo with their silver strain.

And so his round of life runs ever on ;
Happy, contented, in his humble sphere
He lives, loves, sings; and when the day is gone,
Slumbers and dreams, devoid of fear.

Had Mr. Hirst confined himself to the pro-
duction of such poems as the one just quoted—
and therein his strength lies—our task would
have been altogether a pleasant one, and his rank
as a poet defined beyond controversy. As it is,
we look for something more, and better, from his
pen; and we confidently predict, that, if he will
but subdue himself to preserve unity in his sub-
jects, he has the power to grasp no indifferent
laurel. C.

THE MOWER'S MAIDEN.

FROM THE GERMAN OF UHLAND.

| | |
|--|--|
| <p>"Good morrow to thee, Mary! right early art thou laden!
 Love hath not made thee slothful, thou true and steadfast maiden!
 Ay, if in three brief days, methinks, thy task of work be done,
 I shall no longer have the heart to part thee from my son."</p> <p>It was a wealthy farmer spake, it was a maiden listened:
 Oh, how her loving bosom swelled, and how her full eye glistened!
 New life is in her limbs, her hand outdoes her comrades all,
 See how she wields the scythe, and see how fast the full crops fall!</p> <p>And when the noon grows sultry, and the weary peasants wend
 To sleep in pleasant thickets, and o'er cooling streams to bend;
 Still are the humming-bees at work beneath that burning sky,
 And Mary, diligent as they, works on unceasingly.</p> <p>The sun hath sunk, the evening bell gives gentle summons home;
 "Enough," her neighbors cry, "enough! come, Mary, prithee come!"
 Shepherds, and flocks, and husbandmen, pass homeward through the dew,
 But Mary only whets her scythe and goes to work anew.</p> <p>And now the dews are thickening, the moon and stars are bright,
 Sweet are the new-mown furrows, and sweet the songs of night;</p> | <p>But Mary lies not down to rest, and stands not still to hear,
 The rustling of her ceaseless scythe is music to her ear.</p> <p>Even thus from morn till evening, even thus from eve to morn,
 She toils, by strong love nourished, by happy hope upborne;
 Till when the third day's sun arose, the labor was complete,
 And there stood Mary weeping, for joy so strange and sweet.</p> <p>"Good morrow to thee, Mary! How now?—the task is done!
 Lo, for such matchless industry, rich guerdon shall be won;
 But for the wedding—nay indeed—my words were only jest;
 How foolish and how credulous we find a lover's breast!"</p> <p>He spake and went his way, and there the hapless maid stood still,
 Her weary limbs they shook, they sank, her heart grew stiff and chill;
 Speech, sense, and feeling, like a cloud, did from her spirit pass.
 And there they found her lying upon the new-mown grass!</p> <p>And thus a dumb and death-like life for years the maiden led,
 A drop of fragrant honey was all her daily bread.
 Oh, make her grave in pleasant shades, where softest flow'rets grow,
 For such a loving heart as hers is seldom found below!</p> |
|--|--|

TO A COQUETTE.

"Thou 'rt false to me! Thou 'rt false to me! And pride shall teach me to forget."

AY! thou art false!—as false and fair
 As yonder changing April sky,
 Alas! that one with charms so rare
 Should only seek to please the eye.

Like the deceitful fruits that grow
 Around the Dead sea's arid waste;
 Which to the sight are fair as thou,
 Yet, dust and ashes to the taste.

L. J. Cist.

HEINRICH AND BLANCA:

OR, THE THREE BROTHERS.

FROM THE GERMAN.

CHAPTER I.

NEAR to the banks of a solitary streamlet, whose murmuring, as it flowed through the deep shade to mingle its waters with the neighboring river, was the only sound that broke upon the silence, there formerly stood a little mill. Here poor Magdalena often sat, and looked silently down, from the low window, upon the path which led through the bushes to her quiet dwelling. She was the widow of a miller who had recently died; and although, as the mother of three handsome, well-brought-up sons, she might be esteemed fortunate and happy, she now felt helpless and lonely, for all three were far distant from her. The eldest, the lively Hartung, having chosen his father's business, had set out upon his travels, in search of employment. The slender Heinrich had been obliged to go to the wars; and the flaxen-haired Berthold had been taken by a cousin, when he was quite a boy, into the city, to be brought up to commerce, and now lived in a distant sea-port, where, in place of the waving branches of his native woods, a forest of masts, with their particolored pennons, displayed itself in the harbor.

"Oh, that one of my three boys would but return, to take care of me in my old age and helplessness!" Magdalena would often exclaim in her solitude.

One day she suddenly heard a joyful shouting, and sounds of horns bursting through the usually silent forest. Then a rural procession made its way from among the retreating bushes, and appeared, in the bright sunshine, to be approaching her cottage. She saw a magnificent carriage with four mettlesome, prancing horses, which, as well as the carriage, were finely ornamented with a profusion of fluttering ribbons, and they curved their proud necks, and beat the trembling ground with their powerful hoofs. The poor widow was quite dazzled by all this splendor and magnificence. She raised a respectful glance to the carriage, and observed in it a beautiful girl in a simple but very expensive attire, and beside her, glowing in all the vigor of manly beauty, was her eldest, her dearly-beloved son, Hartung.

Then followed another splendid carriage, filled with musicians. The light and graceful Hartung instantly sprang from his seat, flew to his mother, fell on her neck, and said,—

"Dearest mother, I am come to see you, to present to you my beautiful bride, and to say that you must go with us, and live with us for the future."

The young bride, whose name was Barbara, and who had now descended from the carriage, repeated, with friendly greetings, the proposal of her husband. Magdalena could not, for a long time, recover from her joyful amazement.

"What happiness," at last she cried, "am I permitted to experience!" And she could not refrain from throwing glances of the most exquisite delight, now upon her manly blooming son, and now upon her elegant and beautiful daughter. But as the newly-arrived visitors prepared to set out again, she said, with an anxious tone, "Dearest Hartung, will you leave the mill for ever, in which your lamented and good father lived so many happy years?"

"Oh, dear mother," answered Hartung, gaily, "speak no more of that. I have bought a much larger and finer mill on the banks of a broad stream; where three wheels fly as if in the air, while our own little one here turns itself about as faint-heartedly as if there was scarcely life in it; and you must know, dear mother, that I have obtained, not only a young and beautiful, but a very rich bride. Her father was a wealthy farmer, who had plenty of well-filled barn-yards, not far from the place where I lately worked; and at little festivals, and other opportunities, I had the good fortune to gain her affections," he added, throwing a smiling look upon his young wife, who smilingly returned the glance of his sparkling black eyes. "When her father perceived," continued Hartung, "that I was really an honest and a well-behaved young man, he gave her to me, and with her a good rich dowry; and so, dear mother, get ready to leave the little mill with us."

Magdalena truly rejoiced at the account of her son's prosperity, but she could not refrain from timidly replying, "But your poor father finished, and put it in its present state, with so much care

and difficulty, and always wished so earnestly that one of you should retain it. Is it not possible for you——" she added, half aloud.

But here the young bride burst into a fit of laughter. "No, no, dear mother; how can you suppose it? how could I keep house in this little mill? It is not larger than our dove-cot."

She could now make no further opposition to the plan, if she would live with her children; and in silence she collected her little effects together, and, amidst secret tears, bade farewell to the place where she had passed so many years in calm happiness.

The habitation to which she now repaired was many miles distant from the little mill in the wood, which soon became entirely waste and deserted. The wheel stood dry, and crumbled to pieces in the heat of the sun; the little rivulet murmured solitarily around the deserted walls, to whose inhabitants it had once so joyfully lent its assistance; the moss-covered roof fell in, and the rank grass waved over the court; and in the formerly neatly-kept garden the roses alone still bloomed triumphantly, and smiled amidst the ruin and desolation around. If a traveler wandered into this deserted spot, and the mill presented itself unexpectedly before him, he turned away with a shudder from a scene of such total desertion.

Magdalena, meanwhile, did not find, in living with her prosperous children, the love she felt towards them properly requited, although she endeavored, with respectful, nay almost humble, attention, to fulfil the wishes of her stately daughter-in-law. Covetousness and selfishness were the principal features in Barbara's disposition. She had expected to find in the mother of her husband a useful and cheap assistant, and a careful attendant upon her children; but when she saw that sickness and infirmity hindered poor Magdalena from performing any domestic services for her, she considered her only as a useless burden. The lively Hartung had been, on the whole, a good son, but he never possessed a very feeling heart; and he now gave himself up so entirely to his wife, whose penurious disposition in some degree he shared, and occupied himself so incessantly about his own affairs, that he never observed whether his mother were well or ill treated; and Magdalena, unwilling to disturb the young couple by complaints, sighed in silence over the heavy labor which Barbara laid upon her. At length, when she found her strength entirely failing, she determined, though with many bitter tears, to return to her poor deserted dwelling. The bustling Hartung heard of this with astonishment and displeasure; but when his wife assured him it entirely arose from his

mother's obstinacy, he did not attempt any further hindrance of her departure. He took leave of her with a clouded brow, and only paid her so much attention and respect as to send with her a supply of money and provisions.

The mill by this time had entirely gone to ruin, but Magdalena found in the poor little cottage a chamber sufficiently secured against the weather to shelter her. Here again she lived her former solitary but peaceful life; and if sometimes the brook, swollen by the rain, came raging down its rocky bed, and burst over the reedy margin, or the rushing storm threatened to tear the covering from her humble shelter, it was less terrible to her than the hostile glances which had been darted upon her from Barbara's angry eyes.

She had now become still poorer from this trial of a residence with one of her sons; but with increased anxiety she thought upon the other two, and involuntarily her thoughts always turned to the youngest, her fair Berthold—for, although she loved all her children with the deepest and truest maternal affection, yet Berthold was the darling of her heart, without her being aware of it. "He was so gentle and so beautiful," she sometimes repeated to herself, "that it is continually impressed upon my mind he will one day rise to fortune and distinction."

A long, joyless time had now passed away, and her provision began to fail. She knew not if her son Hartung, in his pursuit of wealth, had forgotten her, or whether his wife had estranged him from her altogether; but one morning, as she sat mournfully at her little window, looking out upon the glittering trees, tinged by the rays of the sun, and listening to the joyful twittering of the birds as they sought their food, she saw coming up the verdant path a traveler upon a handsome bay horse, which gently raised its white feet over the wild shrubs that impeded its way. He stopped at the mill, dismounted, and, with delight, she recognized her beloved Berthold again. She was less astonished at his appearance than she had been at Hartung's, partly because her mind had been constantly occupied with him, and partly because he was less changed in appearance. He was as gentle as ever, and had not grown very tall; and, both in height and countenance, resembled a delicate fair girl. Like his person, his dress and manner partook of refinement and effeminacy, and caused the utmost surprise to Magdalena.

After a few tender embraces, Berthold said—"I am come, my dear mother, to show you my wife and child, who follow me in a traveling carriage. I have to thank my Beate for all my present happiness. I possess a large and hand-

some house, and every thing that the situation of an eminent merchant affords. We were obliged to travel through this part of the country, and we have come a long way about in order to visit you, my dear mother."

While he was speaking, an elegant traveling-carriage appeared, in which was his wife, attended by a number of male and female servants. Berthold hastened to assist her from the carriage, and led her to his mother. She was as much like a fair picture as Berthold himself, only a little paler, and her ringlets approached more to the red. In the handsome and regular features of her countenance there was something, however, so proud and so disdainful—her pale lip bore so contemptuous an expression, that the poor Magdalena felt her heart could less rest upon her than upon the fiery and impetuous Barbara. But the baby, which Berthold took from an attendant, and brought slumbering in its lawn wrappings, was so like a wax doll, that she scarcely ventured to touch it; but, viewing it with looks of the tenderest love, she exclaimed—"The dear, dear child! Ah, I can never forget it!"

"What would you think, dear Beate," said Berthold, with some hesitation, "if my mother—— We have so very large a house——"

But Beate threw upon him such a warning and side-long glance, he was immediately silent. The unsuspecting Magdalena had not seen this. It is a quality of the human heart, that, where it loves, it imagines all its feelings to be shared by the beloved object; and Magdalena did not, therefore, for a moment doubt that her own feelings were reflected in Berthold's bosom; but as she went into the adjoining chamber to procure something for the entertainment of her guests, she unexpectedly overheard the young lady say, not without some bitterness, to her husband,—"I must confess, I thought I had more dependence upon you. The old woman would really cut an excellent figure in our society! I am certain it could not be agreeable to herself; and I think my relations deserve something more from you than to carry about your origin as a show to the whole world; for, luckily, one would never discover it from yourself."

The young man was so flattered at the last part of the speech, that he acknowledged the proposal to be a very rash one, and begged pardon for having made it.

"Give or send as much as you please," added the lady, a little softened. "My father's fortune will not be so easily exhausted; only do not exact her presence."

Tears started from the eyes of the poor mother at these words; but, soft and patient as ever, she did not, by a single word, give indication of her

feelings, and the departing pair easily mistook her bitter tears for those of grief at their separation. Berthold, who could not remain quite unmoved, pressed his purse into her hand, and promised to send her more. An internal feeling prompted her to throw back the proffered gift; but sad necessity, and the love which she still felt for the weak and wavering son who had almost disowned his kind parent, induced her to retain it, and she soon saw the wheels of the carriage and the rider disappear amongst the trees.

Still deeper and more piercingly had this last experience torn her oppressed heart. "So—I have no longer a son!" said she, with anguish. "Heinrich has certainly fallen in battle, for so my foreboding heart tells me;" and, as she sunk one night into a troubled slumber, she saw the confirmation of her fears in a dream. A fallen soldier lay upon a green field, his arms were scattered around him, and, from a wound in his side, his blood flowed darkly. The field was solitary and deserted; his comrades were far distant from him; the evening star alone looked down with pity upon him. She gazed on his face, and recognized the pale countenance of her Heinrich.

"Fare thee well, my son!" said she, awaking, while she pressed her folded hands upon her bosom, as if she would have pressed back the grief which was ready to break forth;—"thou hast at last gone hence without having deserted or disowned me!"

Her health now began to sink; the money which Berthold had left with her was at an end; and whether in the intoxication of his own happiness he had forgotten her, or distance had delayed the messenger, or from what other cause she knew not, no additional supply had arrived. The summer drew to an end, the leaves became tinged with a deeper shade, and the severe autumn approached, with its fanciful and shadowy images, and Magdalena trembled as she thought of the coming winter.

CHAPTER II.

ONE still and glowing autumnal evening, as Magdalena stepped to the door of her cottage, a form suddenly appeared among the green foliage, distinctly visible in the rays of the setting sun, like the figure of her fallen Heinrich, in his soldier's garb. The constant solitude of her life easily induced in the mind of the poor Magdalena a belief in apparitions, and she fancied she beheld the spirit of the dead before her. "I am come,

my dearest mother," cried the soldier, hurrying forward, "to press you once more to my heart, after so long and bitter a separation;" and in another moment she felt herself clasped in the arms of her living son. It was indeed Heinrich, the slender Heinrich himself. She was now first aware of his faithful horse, which he led behind him by the bridle. It bent its neck as it would have greeted her, and looked gently upon her with its large glancing eyes. She led the recovered dear one with delight towards the cottage, to rest and refresh himself; but, according to all true soldierly custom, he first begged to shelter his faithful horse, and to see it properly attended to. With renewed strength she now hastened into the little chamber to disperse by a blazing fire the cold autumn damps, and to do all in her power to provide for his entertainment and refreshment; and she could have wept that she had nothing better to offer; but joy this day maintained its triumphant and blessed sway.

In a short time Heinrich returned; and as the blazing fire threw its cheering light upon him and his military accoutrements, Magdalena could not refrain from turning her eyes constantly upon him, and admiring his fine, tall, handsome figure. His slender person had become more manly and graceful, and the noble features of his countenance were also much improved. His bronzed cheek, tinged with the hue of health, well contrasted with the fire of his eyes. Those beautiful dark eyes, so expressive of truth and goodness of heart, could not be mistaken; and when he smilingly turned them upon her with looks of affection and deep feeling, it infused new life into the bosom of the sufferer, so long oppressed with grief.

"Ah, my son—my dearest son!" said she, drawing a deep breath: "only think, it is three months since in a dream I saw you lying bleeding and dying on the field of battle!"

"It is very true, my dear mother; it is just three months since I lay severely wounded upon the field. We had that day fought a great battle."

"Ah, my poor Heinrich!" exclaimed Magdalena; "when I remember how you were compelled to go to the wars in place of your brothers!"

The rigid and fixed grief which so long had restrained the overflowing of her anguish now gave way before the alleviating drops of maternal tenderness, which fell in showers down her pale care-worn cheek. Disquieting remembrances pressed upon her soul—how the lively Hartung, always full of life and spirit, had been the darling of his father, and the gentle Berthold hers—and how that Heinrich, as the easiest sacrifice they could make, had been sent to the army.

"Do not weep, my good mother," said Heinrich, sorrowfully, moved and grieved at the sight. "I love my honorable situation. I was fortunate enough, even in the first battle that we fought, to be raised from the condition of a common soldier, and to perform an essential service for one of our officers, who scarcely permitted me afterwards to leave his side, and from whose society and conversation I had often opportunities of acquiring knowledge and improving my mind. And in the last great battle, so much was thought of a few trifling deeds of arms which I had been able to perform, that the path to the highest and most honorable distinction is now open to me. I merely take advantage of the present time, as there are proposals of peace, to visit you and my dear home again; for all intercourse with your part of the country was entirely cut off by these commotions. I have traveled day and night; and I can assure you, my dearest mother, that the sight of you, and the desolate situation of my paternal dwelling, has filled me with the deepest melancholy. I read all the sorrowful changes which you must have suffered here in your eyes; and it deeply grieves me that a poor soldier has no certain refuge to offer to his poor sick mother. Ah! the trifling little gift with which I thought to please you," said he, in a lower voice, reaching towards her, timidly and hesitatingly, the present that he had brought with him—"it is honestly and fairly won; but what avails such a trifle?"

Magdalena had stood in deep reflection, occupied only with one thought, arising from her son's speech.

"Will you also leave me?" said she, with a faint voice, and hung trembling upon his answer, as upon the sentence of life or death.

"Oh, dearest mother," answered the soldier, with sorrow, but with firmness, "my visit is a very hurried one. To-morrow, about this time, I must be again on my way. We remove to a distant part of the country, and I dare not fail in my duty."

He had scarcely ended these words, when the paleness of death overspread her countenance; and, with the expression of the most heart-rending agony, she raised her clasped hands imploringly towards him, without uttering a word; but her eyes, which sought his, spoke a silent yet powerful language.

"My mother, my good mother, compose yourself!" said Heinrich, full of anguish, while he endeavored, by the most affectionate caresses, to comfort her.

"Oh, my son—my dear, my only son!" she at last exclaimed, in a tone that smote him to the heart,—“oh, by all that is good, forsake me

not! leave me not to neglect, contempt, and starvation!"

She then related to him, in a few impressive words, how the hearts of his brothers had been turned from her; and Heinrich felt too deeply how much worse than death it is to receive indignity where one has a holy right. The most painful struggle arose in his soul. The glorious path which lay before him, and promised to reward him for so many vexations and troubles—the duty which he owed to his honorable situation—all pressed upon him. But at last pity and compassion for his unhappy mother were victorious.

"No!" exclaimed he, overcome by emotion, "I can no longer—judge Thou," he continued, turning his eyes towards heaven,—"*judge Thou, O merciful Father, between me and my duty as a soldier! I have often looked death in the face without fear, but the grief of my mother I cannot bear.*"

The following day he was on his way back to the army, but it was to ask for his discharge; and he obtained it under the condition, that, should the war be renewed, he would rejoin the army. The mill now went merrily on once more, and resounded through the verdant solitude. Heinrich began anew his earliest employment, which he had only resigned for the animating profession of a soldier. Faithfully and amiably he now fulfilled the duties of his simple calling; and the ruined dwelling was soon restored to its former state by his active industry. The little brook ran gaily again in the dewy blushing mornings, with confiding loquacity, under his window and beneath the rustic bridge. A religious peace reigned in his heart, and his now happy mother partook of the same tranquility. She revived under his care, like a half-decayed tree which some compassionate traveler has propped up. The maidens in the country around were soon aware of the return of the young man, who was now called, not merely the slender, but the handsome Heinrich. Many a one would gladly have received him as a husband, but he took warning from the example of his brothers, and determined to preserve his heart, that he might live entirely for his mother, to whom he so earnestly desired to make amends for all her cares and afflictions. The only recreation which he allowed himself was to roam over the country, or to wander through the boundless forest. The beauties of nature presented to him many sources of exquisite enjoyment, particularly now that the severe winter had passed away, and the forest was again clothed in its verdant and magnificent apparel.

CHAPTER III.

It was late one evening, and Magdalena was at rest in her peaceful slumber. The mill, too, had ceased; and Heinrich hastened out into the warm summer night-breeze, breathing fragrance. The year was now in its highest beauty and perfection. The wild roses bloomed in profusion around the mill, and the wood formed so close a shade with its green arches, that not even a moonbeam, with its mysterious light, could penetrate them. Heinrich's path became so narrow, that the dew-dropping branches touched his youthful, blooming cheek. Lost in his own thoughts and feelings, he did not observe the darkness around him. Suddenly it seemed to become light, and an entrancing landscape lay before him, as if the dark trees of the wood had separated from each other, to show him a valley of the greatest beauty, which he had not hitherto seen in any of his former rambles. The beauteous landscape swam in all the charms of the moon's silvery light. All was still, silent, and solitary, save a stream that murmured softly, half-surrounding the valley, and then lost itself among the cliffy rocks. A little village appeared faintly in the distance, in a hollow of the mountain that overlooked the forest. Upon the height, a fortress raised its battlements in irregular outline, half-hid by the trees, faintly glimmering in the moonshine, and melting away in the soft exhalations that hung over the whole landscape. Heinrich had advanced only a few footsteps, and stood entranced at the delightful view, when he heard a soft rustling in the bushes beside him, and a female figure stepped from amongst them, whose inexpressible beauty and gracefulness filled the bosom of the youth with a tumult of delightful feelings he had never before experienced. She was in a simple white dress, but there was something in her whole mien and appearance that announced her to be of high birth. Natural ringlets fell round her lovely countenance, like the clouds that surround and half-veil the moon's pale face; her light step scarcely pressed the ground. She stood timidly still when she saw herself so near a young stranger, and looked anxiously around. This grieved Heinrich, and he took courage to say entreatingly, and with all true-hearted earnestness, "Do not be alarmed, noble lady. Rather than alarm you, I would entreat permission to guide you through this lifeless solitude."

The tone of his voice was so engaging, and the full moon shewed so distinctly to her his fine open countenance, that involuntarily trust and confidence was infused into her heart.

"Who are you?" she asked. "I am almost

inclined to accept of your friendly offer till I reach my attendant."

Heinrich told his name, and she consented that he should accompany her through the silent moonlit fields, both silent for some time as the still fields themselves.

The graceful unknown seemed to be lost in deep thought; but, rousing herself suddenly from it, she asked the situation of her guide. Heinrich related somewhat of his soldier-life, and his present employment.

"How!" cried she with surprise, standing still and observing him with an incredulous look; "you have resigned the noble situation which you appear to love so much, and have given yourself up to an ignoble employment?"

Heinrich stood before her for some minutes without reply. His youthful cheek was for a moment tinged with the blush of shame; but consciousness of the rectitude of his conduct quickly restored him to self-possession. He related to her in a few words, spoken with deep emotion, the cause which had induced him to change his situation; and as he added, that she might conceive how inexpressibly great had been the sacrifice which he had made to filial duty, he endeavored in vain to restrain the tear which started to his manly eye. She also appeared deeply moved, and exclaimed in a tone as if carried away by her feelings, "Then I must indeed honor you!" It seemed as if a tear also gleamed in her eye; but she turned hastily away, adding softly, "Farewell, noble youth; for here comes my attendant."

At that moment Heinrich saw an old servant advancing towards her, whom she hastened to meet. From the manner in which she had bade him farewell, the naturally correct and just feelings of the young man intimated to him that she did not wish to be followed, and he respectfully obeyed; while her graceful figure disappeared from the plain towards the little village, and seemed to him like the vanishing of a beautiful dream.

It was late in the night before he returned to the cottage. A gloomy day followed the luminous night, and thick rainy clouds obscured the heavens; but Heinrich did not observe the darkness and gloom, for the light of the preceding night still remained in his soul. Even his mother remarked that there was a new and singularly joyful air thrown over his whole being; but a secret, though artless, feeling made him silent upon the enchanting adventure. Towards evening, a courier arrived from the army, with the intelligence that the enemy had made a fearful irruption into the country, and that the safety of their fatherland demanded the immediate assembl-

ing of all true soldiers; and Heinrich received commands to set out early on the following morning. The first emotion that arose in the bosom of the brave young soldier was, joy at the long-delighting call to battle, as strongly as the first blast of the trumpet roused his noble charger; but when his eye fell upon his mother's pale cheek, he felt all that the summons would cost him. She was more firm and composed, however, than he expected at his unlooked-for call of duty.

Heinrich put every thing in order for her sustenance and comfort during his absence; and, after having done all that filial piety prompted, when the composed and resigned Magdalena slumbered upon her couch, he gave himself up to the thoughts that, next to those duties, filled his soul. It fell heavily upon him that he must now be separated from the spot which contained so powerful an attraction. He longed to see the beloved valley once more, although the night was already so far advanced. The rain had fallen incessantly during the whole day, and the storm bent blusteringly the heavy branches; but Heinrich observed it not, and hastened into the dark wood. The weather had in the mean while cleared up a little as he reached the opening of the valley. The storm was now hushed, and the deep azure of the heavens, cleared and freshened by the continued rain, peeped here and there through the parting vapory clouds, which only in their densest places still covered it with a half-stormy gloom. The moon, already beginning to decline, shed over the landscape a pale and melancholy light; and silence and deep solitude was over the whole country around, while Heinrich remained on the spot. She who had yesterday blessed his eyes with the most transporting vision did not now appear. He was obliged to acknowledge to himself that he could not, in so stormy an evening, and at so late an hour, have any expectation of seeing her, and that, in truth, their whole encounter was like a dream of his enthusiastic and romantic imagination.

He returned home, and early next morning was on his way to the army, after a parting, full of emotion and tenderness, from his mother.

The tumult and bustle of warlike activity which met him on his arrival involuntarily carried away the mind of the youth—ready for every brave and daring deed—and proved the most certain remedy against fruitless and wasting thoughts. As the armies had already been opposed in a second bloody engagement, Heinrich had full opportunity to give convincing proofs of his courage; and when, in a short time, a glorious peace was concluded, he returned with honorable testimonies of his merits, and the rank of a com-

of a troop, to his beloved home. Anxiety and apprehension for his mother could not be united in the bosom of this faithful son, amidst the tumults of war. He opened the door of their little dwelling with a trembling but his mother approached to meet him with joyful alacrity. She thanked God with joy for the return of her beloved son, and told him that she had waited for nothing but his absence.

"Do you know the cause of that?" she asked mysteriously. "I will tell you," she observed Heinrich's inquiring look. But, perceiving his benevolent kindness, she first herself in preparing some refreshment for him, seating herself at his side, she placed a table before him, filled with rare fruits and flowers, and then continued: "You see there a young man of whom I have to tell. As I sat alone this evening after your departure, occupied myself with thinking when you would, and when you would ever return, the door opened, and behold I may truly say—an angel entered. A young lady of so much beauty and grace, and of manner, that it seemed as if I had seen an angel. She brought me fruits, wine, and everything that was necessary to strengthen and refresh me; and she did not forget to bring sweet-scented flowers with them. Every other day she returned to visit me; and her affable and interesting conversation lightened my heart of care for you. She said Providence would protect and guard you from danger, for you are so good a son. She seemed delighted to speak of you, and she made me relate something more concerning you, and thus passed the anxious time almost away. Oh, if I could but always have an angel near me!"

"This speech the heart of the young man received impetuously. He instantly guessed the name of the visitor; and much as his modesty rebelled against it, he could not reflect without a rapturous delight upon the idea that the same interest in him, and had performed the same kindly, tender part in his absence. He threw himself into his mother's arms; but soon, from this intoxication of joy, he awoke, and said, "And have you never learnt the name of this amiable benefactress, dearest mo-

"Listen, child; you will not let me tell you the name of the good Magdalena; for Heinrich's cares had broken in upon the regular course of her story. "Listen then: The miller's neighboring mill, whom you requested to take a little care of me and our property, once, came to see me, and I related

the whole occurrence, and accurately described the stranger to him."

"Oh, mother, mother!" interrupted Heinrich, with anguish, "that was certainly contrary to the wishes of the young lady."

"Truly, it was so," answered Magdalena, somewhat embarrassed; "she had given me to understand as much. But, dear child, only think of my situation—my heart so full—so full of you—your absence, your danger—and then, so singular a visitor! I asked him if he could not conjecture who the lady was. 'It is the young baroness, who lives in the solitary castle on the mountain,' he answered. 'The castle has stood for a long time unoccupied, because the late baron had another residence on the sea-shore, where he and his daughter formerly lived; but, since her father's death, the young lady has withdrawn here, to live on his remembrance, and gratify her inclination for a calm and retired life, and indulge her pious and beneficent disposition.'"

Magdalena now expatiated long upon the happiness of her having been visited and comforted by so distinguished and amiable a person; but the fearful gulf opened before Heinrich, that divided him from the object of his secret adoration. Ah! why was she so high above him in birth and rank?—she who, in his eyes, possessed such unspeakable fascination; every tone of whose soft voice, and every glance of whose heavenly eyes, had sunk so deep into his soul. His own feelings told him that the young baroness would now return no more to visit the solitary one; but to wander near where she lived, to express his warmest thanks for all her kindness to his helpless mother, became the most ardent purpose of his heart.

One beautiful morning, still fresh with dew, Heinrich went to the place where he had first seen the magical moonlight prospect. The pinnacles, which formerly had seemed to fade away in the soft moonlight, now gleamed brightly in the golden morning sun; the white walls and the glittering windows shone like diamonds upon the valley beneath. An emerald-green flower-covered meadow was close under the castle-rocks. Heinrich wandered along it. To the left, in a distant hollow, the little village, with its church-tower, was indistinctly visible; to the right was the majestic stream, as if strewn with spangles, glittering through the dewy exhalations, and winding round the castle-walls, till it was lost amongst the rocks upon the opposite side. Heinrich was now quite close under the lofty walls, and his eyes hung upon the splendid building. What a vision burst upon his delighted sight! She herself, the beloved mistress of the castle, appeared upon the highest part of the garden,

which, broken by flowery terraces, reached from the castle down to the entrance of the valley. The graceful figure beamed like a celestial visitant in the glow of the morning; her glance appeared bright as light itself, and seemed to pass over the valley, and to rest upon the borders of the wood; but she did not observe Heinrich, whom a cluster of waving ash-trees concealed from her sight.

She now turned and descended the steps of the terrace to the lowest, which was broader and still more blooming than the others, and which was only separated from the field by a light low railing. The noble Blanca walked innocently among the flowers of her garden. She raised her eyes, so full of mind and soul, and looked, not without some emotion, upon the slender figure of the young soldier, who had stepped to an opening in the fence, and, overpowered by his feelings at the sudden sight of her, leant for support upon a tree.

The baroness instantly recognised him, and, with unaffected sweetness, stepped forward, greeted him with courtesy, and invited him to rest within her grounds after his long morning's ramble. The affability with which she spoke, and a certain confidence and trust in her whole manner towards him, infused courage into Heinrich's heart. She made him sit down upon a verdant bank in the garden, and seated herself at a little distance from him. The simplicity and rusticity of manner, the consequence of Heinrich's birth, had been polished by a constant intercourse with his brother-officers, but more so by the tender and ingenuous feelings with which he was endowed.

The invisible chain which drew the young baroness and Heinrich together was daily becoming closer and more firmly attached. He ventured to return to her again and again; but it was less by words than looks, and by the expressiveness

of every glance and action, that he betrayed to her the feelings with which she had inspired him. When at last the timid confession broke from his lips, she replied, with emotion, but with firmness:

"I am the uncontrolled mistress of my choice, and possess this property by the will of my revered father; and I must acknowledge to you, noble Heinrich, that my heart distinguished you from the first hour of our acquaintance. A holy bond of union seemed early to unite us in the performance of the same duties—the duties of filial affection; and what more exalted offering could I bring to the memory of my lamented parent than so pious and devoted a son? It but required these honorable public testimonies of your worth," she added with a blush, and glancing at the numerous orders which were upon his breast, "to justify the choice of my heart in the eyes of the world; and in bestowing my hand upon you, I feel I elevate and not degrade myself."

They pledged their faith; and from this time the now happy Magdalena lived in a heaven upon earth, rendered so by the tender cares of Heinrich and Blanca.

"I have but one wish more—only one," said the young baroness, as the day of her marriage drew near; "would that I dared hope for the arrival of my dear and long-absent brother upon that happy day!"

Her wish was granted, for this beloved brother unexpectedly arrived: he was, in truth, the noble officer who had so early acknowledged and rewarded Heinrich's merit. He joyfully accompanied his sister and her betrothed as they went to receive the Church's blessing at the altar, and clasped the newly married pair with fervor to his bosom.

THE EVENING STAR.

SWEET star! in the calmness and stillness of even
You burst on my gaze like a spirit of Heaven,
Looking out from behind the dark curtain of night,
An image of beauty—all radiant and bright!
Not like a young bride by the loved of her youth,
You stand all alone like the image of truth,
Looking tranquilly out on the darkness around,
Unshackled by fetters—in spirit unbound!

Lone star! mid the gathering darkness of night,
You beam on my heart like a vision of light;
Night is closing her shadowy garments around
The clear running stream, and the frost-lighted ground,

Yet from thy bright tower thou gazest below,
As if curiously watching the deep shadows grow,
While night sits unfolding her wide spreading robe,
To wrap round the silent and slumbering globe!

Bright star! in the loveliness brooding above,
You break on my dreams like an angel of love!
Thou flower of Heaven, that nightly doth bloom,
O'er the earth as her flowers bloom o'er the tomb!
They are but a beautiful emblem of thee,
Blooming on for the shores of eternity!
They die on the graves of full many a clime,
As thou too shalt die at the funeral of time. J. C. D.

THE AGED DREAMER.

BY MARY C. DENVER.

him of his age—"sixty," he said,
looked up startled!—on his furrowed brow
written many a tale of years long fled,
his memories he seemed to live in now!
before did the present seem as naught
existence—or a troubled thought
aching on the surface of his mind,
of, of all its train, not one behind!

to those who knew him best, he only
seemed as a weed thrown on life's rapid stream,
swept on by the crowd—nor yet too lonely,
setting onward like a changeful dream,
all the better energies of life
run and wasted in imagined strife;
yet, when the veil is torn away,
that tells of nothing—or decay!

but in the past,—the worshiped past,
though our gifts to nothing,—it was made
a snare beneath our footsteps cast,
a land-mark to our sight display'd:
if we stumble on, we seem to think
of happiness from which we drink
drunk yesterday—and never more
drunk on life's receding shore!

towards the fountain-head we turn
first that cup was fill'd,—and deem we then
replenished—as we vainly yearn
of those sweet waters once again,
singing upwards with a joyful sound,
their broken murmurs all around,
we heard from some forbidden shore
and a moment, and are heard no more!

that old man listening to the sound
childhood's haunted shore,—while years
went by
yet tread,—whispering the tale around
that died, and all that were to die!

Heard he mysterious music from afar,
Some melody dropped from a fallen star.
That thus his senses with that siren song
Should be steeped in forgetfulness so long.

Man calls aloud,—and echo answers him
Far from the distance!—the surrounding air
Is voiceless, and untroubled and as dim
As waves, when not a sound is lurking there!
So with the heart,—Call!—and from out the deep
They come—those joyous voices—with a leap,
Telling of years, whose gladness sends a gleam
Of sunshine e'en on life's deserted stream!

And therefore do we love it, that fair shore,
Where first we started on our pilgrimage;
When we were hopeful!—hoping evermore
That each succeeding was the promised stage
That young ambition longed for,—when we met
Little to grieve for—little to regret,
Till hope died in us;—and that laughing shore
Faded from us—and its fragrance breathed no more!

"Sixty," slowly again the old man said
With faltering voice, as if that little word
Contained within its bounds a sound of dread;
Something that from its aimless slumbers stirred
His spirit into wakefulness,—a light
Seemed to break on him through a world of night!
Yet brought no comfort to his troubled mind!
The moments lost, how could he hope to find?

He had not marked them pass unheeded by
As all unworthy of a better fate!
Yet close upon their steps, reluctantly,
Age plodded after, wan and desolate!
And now he stood,—one foot upon the wave
Of careless childhood,—one within the grave!
And heavily there came a sense of pain,
That life in him had long been spent in vain!

STANZA.

loved ones of earth, they are passing away;
Wild flowers of summer they bloom to decay,
the sweetest, the purest, first fade,
flowers are the fairest that bloom in the shade;
seen, like the lily, how brief is their stay—
loved ones of earth they are passing away.

passing away like the rays of the sun:
inks in the west they fade one by one,
ay golden beams that so ravished our sight,

Disappear and are lost in the shades of the night—
So the loved ones of earth, though all joyous and gay,
To the chambers of death they are passing away.

They are passing from earth, from the sorrows of time,
They are winging their flight to a bright sunny clime;
Like the stars of the morn here they glitter so bright
Then fade one by one into Heaven's own light:
Then why should we wish in this bleak world to stay,
Since all that are lovely are passing away. LIDA.

THE WATER SPIRIT.

AN INDIAN TRADITION.

BY HENRY D. COOKE.

IN the beautiful country bordering on the western shores of Lake Huron, were formerly the hunting-grounds of two bold and powerful tribes of Indians, the Micawas and the Sioux. The first of these tribes was remotely connected with the Algonquins, who inhabited the country which lay upon the northern shore of Saginaw bay.

The Micawas and the Sioux, whose territories were contiguous, had long lived at peace with each other, and annually met at the same festival, where they renewed their covenant of friendship. Yet causes were not wanting to disturb this seeming repose, and often had the firebrand of jealousy been lighted, to kindle the flame of savage warfare; but it had been extinguished repeatedly by mutual concessions and renewed compacts of love.

Amongst the bravest of the Sioux was Algonzeh, the son of their chief. Through the intercourse of his tribe with the Micawas, he beheld Kenduskeas, the daughter of the chief, Micanopi, and the betrothed of Futecha, one of the boldest warriors of his tribe. He saw, and loved, yet for a long time his devotion was concealed from all.

At length in an unguarded moment, when through accident he met Kenduskeas alone in the forest, he revealed to her his passion and besought her to become his bride. But the maiden, constant to her plighted faith, and indignant that he should ask her to break it, scornfully repulsed him. In an instant the current of his former passion was turned back and a tide of vengeance filled his soul. Vowing revenge, he threatened the extermination of the Sioux tribe for the insult he had received.

It was a calm night in June, a week after this occurrence, when the betrothed lovers met to renew their vows. All was quiet in the village, for nearly all were asleep in their wigwams. They lingered long together, and it was nearly midnight when they arose from the rude seat, beneath an elm which grew before the wigwam of the chief. They were about to pronounce

the last words of separation, but the sound died on their lips, as the wild cry of attack was heard from one of the outposts of the camp. The young warrior sprang forward, but suddenly checking himself, he returned to the side of the maiden, to whisper words of encouragement and to bid her meet him at the same place when the battle was over. Then, uttering a loud war-cry, he rushed towards the point of attack.

The battle raged fearfully. No sound of musketry, or roaring cannon was heard, but the wild war-cry, mingling with shouts of defiance, rang out upon the clear night air. The conflict was a terrible one; but the superior numbers of the Sioux at length began to prevail over the Micawas; their resistance grew more and more feeble; one by one the brave warriors fell, yet the surviving ones fought with the fury of desperation.

Above the contending voices, that of Futecha was often heard, encouraging his comrades, and loudly shouting defiance. He seemed to grow stronger amidst the death which surrounded him. While he was thus fighting, almost the last of his tribe, Algonzeh, discovering him whom he had been seeking since the battle commenced, rushed towards him with a wild yell of triumph. The attack of the Sioux roused to double activity the strength of the Micawa warrior. Warding off the descending war-club of Algonzeh, with a sudden and unexpected blow, he laid him prostrate. He smiled bitterly upon the foe who lay wounded and helpless at his feet, and then, in the momentary confusion which ensued, he escaped from the midst of the hostile warriors by whom he was surrounded, and hastened, unperceived in the darkness, to the elm where Kenduskeas and the aged Micanopi awaited him. He hurriedly announced to them the triumph of the Sioux, and the necessity of instant flight, and even while he spoke, cries of mingled despair and triumph drowned his voice, and a sudden glare of light illumined the scene. One of the outer wigwams had been set on fire. Another and another was fired, and the lurid flames drove back the dark-

which had rested like a pall upon the scene; revealing the fierce warriors of the who were mercilessly putting to death the less women and children of the tribe as shed from their burning habitations. The attempted to escape into the darkness of night, but the movement was noticed by the for they were in the full glare of the wigwams. The warriors of the enemy tried to intercept their retreat, but Futecha a passage through them, until reaching the outermost edge of the circle of light, formed a burning village, the obscurity of the woods the escape of the fugitives. But their pursuers following them by the sound of retreating footsteps kept close behind them; they rapidly continued their flight. By they left their enemies far in the rear, dared not abate their speed.

The first dawn of morning beheld them far from the horrid scene of midnight strife, and beyond the reach of their pursuers. At they gained the western shore of Lake where their tribe had been in the habit of coming every summer to hunt and fish. At the mouth of a small creek, near by, was fastened the canoes which they used in these expeditions. Shoving it off the sandy beach, the canoes were soon floating in it, far out in the

words of hope and encouragement, Futecha cheered the maiden, and aroused the old chief, from his state of dejection, fatigue, and the events of the past almost overcome.

They then glided across the blue waters of the beautiful bay, which lay near the boundary of what was once their territory. Futecha was familiar with every projecting point which marked its indented course, and the stream which emptied its waters into the peaceful bosom.

Indeed a lovely bay. Its waters were like crystal, revealing the white, pebbly bottom most as plainly as if nothing but air. As they approached its shores, the prior directed the course of the canoes to the rocky bank, the sides of which were covered with moss and evergreens from the forest. So thick and luxurious was their growth that they entirely concealed an aperture in the rocks, leading to a large and spacious cavern of which was so elevated as to be above the waves of the lake. The existence of the cave had but recently become known to the Micawa warriors, who accidentally discovered it while fishing along the shores.

As the canoe touched the rock, Futecha secured

it to the trunk of one of the cedars, whose outspreading limbs concealed the aperture. Turning aside the branches, with a single step he stood within the cave. In a moment his companions were at his side. He then drew the canoe up after them, to prevent the discovery of their retreat, and leaving them to fish with some sinew-lines, with which he happened to be provided, for the fine trout and bass which swam in the clear waters, he left them to seek game in the forest which skirted the bay. He returned, after a successful hunt, in a few hours; and when the three had partaken of the food thus obtained, they resigned themselves to that rest which their exhausted energies demanded.

The sun was throwing a mellow flood of golden light over the polished surface of the lake, before the fugitives awoke. Futecha was about to leave the cave again, to set his traps for the wild game with which the forest abounded, when the sound of voices on the bank above arrested his attention. The Sioux had encamped there, while they were asleep, and they could distinctly hear their voices from their place of concealment. Futecha, who partially understood the language of the Sioux, gathered from their conversation their plans and enterprises for the ensuing season, and immediately began to devise in his own mind the means of escape, or at least of subsistence while he and his companions should remain in their retreat. The course upon which he resolved, and which he afterwards followed, was this. Nightly, while the Sioux were asleep in their wigwams, he noiselessly put forth in his canoe, and proceeding up one of the creeks emptying into the bay, he would set traps for the wild game with which the woods abounded. The streams and bayoues also yielded him their fine fish, while he found additional means of subsistence in the herbs and nutritious roots which he gathered in the forest. He never returned unsuccessful from these nightly hunts, for his former habits of life had rendered him skilful. The fugitives thus averted the danger of starvation. To explain the manner of their ultimate escape, the reader must permit us briefly to digress.

It was an ancient superstition of the Sioux, that the bay upon whose banks they were encamped, and the country bordering upon it, was presided over by a spirit, who, after any great event, appeared in the form of a beautiful maiden, floating in a canoe of delicate and wonderful construction, over the waters of the bay. They believed that when the "Water Spirit" thus appeared, she demanded pledges of their homage, always preferring weapons of warfare as gifts, and that, if her favor were thus concilia-

ted, she would visit them with success in every undertaking. And if they neglected to bestow upon her these offerings, she would afflict them with some terrible calamity. She was represented by their prophets as being the daughter of the moon, and as never appearing except in its light.

Of this superstition the fugitives availed themselves. They constructed a light, fairy canoe, of birch bark, adorning it with feathers and glistening pebbles, and shaping it somewhat like one of the shells which lay strewn along the shores of the bay, while it was but large enough to hold a single person. Futecha had obtained, in his nightly hunts, the materials necessary for its construction, which occupied several days.

It was evening, and as the moon rose mildly in the east, accompanied by her starry train, she gently threw her beams across the waters. The trembling rays, struggling through the hidden entrance of the cave, seemed inquisitively to seek the Dark-eyed, as she decked her rounded neck and arms with long sea-weeds and delicate water-flowers, and wound in her silken tresses the beautiful plumage of rare birds. She stood at length equipped for her adventure, and as she waited for the dance of the Sioux to commence, that she might steal, unnoticed from her hiding place, she looked like the living embodiment of all that is graceful or beautiful.

Loud rose the sound of the Indian revel, and brightly did the watch-fires of the camp glare out upon the sparkling bay. The water near the shore was thrown into comparative obscurity by the shadow of the projecting banks, when the maiden noiselessly shot her boat from the rocks; and keeping in the shade they made, until at a proper distance, she rapidly and unobservedly put out from the shore. But a short interval elapsed, ere she suddenly appeared in front of the Sioux camp, about a hundred yards from the shore. And as her tiny boat floated, almost motionless, upon the quiet waters of the bay, she sung in a low, melodious voice, the sound of which, as it came gently stealing across the sparkling flood, fell softly upon the ears of the dancing revellers. In a moment their boisterous mirth was quieted, and they listened intently to the sounds that entranced their willing senses. They looked to see whence the melody came, and as they beheld the graceful form of the Dark-eyed in the dim distance, they became transfixed with superstitious awe, for they fancied they looked upon the "WATER SPIRIT." Slowly she approached nearer the shore, and the rude warriors gazed and listened more intently, as the outlines of her form, and the low, soft sounds of her voice grew more distinct;—and minds less

superstitious than theirs would have been enraptured had they heard the wild strains of

THE SPIRIT'S SONG.

I come, I come, to the Sioux brave,
From my fairy home, beneath the wave !
Peace, restless waters ! I hear their song,
While they the triumphal dance prolong.
Peace !

Peace ! peace ! bold warriors ! the spirit sings,
Who smiles success and victory brings ;—
Cease from your revels, your homage pay,
To her whom winds and waves obey !

Cease !

She continued her song while she gradually approached the shore, until within a few feet of it, where stood the awe-struck Indians, gazing intently upon her. The feathers adorning the sides of her tiny boat, gently waved in the night breeze, while the glistening pebbles sparkled like points of light in the moonbeams, as they danced upon the waves. Keeping it stationary for a moment, she looked up with a smile, and then, as if hesitating, she gently sent it backwards a few feet—then forward again, continually repeating the movement, like a bird resting upon its wings.

The superstitious warriors, thinking that she waited for the customary sacrifices, immediately threw into her boat, bows, arrows and other weapons, which she received with silent manifestations of delight. Some cast their ornaments at her feet and into her lap, but these gave her evident displeasure.

Her boat was thus soon filled with the offerings of the Sioux, and as if well pleased with them, she resumed her song, and gradually receded from the shore. The astonished warriors watched her as her form grew indistinct in the distance, until they imagined they saw her disappear beneath the waves. At length, secure in the thought, that they had propitiated her favor, they retired to their rest and long ere midnight all were asleep in the camp.

Kenduskeas scarcely broke the deep quiet of the hour, as she guided her canoe towards the entrance of the cave.

Night after night, she appeared, decked as the "Water Spirit," upon precisely the same spot in the peaceful bay, and nightly did her superstitious victims cast into her frail boat, as offerings, their simple implements of warfare, until they had nothing left but a few feathers, and arrow-points. The fugitives thus became satisfied that they had exhausted their stock of weapons.

How often has the gentle influence of woman thus disarmed proud man ! These acts of homage

performed by these untutored savages, were but the outward expression of that spiritual homage which the mind of man is ever ready to pay, in the presence of beauty and loveliness!

The night was far spent. The dying watch-fires of the Sioux camp fitfully glared out in the gloom. Ever and anon, the sickly flames died away, leaving the darkness more intense and impenetrable, while the heavy smoke lazily rested upon the smouldering piles of half-consumed wood and dying embers. The deep quiet of the hour was broken only by the occasional heavily-drawn breath of some sleeping warrior, when Futecha, noiselessly springing upon the bank, began cautiously to reconnoitre the camp. He had taken a survey of that portion of the camp nearest the water's edge, and was proceeding to examine the more distant side, when, in crossing a shadow made by the trunk of a tree which intercepted the fitful light of a watch-fire, he stumbled upon the body of a warrior who was lying in the shade thus made. The Indian suddenly sprang to his feet, with a loud voice, giving the watch-word of the Sioux.

Futecha returned the countersign, having frequently heard it, during the period of his concealment in the cave. Fortunately the challenge of the warrior did not awaken any of his companions.

The appearance of Futecha, however, arrested the attention of the other, who scrutinised intently his dress and features, for a few moments, and then asked:

"You are a Micawa?"

Perceiving by the hesitation of Futecha, that he had surmised aright, he grasped his hand in a friendly manner, and then cautiously led him to a more retired portion of the camp. Futecha followed mechanically, until his new companion paused in a dark copse of wood behind the camp. Here the two conversed together for a long time. Their conversation explained the mystery of the Micawa's finding a friend in the camp of his enemies.

The warrior whom he had unwittingly surprised, had been but a short time before taken captive by the Sioux. He belonged to the tribe of Algonquin; living near Saginaw Bay, to whom we referred at the commencement of our story, as having originally sprung from the Micawa. He was on the point of escaping from his captors, when, seeing Futecha spring up over the bank, he had concealed himself in the shadow of the tree to prevent the detection of his intended flight.

Futecha in turn communicated to him his name, the place of his retreat, and the stratagem resorted to for the purpose of disarming the Sioux; and then proposed to the warrior that he

should make his escape; hasten to the Algonquins, inform them of the defenceless state of the Sioux,—who were their enemies, and secretly return in two weeks with the warriors of his tribe, whom he would meet at midnight at an appointed place,—when by falling suddenly upon their unwary foes their victory and the massacre of their enemies would be complete. The proposal was acceded to, and the two separated.

Before the morning dawned, the fugitive was far beyond the reach of the pursuit which the Sioux immediately commenced. This pursuit was continued for several days, but without success.

Two weeks passed, and the Sioux still remained encamped upon the banks of the bay. It was night, and they had met around their watch-fires. A dark thunder-cloud hung over the horizon, and lightning shot in zig-zag streaks across the lowering sky. The moan of the rising wind gradually grew louder, until its roar seemed like the voice of the storm-spirit. The foam-crested waves of the once peaceful bay angrily dashed against its rock-bound shores, and the winds madly careered in their exulting course, while the clouds rapidly borne along upon their airy wings, dropped floods of rain. The sound of the revel was hushed, and the warriors of the Sioux sought shelter in their wigwams.

It was midnight. The storm had abated its fury. The winds had gone back to their hiding-places, and the stars, shining dimly through the breaking clouds, gave the only light which illumined the scene, for the watch-fires had all been extinguished in the heavy rain which had fallen but a short time before.

The Sioux slumbered, unconscious of the death which awaited them. The Algonquins silently approached. The storm had favored their plans. Futecha met them at the appointed place. The direction of the attack being left to him, he stationed the warriors in small bands around the camp. The signal was given, and the work of death commenced!

We would not dwell upon the horrors of that awful scene. The yell of despair rose with the prolonged shout of fierce exultation, as if man were endeavoring to imitate the strife, which, but a short hour previous, had roused the elements of external nature from their slumbers. The struggle, though desperate, was brief; for the Sioux, surprised and partially armed, were totally unable to resist their enemies. Among them was one who fought with the strength of desperation and the fury of despair. That one was Algonzeh. Rushing from his wigwam, when the first alarm was given, he seized a half-consumed brand from a smouldering watch-fire, and sprang forward into the thickest of the fight. He met

a worthy foe. Futecha heard his voice, and rushed furiously upon him, aiming at him a deadly blow. But the descending war-club was forced aside by an unknown hand. Futecha, enraged, turned suddenly to see who had thwarted him of his revenge, and to the utter astonishment of himself and his antagonist, the "Dark-eyed," stood before them. She besought them to desist from their strife with a look that would have melted harder hearts than theirs, and they stood beneath her gaze, powerless and speechless.—And as she thus petitioned Futecha to spare the young Algonzeh, and the few who remained of his tribe,—her countenance now beaming with the winning smile of persuasion, now marked with the agony of anxious solicitude, and now by the light of compassionate mercy, while the gentle breeze played amongst her long, dark tresses, she looked like the angel of love and beauty. The heart of Futecha was touched, and extending his hand to the Sioux, in token of good faith, he promised him and his remaining warriors safety. Then, giving the signal to desist, the conflict was ended.

The sun rose brightly the next morning, as if no scene of horror had transpired since last he bidden the world good night. Perhaps he shone the

brighter, because he looked down upon a scene of reconciliation and love.

The maiden, her affianced, and her aged father, happy in the companionship of their newly found kindred, joyfully offered them the territory which had been recently lost and regained, which was as joyfully accepted; while the Algonquins gave to the remaining Sioux whom they had spared, the hunting-grounds they had left. A mutual council was called;—a treaty of peace was concluded between the two tribes, and a covenant of friendship ratified.

The maiden became soon after, the bride of Futecha, who, after the lapse of a few years, was made chief of the Algonquins; for several generations, they lived at peace with the Sioux;—from these two tribes, (so the legend runs,) descended all the nations inhabiting the vast country bordering upon the western and southern shores of Lakes Huron and Michigan.

And even now, the poetic legends of the rude Indians of the north which paint every cliff and every cove in the holy "Manitones" as the residence of some presiding Deity, have set apart a beautiful and retired nook amid the clustering islands, as the favorite haunt of the "WATER SPIRIT."

THE WORKER.

BY WM. H. CARPENTER.

IN their particular sphere, all things created
Achieve, unconscious, their appointed labor;
All things, save man, whose life too oft is mated
To idlest dreams, dear neighbor!

Yet, in those dreams, at times, rise up before us
The still dilating shapes of great departed,
Whose presence, shining all around and o'er us,
Cheers us when desolate-hearted.

The mighty dead, those giants of old story,
Prophets and poets, seers and reverend sages,
Uplift for us their grey forms, weird and hoary,
Along the shores of ages.

Uplift their grey forms, like that Rhodian wonder,
With lamp far up aloft, sublimely burning,

Rending the darkness like a veil asunder,
And night to broad day turning.

Nor mute are they; but their great organ-voices,
Above the thunder of life's turbulent ocean,
The toil-worn mariner's weary heart rejoices
With solemn, deep, emotion.

For thus, they cry, "Oh men! love ye each other;
Dare nobly, now; this world is but the portal
Of a most glorious realm, where each true brother,
Like us, shall reign immortal.

To night and nothingness descends the lurker,
Whose timid footsteps by the way side falter,
But, to the humble, serious-hearted worker,
The future builds an altar."

PRUDENCE.

BY E. FERRITT.

PRUDENCE is scarcely considered to belong to the legitimate virtues,—it is scoffed at by the spendthrift—somewhat sneered at by generosity, and even looked at askance by the more homely and household virtues. Nevertheless, prudence exercises a more beneficial effect upon the well being of society, than many more imposing qualities.

Prudence occupies a wide field, is capable of governing a large domain, may, if properly exercised, influence every action of life, and, if properly guided and regulated,—if under the command of, and working conjointly with, the higher faculties of man, is of incalculable benefit to his happiness. It is the misfortune of an unwholesome state of society, not to appreciate the minor qualities, which, though apparently unimportant, exercise no inconsiderable influence; thus prudence has been confounded with, and considered inseparable from, meanness—and thus almost all persons who display their prudence, by exercising economy in pecuniary arrangements, are commonly called mean.

Prudence has various spheres of action,—among the principal, is the regulation of ways and means. The great art of this branch of life, is to know how to spend money judiciously. It is far more difficult to save than to earn. In a country like ours, all who are industrious can find employment, and so be in receipt of income, but for one hundred who, by industry, can realize a good income, not more than one knows how to live frugally. Most large fortunes have been founded by living within a small income, rather than obtaining a large one. The ground work, the basis of wealth, is the faculty of living within the means—it is the first lesson prudence teaches in that branch, and, like most other first steps, the whole fabric rests upon it. Let us not be supposed to set too great store upon the accumulation of riches,—let it not be considered that we deem wealth the great desideratum of existence—the possession of which makes the true El Dorado—far from it; if prudence had no other advantages attending it, than merely the ability to aid people in getting rich, we would not think it worthy of recommendation—but there is another view of it—the absence of prudence necessarily implies extravagance, under the influence of which, reckless expenditure occurs, creating embarrassment and debt—Debt!—the moral monster which destroys so

many individuals—injures so many communities. It is here that prudence rises into its true estimation—shows its real value. In those who have a stipulated, settled, income, incurring debts that cannot be paid is absolutely dishonest,—there are few cases in which they are incurred for the mere necessities of life, although a great difficulty in social life is the delineation of what are mere necessities. Wholesome food in sufficient quantity, clothing to protect us from the weather, and a cleanly and well ventilated residence, are all that can be called essentially necessary—all these may be of the humblest kind and yet answer every purpose. Men engaged in business have not always the means of ascertaining their income, which, frequently resting upon contingencies, is rendered so uncertain as to preclude the possibility of arriving at what they can really afford for their living,—in these cases the simplest order of living, is at once the wisest and the most honest—all men must live, and those engaged in a business which is not paying, struggle on with the hope natural to man that it will improve, and reasonably think that during their struggle the necessities of life should be theirs—but, under such circumstances, a rigid line should be drawn—their necessities should be indeed necessities—prudence should reign supreme, and luxuries of all kinds, be unthought of.

Prudence has various other spheres of action, beside that of regulating our expenditure—scarcely any act of our life but may be governed by prudence, or failing that government, which does not bring unhappiness to ourselves or others.

Prudence, like charity, will prevent a man from speaking ill of his neighbor, although the motive for abstaining is different. Prudence saves a man from running madly into rash speculations, by which himself and others might be ruined—but even prudence, carried to excess, ceases to be a virtue. Cautiousness, the faculty which causes prudence, when morbidly exercised, makes its possessor suspicious and timid to such a degree that he cannot trust his fellow men, and fears the result of the most ordinary operations of life.

So it is with all virtues—it is possible to carry them to excess, or by inappropriate use to render them productive of as much evil as some of our minor vices.

AUNT MARY.

BY MISS S. A. HUNT.

"Art thou dejected? Is thy mind o'ercast?

——Go fix some weighty truth;
Chain down some passion; do some gen'rous good;
Teach ignorance to see, or grief to smile;
Correct thy friend; befriend thy greatest foe;
Or with warm heart, and confidence divine,
Spring up and lay strong hold on him who made thee."

NIGHT THOUGHTS.

A LADY sat alone in her own apartment one clear evening, when the silver stars were out, and the moon shone pure as the spirit of peace upon the rebellious earth. How lovely was every outward thing! How beautiful is God's creation! The window curtains were drawn close, and the only light in the cheerful room, was given by a night lamp that was burning on the mantel-piece. The occupant who perhaps had numbered about thirty-five years, was sitting by a small table in the centre of the room, her head leaning upon one slender hand; the other lay upon the open page of a book in which she had endeavored to interest herself. But the effort had been vain; other and stronger feelings had overpowered her; there was an expression of suffering upon the gentle face, over which the tears rained heavily. For a brief moment she raised her soft blue eyes upward with an appealing look, then sunk her head upon the table before her, murmuring,

"Father! forgive me! it is good for me. Give me strength to bear every thing. Pour thy love into my heart, for I am desolate—if I could but be useful to one human being—if I could make one person happier, I should be content. But no! I am desolate—desolate. Whose heart clings to mine with the strong tendrils of affection? Who ever turns to me for a smile? Oh! this world is so cold—so cold."

And that sensitive being wept passionately, and pressed her hand upon her bosom as if to still its own yearnings.

Mary Clinton had met with many sorrows; she was the youngest of a large family; she had been the caressed darling in her early days, for her sweetness won every heart to love. She had dwelt in the warm breath of affection, it was her usual sunshine, and she gave it no thought while it blessed her; a cold word or look was an unfamiliar thing. A most glad-hearted being she was

once! But death came in a terrible form, folded her loved ones in his icy arms and bore them to another world. A kind father, a tender mother, a brother and sister, were laid in the grave, in one short month, by the cholera. One brother was yet left, and she was taken to his home, for he was a wealthy merchant. But there seemed a coldness in his splendid house, a coldness in his wife's heart. Sick in body and in mind, the bereft one resolved to travel South, and visit among her relations, hoping to awaken her interest in life, which had laid dormant through grief. She went to that sunny region, and while there, became acquainted with a man of fine intellect, and fascinating manners, who won her affections, and afterwards proved unworthy of her. Again the beauty of her life was darkened, and with a weary heart she wore out the tedious years of her joyless existence. She was an angel of charity to the poor, and suffering. She grew lovelier through sorrow. A desire to see her brother, her nearest and dearest relative called her North again, and when our story opens she was in the bosom of his home, a member of his family. He loved her deeply, yet she felt like an alien—his wife had not welcomed her as a sister should. Mary Clinton's heart went out towards Alice, her eldest niece, a beautiful and loving creature just springing into womanhood. But the fair girl was gay and thoughtless, flattered and caressed by every body. She knew sadness only by the name. She had no dream that she could impart a deep joy, by giving forth her young heart's love to the desolate stranger.

The hour had grown late, very late, and Mary Clinton still leaned her head upon the table buried in thoughts, when the bounding step of Alice outside the door aroused her from her reverie. She listened, almost hoping to see her friendly face peeping in, but wearied with the enjoyment of the evening, the fair young belle hastened on to her

ber, and her Aunt heard the door close. g from her seat at the table, Miss Clinton reached a window, and threw back the curtain that the midnight air might steal coolingly her brow. Her eye fell upon the rich bracelet clasped her arm, a gift of her brother, when with a sad smile, she surveyed the pure of delicate white she wore. "Ah!" she said, "I am robed for a scene of gaiety, but sad the heart that beats beneath this bodice! glad I was to escape from the company; sadness in the crowd is so sad a feeling." At that moment the door of her room opened, and came laughing in, her glowing face all bright and careless.

"Hello! Aunt Mary," she exclaimed, "do help cannot unclasp my necklace, and my pasha has all oozed out at the tips of my fingers. How! you have unfastened it already. Well! how can I ever will be good for any thing!" Alice laughed as heartily, as if the idea was new. "When did you leave the parlors, Aunt Mary? I never missed you at all. Father said I left early, when I met him just now on the

"Did I leave early," replied Miss Clinton. "I do feel like being entirely alone, so I have my own apartment."

"Have you been reading, Aunt? I should have thought you would feel lonely!"

"I read very little," was the reply, in a sad tone. No remark was made on her loneliness.

"It seems so strange to me, Aunt Mary, that you are so fond of being alone. I like company."

"I," said Alice, looking in her quiet face, "must go," she added; she paused a moment, then pressed an affectionate kiss upon her cheek, and whispered a soft "good night."

Aunt Mary clasp both arms around her, and pressed to her heart, with an eagerness, that surprised Alice. Twice she kissed her, then hastened away as if her feelings had gone forth.

Alice was aware of it. Alice stood still before her, and her careless eyes took a deeply thoughtful expression as they dwelt upon the countenance of her. Something like sadness passed over her face, and her voice was deeper in its tone, as she repeated, "good night, dear Aunt Mary!"

Her low step she left the apartment, mentally engaged in her own position with that of her circumstances around her and the society which she mingled, tended to drown her feelings, and call into play only the brighter feelings, that flutter on the surface.

She had never known the luxury of an hour to genuine meditation on the thin—or the great world without. The door led to her a garden of joy; she lived upon

it only to enjoy herself. Like many selfish people, Alice's mother made an idol of her beautiful child, because she was a part of herself; and Mrs. Clinton was not one to perform a mother's duty faithfully in instilling right views of life into her daughter's mind. Thus, with a depth of feeling, and rich gifts of mind, Alice fluttered on her way, like a light-winged butterfly, her soul's pure wells of tender thought unknown to her. How many millions pass through a whole long life, with the deepest and holiest secrets of their being still unlocked by their heedless hands. How few see ought to live for, but the outward sunshine of prosperity, which is an idle sunshine, compared with the ever-strengthening light that may grow in the spirit. How strong, how great, how beautiful may life be, when smiled upon by our Creator! how weak, how abject, how trampled upon, when turned away from his face.

With better and more quiet emotions, Mary Clinton retired to rest. "I can love others, if I am not beloved," she murmured, and the dove of peace fluttered its white wing over her. Her resigned prayer was, "Lord into thy hands I commit my spirit." Tears of earnest humility had washed away all bitterness from the wrung heart of that lovely being. How beautiful was the angel smile that played over her face, in her pure dreams!

A few weeks after, Alice entered her aunt's apartment one drizzling, damp, foggy, uncomfortable day. "Such miserable weather," she exclaimed, throwing herself idly into an arm-chair! "I believe I have got the blues for once in my life. I don't know what to do with myself; it makes me perfectly melancholy to look out of the window, and nothing in the house wears a cheerful aspect. Mother has a headache; when I proposed reading to her, she very politely asked me if I would not let her remain alone. She says I always want to sing, read, or talk incessantly if she wishes to be quiet. I can't ding on the piano, for it is heard from attic to basement. I don't want to read alone, for I have such a desire to be sociable—now, Aunt Mary, you have a catalogue of my troubles, can't you relieve me, for I am really miserable, if I don't look so!" Alice broke into a laugh, although it did not bubble right up from her merry heart as usual.

"If your attention was fully engaged, you would not mind the weather so much," remarked Aunt Mary, with a quiet smile. "You are not in a mood to enjoy a book just now, so what will you do, my dear?"

"Mend stockings, or turn my room upside down, and then arrange it neatly," said Alice in a speculative tone. "There is nothing in the house to interest me; there is Patty in the kitchen,

I have just been paying her a visit. She is as busy as a bee, and as happy as a queen. I believe poor people are happier than the rich, in such weather as this, at least."

"Because they are useful, Alice; go busy yourself about some physical labor for an hour or two, then come back to me, and I predict your face will be as sunshiny as ever. I am in earnest—you need not look so incredulous!"

"What shall I do?" asked the young girl laughing. "I don't know how to do a single thing in domestic matters. Mother says I shall never work. It would spoil my fairy fingers, I presume, a terrible consequence!"

"But seriously Alice, you are not so entirely incapable of doing any thing, are you?"

"I am positively, but I can learn if I choose. I believe I will sweep my room and put it in order, as a beginning. That will be something new: now I will try my best!" Alice sprang from her chair, and tripped from the apartment quite pleased with the idea. A smile broke over Miss Clinton's features, after her niece had left her alone. "How easily Alice might be trained to better things, by love and gentleness," she said half aloud. "Oh! if she would only love me, and turn to me fondly. How I would delight to breathe a genial prayer over the buds of promise in her youthful heart, and fan them to warmer life." More than an hour flew by, as Mary Clinton sat in thought, devising plans to awaken her favorite to a true sense of her duties—to a knowledge of her capabilities for happiness and usefulness. We may be useful with a heart full of sadness; but we can rarely taste of happiness, unless we are desirous to benefit some one besides ourselves. A quietness came over the lonely one as she mused—a spirit of beautiful repose; for she forgot all thoughts of her own enjoyment, in caring for another.

"You are quite a physician, Aunt Mary, to a mind diseased," exclaimed Alice, breaking her reverie as she came in with a smiling face, after the performance of her unaccustomed labor. "I am quite in tune again now. I believe there is a little philosophy in being busy occasionally after all."

"There is really," replied Miss Clinton, raising her deep blue eyes to Alice's face, with their pleasant expression, "and there is also philosophy in recreation—in abandoning yourself for a time to innocent gait. An hour of enjoyment is refreshing and beneficial."

"Why Aunt Mary!" said Alice in some surprise, "I had no idea that you thought so. You are always so industrious and quiet, I imagined you disapproved of the merriment of ordinary people. When we have a large company you al-

most always, retire early. Why do you do so, Aunt, may I ask you?"

Mary Clinton was silent a moment, then she said gently, "When I think I can add to the ease or enjoyment of any person present, I take pleasure in staying; but when I feel that I am rather a restraint than otherwise, I retire—to weep. You are yet young and beautiful, my child, for you have never known such feelings. I am too selfish, or I would not be sad so often; it is right that I should pass through such a school of discipline. I hope it has already made me better." The look of resignation that beamed from Miss Clinton's tearful eyes, caused a chord in Alice's heart to tremble with a strange blending of love, sweetness, and sorrow.

"You should be happy, if any one should, dear aunt," she said in a low voice, and she partly averted her head, to conceal the tears that started down her cheek. "I am happy so often," she resumed, turning around and seating herself upon an ottoman at her aunt's feet. "You deserve so much more than I—to be as good as you are, Aunt Mary, I would almost change situations, for then I should be sure of going to Heaven."

"You can be just as sure in your own position, as in that of any other person. But, dear child, the more deeply we scan our hearts, the more we see there to conquer, in order that we may become fit companions for the angels."

Alice remained thoughtful for some moments, then she folded her hands over Aunt Mary's lap, and lifted her eyes to the loving face that bent over her. "Be my guardian angel," she prayed tearfully, "your love is so pure; & gentleness comes over me, when I am with you. All tumultuous feelings sink down to repose. I have not known you, Aunt Mary; you have shown me to day how lovely goodness is. I can feel it in your presence. Oh! to possess it! I fear it will be long years before I grow so gentle in my spirit—so unselfish—so like a child of Heaven!"

"Hush, hush!" was Mary Clinton's gentle interruption. "You do not know me yet, Alice. Perhaps I appear far better than I am."

Alice smiled, and laying her arm around Aunt Mary's neck, drew down her face, and kissed her affectionately, whispering, "You will be my guide, I ask no better."

"Thank you, thank you," broke from Aunt Mary's lips; she pressed Alice's cheek with the ardent haste of love and gratitude; then yielding to the emotions that thrilled her heart, she burst into tears, and wept with a joy she had long been a stranger to. She felt that her life would no longer be useless, if she could live for Alice, and lift up to God her heart. How beautiful in its

ness, is the early day when the light of a resolve breaks like a halo over the soul, and power, seeks to win it from its selfish

Earnest and strong is the hopefulness bids us labor trustingly to become all we are to be,—all we may be. How tremblingly Clinton leaned upon her Saviour; experienced taught her the weakness of her fluttering heart; sorrow was familiar, yet she prayed to shrink from it. How clear and vigorous the mind of Alice,—how shadowless was her path to be,—how all weakness departed at the sudden thought that rose up in her

How rich was the light that beamed from every eye,—how calm and trusting the slight that parted her lips. How meek and considerate she was, and yet how full of strength. She young seeker after truth, and she realized that that same truth was the power to she must bow every rebellious thing within months rolled on, and the quiet gladness in her made it a delight to her to do any thing and thing it seemed her duty to do. The unexplored world within opened to her gaze, and threw upon creation. Infinitely priceless in her were the thousand hearts around her, in the Lord had kindled the undying lamp of

evening, at rather a late hour Alice Clinton the chamber of her aunt and seated herself beside her, saying in a subdued voice as to her hand, "I am inexpressibly sad to-day, Aunt Mary. There is no very particular why I should feel so; no one can soothe you. Put your arms around me, Aunt and talk to me—give me some strength to stand in the way I have chosen. I almost—I have no good influence, no moral

Perhaps, after all, my efforts have failed to become better, and I shall sink to my former state. If all, who are my friends were like you, it would be an easy thing to go on with the stream. But I am in the peril—I never knew until to-night that I should speak with a cold rigor to our friends when they merit it. If I were despised, I could more easily fix my thoughts on them. I dread so to hurt the feelings of

"What do you refer to, dear?" inquired Aunt Mary.

Her friend Eleanor Temple, and her brother, have been spending the evening with us, and you know how gay and witty they are. In a remark of mine, Theodore gravely misinterpreted a passage of Scripture, which applied to conversation in an irresistibly ludicrous

I yielded to a hearty laugh which I could not restrain; it came so suddenly I had no

time for thought. But in a moment after my conscience smote me, and I felt that my respect for Theodore had lessened. I had no right to rebuke him, even if I had the moral courage, for my laughter was encouragement. I turned away from him and spoke to Eleanor; I was displeased with myself, and I felt a sort of inward repugnance to him. But that was not the end; several times afterwards Theodore did the same thing.

"There are subjects which are not fit food for merriment," I said once in an embarrassed manner. "If I do wrong, it is not deliberately done." Theodore was silent a moment, and he looked at me as if he hardly knew how to understand me—then smiling, he turned the conversation, and was as gay as ever. When they had taken their leave, I entered the parlor again, and threw myself in a seat by the open window. I turned the blind, and looked out after them. Eleanor had caught the fringe of her mantilla in the railing of the area. I was about to speak with her on the little accident, when Theodore laughed, and said to his sister, "Alice is as fond of taking characters, as an actress. She attempted to reproach me, for the very thing she had laughed at a little while before. Rather inconsistent in our favorite, Nelly, don't you think so?" Eleanor laughed, and said good-naturedly, "Alice is impulsive, she doesn't measure what she says, before it comes out."

"I rose, and left the window. I felt sad, and peculiarly discomposed, and dissatisfied with myself. I knew that I had tried to do right in some degree, and it grated on my feelings that my effort should be called 'a taking of character.' Oh! if I could only live with good people altogether, who would bear with me, and trust my motives. You have my story, Aunt Mary, it amounts to nothing, but I am so sad!"

"Life is made up of trifles," said Miss Clinton. "Few circumstances are so trivial that we may not draw a lesson from them. Do not feel sad, Alice, because you are misunderstood. Do not repine on account of your position; no one could fill it but yourself, or you would not be placed in it. Be resigned to meet those who call out unpleasant feelings; they teach you better your own nature than ever the angels could. They bring forth what is evil in you, that it may be conquered. Do not understand me to mean that you should ever seek those who may harm you. But a day can hardly pass over our heads, that we do not meet with persons who ruffle that harmony of soul, we so labor after. It is keenly felt when one is as young in a better life as you are. You need strength, and then you will be calm and even. Time, patience, combatting, prayer, good will to man, must bring your soul to order, then you will bear upon the spirits of others with a still,

purifying power which will sooth and soften like far off music. You have it in your power to do much good; your Creator has blessed you with that inexpressible sympathy which may glide gently into another human heart and open its secret springs almost unconsciously to the possessor. I have watched you, child of my love, and perhaps I know you better than you know yourself. There are many latent germs within your being; Oh! Alice, pray God to expand them to heavenly life. Bear on—and live for something worthy a creature God has made." Mary Clinton paused in an unusual emotion! her cheek glowed deeply, and the burning softness of her eyes, chained Alice's look as with a spell, to their angel expression. The heart of the young girl throbbed almost to bursting, with the world of undeveloped feeling that rushed over her. It was a moment which many have experienced—a moment which breaks over the young for the first time with such a thrill—she realized that God had gifted her with power—with a soul that might and *must* have its influence. Bowing her head upon Aunt Mary's knee, she wept; and a flood of joy, humility and thanksgiving came over her, as she more deeply dedicated herself to the holy Lord, and laid her gifts upon His altar. Aunt Mary's words sunk peacefully into her soul, and a clear light irradiated it and filled it with a calmness that made all things right. With a look of irrepressible tenderness, and a voice full of low music, Alice, said to Aunt Mary, as she rose to retire, "You have charmed away every discordant note that was touched to night, dear aunt. How unaccountable are our sudden changes of mood! You have now thrown over me your own spirit of peaceful repose and contentment. Good night, and thank you!"

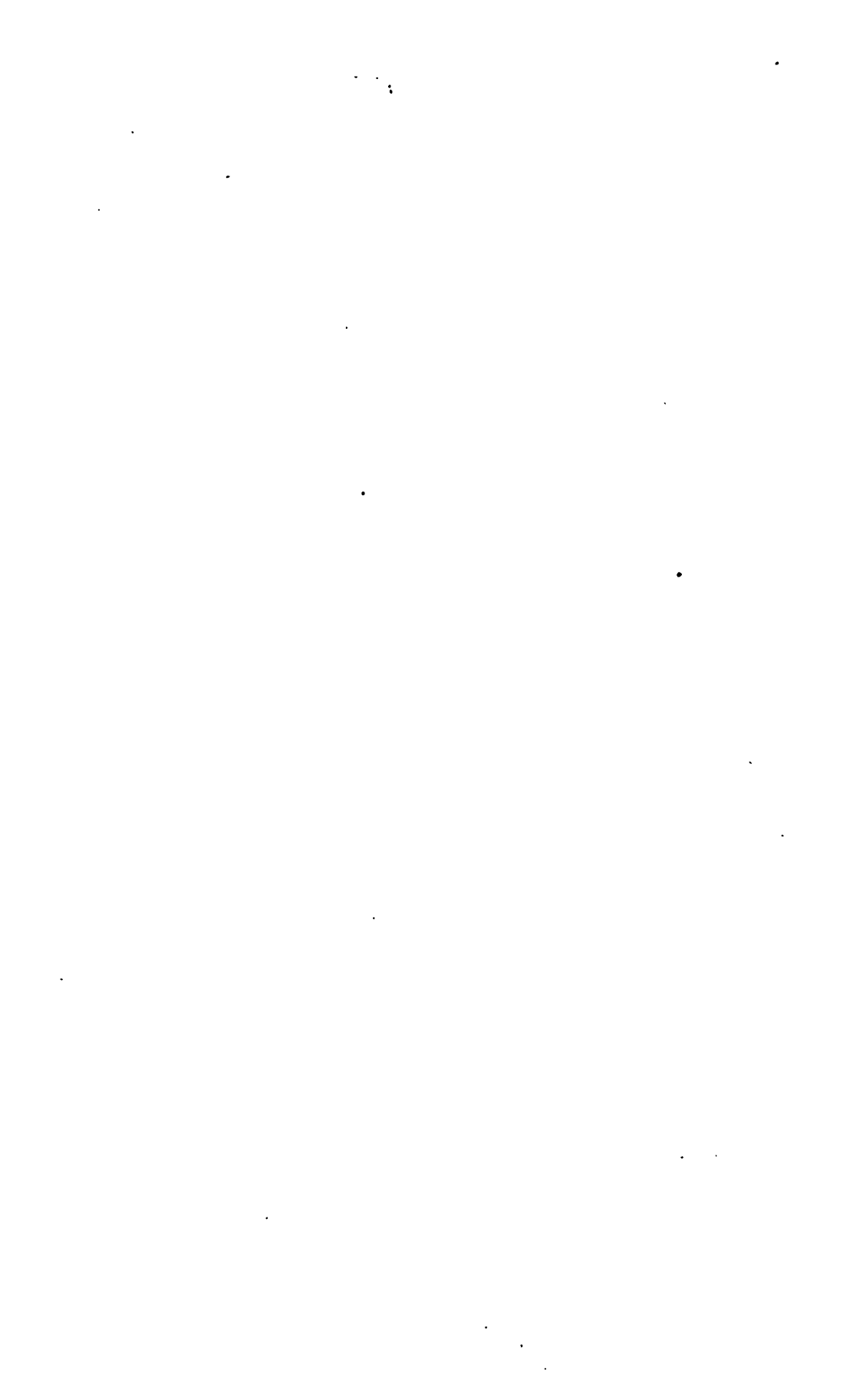
"Well, I am content, entirely content," soliloquised Mary Clinton, when the loved form of the child of her heart had disappeared. "To try to bless another, how richly does the blessing fall back upon my own soul. Yes! I have my joys. Why am I ever so ungrateful as to murmur at aught that befalls me? I am blest—a sunshine is breaking over the tender earth for me;—all clouds are gone." With feelings much changed from what they were a few months previous, Mary Clinton sought the window, and with loving and devoted eyes dwelt upon the night and stillness of the Heavens,—so boundless and so pure. The moon was full; near it was one bright cloud of silver drapery, upon the edge of which rested a single star. "So shall it be with me," she murmured, "be the clouds that float over the Heavens of my soul bright or dark, the star of holy trust shall linger near, ever bringing to my bosom—peace."

About two years after, on a winter evening, there was a large company assembled at Mr. Clinton's dwelling. It was in compliment to Alice, for that day completed her twentieth year. As she moved from one spot to another, her sweet face radiant with happiness, Aunt Mary's eyes followed her with a devoted expression, which betrayed that the lovely being was her dearest earthly treasure. The merry girl was now a glad-hearted, but thoughtful woman. An innocent mirthfulness lingered around her, which time itself would never subdue, except for a brief season, when her sweet laugh broke out with a natural, rich suddenness; there was a catching joy in it, that could not be withstood. She was the gentle hostess to perfection; with tact enough to discover congenial spirits and bring them together, finding her own pleasure in the cheerful home thus made. She possessed the rare but happy art of making every body feel perfectly at home, one knew not why. For a moment, Alice stood alone with her little hand resting upon the centre table. Behind her, two rather fashionable young men were talking and laughing somewhat too loud, and jesting upon sacred things. A look of pain passed over the face of the fair listener as she slowly turned around, and said in a low but earnest tone, "Do'nt, Theodore! Excuse me, but *such* trifling pains me." The young gentlemen both appeared mortified. "Pardon me! Alice," exclaimed Theodore Temple. "I will try to break that habit for your sake. I was not aware that it pained you so much—a lady's word is law!" and he bowed gallantly.

"No, no! Base your giving up of the habit upon principle, then it will be permanent. Much obliged for the compliment"—Alice bowed with assumed dignity, and her sweet face dimpled into a playful smile, "but I have no faith in these pretty speeches. Remember, now, I have your promise to try to break the habit; you will forfeit your word if you do not; so you see your position, don't you?" Thus saying, and without waiting for a reply, the young lady left them.

"I believe Miss Clinton is right, after all," remarked Temple's companion. "What is the use of jesting on such subjects? We never feel any better after it, and we subject ourselves to the displeasure of those who respect these things. I pass my word to give it up, if you will, Temple."

"Agreed!" was Theodore's brief answer. Without saying how mingled the motive might have been, which induced the young men to forsake the habit, they *did* forsake it permanently. Aunt Mary's lonely life was at last smiled upon by a sunbeam,—and that sunbeam was the soul of Alice, which *she* had turned to the light. For that cherished being Mary Clinton could have



7

4

1. The first part of the book is devoted to the study of the

2. The second part of the book is devoted to the study of the

ed up her life, and there would have been a
the sacrifice. Strongly and nobly were
hearts knit together—beautiful is the de-
ness of holy, unselfish love! Blest are two
hearts, which may be opened to each other,
ing out like lava the tide of feeling hoarded
e inward soul,—such revelations are for
nts when the yearning heart will not be
d to calmness. But “there is a moonlight
nan life,” and there is also a blessing in
ubdued hour which whispers wearily to the
one, of weaknesses and sins, with a prayer
nsoling strength to triumph yet, leaving
in the dust. Thus was it, with Mary and
Clinton; their souls were open as the day
other. They traveled along life’s path-

way, with earnest purpose, fulfilling the many
and changing duties that fell upon them, ever
catching rich gleams of joy from above. And
sorrows came too! but they purified, and taught
the slumbering soul its rarest wealth,—its deepest
sympathies with all things good and heavenly.
It seemed a slight thing that took away the deso-
lation from the heart of Mary Clinton,—she
turned away from *self*, and devoted her efforts to
the eternal happiness of another. Is there one
human being in the wide world so desolate, that
may not do likewise? Only a mite may be cast
in, but God has made none of his children so poor,
as to be without an influence. The humblest effort,
if it is all that *can* be made, is as full of greatness
at the core, as the most ostentatious display.

THE CHILD AT THE FOUNTAIN.

BY MARY HEMPLE.

(See Plate.)

SOFTLY—softly splashing downward!
With a shining flow,
ever stopping from its dropping
in the stream below;
How can so much water come
From that little spout,
If it never stop—for ever—
Never all run out?

I hold my hand to catch it,
till it will not stay;
A minute, it lies in it,
Then it slips away:
The little drops of water!
Ever slow nor dull,
Can they be always ready,
Always beautiful?

Once I crept behind the rock
All among the trees,
Peeping—softly creeping,
On my hands and knees:
So one was standing there
Pouring water in,
I could not find the place
Where it must begin.

After Annie never wonders,
Never stops to know
It dances, when it glances
The sunshine’s glow:

Lovely tiny little bubbles!
Coming down the spout,
Will you never stop—for ever—
Never all leak out?”

So—in earnest-hearted wonder,
Thought the gentle child:
To the marvel of the fountain,
All unreconciled:
And that moment’s passing fancies,
Fleeting—bright—and mute,
Fixed a blossom in his bosom,
For an after fruit.

Ah! the child-heart findeth often
Food for earnest thought,
When an older breast, and colder,
Heeds the teaching not:
And the seed—so lightly scattered,
Falls not there in vain,
Only sleeping, till in beauty
It shall spring again.

May not after years interpret
What that fountain taught?
When such healing balm is needed
For a shadowy lot—
How “The Giver” good for ever,
Foureth mercies still,
Till in weakness, we with meekness,
Bless the hidden rill.

DIALOGUES ON INSTINCT.

BY LORD BROUGHAM.*

WE have perused this volume with unalloyed pleasure, and have received from its contents some valuable and profitable information. It purports to be as its title declares, Dialogues on Instinct, with an Analytical view of the Researches on Fossil Osteology; and the facts and deductions, which the author has developed in the management of the interesting subjects discussed, will prove highly impressive to the sincere inquirer after truth.

From the pen of Lord Brougham we were led to expect something of a high order, and we are glad to say that we have not been disappointed. The author is well known in the scientific and literary world, and his reputation as a logician, scholar, and parliamentary debater is of the highest character. He is preeminently distinguished, also, as being one of the originators and most able supporters of the Penny Magazine: from which have resulted the penny papers, and by consequence, cheap literature in all the forms of the present day. The societies for the diffusion of useful knowledge among the mechanical and laboring classes of Great Britain, owe their origin and success, to his unwearied exertions, and all his public acts have been directed to elevating, liberalising, and enlightening his species. In laying before our readers a review of the work before us, we shall not attempt a regular scientific analysis of its pages, but rather exhibit a general view of its character, and present such extracts as will elucidate, instruct, and entertain. The subjects of Instinct and Reason have long engaged the attention of philosophers, speculatists, theologians, metaphysicians, and naturalists, and endless and unmeaning have been the disputes on these curious questions. But before entering on these matters, we will lay before our readers the general contents of the work, and then proceed as circumstances may seem to indicate.

The First Book treats of facts, the second of theory, the third of animal intelligence and facts, the fourth is on the theory of animal intelligence, followed by notes to the Dialogues and Glow Worm. These are succeeded by an Analytical view of Cuvier's Researches on Fossil Osteology, and application to natural theology. The labors of Cuvier's successors, notes on the fossil oste-

ology, and the book closes with the general notes respecting evidences of design. We have thus briefly stated the general contents of this truly philosophical work, and shall now proceed to make our readers somewhat familiar with some of its most striking parts.

The question arises, what is Instinct, and what is Reason? To answer this natural inquiry, we shall permit his lordship to state himself what he means by "Instincts." He says—

There are some Instincts which may be called *physical*, and others *mental*, in the animal system; by physical I mean those actions or motions or states of body which are involuntary; as the action of the heart, over which, generally speaking, we have no direct control by the operation of the will—for I put out of view such rare instances, almost monstrous, as Darwin has recorded of a person who could suspend the pulsations of his heart at pleasure. Even if all men could acquire such control, they would still be involuntary; because they could still be carried on wholly without our will interfering, and without our minds necessarily having any knowledge whatever of them. So the secretions are all performed involuntarily, and may go on wholly without our knowledge; we can affect them as we can the involuntarily motions of the heart and fluids, indirectly, because the passions and feelings of the mind have always an effect upon them; but still they exist and proceed, the parts perform their functions, and those functions serve the ends of their appointment, wholly independent of our will, or of any effort whatever on our part. We can affect them also immediately through the influence of physical agents, voluntarily applied as stimulants or seductions, or the operation of voluntary motion, as well as mediately by the power which the mind derives from its union with the body; but they can go on of themselves, and, in all cases of healthy condition, go on better without any the least interruption on our part than with it.

In further elucidation of this branch of his subject he says—

The physical Instincts are independent of will, or mind, altogether, though they never are found except where animal life and consequently mind exists; but yet mind may influence them. Just so the mental Instincts are independent of reason altogether, though they are found in union with it and reason may influence them. It is a question if they are ever found without reason; for that depends on our solution of the *vezata questio*, "Whether the lower animals have reason at all or no?" Therefore, I will not say that here the analogy is complete, and will not affirm that, as physical Instinct is never found without animal life, so mental Instinct is never found without reason; but we may safely say that in this other respect the analogy is perfect, namely, that where mental Instinct is found with reason it can act

* Dialogues on Instinct with an Analytical View of the Researches on Fossil Osteology. By Henry Lord Brougham. F. R. S. and member of the National Institute of France. Philadelphia, E. Ferrett & Co. 1 vol. 18vo. pp. 203.

without reason, though reason may also interfere with it; and in this respect, at least, reason seems to bear the same relation to mental Instinct which animal life bears to physical Instinct. We may go further, and add, that as in plants, where the motions are without animal life, those motions are more perfect and more undisturbed, so if there be any animal wholly without reason, the operations of mental Instinct are the more regular and perfect; and, in any animal whatever, they are so in proportion as reason is dormant or inactive.

We will here remark that we conceive life to be the same in the vegetable as the animal; and that all we can know about it is by its qualities as manifested in the living organization. The heart circulates the blood by the vital forces, the sap ascends in the tree contrary to the laws of gravitation by the same powers. What our author terms physical instincts, we should denominate organic functions, which are carried on independent of volition or will, as the secretion of bile—the gastric juice—the milk in the breast, &c. although all may be more or less disturbed by mental operations. In discussing the deeply interesting subjects connected with instinct, we necessarily approach the dangerous grounds of free will and necessity; on this branch our author truly observes—

What I mean is this: if you say that, when a man reasons, one idea suggests another, and that he must follow the train, and can no more avoid drawing his conclusion, when he compares two ideas, than a bird can avoid building its nest in a particular fashion, or a bee can help making hexagonal cells, then you seem doubtless to liken Reason with Instinct. But this is true only on the supposition that a man's mind is mechanical, and that his faculties are placed beyond his control. Now, suppose it to be admitted that I cannot avoid drawing a certain conclusion from premises in mathematical matters—as that the three angles of a figure are equal to two right angles, if that figure have those three angles only—I am under no such necessity in any question of moral or probable evidence; and on a question like that different minds will differ, or the same mind at different times. Again, I am under no necessity—even if I admit that I have no choice on moral evidence—I am under *no necessity* of exercising my volition in one given way, unless indeed you deny that I have ever any free-will at all. If so, and if you contend that, the same motives being presented to my volition in the same circumstances, I must needs choose the same course, you may also contend that, the same circumstances being presented to my judgment in the same frame of the feelings, I must needs draw the same conclusion; and this may seem to make out an identity of Reason with Instinct: but this is the dispute of liberty and necessity which every man's consciousness and hourly experience decides in favor of liberty, except in so far as it is a mere dispute about terms. But I really do think that, allowing the question to be disposed of either way, there is a specific difference between Reason and Instinct: for, even upon the principle of

necessity, suppose the man and the bee to be equally under the entire control of the premises in reasoning, and the circumstances or motives in willing, whatever it is that each does, be it the necessary consequence of the circumstances or not, is different in the two cases. Suppose that if the bee reasoned she would be under the necessity of drawing the same conclusion, and that if she exercised an election, she could not avoid choosing one course, and that it is the same with the man—it still is not only not proved that the bee does reason or choose, while we know that the man does, but the contrary seems proved.

In the course of this volume the author frequently speaks of *Instincts*, and we shall allow him to explain what he means by using in this discussion the *plural* term, for this peculiar manifestation—the dialogue goes on—

A. Let us advert to one thing more, and, having settled it, the way may at least be said to be cleared for the argument, perhaps somewhat of progress even to be made in the inquiry. You have been speaking of Instincts in the plural; of course you do not mean to be taken literally, as admitting more kinds of mental Instinct than one.

B. Certainly not; any more than when speaking of the mental faculties I admit of more minds than one, or more parts than one of a single mind. This last form of speech has been so used, or rather abused, especially by the philosophers of the Scottish school, accurate and strict as they for the most part are, that they seem to treat the mind as divided into compartments, and to represent its faculties as so many members, like the parts of the body. But it is one thing or being perceiving, comparing, recollecting—not a being of parts, whereof perception is one, reasoning another, and recollection a third; so Instinct is one and indivisible, whatever we may hold it to be in its nature, or from whatever origin we may derive it. This thing, or being, is variously applied, and operates variously. There are not different Instincts, as of building, of collecting food for future worms, of emigrating to better climates—but one Instinct, which is variously employed or directed. I agree with you, however, that we have now done something more than merely clearing away the ground. We have taken a first step, or, if you will, laid a foundation. We have ascertained the peculiar or distinctive quality of Instinct, and that which distinguishes it from Reason. It acts without teaching, either from others, that is, instruction, or from the animal itself, that is, experience. This is generally given as the definition or description of Instinct. But we have added another peculiarity, which seems also a necessary part of the description—it acts without knowledge of consequences—it acts blindly, and accomplishes a purpose of which the animal is ignorant.

Instances of the extraordinary manner in which animals find their way back, are well known; the following are very curious:—

Stories are also told of dogs and cats taken in hamper, and finding their way back speedily. L. Edmonds had one that was carried from Ambleside to three miles

on the other side of Burton, a distance of twenty-seven miles, in a close hamper, by a coach; and it found its way back next morning. Dr. Bentley's account of a dog which was carried in a basket thirty miles distance, through a country he never had seen, and returned home in a week, is less singular than this, even if it were as well authenticated. Dr. Hancock, in his excellent work on *Instinct*, which, however, contains fully as much upon the peculiar tenets of the Society of Friends as upon our subject, relates the story of a dog being conveyed from Scotland to London by sea, and finding his way back; of a sheep returning from Yorkshire to Annandale, a distance of at least eighty miles; and of another sheep returning from Perthshire to the neighborhood of Edinburgh. Kirby and Spence, too, in their *Introduction to Etymology*, state, on the authority of a captain in the Navy, a strange anecdote of an Ass taken from Gibraltar to Cape de Gat, on board of a ship, and finding its way immediately back through Spain to the garrison, a distance of two hundred miles of very difficult country. The Ass had swam on shore when the ship was stranded. This fact seems to be well authenticated, for all the names are given, and the dates.

A. There is no end of such facts, and many of them seem sufficiently vouched. The *Letters on Instinct* mention a cat which had been taken to the West Indies, and on the ship returning to the port of London she found her way through the city to Brompton, whence she had been brought.

B. That is a work I have often wished to see, and never been able to get. Dr. Hancock quotes it for one of the most remarkable proofs of sagacity and resource in the goat, and this operation has been, it seems, observed more than once. When two goats meet on a ledge bordering upon a precipice, and find there is no room either to pass each other, or to return, after a pause, as if for reflection, one crouches down and the other walks gently over his back, when each continues his perilous journey along the narrow path.

A. In Reese's *Cyclopedia* a story is given as well vouched, of a cat that had been brought up in amity with a bird, and being one day observed to seize suddenly hold of the latter, which happened to be perched out of its cage, on examining, it was found that a stray cat had got into the room, and that this alarming step was a manœuvre to save the bird till the intruder should depart. But what do you make of carrier-pigeons? The facts are perhaps not well ascertained; there being a good deal of mystery and other quackery about the training of them.

B. I desired one of the trainers (they are Spitalfields weavers generally) to come, that I might examine him about his art, but he has never been with me. I have read and considered a report made to me on the subject. It is said the bird begins his flight by making circles, which increase more and more in diameter as he rises; and that he thus pilots himself towards his ground. But still this indicates an extraordinary power of observation; for they come from Brussels to London and return. Nay, they have been known to fly from the Rhine to Paris. Serjeant Wilde took pigeons of the Rock kind to Hounslow, and they flew back to Guilford street in an hour. They were taken in a bag, and could see

or smell nothing by the way. On being let loose, they made two or three wide circles, and then flew straight to their dove-cot. The Serjeant, also, knew of a cat which a shopkeeper's apprentice in Fore street had been desired to hang, and found he could not. He then took it in a bag to Blackfriars bridge and threw it in the river—the cat was at home in Fore street as soon as the apprentice. He might have made a circuit, but certainly the cat returned in an hour or two.

The Grocer's name was Gardner—the distance is certainly above a mile. and through the most crowded part of London. The case of bees is referable to *Instinct* clearly. Honey-finders in America trace their nests by catching two bees, carrying them to a distance and letting them fly. Each takes the straight line towards the nest or hive, and by noting these two lines, and finding where they intersect each other, the hive is found. Now the bee is known to have a very confined sphere of vision, from the extremely convex form of her eye. She is supposed only to see a yard or so before her.

That animals display what we call intelligence is manifest to the most superficial observer; the annexed remarks are appropos.—

B. Among other instances referable plainly to intelligence must be ranked the devices which one animal is known to fall upon for benefiting by the other's operations. The ant enslaving workers, is the most curious instance certainly. But the Cuckoo laying on other bird's nests, and leaving her progeny to be brought up by them, is another. Nor can this be set down wholly to the score of instinct; for there are abundant of proofs of her also building when she cannot find a nest, and then she lays in her own, and hatches and rears her brood. This curious and important fact, long disbelieved by vulgar prejudices, was known to that great observer Aristotle, who says she sometimes builds among rocks, and on heights. Darwin confirms this by the observations of two intelligent friends whom he cites. The man-of-war bird is a still more singular instance of contrivance, for though its food is fish, it has not such a form as to be fit for catching any, and therefore it lives piratically on the prey made by other fishing birds: hence the name we have given it.

A. Only think of our never having all this while said a word, or more than a word, of either the Fox or the Elephant proverbially the two wisest of animals. Of the former's cunning every day shows instances; but that the elephant should be left to take care of a child unable to walk, and should let it crawl as far as his own chain, and then gently lift it with his trunk and replace it in safety, seems really an extraordinary effect of both intelligence and care, and shows that fine animal's gentle nature, of which so many anecdotes are told by travelers in the East.

B. The amiable qualities of brutes are not quite within the scope of our discussion, unless indeed in so far as whatever things are lovely may also be said to betoken wisdom, or at least reflection. The natural love of their offspring I should hardly cite in proof of this, because it seems rather an instinctive feeling. But the attachments formed between animals of different classes, a cat and a horse, a dog and a man, and often between two elderly birds, may be cited as interesting. One of these friends has been known to

able to survive the other. I have heard this of
 ld parrots, upon the best authority.

any disputes have arisen, as to whether brutes
 souls or not, and we incline to the belief,
 many facts and observations, that it is not
 sonable to suppose that if man has they have.

East the doctrine of the metempsychosis,
 nsmigration of souls is still maintained, and
 any firm believers. Some philosophers al-
 that neither men nor brutes have souls.
 ollowers of Mohammed allow that men have
 but deny them to women. The Rev. John
 y maintained that brutes had souls as well
 n, and the Rev. Dr. Adam Clark in his com-
 ries on the eighth chapter of St. Paul to the
 us, adduces some strong arguments in favor
 same.

ontology assures us, that the manifestation
 ad depends upon the developments of cere-
 rganization, and observation reveals to us
 the brute, there is only not so complete a
 tion of the brain as there is in man. From
 mmemorial, the brain has been considered as
 tual source or seat of thought and sensation,
 though it surpasses our limited power of re-
 to point out the precise point in which
 thought or sensation may be supposed to
 te, yet endeavors have been made to trace
 ves to their origin, with which such a mys-
 influence was presumed to be associated.
 have said that the brain has at all times
 nsidered as the location of the soul, but in
Excerpta Gemara," the nose is pointed
 its place of residence, in accordance
 the declaration in Genesis, Chap. vii.
 ii. "Omne cuius in nasibus, halitus erat
 vitalis." After all, we must confess with
 unklin, who said "I am much in the dark
 ight." We shall not therefore on the pre-
 casion pursue this curious question further,
 l, however, that whether brutes reason or
 ny of them do possess the emotions or
 s of joy, sorrow, affection, hope, fear,
 shame, &c.

g devoted so much space, to that part of the
 garding instinct and reason, we have but
 r the analytical view of the reseaches on
 Osteology. We shall therefore merely
 extract showing the conclusion to which
 hor has arrived from his luminous and
 investigations. He says:—

re entitled then to confirm that, with respect
 d life, three propositions are proved, all of
 riority, and still more, when taken, either
 ly or together, all leading to conclusions of
 est importance—

—that there were no animals of any kind in the
 hich deposited the primary strata, nor any on

the continent which that ocean had left dry upon its
 retreat;

Secondly—that the present race of animals did not
 exist in the earlier successive stages and revolutions
 through which the globe has passed;

Thirdly that our species did not exist in those
 earlier stages either.

Now the conclusion to which these propositions
 lead, and which indeed follows from any one of them
 taken singly, but still more remarkably from the
 whole, and most especially from the last, is that a
 creative power must have interposed to alter the or-
 der of things in those early times. That an interpo-
 sition of this kind took place, the last and most im-
 portant, about 6000 years ago, is highly probable from
 the physical and natural evidence alone which is be-
 fore us, and to which alone in this work reference
 can be made. But the date is not material. If at
 an uncertain period before the present condition of
 the earth and its inhabitants, there were neither men
 nor the present race of creatures, wild and domestic,
 which people the globe, then it follows that between
 that period, whensoever it was, and the earliest to
 which the history of the world reaches back, an inter-
 position of power took place to create those animals,
 and man among the rest. The atheistical argument,
 that the present state of things may have lasted for
 ever, is therefore now at an end. It can no longer
 be affirmed that all the living tribes have gone on
 from eternity continuing their species: and that
 while one generation of these passed away and
 another came up in endless and uninterrupted
 succession, the earth abided forever. An interruption
 and a beginning of that succession has been proved.
 The earth has been shown not to have forever abode
 in its present state; and its inhabitants are demon-
 strated, by the incontrovertible evidence of facts, to
 have at one time had no existence. Scepticism
 therefore can now only be allowed as to the
 time and manner of the creative interposition; and
 on these the facts shed no light whatever. But that
 an act of creation was performed at one precise time
 is demonstrated as clearly as any proposition in natu-
 ral philosophy, and demonstrated by the same evi-
 dence, the induction of facts, upon which all the other
 branches of natural philosophy rest.

It is wholly in vain to argue that the sea or the
 earth, or the families formerly existing and now ex-
 tinct, or any other created beings, or any of the powers
 of nature, as we know it, or as it has ever been known,
 could have made the change. It is difficult enough
 to conceive how these known forces ever could have
 destroyed the earths former inhabitants. But suppose
 the approach of some comet or other body at different
 times produced the vast tides by which the land was
 successively swept; this will not account for new spe-
 cies and new genera of living creatures having sprung
 up both to inhabit the land and to people the waters.
 An act of creation—that which would now be admitted
 as a direct interposition of a superior intelligence and
 power—must have taken place. This is the sublime
 conclusion to which these reseaches lead, conducted
 according the most rigorous rules of inductive phi-
 losophy, precluding all possibility of cavil, accessible
 to every one who will give himself the trouble of exam-
 ining the steps of the reasoning upon which they repose,

and removing doubt from the mind in proportion as their apprehension removes ignorance. It is an invaluable addition to the science of Natural Theology, and forms a chapter as new in kind as any of the new animal species are in Natural History.

In dismissing this highly interesting volume, we cannot too highly commend it to the attention of our readers. It will elevate their thoughts, and expand their affections in relation to the Cre-

ator and Father of all things, and will teach them that in great as well as small things, there is ever present a Superintending Power whose tender mercies are over all His works. D.

[We are not satisfied that all our correspondent's views in regard to the souls of animals, are correct. But we have neither time nor inclination to discuss the matter here.—Ed.]

AAVEN.

BY OTWAY CUREY.

AAVEN of the uncounted years—
Aaven of the sleepless eye—
Wanderer of the uncounted years—
Outcast of the earth and sky—
Worn of life and weary grown,
Turned him to the shore unknown.

Rose before him stern and stark,
One with adamant wand—
Warder of the portal dark—
Portal of the unknown land :
And the warder wierd and grim
Barred the portal dusk and dim.

"Wanded Warder list to me !
'Tis a weary thing to roam
O'er the earth and o'er the sea,
Tarrying till The Master come.
From the earth and from the sea,
Turn my wandering steps to thee.

"Lead me through the sunless land
And the sable cities vast,
Where the silent myriads stand—
Myriads of the ages past.
Swift along the shadowy coast,
Speed me—speed me to The Lost !"

"Never," said the Warder grim,
"Till the gathering night of time
Shalt thou pass the portal dim—
Portal of the sunless clime.
Ever, in thy ceaseless quest,
Wanderer, restless after rest.

"But before thy long and drear
Pilgrimage of earth and main,
Wouldst thou have The Lost appear
To thy longing eyes again ?
Reverently approach, and stand
Close beside my waving wand.

"And—the swift wand following fast—
Full before thy watching eye,
All the myriads of the past,

Age by age shall pass thee by.
Hither from the land of gloom,
Lo ! the countless sleepers come."

As the meteoric glow
Cleaves the curtaining night aslant,
Wildly gleaming to and fro
Waved the wand of adamant—
And the buried ages came,
With their hosts of every name.

Swiftly came, and glided on,
Sceptred hand and laureled brow—
Glided many a queenly one,
Nameless is the wide world now.
Murmured Aaven in his fear,
"Never will The Lost appear !"

From the long and silent sleep
Of remoter ages gone—
Following fast the wand's wild sweep,
Came the long ranks filing on—
Passed full many a thronging host—
Came not still the loved, The Lost.

Sudden on the watcher's sight
Broke, amidst the phantom throng,
Beauteous form of maiden bright,
Gliding pensively along :
And the wondering Warder's hand
Stilled the adamant wand.

Wildly, as the vision came,
Aaven from the Warder sprang ;
And the sound of MIRIAM'S name
Through the World of Shadows rang.
Aaven to his sad heart there
Clapped alone the lifeless air.

Fell the adamant wand—
Reeled the portal dusk and dim—
Faded far the Unknown Land,
And the wanded Warder grim :—
Miriam fled from earthly shore,
And from Aaven evermore.

From the Snow Flake for 1846.

TO MY FRIENDS.

FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER.

My friends! there have been fairer days than ours,
The past hath gathered more illustrious hours;
For even if silence dwelt on history's page,
The stones which men unbosom from the sod
Would borrow tongues to tell how once there trod
A race of heroes in a nobler age.

But 'tis past, 'tis gone! we cannot win it
Back from its silent rest;
We—we *live*! Ours is each passing minute!
Our portion is the best!

My friends! there yet are fairer climes than ours,
Bright lands, with sky all sun, and turf all flowers—

So doth the tale of many a wanderer say.
But if, what Nature to our soil denies,
Her sister Art's more bounteous hand supplies,
Let us rejoice beneath that tempered ray!
If here the laurel scorn to bloom,
And winter seals the myrtle's doom;
Yet may we round our temples twine
The clusters of the hardier vine.

Earth's greatness holds her court on other shores,
Where twice two worlds display their treasure-stores,
Where father Thames unfolds his waters fair;
There, thousand vessels pass in beauty by,
There are all costly sights to tempt the eye,

And gold, the god of earth, is mighty there.
But never is the sunlight seen
In tossing waves that foam and break;
Tranquil brooklets, still and sheen,
These his chosen mirror make.

The very beggar at the angel's gate*
Can boast a pomp above our Northern state;
He looks on Rome—eternal, only, Rome!
All beauty to his eager gaze is given,
Where, like a second heaven within the heaven,
St. Peter rears his wide and wondrous dome.
But Rome in all her majesty
Is but the grave of days gone by;
There's life in the more lowly flowers
Which crown for us the verdant hours.

Ay, friends! in other regions may appear
A greater life than fills our humble sphere;
But there is nothing new beneath the sky;
And, lo, upon the world's successive stage
We see the greatness of each passing age
Gather itself into our treasury.
While repetition is our earthly lot,
Still fancy shines in youth's eternal day;
That which in time or place existeth not,
That only, time is powerless to decay!

* Porta Angelica, Rome.

THE OAKS.

FROM THE GERMAN OF KORNER.

'Tis evening; mute are day's discordant sounds;
The sun's last parting rays are streaming red;
How full, how bold the heart within me bounds,
As here, beneath your aged arms outspread;
Ye old true witnesses of times long fled,
In meditative mood I listless lie!
Life's freshest verdure tricks each ancient head,
And mighty forms of mighty worlds gone by
Stand round us, robed in your magnificent majesty.

Full many a noble heart hath Time laid low,
And early death full oft hath beauty died;
Yet still departing evening's farewell glow
Decks your rich leafy crests with wonted pride.
Fate from your trunks, innocuous and defied,

Retires, and Time, indignant, threats in vain,
While from your swinging boughs re-echoing wide
Floats to my ear no inarticulate strain,
"All that is great must still in death unscathed remain."

And ye in death have stood! and fresh and gay
Stands each bold form in green attire arrayed;
No pilgrim roves beside the forest-way
But he must first repose him in your shade;
And when your leaves beneath stern Autumn fade,
A precious, duteous offering still they bring;
A pledge that, yet, unharmed and undecayed,
Even from their children's death more flourishing,
Your honors shall revive beneath reviving Spring.

NATURE AND ART.

IN one of his recent "Letters from the continent of Europe," Mr. Willis writes thus about a picture he saw in the Museum of Roman Antiquities, at Mayence.

"In an out-of-the-way corner of the gallery of paintings attached to this museum, hung a small picture that I should think no man could look at with an untroubled heart. It was by a living German artist, and, by its position and the cheapness of its frame, seemed to be little thought of: but it was a poem on canvass, and of wonderful pathos and beauty. It represented a young German peasant and his wife sitting by the cradle in which their child lay dead. The father had evidently come in at that moment from his labor, and had sunk upon a chair after a glance into the cradle that told him all. Apparently, it was not news unexpected. His face had the agony of days and nights steeped in its expression. He sat with his coarse hand dropped upon the patched coverlet, calm, because his heart had no more fibres unprung. The painter has shewn his genius in the total unattractiveness of the man's features. He is labor-worn, ill drest and unambitious, but had a Heaven in his child that would have blest a king. I am describing, however, a part of the picture that I did not particularly notice the first time that I saw it. In passing through Mayence a second time, a few days after, I went to see it once more, and the *father's look*,

then, first impressed me. But *the mother was* the chief effort of the painter. She is a young woman of no more than enough beauty to be a peasant's fireside angel, but with a face of boundless every-day tenderness, and capacity as boundless for mental suffering. A crucifix, which she now forgets, is dropping from her fingers. She had turned from the cradle when her child died, but remains motionless on her chair. Her limbs have relaxed from a position of intense watching, and her posture expresses most speakingly, an agony of despair that hope has just given way to. A few phials and the play-things of the child lie around the cradle. In the back-ground stands a humble servant girl, with clasped hands, gazing with heart-broken pity upon her mistress. The room looks breathlessly still. Somehow, the cottage furniture expressed that the child was all they had on earth that was beautiful, and that to-morrow they would come back, from the grave, to a home utterly unsoftened in its desolation. I know not how to express to you the wonderful *absence of design for effect* with which this touching picture is painted. It does not seem intended to be seen. It looks mute and sorrowfully truthful, like a picture an angel might have drawn, to show in heaven how they suffer on earth. The artist evidently painted with the world forgot, and had the sufferer's knowledge of the agonies he portrayed."

HEART MIRRORS.

BY AUG. J. H. DUGANNE.

LOVERS once in magic mirrors
Sought their distant loves to see—
Calmed their fears, or woke new terrors
By the power of witcherie.

Ah! there needeth for my being
Magic skill nor wizard art—
Still thy gentle form I'm seeing
In the mirror of my heart.

Still, as Fortune, oft beguiling,
Greets me with a loving kiss,

In my heart-glass, bright and shining.
I beheld thee share my bliss!

And when o'er my spirit lonely
Falleth sorrow's darksome cloud,
On my glass I see thee only
Sad, and dark, and sorely bowed!

Thus 'twould be wert thou but near me—
Thus it seems when far thou art—
Still thy smiles to life endear me—
Still thy sorrows cloud my heart!

EDITOR'S TABLE.

WITH this number closes the fourth volume of our Magazine. Of the past we need not speak. That can and has been judged of by all of our readers. To the future we turn our eyes. Important changes and improvements are to be made. Both editor and publishers have fully satisfied themselves that a *first rate* magazine—that is, a magazine with original literary matter from the *best* writers, and steel engravings from American artists of the first ability—cannot be given for less than *three dollars* per annum. Ambitious to stand decidedly in the front rank, they have determined that, hereafter, the price shall be *three dollars*. With this advance in price there will be a corresponding improvement in every department of the work—literary, typographical, and artistic. We have fully made up our minds, that Arthur's Magazine, for next year, shall be the *best* and the *handsomest*, and we know that we will not be deceived.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Messrs. Carey & Hart have published a splendid quarto annual, entitled "*The Diadem for 1846, a Present for all Seasons, with Ten Engravings after Pictures by Leutze, Truman, &c.*" It is edited by a gentleman of approved literary taste, and the writers are among the best in the country. Several of the pieces are translated from the German. The embellishments are all mezzotints by Sartain from original pictures chosen with reference to their adaptation for mezzotint engraving. The portrait of the late E. L. Carey, Esq. one of the most munificent patrons of American art, is one of the embellishments of the volume.

Messrs. Walker & Gillis have just published a "*Monument to the Memory of General Andrew Jackson, containing twenty-five Eulogies and Sermons delivered on the occasion of his Death.*" This is an exceedingly popular work, embracing choice compositions from some of the most eminent writers in the country, delivered on an interesting occasion.

Messrs. Lea & Blanchard have published the first volume of Mr. Charles J. Ingersoll's "*Historical Sketch of the Second War between the United States of America and Great Britain.*" This is a valuable addition to our historical literature. As it relates to recent events, some of the actors concerned have complained of misrepresentation, and considerable newspaper vituperation has followed.—This is a matter of course. But the reading public will not be prevented by the circumstance from recognizing the sterling value of Mr. Ingersoll's learning and research.

We have already adverted to Messrs. E. Ferrett & Co.'s beautiful annual, the "*Snow Flake.*" It is "*buying golden opinions, of all sorts of men,*" as the public journals abundantly testify. But this firm are not content to delight the public with only one book of this class. Their "*Musical Annual,*" just

published, with gorgeous illuminated titles and an invaluable collection of popular music is already finding its way into the parlors and boudoirs of town and country throughout the land. The same firm have issued a new edition of *Mrs. Hall's "Sketches of Irish Character,"* with numerous engravings on steel and wood, done up in rich binding. This volume is also selling extensively as an annual. Messrs. Ferrett & Co. have not forgotten the children in their *annual* arrangements. Their new and improved edition of Kriss Kringle's Christmas Tree, is destined to find its place in many a capacious stocking hung in the chimney corner on Christmas Eve.

Messrs. Walker & Gillis have issued No. 10 of *Dr. Frost's "Pictorial History of the World,"* completing volume first, and forming a complete Ancient History of the world, with numerous engravings in the highest style of art. A second edition of this work is already called for, although but one third of the numbers are published.

Messrs. Wiley & Putnam have published, as a part of their Foreign Library, "*Memoirs of Bevenuto Cellini. Translated by Roscoe.*" This is one of the most curious and amusing pieces of autobiography that ever was written. Horace Walpole pronounced it as amusing as any novel. It is worth a dozen novels, not only on account of its singular exhibition of original character, the interesting incidents narrated, and the important historical events brought into view, but also from its psychological value, as exhibiting the strangest paradoxes ever known in the history of the human mind.

Messrs. Paine & Burgess have published the "*Autobiography of Alfieri,*" a work which we commend to our readers as a suitable companion to the Memoirs of Cellini. The great Italian tragic writer is not less remarkable than the sculptor. The displays of his character are not less ingenuous, and his adventures not less interesting. One is surprised at the narrow system of education to which he was subjected, not less than at the vigor of genius which burst through these iron fetters, and astonished the world with the splendor and force of his writings.

Mr. Wm. D. Ticknor, of Boston, has published "*The Songs of our Land, and other Poems. By Mary E. Hewitt.*" Mrs. Hewitt has contributed many beautiful poems to the periodical literature of our time, and it is no more than justice to her acknowledged ability, and fine classical taste, to collect her poems into a beautiful volume like the one before us, and give them to the world in an abiding form.

Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. New York, and Mr. George S. Appleton, Philadelphia, have published "*Puritanism; or, a Churchman's Defence against its Aspersions, by an Appeal to its own History. By Thomas Coit, D. D.*" This volume is a sort of special plea against the Pilgrim Fathers, endeavoring to prove that their motives were base and worldly. Such a mode of proof as the author has recourse to,

might be used to prove any dogma, however paradoxical. It is true that the Pilgrims came to New England, not to establish religious liberty, as it is now understood; but to found a community of Puritans, from which other sects were to be excluded. They never pretended to have any other subject in view. But is also true, that they encountered every form of peril and suffering, in obedience to a religious sentiment; and this fact will always command for them the same degree of reverence which has hitherto been accorded to them, by all who recognize the superiority of the spiritual part of our being to the sensual.

The book is ably written, and will be eagerly read by all parties.

Messrs. Lea & Blanchard have now completed the publication of Horace Walpole's "*Memoirs of the Reign of George the Third*," in two 8vo. volumes. It is an extremely interesting work, coming as it does from a man of first rate talent, ample fortune, literary leisure, and the very best opportunities of information, both as to public events, and the secret springs of court influence, during the period of which he writes. Whatever other histories of this reign may have been written, they have still left a hiatus which no writer was so well qualified to fill up as Horace Walpole.

Messrs. E. Ferrett & Co. continue their publication of Miss Pickering's novels. "*The Merchant's Daughter*" has been issued since our last. The same firm have also published "*The Whip-poor-Will*," a poem, by General Morris, with a steel illustration to each verse, from an original design by Weir,—a beautiful gift book. They have also published, in the usual style of their cheap novels, Mrs. S. C. Hall's "*Groves of Blarney*," "*Minstrel Love*," by the Baron de la Motte Fouqué, and "*Jonce Smiley*," a first rate Yankee story, by H. Hastings Weld. For characterization, description, quiet humor, and sound moral, this story may claim a first rate place.

Among the recent issues of cheap music, with richly illuminated colored titles, published by Messrs. E. Ferrett & Co. are "*Music from La Sonnambula*," "*Kathleen Mavourneen*," "*Dermot Astore*, (the reply to *Kathleen Mavourneen*)," "*A set of New Quadrilles*, by John Strauss," "*Music from the Opera of Norma*," "*Music from the Opera of the Postillion of Lonjumeau*," "*Music from the Opera of the Enchantress*." Two of their recent issues of cheap music are gorgeous in embellishment. These are "*Jullien's Chimes Quadrilles*," which exhibits a chime of bells performed by goblins,—also the characters in Dickens's celebrated story of the "*Chimes*," dancing a quadrille to the goblin music. This is drawn by Newsam, and colored and gilded in a style that defies competition. The other, "*Julien's Original Mazurka*, No. 1, or the Cellarius Valse," which is embellished by a rich colored view of a Ball Room, with ornamental border, &c.

Mr. Edward Walker, of New York, has published "*The Wreath of Wild Flowers, from the Literary Miscellanies of John Milton Stearns*." This work is prettily bound, and embellished with two neat wood cuts. The paper and print are unexceptionable, and the publisher has done his part excellently well. The literary portion of the work appears to be made up from

some gentleman's college themes, written during his sophomore year.

Messrs. Carey and Hart have published.—*The Historical Essays published under the title of "Dix and d'Etudes Historiques," and Narratives of the Merovingian Era, or Scenes of the Sixth Century, with an Autobiographical Preface. By M. Augustin Thierry, Author of the "History of the Conquest of England by the Normans."* This reprint has been expected with much impatience by the historical savans. It comes from one of the most successful and brilliant of the new school of French historians, and will be read with eager interest. The subjects embraced in this volume, and the style in which they are treated, will make it a suitable and worthy companion of the celebrated *Miscellanies* of T. B. Macaulay.

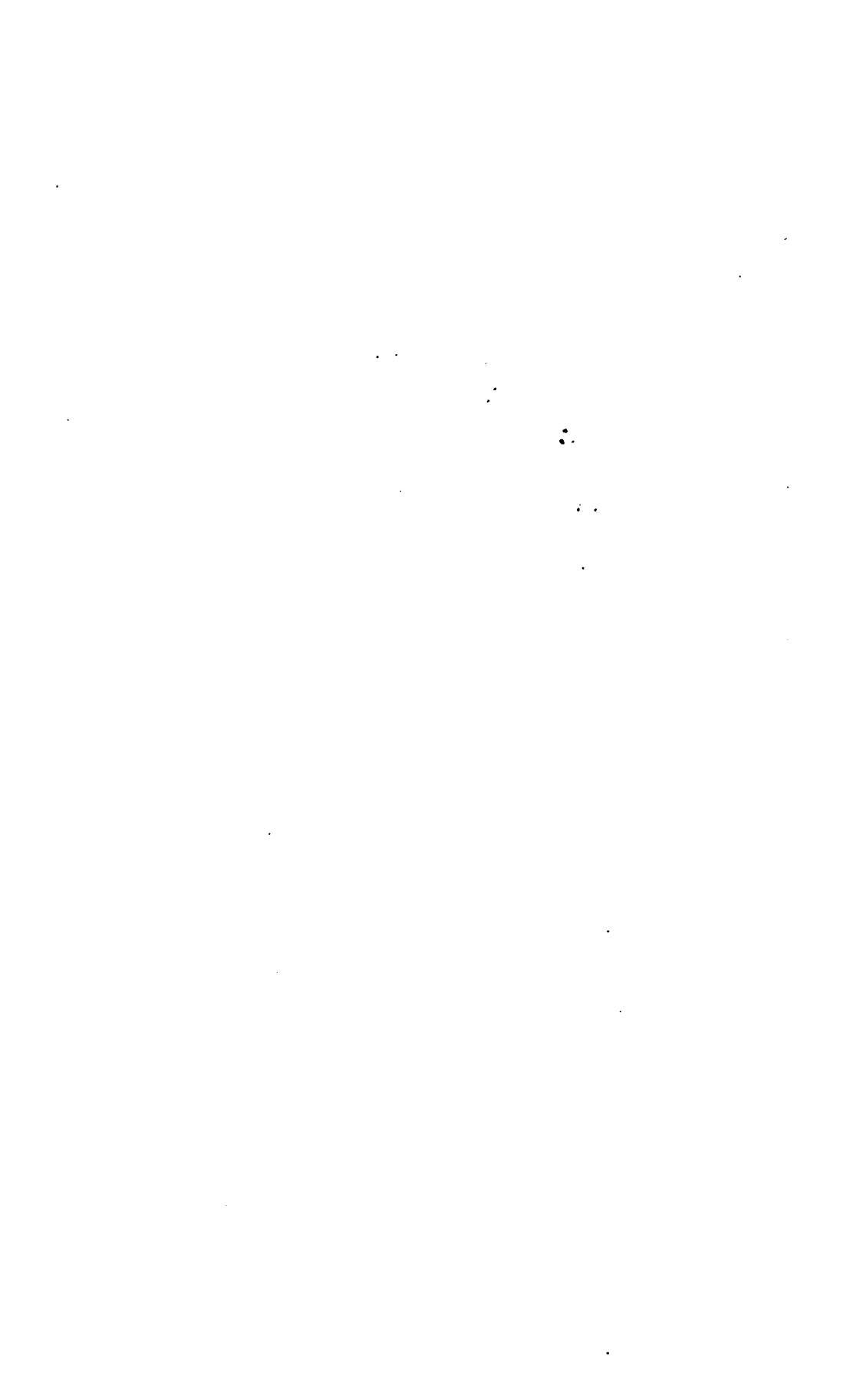
PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

The plate of *Juliet*, in this number, is a gem in its way. It was engraved for us by Mr. Jackman of New York. A sweeter picture has not graced any Magazine, this year, we know. In our January number, we shall give another beautiful plate from his burin—and many more during next year. Children at the Spring, is likewise a fine engraving, and cannot fail to please every one.

Arthur's Magazine for 1846.—By a reference to the Prospectus of our new volume, it will be seen that we have raised the price of this Magazine from \$2 to \$3 per annum, in order to give ourselves more scope, and enable us to stand in the front rank of periodicals in this country. We can never be satisfied to hold a second place. The vol. for 1846 will be greatly improved in every respect. Better paper, better printing, better plates, and more of them, and better reading matter, will be given. The very best talent that can be procured in the country will be engaged upon the work in its various departments. In each number we will give three of the finest steel plates that can be procured, and original articles from writers of the highest literary reputation in the country.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.—In accordance with a rule of this office, all subscriptions in the country are discontinued at the end of the year for which they are paid. Our country friends will please bear this in mind, and let us hear from them in the way of renewals quite early. Our January number will be a rich specimen in the way of magazines. If any have doubts about going on with us another year, let them send for a specimen of the new vol. which will be ready early in December. The sight of it will decide all the wavering—of that we are well assured.

PROSPECTUS OF OUR NEW VOLUME.—The prospectus for our new volume will be found upon the cover this month. To those of our brethren of the Press, who feel disposed to give it a few insertions in their papers, we shall feel very happy to exchange, and at the same time acknowledge ourselves under a particular obligation.



11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45 46 47 48 49 50 51 52 53 54 55 56 57 58 59 60 61 62 63 64 65 66 67 68 69 70 71 72 73 74 75 76 77 78 79 80 81 82 83 84 85 86 87 88 89 90 91 92 93 94 95 96 97 98 99 100



ARTHUR'S MAGAZINE.

JANUARY, 1846.



ORIGINAL AMERICAN VIEWS.—NO. III.

INDIANA KNOBS, NEAR NEW ALBANY, INDIANA.

THE beautiful view which forms the third of our series, is one of the most picturesque among a range of high and abrupt hills known as the Indiana Knobs, situated a few miles from New Albany. The scenery around is wild, bold, and picturesque in the extreme, presenting to the lover of nature a constant change of view truly delightful. The suddenness of the various ascents and descents, the bold bluffs, around and up and down which, the high road winds, keeps the traveler in a state of continual surprise and admiration, provided that, should he be a stage traveler, he can so far forget the bodily infirmities consequent upon being almost shaken to death, as to allow free exercise to his intellect. To the eye of the painter and the poet, the scenery from which our engraving is drawn teems with beauty—while the traveler, whose pleasure is enhanced by the uncertainty or danger of his route, has ample food for the gratification of such an outlandish fancy.

These Indiana Knobs are traversed by the mail stages, and the road along which the stage creeps is certainly very much less level than a bowling green—up hill and down dale—clinging as it were to the hill side—every instant being shaken and jolted to such a degree, that it is perfectly astonishing how the ramshackled old coach holds together, or how the full-blooded and high-spirited horses are kept from bolting over the side of the hill, and dashing themselves, coach, driver, passengers and all to atoms. Yet, 'spite of all the natural difficulties—'spite of rickety coaches, which every now and then lose linchpins or some other equally important part—the stages get through, and the passengers escape broken limbs—albeit they are so shaken as to have no bone in their bodies free from soreness.—Such a ride over these knobs is sure to make a lasting impression. The whole scenery through that section of Indiana and Illinois abounds in wood and prairie, and thoroughly beautiful it is, diversified in every possible degree of variety, offering combinations of wood, hill, and dale—bold bluffs and gently undulating declivities, with wide expanses of open ground, each in its turn claiming attention and exciting admiration. The inequality of the roads appear in keeping with the scene, and if it

sometimes happens that the bridge over an unusually deep ravine has broken in, and the coach has to get down a descent like the side of a house, from which the horses recede and draw back with affright, the momentary feeling of anxiety is lost in the eager curiosity to comprehend how the difficulty can possibly be overcome; while, as the coach ascends the opposite hill, admiration and astonishment at the almost miraculous performance, absorb every faculty.

To fully enjoy such a ride, and to see the most striking peculiarities of western stage travel, it is necessary that the traveler should be a solitary one, and that the weather should be excessively cold—the writer enjoyed these advantages, being alone in the various coaches during an uninterrupted journey of three days and nights—the clear, piercing, bracing atmosphere of the prairies, although delightful to breathe, while circulating the blood, felt a vast deal too cold to one who had to remain motionless, with his blood stagnating, unless a slight impetus happened to be given to circulation by some unusually severe shock from the uneven road. Warm clothing and a fair stock of patience would get a man through these difficulties, were they all—but still greater existed—there was scarcely any food to be procured. In eastern traveling, capital inns are to be found at certain points, where the hungry traveler may lay in a stock of that animal comfort so essential to supply the deficiency in the system, caused by the "wear and tear" consequent upon long and uninterrupted journeys, but on the prairies and in the woods no such comforts await him—the fresh horses are obtained at a place which looks as though it never had contained any food, and the drivers—a new one each stage—are destitute of all consideration for the passenger, thinking that as they have supplied their wants and are ready to start, he ought to be so likewise—when by good fortune there is a place found at which a meal can be had—good or bad—it is eaten with a relish which nothing but keen appetite and long fasting can produce; a relish materially heightened by a knowledge that a most interesting uncertainty exists as to when and where the next will be eaten.

E. F.

ROME.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SKETCHES IN ITALY."

WHO has not longed to visit Rome? What heart is not bound to her by the meshes of various associations?—the studies of schoolboy days—the deeper reading of maturer life—the dreamings of fancy—the retrospections of memory—the musings of wisdom—all bind us to the city of the Cæsars:—mother of empires! cradle of arts! great treasure-house of human wisdom! It is not strange that the gaze of the world should be fixed upon her who so strongly hath influenced the destinies of man. Her history is the grandest human record ever penned for "the teaching of the nations," and all people and classes, may turn to it with interest, and study it with profit.

From Rome the statesman learns his most valuable and enlarged lessons of civil policy. In the rise, progress, and decline of her single state, he traces the operation of the principal varieties of human government. Rome teaches the patriot to feel that it is indeed, "*dulce et decorum pro patria mori*;" and from the example of her worthies he learns to emulate the devotion of Camillus, and the integrity of Cincinnatus. From the campaigns of Cæsar, and the brilliant successes of Antony; the soldier adds to his knowledge of the art of war; while, from the Pandects of Justinian, the jurist is imbued with the soundest principles of law to guide society aright amid the vicissitudes of peace. The poet climbs Parnassus in the delightful companionship of Virgil; and the friend of Mæcenas leads the votary of the muses to the purest fountains of Helicon.

To her the Christian looks with the deepest interest; for far back in the gloom of her history, he perceives the divine form of Religion, emerging from the horrors of relentless persecution, and shedding upon the night of Paganism the dawning effulgence of the gospel of Christ! There is scarcely a virtue which has honored, or a vice which has disgraced our nature; scarcely a character which, in the full proportions of its manliness, commands our admiration; or, in the depth of its malignity, receives our scorn; that has not its prototype in Rome. The rapt soul of the artist, in his wildest moments of imagining, has never conceived images of beauty surpassing those which grew into divinities on the canvass of her painters; or were invested with the immortality of marble by the chisels of her sculptors. The richest fancy that ever revelled in creations of magnificence, scarcely built up in the regions of the air, mansions more splendid than those which covered the Palatine, and from the heights of the Capotoline, overlooked *Imperial Rome*!

To the eye of intelligent observation, the records of time, through all the lapse of his long ages, present no spectacle so absorbing in its grandeur as

the Mistress of the World at the height of her power.

Within a circuit of forty-eight miles, the city which Augustus "found brick, and left marble," concentrated in itself the choicest treasures of a subjugated world. Its streets were lined with palaces—its heights crowded with temples—its altars groaned beneath the weight of trophies; from the rude bow of the Scythian hunter, to the golden vessels of the Temple at Jerusalem. In all directions were indications of the renown or wealth of the city. Here, a triumphal column—there, a towering arch—here, a commemorative pillar—there, a majestic amphitheatre. Her population were at times turbulent, vicious, and unjust; but there was still about them two noble characteristics; a lofty *pride of citizenship*, which nothing could overawe: and an *energy, sturdy, Roman*, and indomitable, which nothing could daunt. From this splendid centre the radii of her greatness penetrated the world—her legions swept every land—the sword of her leaders opened the way for the wisdom of her sages, and the codes of her jurists; and *civilization and art* were Rome's gifts to the vanquished.

I do not propose to go into any investigation of the supposed causes of her downfall. They have occupied the attention of the learned for ages, and are spread out on the pages of Gibbon. The *great* reason of her decay, however, it needs but little learning to understand. From the first gathering of the rude followers of Romulus, to the fall of the empire, her affairs were directed by that *Unknown God*, to whom the altar of the Acropolis was in ignorance inscribed—in the accomplishment of whose great purposes nations are instruments, and their thousand years of existence but as a single day.

Her power had banded the nations together—had made communications with the various tribes of earth practicable. She had filled the measure of her appointed usefulness, and, while the stupendous fabric of her greatness was even yet *tottering* to its fall, *the Cross* was speeding on in the path of the Eagle—and the soldiers of *Christianity* were succeeding the *Legionaries of Rome*.

From these cursory reflections, let us turn to the immediate object of our article, which is to enjoy together some glimpses of the city as the traveler finds it at this day.

Let us catch our first glimpse of the city, in its whole extent, from some neighboring eminence, and for that purpose place ourselves upon the wooded heights of Albano. To the left, the Campagna stretches, bare and unbroken, to Ostia and the blue waves of the Mediterranean Sea. To the right, upon the slope of the hill, is the old Tusculum, and, above it, the site of

nibal's most celebrated Italian camp, from which retreating general looked out for the last time at the great rival of Carthage. Yet farther on, shrouded in woods, lies Tivoli, with its lovely valleys and glancing Cascatelles. Upon the plain, a circle of white marks the spot where the waters of the Lake Regillus

"Once bubbled with crimson foam,
What time the Thirty Cities
Came forth to war with Rome."

Immediately beneath us stretches the vast plain which was the site of the old city, now thickly strewn with the ruins of the Baths of Caracalla—there, run, in succession, the arches of the Old Acqueduct. In the field stands the Tomb of the Scipios—"whose urn contains no ashes now—" there, is the sanctified by the heroic strife of the Horatii. The Oasis in the Desert of Ruin, is the sacred spot where Numa communed with his divine counsellor. And the waters of Egeria's Crystal Spring

"Bubble from the base of the cleft Statue."

the green hills

are clothed with early blossoms, through the grass
a quick-eyed lizard rustles; and the bills
summer birds make music as ye pass:
flowers, fresh in hue, and many in their clasp,
adore the passing step, and with their dyes
dance in the soft breeze in a fairy mass:—
the sweetness of the violet's deep blue eyes
and the breath of Heaven, seems colored by its skies."

stern, round tower of other days, veiled with
thousand years of ivy," is the tomb of Cecilia

In the distance, the Pyramid of Caius
cuts the air with its clear outline, and, beyond,
near, with her towers and columns—her crowded
mass; and crumbling ruins—the Tiber flashing in
it, and the domes and palaces of the Monte
upheaved to heaven, as if by Titan hands!

cannot be called a beautiful city. For miles
round it is surrounded by a barren and almost
desert or campagna, which environs it with a
pestilence and desolation. It impresses the
traveller unfavorably, from the single point
which we have already viewed it; and nothing
knowledge of the treasures which are contained
within, and the associations which surround it
can save him from disappointment, as
he rolls under its gateway, and he feels that
he Eternal City. Its streets are narrow and
sometimes they scarcely rise above the dignity
we call alleys. The houses have a dingy and
a look, and in some quarters it is filthy to a
rich is positively nauseating!—it looks as if
creation were not only devoid of souls, as they
are, but were destitute of the senses of sight
besides. Like all European capitals, it has
a street, where is concentrated its finest shops,
splendid palaces, its greatest concourse of life;
which the appearance and habits of its people
disadvantageously studied. This thoroughfare,
called the Corso, runs through the city from

its northern extremity to the base of the Capitoline
hill. It is paved with round stones, and blessed with
side-walks only in a portion of its length. During the
day it is quiet, and somewhat dull, and affords but
little evidence of the extent of the population; but, as
the sun sinks, and the cool breath of the perima sera
comes laden with freshness and perfume from the
Alban Hills, or the far heights of Soracte, the current
of life sets through it with a rapidity and volume
which affords the looker-on a fair opportunity of
beholding all the varieties of its people. From the
recesses of his shop, where, all day long, he has been
exerting his ingenuity in making the credulous
foreigner pay enormous prices for his cameos, the
dealer comes forth, and the expression of cunning
which marks his narrow features gives you the prevail-
ing characteristic of his class.

The beggars, a motley and numerous throng, who,
during the heat of the day, have been coiled up in
the shade of a wall, or under the steps of a temple,
resume their monotonous drone, and ragged, filthy,
and miserable, they dog the steps of the passers-by,
until charity loses its dignity as a virtue, and becomes
the result of imperative necessity.

Troops of the lowest classes of the population are
pouring into the open portals of the churches, or
prostrating themselves on the steps, in all the abandon-
ment of a feeling, which may excite sympathy if it
fails to command respect.

In this devout crowd you may ever be sure of
finding rare specimens of human misery, as well as
some of the ugliest female physiognomies which Rome
can furnish. The greater number of the worshippers
are women, for in Catholic, as well as in Protestant
countries, the majority of those who are found in the
churches, are of the sex who, from the superior purity
of their lives, have perhaps less need of the ministra-
tions of the temple. I am not, however, to be under-
stood as saying that all the worshippers are women,
or that all are of the same low class. There is
always an admixture, and the haughtiest lady may
sometimes be seen kneeling by the side of the poorest
peasant.

But, from the poor who are kneeling at the altar,
let us turn to the crowd now filling the Corso. The
street is alive with carriages. From the courtyard of
every palace a stylish equipage comes dashing out;
the coachman in a uniform as elegant as a field
marshall's, and the footmen outshining militia captains
in their bravery of colors and embroidery. This
heavy and mis-shapen concern, which is called a coach
by courtesy, looking as hot as Vesuvius in the intensity
of its bright red paint, picked out with gilding; its
driver, and its three attendant lacqueys on the foot
board, rigged out in scarlet coats, cocked hats, and red
plush unmentionables; is the state equipage of a
Cardinal, who is wending his way to the Quirinale, on
a visit to the Pope. That light and elegant vehicle,
whirling along with four prancing greys, is the droaky
of a Russian Princess. This snug little box of a
carriage, painted a subdued green; hung so low that
its floor is almost on the level of the street; and
rolling along with a sort of conscious air of comfort
and wealth, is the Brougham of an English milor!
That old hack, whose cushions are none of the
newest, and whose tired horses have been trotting

all day long from the *Pizza di Spagna* to the church of St. Peter's, and are now dozing over the anticipated delights of the stable; is the extempore state carriage of a party of *Yankee Boys*, who are evidently unconcerned about the figure they cut in such an assemblage of full dress equipages, and with caps on head, and shirt collars turned over, (two unfailing signs, by the way, of an American on the continent,) are looking as independent as kings *should be*, and as full of curiosity as *Yankees are*. This exquisite barouche, in which the taste of a woman has evidently been consulted, before which four beautiful horses are curvetting and prancing beneath the whips of two handsome boys, who, dressed in jackets of silk, and breeches of white leather, with postillion boots, and tasteful caps of dark velvet, bestride the leader and near horse; is the last in the long train now rolling on to the Forum; and leaning back upon its cushions is a lady of the princely family of the Borghese, one who will serve as our type of the Patrician beauty of Rome.

Her figure is of the middle size—somewhat between the slight gracefulness of an American girl, and the developed beauty of an English woman—the feet, one of which is just touching the front seat, are small, and beautifully shaped—the hands, which are crossed before her, equally evince the purity of her blood—the hair, which is half-hidden by her light bonnet, is smooth, and black as a raven's wing—the contour of the features is purely classic—the forehead is fair and high—the brows arched and delicately pencilled—the eyes are soft, black and lustrous; and a world of fiery passion and dreamy feeling seems shaded by the long lashes which droop veil-like before them—the complexion is a clear, transparent olive, and the tout ensemble, just what Canova delighted to embody in marble, or Titian to breathe into canvass.

While the carriage of the high-born lady is whirling around the Colosseum, let us join the throng of loungers, who are discussing the news of the day in the *Piazza del Popolo*, and see if we cannot hit off some daguerotype likenesses of "the bone and sinew," who are congregated there. This "Square of the People," as it may be literally translated, is a double semi-circle of considerable extent, surrounded with handsome and uniform buildings. At one end it is terminated by the most elegant of the city gates, and at the other, stand two noble churches, precisely alike in size and appearance, while the three principal streets of Rome diverge from this extremity. In the middle, at the bottom of each semi-circle, is a large and elegant fountain, ornamented with statues. In the centre rises an obelisk of dark granite, which Augustus brought from Egypt, covered with hieroglyphics intelligible alone to the followers of Champolion. This square is a fashionable, and unfashionable rendezvous, and at present a motley crowd is sauntering through it. Here are the better classes of the citizens who have been engaged during the day in various useful avocations; and are now enjoying a stroll, with or without their wives and children. They are well dressed, the fashion of their garments is sober and genteel, presenting no peculiarities worthy our notice. Their countenances are grave, and their demeanor dignified and polite. Here are priests of every grade, clad in clerical black—smooth faced, insinuating looking personages.

Venerable Padres, who at every step are solicited for their blessing. *Students* of the Propaganda, in long black gowns and silken caps—beneath which may be recognized the features of nearly all the nations of the earth. *Pilgrims*, who have paced many a weary mile from other lands and distant provinces, to the Mecca of the church, with staff, and scallop shell and well worn sandal. *Monks*, fat, unctuous, and odoriferous; with gowns of coarse gray serge, bound with ropes about their dirty persons; their shaven crowns gleaming in the twilight, and an odour of garlic and other villainous comestibles making their room far better than their company. *Herdsmen* of the Campagna, pallid and sickly—walking malarias—lean embodiments of human wretchedness. *Mountaineers* from Albano, sturdy and strong-limbed—with the glow of health shining through their bronzed cheeks, and evident in their manly persons—models for the sculptor these—their high steeple-crowned hats and white felt, tricked off with ribbands—their small clothes of corduroy unbuttoned at the knee—a crimson sash folded around the waist—their shoes bright with silver buckles—the jacket thrown carelessly across one arm, and the collar of the shirt turned over the broad shoulders. *Peasant girls* in all the bravery of holiday attire—boddice of bright red, stiff with whalebone, and tied with gay flaunting ribbands—their hair covered with a heavy headdress of white linen or wool, laid fold upon fold, and depending on the back with a deep fringe—short gowns, red stockings, and brown cheeks—their eyes black and flashing, and their faces oftentimes full of that high, dignified, devotional beauty which belongs to the Madonna. Studies for the Painter, these. To these add a due admixture of clamorous mendicants, and ambulatory merchants in the various staples of cauliflower, beans, chestnuts, and oranges, and the ordinary materials of a Roman crowd are before you.

There is a peculiarity about the population of Rome, which I may as well refer to in this connection. It is a curious one, and to me was always affecting. Like the French, the Italians are ordinarily lively and mirth-loving to a degree which almost excites our contempt. At Naples the common people go into extacies at the exhibition of Punch, whose drolleries are ever the same, and which they witness every day of their lives. At Florence, Milan, and Venice, there is a shade more of soberness perceptible; but about the Romans, there is a sort of melancholy reserve—an innate dignity of demeanor, and an air of subdued sorrow, which is very striking. They seem like a people bowed down by some past, but fearful calamity, and it is only upon grand occasions, such as the carnival, or the festivities of the Holy week, that they are roused into any extravagance of mirth. I do not know how to account for this in a satisfactory manner, but the impression it always produced upon my mind was: that there is still in the veins of the people, some of the *old Roman blood*; drops of that *royal purple* which beat in the pulses of the masters of the world: and that the memory of what Rome *was*, and the consciousness of what she *is*: the *old glory* and the *present shame*, had cast its shadow upon their spirits.

Just beside the *Porta del Popolo*, is the beautiful villa of the Borghese family. The grounds are laid out in the English style, and are very extensive.

is a Park of noble trees, with the deer racing through its green depths—there, an aviary filled with birds of every variety of class and plumage—verdant lawns, with fountains throwing up jets of water in various forms—long walks, shaded from the noonday sun by the interlacing branches of the pine, laurel, and cypress: with statues half seen at regular intervals in the dense shrubberies—mimic theatres—graceful walks—beautiful drives—ancient ruins—fragments of all or temple—endless labyrinths—fairy bowers—caves and grottoes.

At the centre of the grounds is the Palace, a lofty building of prodigious length—along the front runs a grand and beautiful gallery—the chambers are large and nicely proportioned—the furniture is rich and tastefully chosen—tread upon marble floors, or quaint designs in red and costly woods—you look up to ceilings decorated with frescoes they the most eminent hands—statues are hung with the glorious works of Raphael, Michael Angelo, Domenichino, Guido, and other masters of art—around are objects of rare workmanship from all parts of the world—curious carvings in ivory the “central flowery land”—cabinets of ebony, Indian, set with gold, and blazing with precious stones—statuary of exquisite beauty dug up from the crumbling Temples, or fresh from the hands of Phidias and Canova—all that genius and skill, unbounded wealth, could furnish at the call of art and taste, contribute to render this one of the most perfect Palaces of Rome.

It is the gathering place of the people, and the resort of the noble, let us pass to the magnificence of the Forum, and the sanctity of the Forum. It would be a wealth of language, and a power of graphic description which I am far from possessing, to enable me to embody in my imperfect sketch, any just idea of the Basilica of St. Peter's; the most august Temple of modern times. I will give you the outline, however, and leave the filling up to your imagination.

To reach St. Peter's from the Villa Borghese, it is necessary to traverse a great portion of the city, and cross the Tiber by the Ælian Bridge, the first which meets our view, is the Castle of St. Peter, the present fortress and prison-house of Rome. The building was erected by the Emperor Hadrian, designed as a resting-place for the imperial

palace, in form, about two hundred and twenty feet long, and rests upon huge blocks of Peperino. It was converted into a fortress during the occupation of Rome by the Goths in the year 537, and the structure of brick which surmounts it, together with its ditch and bastions, were added in the Pontificate of Alexander and Urban. To those who chance to come during Holy week, the castle of St. Peter is long be memorable for the grand display of which it is the scene. This exhibition commences off on the Monday night succeeding Easter day. The houses which line the opposite bank of the Tiber, are hung with rich cloths and old tapestries, and their windows are brilliantly lighted up, and for the evening at an exorbitant price—chairs are erected in the square, chairs are ranged in rows, boats are brought into play on the river, and the descendants of the Cæsars, by many an odd

shift to accommodate the curious, evince as much anxiety for dollars, as we Yankees are said to do. The crowd collects about dusk, and is a curious admixture—the Patricians fill the balconies and windows of the neighboring houses—the Plebeians cover the square, and choke up the bridge—they pile themselves upon its balustrades, and cling to its statues—gesticulating, laughing, wrangling, and swaying to and fro, as the troops stationed at each end move to enforce order, and making just as much riot as they dare to venture upon, with bayonets in front, and cavalry in the rear. For a couple of hours, the crowd continues to receive the processions, until from the castle far down the streets leading to the river, spreads one sea of upturned faces, watching with the impatience of growing fatigue the black mass of the Vatican Palace, from whose towers is to come the signal for the grand display they have assembled to witness. Suddenly the glare of a rocket, lights up the dome of St. Peter's—another, and another shoot up in quick succession, followed by the roar of many cannon; and instantly from the bosom of the castle, goes up a flight of balloons, some twenty in number, followed by a host of rockets, scattering gold and silver stars—these are succeeded by a grand outburst of some four thousand rockets in a single discharge; intended to represent an eruption of Vesuvius—and then for nearly an hour, succeeds an infinite variety of fountains, flowers, wheels, girandoles and stars, running through all the combinations of Pyrotechny, and forming a display of unparalleled splendor.

At times, the whole castle is wrapped in a shroud of the densest smoke, from the bosom of which will shoot a host of rockets, or the quick flash of exploding cannon, and again castle, bridge, and river glow in some grand outbreak of fire, which tinges with light the distant cross of St. Peter's, and the crowded Palaces of the Vatican. The whole concludes with a cascade of colored fires, which, sweeping up to a height of some twenty feet, from the whole front of the castle, form a glorious sheet of flame, and pours its golden sparks far over upon the bridge, and into the wave below, making old Father Tiber, blush with the hues of sunset.

A walk of about a quarter of a mile from the Castle, through narrow and dirty streets, from which lofty and irregular buildings exclude one half of their legitimate allowance of day-light, brings you to the commencement of the vast Piazza of St. Peter's, at the end of which, at nearly the same distance, stands the church.

The Piazza is triple—the first is nearly square, and about two hundred and forty feet in length; the second is elliptical, about five hundred and fifty feet in length, by five hundred and ten in breadth—the third is quadrangular, growing gradually broader, as it approaches the church, being about three hundred feet in length, by three hundred and sixty in breadth. The central one is called “the Piazza of St. Peter's,” and is eminent for its beauty and magnificence—it is paved with broad, flat stones, and bounded on each side by a semi-elliptical colonnade composed of no less than two hundred and eighty-four large Doric columns—which form a triple portico on each side of the Piazza, the central one being wide enough for two carriages to pass abreast.

The height of the colonnade is sixty-seven feet, by a breadth of fifty-six, and on the entablature is a ballus-

trade which is ornamented with two hundred statues, each eleven feet and a half in height. In the centre is an obelisk of red Egyptian granite, which was brought from Egypt, by Caligula—it was erected at Heliopolis, by a son of Sesostrius, and is one of the most elegant in Europe, it is one hundred and thirty feet high, *including the pediment*—an idea of its size and weight may be had from the fact, that when the celebrated Fontana, proceeded to raise it from the earth, in which, after the destruction of Nero's circus, it lay buried: he contrived forty-one machines, the powers of which were all applied at once by means of eight hundred men, and one hundred and sixty horses, and with this tremendous force, it was a labor of *eight days*; while with the same force, to transport the obelisk only three hundred paces, required four months. Upon each side of this obelisk, midway between it and the lateral colonnades, is a most beautiful fountain, throwing a jet of water about fifteen feet high—they are of uniform construction, and forty feet in height—the circular basins, which receive the falling water, are of oriental granite, and the lower ones are eighty feet in circumference. Beyond the colonnades, or rather terminating them, upon each side of the Piazza, is a noble covered gallery, three hundred and ninety feet in length, leading to the vestibule of the church, which stands upon the summit of a fine flight of steps. Its length is four hundred and seventy-five feet—its breadth forty, and its height sixty-seven feet. The facade of the church is three hundred and ninety-six feet in width, and one hundred and fifty-nine high. This magnificent facade is ornamented with four pilasters, and eight immense Corinthian columns, each eight feet in diameter, and eighty-five feet high. On the top is a ballustrade, which supports thirteen colossal statues representing Christ and the Apostles, each figure being seventeen feet in height.

I have been thus particular in the exterior details, in order to prepare your minds as much as possible for the contemplation of the gigantic proportions and true sublimity of the interior of this magnificent edifice, which, indeed;

—“Of temples old, or altars new,
Standest alone—with nothing like to it—
Worthiest of God, the Holy and the true.
Since Zion's desolation, when that He
Forsook his former city, what could be,
Of earthly structures, in his honor piled
Of a sublimer aspect. Majesty,
Power, Glory, Strength and Beauty; all are aisled
In this eternal ark of worship, undefiled!”

Let us, in the first place, endeavor to attain some idea of its immense size.

Its form is that of a Latin cross. Its total length, including the thickness of its walls, is seven hundred and twenty-two feet; its width in the arms of the cross, or transept, is four hundred and fifty-five feet—of the body of the church, one hundred and thirty feet,—the width of the nave, exclusive of the two side aisles, is ninety-five feet,—and its height to the vault is two hundred: the walls of the nave are pierced on each side by four arches, leading into the aisles, between each of which arches are two fluted Corinthian pilasters, eighty feet in height—between

the pilasters are two niches, one above the other, containing each a marble statue more than twelve feet high—above each of the arches is a nich filled by a statue still more gigantic, being over twenty-four feet in height. The pavement is composed of marbles—the vault of the nave is covered with gilding—the aisles open into four magnificent chapels on each side, which are in themselves worthy of the highest admiration. They are all surmounted with cupolas, and are blazing with mosaics, rare marbles and precious stones. Between these chapels are monuments erected in honor of celebrated Popes, magnificent in design, and ornamented with colossal statues of exquisite beauty.

An idea of the gigantic yet perfect proportions of this wonderful edifice may be derived from the fact, that the cherubs which support the basins of holy water at the base of the two first pilasters, seem from the door of the church, to be of the size of life, but when approached, are found to be ten feet high—while the pen in the hand of the Evangelist St. Mark in the niche above, is eight feet in length, though, from the floor, it seems to be of the ordinary size. Advancing up the nave, the most prominent object which arrests our attention is the Baldachino, or canopy, which stands immediately beneath the Dome, and over the High Altar. It is formed entirely of gilded bronze, and supported by four twisted or spiral pillars.

In comparison with the other parts of the building, it is not at all striking from its size. Its cost is estimated at one hundred thousand Scudi, nearly *one hundred and fourteen thousand Dollars*! And the gilding upon it involved an expenditure of forty-five thousand!

Just in front of the Baldachino, is a small chapel open from above, into which you descend by a flight of steps. Tradition assigns this spot as the burial place of St. Peter—and a more gorgeous resting place the pride of man could not well desire, nor the art of man construct. The sides of this chapel are literally covered with gold and precious stones.

Before the sacred shrine, is a colossal statue of Pius the Sixth, by Canova—his last, and one of his most magnificent works. Around the brazen railing which surrounds the chapel at the top, are ranged one hundred and twelve enormous gilded lamps, which are kept constantly burning. On the right of the nave near the cupola, is a bronze statue of St. Peter, seated beneath a canopy. This figure is an object of special reverence, and no good catholic ever passes it without doing it honor after the prescribed form; which is to kiss the foot two or three times, pressing the forehead against it between each salutation. Beyond the Dome, and at the termination of the nave, is the Tribune, which is semi-circular in form. Here, borne up into the air upon the shoulders of four colossal Doctors of the Church, whose bronze figures are no less than eighteen feet high, cased within a large chair of bronze, is the seat which is said to be that used by St. Peter. It is reported to be of wood, with ornaments of ivory and gold. Above it are four gigantic angels, two of whom support a triple crown, and still higher up is seen a glory of lesser cherubim. The whole of this enormous fabric is made of bronze, obtained from the Pantheon, to

the amount of *two hundred and fourteen thousand pounds!*

"But lo! the Dome," which makes St. Peter's the wonder of the world. Its height from the pavement of the nave to the top of the cross, is *four hundred and fifty-eight feet*. Its internal diameter is *one hundred and forty*, while the four immense masses of square masonry which support it, are no less than *two hundred and forty feet in circumference!* and rise to a height of *one hundred and seventy eight!* Conceive this vast concave, which arches over the astonished beholder like another heaven; traversed by successive galleries—adorned with gigantic statues, and blazing with gold and mosaics, and you may perhaps suppose that you have attained some idea of its grandeur; yet, vivid as may be your imagination, the reality will far surpass the conception; and when you come to stand beneath it, and your spirit is "expanded by the genius of the spot," you will feel with me that, like Niagara, St. Peter's is indescribable.

The wealth which has been lavished upon the interior decoration of this building, is almost incredible. The paintings in mosaic, of which there are twenty-nine, (one over each of its altars,) cost twenty-two thousand dollars a-piece; making *six hundred and sixty-eight thousand dollars* expended in this single article of adornment. In addition to these, statues, relievos, precious stones, rare marbles, costly altar furniture, gildings and bronze, make up an enormous aggregate of wealth, of which an idea may be derived from the fact, that up to the year sixteen hundred and ninety-four, just a century and a half ago, the whole amount expended upon the church exceeded *fifty-two million five hundred thousand dollars!**

Now, while this reference to the details of size and costliness may assist us in forming an opinion of the magnitude and magnificence of St. Peter's, no idea of its overwhelming grandeur can be had, except by those whose good fortune it has been to tread its marble naves, to survey its gorgeous chapels, to look up to its glowing vault, to gaze upon its colossal monuments and statues, and to witness the pomp of its ceremonials, and to hear the peals of its numerous organs and echoing chaunts swelling up in one burst of resounding harmony to the over-arching heaven of its Dome.

* In a late New York paper it is stated, that the whole number of Churches, of all denominations, in that city, is 172, and that their total cost amounts to \$5,067,775; which is not quite *one-tenth* part of the cost of St. Peter's one hundred and fifty years ago!

At all times the crowds, which seem lost in its spacious aisles, present a spectacle of picturesque beauty and interest, but to stand beside one of its gigantic columns upon Easter Sunday, when the Great Head of the Church ministers, in person, at its High Altar—when the sides of the Tribune are built up with stagings hung with rich cloths, and filled with Princes, blazing with orders and crosses; when the columns which support the dome are hung with draperies of crimson, and the body of the vast edifice is crowded with curious thousands, peasants, citizens and strangers, who kneel before its altars, or pace its broad aisles; their various garb, contrasted with the bright spear-heads and burnished mail of the Swiss Guard; while up the long nave, between files of soldiery, the great procession of cardinals, and priests, and churchmen of all ranks, in every variety of splendid costume, sweep on with the Pope in their midst, seated upon his throne, and borne on the shoulders of twelve dignitaries robed in scarlet, the canopy above him of the richest tissue sown with stars of silver, and on either side an enormous fan of Ostrich feathers, set in gold, with the assembled thousands kneeling around; it is only under circumstances such as these, that the beholder is impressed with a full sense of the overwhelming magnificence of St. Peter's!

Not alone from its magnitude and splendor does this great Temple command admiration. Its history is full of the deepest interest. It is built upon the side of the old circus of the foulest tyrant that ever disgraced the annals of Rome! the soil in which its foundations are deeply laid, is wet with blood—the blood of the earliest martyrs—of men who amid the demoniac roar of the crowded circus, and beneath the fangs of infuriated beasts sealed with their lives, the truth of the religion of Christ. Through the long lapse of three centuries and a half,—amid the fall of Empires, the birth of dynasties, and the progress of revolutions—by the toil of successive generations—under the direction of countless Popes, and the superintending genius of the greatest architects; its giant mass rose, stone by stone, column after column, into the astonished air. The enormous expenditure which its construction involved, gave rise to the indulgences of Leo X.—at these, were leveled the thunders of Luther; and while the Sovereign Pontiff was erecting in the heart of Catholic Rome, the colossal Temple of St. Peter's, the indignant German, in the retirement of his closet, by the labor of his pen, and the omnipotence of truth, was building up in the hearts of Christendom the mightier fabric of the *Great Reformation!*

WINTER EVENING.

Now stir the fire, and close the shutters fast,
Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round,
And while the bubbling and loud-hissing urn

Throws up a steamy column, and the cups
That cheer but not inebriate, wait on each,
So let us welcome peaceful evening in.

Cowper.

PERSEVERANCE.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

I REMEMBER, when quite a lad, to have heard a very good anecdote told of two old negroes who met after church one Sunday, and discussed the merits of the sermon they had just heard.

"Bill," said one of them, "how you like de sarmint?"

"O, berry well, Sam, only dar was one word I could n't understand, no how, nor nothing."

"'Deed! And what was dat?"

"Parsewerance."

"Parsewerance! Ho! I'll tell you what dat mean."

"Well? What him mean?"

"I tell you."

"Do, if you please. Dat's jis what dis child wants to know."

"Parsewerance mean,—let me see—it mean?"

"Ho! You do' no what it mean."

"Do n't I? Jist you hold on a minit. Parsewerance mean, *take hold, hold on, and nebber leave go*. Dat 's what him mean."

"Sure?"

"Yes. Dis child is sure."

"Much 'bleeged to you, Sam. I understand now. Next time Hector tries to run off wid me, I'll give him a little *perseverance*. I gess it will do."

Hundreds of times since have I thought of Sam's definition of the word perseverance, when I have seen young men giving up, and sinking down despondingly, after a few struggles with the world. Success is only obtained, in any pursuit, by perseverance; and the best definition I have yet seen of the word is, "take hold, hold on, and never let go!" Whoever enters upon life with this genuine kind of perseverance, will be sure of success. And he who does not possess it, will be pretty certain not to succeed.

"I have seen, in my time, a great many efforts made by poor young men, to elevate themselves above the condition of journeymen mechanics, or of clerks in stores. Only a few of these succeeded, and they had perseverance of the right sort. I will mention a single instance.

Thomas Landis and James Wilson were sons of poor mechanics, who could give them but the merest rudiments of an education. There were no public schools, at the time, in the city where they lived. At an early age they were apprenticed to the trade of cabinet making, and worked at it until they were each eighteen years of age, with no thought beyond that of being journeymen cabinet makers (it might be master workmen,) all their lives. But, about this

time, something or other awakened in the mind of each an ambition to rise into one of the professions—that of medicine.

Landis had a very quick mind. But Wilson's intellect was sluggish. The former first became dissatisfied, and imparted the contagion to his friend.

At first the best they could do was to attend private evening lectures during the winter, on anatomy and chemistry, and to study diligently during every spare moment. A young physician, with whom they were acquainted, offered them every facility his office afforded—such as books, preparations, etc. Landis advanced rapidly; but Wilson made only poor progress at first. It cost the former little effort to study—to the latter it was a hard task. Nevertheless, Wilson had perseverance, and a will not to be subdued by difficulties.

He rose in the morning an hour earlier than his fellow apprentices, to study—took but little recreation in the evening—and was frequently poring over his books long after they were sound asleep at night. When the spring opened, after the first winter's hard application, he was quite as far advanced as his friend Landis. The latter had done very well, but if he had made as good use of his time as the other, he would have done much better.

A good many difficulties and discouraging circumstances presented themselves during the second year. The master of the two lads, or young men, as they now were, objected to the course they were pursuing, on the ground that it diverted their minds from their work. Landis was fretted at this, but Wilson did not appear much troubled about it. The ardor of the former was cooled. But the latter sat up later and arose earlier, and by this means studied as many hours as before, and without attracting so much of his master's attention. This course, steadily persevered in, placed him, by the next winter in advance of Landis. In three years he graduated with much credit to himself, having, by over work, earned money enough to take two or three of the Professors' tickets each season.

In a neighboring city, Wilson now occupies a distinguished position in the medical profession. In the same city resides Landis, a *journeyman cabinet maker*. At the end of the second year he became discouraged, and gave up the study of medicine in despair. He had the ability to occupy, and should have occupied a far higher position than Wilson, but he lacked one of the cardinal virtues—*perseverance*, and was content to fill a place designed for one of humbler capacity.

But, success in life does not depend on perseverance

26. Perseverance is a good quality when united with sound judgment and clear perceptions. If a man not choose wisely his course in life, his perseverance will be likely to do him more harm than good. *v*, very few combine the qualities essential to

success—the ability to determine a right course, with the perseverance to walk steadily in it—and this is the reason why, out of the many who make the effort, so few attain wealth in the pursuits of business, or eminence in the professions.

THE LOST PLEIAD.

AN EXTRACT FROM AN ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF MY FIRST-BORN.

BY T. H. CHIVERS, M. D.

"All that is left me, distant seems to be,
And all I've lost—my sole reality!"—GORTHE.

For thy pure body now at rest,
And not thy soul among the blest,
Although to me it was *most* dear—
Is this frail stone erected here!
For that which is in heaven on high,
Is full of immortality,
And needs no token of the grief
Which thus alone can find relief;
For by thy grave I seem to be
Again in thy sweet company,
Which love for thee has made to me
The very best society.
And while I bend me here alone,
Above this Monumental Stone,
Weeping away my heart for thee
In tears which flow continually—
Praying that I may meet thee there,
In that high world, where angels are—
If thou, from that celestial sphere,
Canst look upon my sorrowing here—
Even as the Moon upon the sea—
Let thy pure soul look down on me,
Untroubled in that WORLD OF BLISS,
While I am sorrowing here in this!
And pardon me that I now grieve
That thou on earth has ceased to live!

When thou wert in this world with me,
Bright angel of the HEAVENLY LANDS!
Thou wert not fed by mortal hands,
But by the NYMPHS, who gave to thee
The bread of immortality—
Such as thy spirit now doth eat
In that HIGH WORLD of endless love,
While walking with thy snowy feet
Along the sapphire-paven street,
Before the jasper walls above,
And listening to the music sweet
Of Angels in that HEAVENLY HYMN
Sung by the lips of CHERUBIM
In Paradise, before the fall—
In glory bright, outshining all

In that great CITY of pure gold
The Angels talked about of old.

Thou wert my snow-white JESSAMINE!
My little ANGEL-EOLANTINE!
My saintly LILY! who didst grow
Upon thy mother's arms of snow—
(Of whom thou wert the image true—)
Whose tears fell on thy leaves for dew—
All but those deep blue eyes of thine—
They were the miniatures of mine,
Thou blossom of that heavenly Tree
Whose boughs are barren now for thee!
The sweetest bud she ever bore!
Who art transplanted to the skies,
To blossom there forever more,
Amid the FLOWERS OF PARADISE.

Thou hast the same sweet name in heaven
That unto thee on earth was given.
I once did think it should adorn
Thy little sister to be born;
But no, it shall not be—her name
Shall be *like* thine—but *not* the same.
For then she may not have the eyes
Of my first-born now in the skies,
Whose tender limbs were white as snow—
As virgin as her soul is now—
Who came me in this world to bless
With such celestial loveliness,
That, in the light of her blue eyes,
I seemed to dwell in PARADISE,
And knew how bright the Angels were
In heaven, by gazing upon her.
For she was gentle as the flowers
Which she had gathered from the bowers,
The day before she died, for me—
Her breath as full of fragrantcy.
Much softer than the unweaned lamb
New-washed with crystal water,
Was thy pure body, now so calm,
My darling little daughter!

For thou dost sleep beneath the shade
 Of four young cedars, which now spread
 Their branches over thee so green—
 The loveliest cedars ever seen—
 Brought from the HILLS OF LEBANON,
 And planted here by me, dear ONE!
 At every corner of thy tomb,
 To speak of me in years to come—
 To say to those who pass thee by,
 We are four mourners standing round
 This holy, consecrated ground—
 Four verdant Angels round the head
 And feet of her who now is dead!
 Whose soul is in the heavens on high—
 With wings of evergreen outspread—
 To emblem that which cannot die.

At every corner underneath,
 To emblem thy more fragrant breath—
 The white buds of the JESSAMINE
 Now blossom round the MYRTLE VINE,
 Which spreads its evergreen above,
 To emblem mine eternal love—
 From whose green, oval leaves, sweet thing!
 Like bits of immortality
 Cut from the azure heavens on high

By some great Sculptor-Angel, who
 Had polished them his whole life through—
 A little purple flower doth spring,
 Whose tender leaves appear, from size,
 As if made out of thy blue eyes—
 Which sheds an Eden-like perfume
 All April long upon thy tomb.

Until my death, or soon or late,
 My heart shall be disconsolate!
 Shall grieve for thee forever more!
 Forever more still grieve for thee!
 'Till we shall meet on that sweet shore
 Where all our grieving shall be o'er—
 In heaven above, eternally.
 And 'till that hour, there shall be none
 To match my love in heaven—not one!
 Not even the mightiest Angel there,
 Shall his great love with mine compare!
 It is as deep as deep can be—
 It rises from this world to thee!
 Full as the ocean is of water,
 Is my fond heart for thee, sweet daughter!
 Sweet daughter! is my heart for thee!
 Full as the ever-brimful sea—
 The ever-brimful sea—with love,
 Is my fond heart for thine above!

THE WAYFARER'S.

BY MARY HEMPLE.

They lingered by the way side,
 Toil-worn, and tired, and sad,
 A stranger's eye had dim'd to see,
 The weary look they had:
 The mother's face bore many a trace
 Of bitter—burning tears,
 And shades were on the children's brows,
 Beyond their early years.

How happily beside them
 Danced on the joyous rill,
 Blending its song-like sweetness
 With the rustling of the mill,
 They never marked its murmur!
 They never saw its whirl!
 But with a tone of plaintive woe,
 Low spake the sad-browed girl.

"How heavily, how mournfully,
 The long long hours go by;
 Ah! what a dreary thing it is
 To have no homestead nigh:

To be so lone—so weary—
 Yet have no place to rest;
 To lie down in the deep, still grave,
 Would surely be the best.

"Oh, such a sad—sad day, Willy,
 As this has been to me,
 I kept the tears down in my heart
 That mother might not see;
 For her lot is dark and dim enough—
 Of all her joys bereft,
 And she sorrows—even while we sleep,
 For the dear home we have left.

"I dare not often think, Willy,
 Of any thing so fair,
 For it only heaps a darker tint
 On what we have to bear;
 So I try to turn my thoughts away
 To Heaven's rest and peace,
 I need the aid of holiest things
 To make my heart throb cease."

THE SPHINX.

BY EDGAR A. POE.

DURING the dread reign of the Cholera in New York, I had accepted the invitation of a relative to spend a fortnight with him in the retirement of his *étage orné* on the banks of the Hudson. We had around us all the ordinary means of summer amusement; and what with rambling in the woods, etching, boating, fishing, bathing, music and oaks, we should have passed the time pleasantly enough, but for the fearful intelligence which reached every morning from the populous city. Not a day passed which did not bring us news of the decease of an acquaintance. Then, as the fatality increased, we tried to expect daily the loss of some friend. Although we trembled at the approach of every messenger. The very air from the South seemed to us portentous with death. That palsying thought, indeed, the entire possession of my soul. I could neither think, nor dream of any thing else. My host, of a less excitable temperament, and, although utterly depressed in spirits, exerted himself to sustain his own. His richly philosophical intellect was not any time affected by unrealities. To the subsequence of terror he was sufficiently alive, but of its lows he had no apprehension.

His endeavors to arouse me from the condition of normal gloom into which I had fallen, were frustrated in great measure, by certain volumes which I found in his library. These were of a character prone into germination whatever seeds of hereditary restriction lay latent in my bosom. I had been reading these books without his knowledge, and thus was often at a loss to account for the forcible impressions which had been made upon my fancy.

My favorite topic with me was the popular belief in the supernatural—a belief which, at this one epoch of my life, I was almost seriously disposed to defend. On this subject we had long and animated discussions—he maintaining the utter groundlessness of faith in such matters.—I contending that a popular sentiment ought to rest with absolute spontaneity—that is to say, without apparent traces of suggestion—had in itself unmistakable elements of truth, and was entitled to much respect as that intuition which is the prerogative of the individual man of genius.

The fact is, that soon after my arrival at the cottage, it had occurred to myself an incident so entirely incredible, and which had in it so much of the mysterious character, that I might well have been startled for regarding it as an omen. It appalled me; the same time so confounded and bewildered me, that many days elapsed before I could make up my mind to communicate the circumstance to my

friend. On the close of an exceedingly warm day, I was sitting, book in hand, at an open window, commanding, by a long vista of the river banks, a view of a

distant hill, the face of which nearest my position, had been denuded, by what is termed a land-slide, of the principal portion of its trees. My thoughts had been long wandering from the volume before me to the gloom and desolation of the neighboring city. Uplifting my eyes from the page, they fell upon the naked face of the hill, and upon an object—upon some living monster of hideous conformation, which very rapidly made its way from the summit to the bottom, disappearing finally in the dense forest below. As this creature first came in sight, I doubted my own sanity—or at least the evidence of my own eyes; and many minutes passed before I succeeded in convincing myself that I was neither mad nor in a dream. Yet when I describe the monster, (which I distinctly saw, and calmly surveyed through the whole period of its progress,) my readers, I fear, will feel more difficulty in being convinced of these points than even I did, myself.

Estimating the size of the creature by comparison with the diameter of the large trees near which it passed—the few giants of the forest which had escaped the fury of the land-slide—I concluded it to be far larger than any ship of the line in existence. I say ship of the line, because the shape of the monster suggested the idea—the hull of one of our seventy-fours might convey a very tolerable conception of the general outline. The mouth of the animal was situated at the extremity of a proboscis some sixty or seventy feet in length, and about as thick as the body of an ordinary elephant. Near the root of this trunk was an immense quantity of black shaggy hair—more than could have been supplied by the coats of a score of buffalos; and projecting from this hair downwardly and laterally, sprang two gleaming tusks not unlike those of the wild boar, but of infinitely greater dimension. Extending forward, parallel with the proboscis, and on each side of it was a gigantic staff, thirty or forty feet in length, formed seemingly of pure crystal, and in shape a perfect prism:—it reflected in the most gorgeous manner the rays of the declining sun. The trunk was fashioned like a wedge with the apex to the earth. From it there were outspread two pairs of wings—each wing nearly one hundred yards in length—one pair being placed above the other, and all thickly covered with metal scales; each scale apparently some ten or twelve feet in diameter. I observed that the upper and lower tiers of wings were connected by a strong chain. But the chief peculiarity of this horrible thing, was the representation of a *Death's Head*, which covered nearly the whole surface of its breast, and which was as accurately traced in glaring white, upon the dark ground of the body, as if it had been there carefully designed by an artist. While I regarded this terrific animal, and more especially the appearance on its breast,

with a feeling of horror and awe—with a sentiment of forthcoming evil, which I found it impossible to quell by any effort of the reason, I perceived the huge jaws at the extremity of the proboscis, suddenly expand themselves, and from them there proceeded a sound so loud and so expressive of woe, that it struck upon my nerves like a knell, and as the monster disappeared at the foot of the hill, I fell at once, fainting to the floor.

Upon recovering, my first impulse of course was to inform my friend of what I had seen and heard—and I can scarcely explain what feeling of repugnance it was, which, in the end, operated to prevent me.

At length, one evening, some three or four days after the occurrence, we were sitting together in the room which I had seen the apparition—I occupying the same seat at the same window, and he lounging on a sofa near at hand. The association of the place and time impelled me to give him an account of the phenomenon. He heard me to the end—at first laughed heartily—and then lapsed into an excessively grave demeanor, as if my insanity was a thing beyond suspicion. At this instant I again had a distinct view of the monster—to which, with a shout of absolute terror, I now directed his attention. He looked eagerly—but maintained that he saw nothing—although I designated minutely the course of the creature, as it made its way down the naked face of the hill.

I was now immeasurably alarmed, for I considered the vision either as an omen of my death, or, worse, as the fore-runner of an attack of mania. I threw myself passionately back in my chair, and for some moments buried my face in my hands. When I uncovered my eyes, the apparition was no longer apparent.

My host, however, had in some degree resumed the calmness of his demeanor, and questioned me very vigorously in respect to the conformation of the visionary creature. When I had fully satisfied him on this head, he sighed deeply, as if relieved of some intolerable burden, and went on to talk, with what I thought a cruel calmness of various points of speculative philosophy, which had heretofore formed subject of discussion between us. I remember his insisting very especially (among other things) upon the idea that a principal source of error in all human investigations, lay in the liability of the understanding to

under-rate or to over-value the importance of an object, through mere mis-admeasurement of its propinquity. "To estimate properly, for example," he said, "the influence to be exercised on mankind at large by the thorough diffusion of Democracy, the distance of the epoch at which such diffusion may possibly be accomplished, should not fail to form an item in the estimate. Yet can you tell me one writer on the subject of government, who has ever thought this particular branch of the subject worthy of discussion at all?"

He here paused for a moment, stepped to a book-case, and brought forth one of the ordinary synopses of Natural History. Requesting me then to exchange seats with him, that he might the better distinguish the fine print of the volume, he took my arm chair at the window, and, opening the book, resumed his discourse very much in the same tone as before.

"But for your exceeding minuteness," he said, "in describing the monster, I might never have had it in my power to demonstrate to you what it was. In the first place, let me read to you a school boy account of the genus *Sphinx*, of the family *Crepuscularia*, of the order *Lepidoptera*, of the class of *Insecta*—or insects. The account runs thus:

"Four membranous wings covered with little colored scales of a metallic appearance; mouth forming a rolled proboscis, produced by an elongation of the jaws, upon the sides of which are found the rudiments of mandibles and downy palpi; the inferior wings retained to the superior by a stiff hair; antennae in the form of an elongated club, prismatic; abdomen pointed. The Death's-headed Sphinx has occasioned much terror among the vulgar, at times, by the melancholy kind of cry which it utters, and the insignia of death which it wears upon its corslet."

He here closed the book and leaned forward in the chair, placing himself accurately in the position which I had occupied at the moment of beholding "the monster."

"Ah, here it is!" he presently exclaimed—"it is reascending the face of the hill, and a very remarkable looking creature, I admit it to be. Still, it is by no means so large or so distant as you imagined it; for the fact is that, as it wriggles its way up this hair, which some spider has wrought along the window-sash, I find it to be about the sixteenth of an inch in its extreme length, and also about the sixteenth of an inch distant from the pupil of my eye!"

CONSOLATION.

FROM THE GERMAN OF FOUQUE.

WHEN through Life's avenue so dark and cold
Downward, and ever down, the steps are tending,
Behold,

Hope's gentle accents cheer us in descending:

"Ah, be not sad! ah, do not weep!

Ere thou lay thee down to sleep

The sleep of death,

Thou shalt feel anew Spring's kindly dew

And the May-wind's fragrant breath."

So didst thou speak, dear voice; so didst thou dream
The brightness of Life's wave hath ebb'd away!

A gleam

Of light shines feebly on my darksome way,

But 'tis across the grave so chill!

Cheat me no more—endure I will

As best I can;

Suffer and fight, and strive with might,

Even as becomes a man.

HOW MR. ABRAM ESTERLEY WAS "PUT DOWN."

BY FANNY FORRESTER.

"He shall be *put down*!" exclaimed Ada Palmer, a few months ago, stamping her little foot angrily, and tossing her queenly head, till the inward commotion was copied by a whole Niagara of black ringlets. "He is a presuming, ill-bred fellow, and he shall be put down."

It was a fearful fiat, pronounced as it was by the lips of beauty; and so awe-stricken were we all that not one ventured to remonstrate; and so we gave, by our silence, a tacit approval of her intended measures.

Every body knows what *putting down* means; except perhaps a certain meek-minded class who never had a fancy for being up. The world, like verbs, is divided into the active, passive, and neuter, and every body comes under one or the other of these heads—the putters-down, the put-down, and those who are not of sufficient consequence to clash with any interests, and keep contentedly to the niche they were born in. To the first of these classes belongs Ada Palmer, by right of birth and the inheritance of belle-hood. I have told you of Ada Palmer before—a witching creature, to whom every one pays allegiance instinctively, and who queens it over Alderbrook like a second Semiramis. I do not know that I have said any thing to you of Mr. Abram Esterley; but you must nevertheless have heard of him, for he has written a book; and, moreover, plays the German flute divinely. He is a great man, that Abram Esterley; and wonderful was the commotion at Alderbrook when he first made his appearance among us. But great men are men after all; with noses, and chins, and hands boasting the same number of fingers that other hands have; and, *sometimes*, ugly feet and limbs a-la-Pope. We promise worship in the distance, whatever features our veiled prophet may disclose; but when we behold, we quarrel with the hand which has traced no fairer things on the outer tablet, though all within be glory, than our own fronts exhibit. If every angel that walks the earth, a golden harp hidden deep in the spirit, carried its glory on the brow, and spread the now folded wings in sight of the multitude, earth would become one grand scene of idolatry; for there were angels that remained with us when we lost our Eden. I am not quite sure that young Abram Esterley would unfurl the finest pair of wings, or claim any undue share of devotion; and yet, with more follies than I should care to enumerate to-day hanging about him like cobweb-wreaths that might easily be scattered, he had a mark upon him which the God-gifted could not fail to recognize. It would have been profanity for any but Ada Palmer to attempt to put him down; but Ada Palmer was never judged like other mortals. Some of the people of Alderbrook said that Mr. Esterley was a man of genius; others, rather hesitatingly gave it as their opinion that he possessed an unusual

degree of talent; while, in less than a month, a vast majority pronounced him a fool. They were all right. Men of genius *are* fools—the "children of light"—a lack wisdom race, of a generation without guile, all truthfulness and simplicity. They are sent out to sow the world with beauty and love; and they must needs have but little earthliness about them to accomplish well their holy mission. Tact and contrivance, and the care which begins and terminates on that which pertains to the outer covering of the spirit are things of earth; and the children of light are seldom burdened with them. So God has not given these angel-ministers of his the serpent-like armor that other men have; but when they are stung to death, he takes them to his own bosom and soothes them into a beatific rest, for which those who have battled with the world a lifetime are unprepared.

Esterley was a genius—not of the highest order, and consequently he belonged to a lower order of fools—those who are determined to make themselves agreeable to the world. The inconsistency of such a course would strike at once any man of common sense; but common sense was a quality which Esterley lacked, and so he folded his wings still closer and donned the fool's-cap. When he first came to Alderbrook, he was fêted and toasted like an American Dickens. To-day he dined at Dr. Rowley's, took tea at Deacon Palmer's, and was the hero of a boat-row in the evening; the next he breakfasted with lawyer Nicholson and his pretty wife, quite *en famille*—except some twenty other invited guests; dined at the "Sheaf and Sickle," with all the nabobs of the town, and danced away more than three long hours, in the upper hall of the Candy-post, in honor of his wondrous self. Another day followed a grand pic-nic party; and the great man must recite his own verses, away in some solitary dingle, with a pair of earnest eyes playing the mischief with his thoughts the while; and then he must try the tone of his flute in the woods; and through all, listen to sweeter things than ever bless common ears. So, after a while, the Alderbrookiers succeeded in convincing their guest that he was an Apollo—for could Abram Esterley doubt an assertion which sat on every lip and shone in every eye!—and then, just at the moment when the fact was becoming indelibly impressed upon his mind, they reversed their decision and dubbed him *fool*. They were willing to embarrass and distress him with undesired honors until he acquired a taste for them, and began to appropriate them as things really worth having; and then, because, forsooth, he loved the incense, and blessed them in his heart for the bright leaf they had opened to him, they turned to *put him down*. There are a great many human lions in the world—lions with brains and lions with curls only, lions with hearts and those who have frittered away their apology for one on frivolities, lions

with heavy pockets, and lions with "light fantastic toes"—no community can exist without a lion. But listen to me, dear people of the shaggy mane, listen all, both great and small, as the New England primer would say—here is for you a homœopathic dose of worldly wisdom. Wherever you go, write DO N'T CARE on your lips and in your eyes; and make the devotion spread before you your carpet. Never look to the right nor the left to acknowledge the deference of your worshipers. If you do you are lost: their smiles will turn to mocking grimaces, and their bended knees will each sustain the bow which the next moment will aim an arrow at you. Never see them, nor care for them, (except perhaps to be silently thankful for being the worshiped rather than the worshiper,) and they will bear you cloud-ward on pillows of roses. Esterley, believing in his exceeding simplicity, that it was to honor *him* rather than to gratify a propensity that Alderbrook was turned upside down, was really grateful for the homage paid him, and exerted himself to please those who bestowed it. This was his fatal mistake.

Foolish Abram Esterley thinking that all spoken words had meaning in them, and acts of seeming frankness admitted of but one interpretation, had—*en courts*, he had presumed to believe in the existence of truth, and act upon the belief. And who should dare say that Abram Esterley did not deserve putting down. What presumption in him to devote himself so particularly and determinedly to Ada Palmer on the evening of Sarah May's wedding, even though her mamma had invited such devotion before! and then what unheard of impertinence to insist on leading her home across Strawberry Hill in the moonlight, when the rest of the party were enjoying a grand frolic on the green velvet border of the turnpike; though, to be sure, she had often pointed that out as the most delightful ramble in the world. There were some whispers—very low ones—among the most observing of the company, that the cause of Ada's unusual annoyance might be found in the handsome face of a stranger cousin to the Mays; but, whatever the cause might be, the result was the same to the poet. This evening's misdemeanors, with sundry other things very important now—though they never had been thought of before, and it took a long time to drag them to light—were poor Esterley's offences, and for these he was to be put down. Ada Palmer had said it, and Ada Palmer was the queen *regnant* of Alderbrook. Who would dare to interfere? Indeed, a thought did enter the cranium of one individual of the feasibility of giving the victim a warning. Perhaps he might be induced to betake himself to flight; perhaps he might take measures to defeat her plans peacefully, and as though by some happy accident. But it was a delicate mission, and people are seldom thanked for such meddling doings. Esterley was a man, and ought to be able to maintain his ground.

The hills that are linked about Alderbrook, like an immense carcanet of exquisitely beautiful and ever-varying jewels, were melting in the dewiness of twilight, the valleys below all slumbering in the shadow, when Ada Palmer called to announce the arrival of a visitor in town. The sister of Jack Sullivan had just been set down at the Rowley's.

No more favorable time could be imagined for calling if we waited for dew-fall; for there was too much witchery in the dreamy evening to trust the moon alone with it, and so we sallied forth—not "guardians of the night," but the grave duennas of the lady Dian. How grave we were I shall not say now—whether we danced or walked across the fences and stiles with which the moonlight chequered and barred up our way; how long we stopped to spangle the grass with the crystals we scooped up from the brook which, tired of meandering among the sedges and alders, came to take a peep at the world on the thoroughfare of the turnpike; nor how many profound secrets were discussed between fragmentary singing and light bursts of laughter.

Jack Sullivan's sister was a bright merry-faced girl, with a mingling of mirth and mischief in her fine black eye, a nose slightly upturned, giving a dash of piquancy to the whole face, large luscious lips with flakes of snow between them, an exquisitely moulded bust, a fine figure not too *spirituelle*, and a manner pleasing, earnest, and cordial. We at once decided that the lady was a great acquisition to our little society.

"Tell me, Fanny," said Julia Sullivan, a few days after our first meeting, "tell me how it is that your friend Ada has such a pique against Mr. Esterley."

"Indeed, I scarce know myself, but I believe the fault is mostly his own. He is always saying and doing things which, if not precisely rude, approach it a little too nearly."

"Intentionally?"

"Oh, no! Mr. Esterley would go down on his knees to any body that he thought he had offended even by a look. That is one of his foibles."

"How then has he so provoked the enmity of Ada Palmer? He must have done something in particular in that case, for she does not seem ill-natured, though perhaps a little too spirited."

"Nothing in particular, but a great deal in general. The truth is, Mr. Esterley has no tact—no sense of propriety, I was about to say, but I will not; though certainly he does not always display the wisdom that a man of genius should—"

"But he is upright and honorable?"

"Undoubtedly."

"And possessed of talent?"

"No one questions that."

"He is not heartless?"

"On the contrary he is as sensitive as a little child, and full of kindness and affection for every body—Ada Palmer particularly."

"Aha! is that it? Put him down, will she?" and Julia Sullivan raised a ringing hearty laugh which would have quite provoked Ada to hear. "And how stands the lady's affections?" she finally inquired, musingly.

"Why, as to that, Ada Palmer should scarce be judged by the same rule as the rest of us, but she received his attentions very graciously at first."

"He made them too cheap, eh?"

"Possibly."

"Is Ada Palmer malicious?"

"Oh, no!"

"A little mischievous, then?"

"Perhaps—a very little—but, if so, it is an innocent kind of mischief."

"Do you think she will really accomplish her design, and 'put him down'?"

"Unless some one is kind enough to advise him to go away," I answered, looking a little hopefully at Julia Sullivan.

"A very cowardly piece of advice that would be; I hope he will stay. This promises us a little sport—villages are apt to become dull without something of the kind. But you have really no doubt of Ada Palmer's ability to accomplish what she has promised?"

"None at all, unless sharper wits oppose her than Abram Esterley's—she is all-powerful with us."

"So," said Julia Sullivan, with unusual soberness and severity, "from a foolish whim of hers, a young girl deliberately sets about the ruin of a man of talents and worth, (for this might prove a thing from which Esterley would never recover,) and yet you acquit her of malice."

"I am not sure that Ada would acknowledge all that I have in Esterley's favor; for her judgment is so much warped that she might call him both silly and heartless. His attempts to please her have betrayed him into a great many extravagancies in conversation, and a few in conduct, which certainly have not tended to raise him in her esteem. I will readily acknowledge that Ada's revenge is foolish, but I do not like to think it wicked."

"We will take care that no great harm comes from it; and, in the meantime, Fanny dear, look out for plenty of amusement."

"A week passed, and there was scarce a fire-side at Alderbrook which was not made merry by some ludicrous anecdote of Mr. Esterley. Nothing was said to impeach his morals or to detract from his intellect, but there were sneers a-plenty, and ominous smiles; and poor Esterley was rapidly sinking under this newly-acquired weight of contempt. He tried to meet it frankly and honestly, but he was too simple-hearted, and only plunged himself into new difficulties. If such was the fun that Julia Sullivan liked she had plenty of it. But in reality she seemed to have quite forgotten her anticipated amusement. Perhaps it required the week to make the acquaintance of Mr. Esterley; for, during that time, she did not seem to know him at all, but was apparently made most happy by her own popularity as a stranger, an heiress, and a belle. At the end of the week, however, when the tide of public favors had so far ebbed from the young poet as to leave him fairly stranded, the gay lady came to the rescue. She laughed when she heard anecdotes of him; said such was always the way in a village society; and maintained that it was a great pity Mr. Esterley should bury himself at Alderbrook, where he could be no better appreciated. It was very daring of Miss Sullivan to make such speeches, if not a little impertinent; but she was an heiress, and a belle, and moreover exceedingly good natured, and so we forgave her. Besides this, wherever Julia Sullivan went, there was Esterley sure to be. She danced with him, waltzed with him, rode with him, walked with him; and, if Ada Palmer's judgment in such matters may

be esteemed infallible, flirted with him most despo-
rately. Ada said that her conduct was shameful; and "shameful!" echoed—one or two. The new belle had stolen from Ada the hearts of her subjects. And Mr. Esterley, unsuspecting innocent! was apparently happy, while Julia Sullivan seemed to glory in her power over him. Ada Palmer had reason to feel mortified, for it was evident that her putting-down plan could not succeed just at present, but she had scarce reason to take it quite so much to heart. If Abram Esterley were really so contemptible as she had represented him, the heartlessness of Julia Sullivan need in no wise disturb her. Supposing the gay lady did flirt—what harm? It was a very naughty thing of her, to be sure, but then she was probably sent as a scourge, and Esterley of course deserved no sympathy. Why should Ada Palmer look so troubled and annoyed?

Among other gaieties which sprang up beneath the tread of Julia Sullivan, was a party given by Mrs. Rowley in honor of her guest. Never had the handsome rooms of the doctor's lady glittered with so much brilliancy and beauty. There were not many jewels among the bright curls which nodded there, but there were eyes which sparkled more than jewels; and smiles wreathing lips as beautiful as the half-opened flowers which Mrs. Rowley had thrown about in such tasteful profusion. Rare young creatures; timid and graceful, and happy as beves of gay birds in the spring time, flitted about in the soft light, stepping with their light feet the echo to music, which we, at least, thought almost divine. How handsome was every body, and how pleased and self-satisfied every body looked, and, of course, felt; for nobody there knew that *jaquing* was one of the first lessons fashion teaches. If they had, I doubt not it would have been learned; for though dame Fashion furnishes spleen with an excellent safety valve, and eloquence with an exhaustless theme; we are quite as ready to fling ourselves beneath her car, if we but know the way, at Alderbrook as elsewhere. Before nine o'clock the company had all assembled—all but one, *the* one. Even when Julia Sullivan was present we could not spare bright Ada Palmer. She was missed every where and by every body—our little brilliant queen of fairies! It was half-past nine, and a second buzz of wonder was passing around the room; and even the rival belle, charming Julia Sullivan, was just expressing her disappointment most earnestly, when in glided the most beautiful vision which has shone upon Alderbrook for many a day. "She wore a wreath of roses," our radiant young Venus, the night flowers nestling in her midnight tresses as lovingly as little birds preferring these to heaven. Her eye had never seemed half so brilliant—dark well of half-awakened mischief though it ever was—for now there was a thought of some kind dancing in it, which kept the long silken fringes in a tremor of gay agitation; and the same thought, of whatever nature it might be, glowed in the bright cheek, and crept onward to the lip, where it scarce appeared so beautiful as looking out from the orbs above. Lips that tell any thing tell all, and Ada Palmer's spoke far more plainly than her eyes that night. The smiles that usually dimpled the mouth

were there, but they lacked the inspiration, without which smiles are nothing more than movements of automata—the little muscle-pullers dwelling in the head instead of the heart. A look of determination scarce natural, was perched on the crimson lip, and the superb head balanced itself upon, the proudly arched neck with even a little more queenliness than usual. Her dress, of the hue of a pink-lipped seashell, looped coquettishly with ribbands, floated about her like a rose-tinged cloud in the first sun-flush of morning; and, beneath it, her little satin-slipped feet

“Like little mice stole in and out
As if they feared the light.”

A buzz of admiration passed around, to which I am very confident Abram Esterley added his moiety from out the curtained recess at the extremity of the room; for Esterley was a poet, and poets have an intuitive knowledge of the presence of beauty, even with their eyes closed. Gracefully glided the lovely vision about the room, eyes following her and smiles greeting her every where; and the flush deepened on the gay maiden's cheek, and the tremor beneath her boddice increased; for she had come out that night with a purpose, and this universal admiration was an earnest of its accomplishment. As for Julia Sullivan she seemed not one whit disconcerted by the appearance of her formidable rival. She even linked arms with her and took a turn or two through the rooms, as though not at all conscious of the comparisons every body was instituting at her expense. The subject of conversation, however, between the two belles, could not have been the most agreeable; for there was a roguish sparkle in the eye of Julia Sullivan, and an increase of determination on the proud lips of Ada, accompanied by a look of fast increasing vexation.

“I think he will go away,” I overheard Julia observe, in passing, with an air full of innocence. “He is a poet, and there is nothing to interest him here.”

Ada buried a little pearl in her red lip, and left even more spirit on it than before. Soon after, she dropped the arm of Julia Sullivan. Why did Ada Palmer hover so about that curtained recess, fitting like a gay bird from one person to another, but always returning?

“I will teach Miss Julia Sullivan a lesson this evening,” she whispered me.

“And receive more than an equivalent, I suspect, bright Ada,” I longed to reply, as I caught a glimpse of Julia's laughing face the other side of the room.

What a perverse simpleton Abram Esterley was, to bore himself and the gay girls who could not for the life of them listen quite complacently to his wisdom, when such good fortune was beckoning him through the opening in the looped-up curtains. Was he in Julia Sullivan's plot, and playing his own part as she directed? No, the bare suspicion is a wrong to the simple hearted Esterley. He had bent his knee in worship to Ada Palmer, and though her con-

tempt had fallen on him with a withering influence, he would have scorned to win her back by any other art than love. So, though his eye followed her every movement, he did not dream, in his humble simplicity, that one of them was made for him. At last their eyes, which had till now seemed to avoid each other, met; and Ada must have read something new in the earnest orbs of the poet, for a change came over her. Her lids drooped, at first, over their dark treasures, as they would have said, “forgive me;” then they lighted up again radiantly, but not with the lightning flashes which they had just been scattering about, and blushing with confusion, Ada bowed and smiled. The heart had come back to her lip again. That was not a smile manufactured for the occasion; and I am positive that no thought of Julia Sullivan or triumph, or any thing but a feeling which the lip would in no other way dare express, mingled with it. Ah! Ada! how had that naughty heart of thine deceived thee! The smile fell upon Esterley like a gush of sunlight through the bars of a dungeon; and, in a moment, he was by her side. They walked at first, both in exceeding embarrassment, and then they danced and partially recovered from it, and then—The garden was full of flowers, and there was a magnificent moon looking down upon it. What more charming plan could be found, since Ada had recovered again the heart to the most bewitching smile that ever wreathed human lip, and Esterley was a poet. The flowers and the moonlight, (it could not have been the tones of Esterley—certainly not—low and soft, and thrilling as they were,) had a strange influence over Ada Palmer that evening, for when she returned again to the gay company, she was completely metamorphosed. The light was still in her eye—a love-light;—the smile on her lip—a holy soul-full smile which never rested there before; and the crimson of her cheek flickered and faded and brightened again, with a new and strange timidity. She had entered that room radiant and exulting—careless, and selfish, and almost heartless; she left it meek and gentle, with but one feeling swelling at her heart, and that all for another. Thank God for the power of loving!—the wild human heart is scarce tamed without it. Every body observed the change in Ada, but every body did not know its cause, though Julia Sullivan, as she was taking her leave, glided to my side and whispered, “Look at her—dear Ada! I feared she was not worthy of him—blessings on her sweet loving heart!”

Such times as we are to have in Alderbrook (*entre nous*) to-morrow evening, dear reader! Such ransacking of shops for French slippers and white kid gloves, and such discussions about flowers, and laces, and ribbands, and fans, as we have! You would think queen Victoria had come over to dine with brother Jonathan, and the receiving committee resided at Alderbrook. But it is something more important than that; and the eyes of Julia Sullivan are swimming in sympathetic happiness, even while she privately laughs over her grand *coup de main*. I wonder if any body has thought what a poet can do with a fortune? I am sure Abram Esterley has not.

THE BROKEN HEART.

BY KATE CLEVELAND.

Poor broken heart! so crusad and helpless lying;
I knew thee in thy fresh and early youth,
When all the sweet, young hopes now dead, or dying,
Sprang into life with beauty, trust and truth—
How strong and vigorous then thy pulses beating,—
What ardent, eager life leaped through thy veins!
Then Love and Hope, two mighty currents meeting,
With glowing waves gave each a silent greeting,
And rolled together through Life's arid plains,—
Poor Broken Heart!

Truth, Trust and Tenderness! the fairest features,
Stamped by Humanity upon thy face;—
Strong love for God, and God's unfaithful creatures—
All kindly feelings for thy fallen race,—
These marked thine early years—young years of gladness!
When thou wert spotless as the newborn light,
Ere crossed thy threshold, gloom or grief, or sadness,
Or woes that drove thee to the verge of madness,
Enshrouding thee in darkness thick as night,—
Oh, Broken Heart!

Ah! once what dreams of life stole gently o'er thee,
How didst thou quench thy thirst at each bright stream,
Each well of joy that opened up before thee
Its sparkling waters in Life's morning beam:
Then angels came with peaceful ministrations,—
With softest solace for each passing sigh;
And God's sublime, and glorious, wide creation!
Claimed all the incense of each sweet oblation,
For lessons taught, which but with thee can die,—
Poor Hopeless Heart.

How didst thou tremble, when Love, like a river,
First overwhelmed thee in its waters deep;
Oh! had the waves but calmly flowed forever,
I should not now thy hapless shipwreck weep;
But dark suspicions, doubts, like storms, assailed thee,
And thou wert driven from thy peaceful shore,
When all of Hope, of Earth, of Heaven, failed thee,
Then those who scorned, in piteous tones bewailed thee,
For they might mar thy rest nor beauty more,
Poor Broken Heart!

How wert thou stricken, when Death's icy finger
Pressed down the long-fringed lids of sweet young eyes,
Which seemed with fond and earnest looks to linger
On those best-loved beneath the bending skies.
Didst thou not strive, with passionate caresses,
To hold these frail ones in their beauty here?
But they, with dewy lips and golden tresses,
Returned to Earth, who now their slumber blesses
With daylight's rosy beam and evening's tear,
Oh, Broken Heart!

Poor stricken heart! now softly, faintly throbbing,
No hand can string anew thy broken chords,
No voice may still thy languid, feeble sobbing,
Or sooth thy weary hours with gentle words:
'Tis death in life! a palsy rests forever
On all thy hopes—they bowed beneath the spell
As early blossoms which the north-winds sever,—
Then give to joy, to strength, to all endeavor
A lasting, hopeless, long and wild farewell!—
Poor Broken Heart!

THE FADING LEAVES.

BY MARY HEMPLE.

A young child stood in a shadowy wood,
And her eyes were dim with tears,
And a shade was resting sadly there,
Too deep for her tender years:
Yet she knew not why—she knew not why,
For her heart like a happy bird,
Came quickly—joyously leaping up,
Whenever the boughs were stir'd.

The sky was clear, but the leaves were sore,
And the young child watched them fall,
And she saw how the tallest, proudest trees,
Were stripped the first of all:
Then, with lips apart, to her own pure heart,
She said what their fading taught,

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For even the leaves in the silent woods,
Are all with lessons fraught.
"I am fair and young—I am gay and strong,
But so was this noble tree,
Yet the breath of winter has withered that,
And winter may come to me:
But my Father, who gave to the tree its bloom,
And covers the daisied sod;
Will bring back spring—for them—for me,
If I love and worship God."

Oh! even a child may read aright
The pages open'd there;
For the spirit of love—that dwells in light,
Is reigning everywhere.

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PRETENSION;
OR, THE DISCOMFITED LOVER

BY MISS ELIZA A. DUFUY.

Dandy.—Six feet of inanity enveloped in cloth.

BULWER.

MISS SALLY MARY BOGGS had just completed her twentieth year. She was a young lady of great pretensions. In the first place, she was the only child of a gentleman (by courtesy) who was the owner of two plantations, and a *quantum suff.* of ebony bodies to perform all necessary labor on them to make them as profitable as possible. In the second place, she was (according to her own opinion) agreeable to look on, as she rejoiced in that most indefinable of all phrases, "a fine looking woman." If fine looking meant well grown, Miss Boggs was certainly a fine specimen of her sex; for she stood six feet two, and was large in proportion. Her complexion had originally been fair, though the pitiless sun had kissed it all too rudely, leaving, as marks of his tender regard, freckles "thick as leaves on Valambrosa's plain," and very plain they conspired to make Miss Sally Mary. Her eyes, "those counts of love and light," were neither the glorious blue, the radiant black, nor yet the pensive grey;—they were of a non-descript color, wavering between a sea-green, and a tea color;—yet, spite of their watery lustre, there was some fire about them, for the lashes that shaded them, and the hair that swept in radiant curls over her youthful cheeks, were of a bright red. Her mouth was well enough, and if kind and gentle words had there made their abiding place, it might even have been called pretty; for the lips were pouting and rosy, and, when parted, displayed a set of even and pearly looking teeth.

Having described my heroine, it is necessary to give some account of her origin. Mr. Joseph Boggs had been one of the earliest settlers of the South-West, and though a man of limited intellect, and no education, nature had gifted him with an intuitive knowledge of simple and compound interest, which he so sedulously used for his own behoof, that at the age of fifty, had he been acquainted with the art of calligraphy, he might have written himself worth a clear two hundred thousand—but, alas! the extent of his literary acquirements did not reach beyond spelling out an occasional paragraph in a newspaper, or, more puzzling still, finding out what certain mysterious characters meant, which came to him in the shape of bills for his daughter's expenses while at school.

In this employment, he, unfortunately, could gain but little assistance from his better-half, as she was even more ignorant of all "book learning," as she called it, than her husband. She was a quiet, metho-

dical woman—a thrifty housewife, and seemed contented to endure any privation to secure to her daughter the enjoyment of great wealth, and perfect idleness—the latter, in her estimation, being an essential qualification of a lady. She had never been known to depart from her selfish views in but one instance—that was in the adoption of an orphan child, the daughter of the gentleman who had formerly owned the place on which they lived. The parents of the little Euphemia Gordon had died within a few hours of each other, leaving their estate so deeply involved in debt, that their orphan was left destitute. Mr. Boggs purchased the property at half its value, and, seized with a sudden fit of generosity, proposed to his wife to adopt the child as a companion for their own daughter. Mrs. Boggs assented, and Euphemia was reared in the home of her father as a dependant on the bounty of strangers.

Euphemia, or, as she was familiarly designated, Mimi Gordon, grew up a lively, *piquant* brunette. She had sufficiently profited by the advantages which she shared with Miss Boggs, in the early part of her life, to become an intelligent and agreeable companion. At the age of fifteen the heiress was despatched to a northern city, to receive two years polishing, while the dependant child was kept under the eye of Mrs. Boggs, to be instructed in the mysteries of sewing, that she might lessen her own labors in that department.

Miss Boggs returned home loaded with accomplishments and finery. She could speak a little execrable French, murder time, and belabor an unfortunate piano with hands that were far from being fairy-like. She sung too! oh ye gods! in the Italian style! That is, three words screamed out at the utmost pitch of a voice, not remarkable for sweetness, with as many trills, quavers, and demisemiquavers as could be conveniently crowded into them, and three more, uttered in such a dying cadence, that one was uncomfortably reminded of suffocation, difficulty of breathing, &c.

She danced also, and it was universally admitted by the most envious, that her gallopade was perfection, and her waltzing quite *comme il faut*. She also painted landscapes, with skies of the deepest blue, and water of the true sea-green, not to mention flowers of brighter hues than ever bloomed on earth.

With all these claims, Miss Boggs was much

astonished that the wood-notes wild of little Mimi, and her light skipping steps, were not utterly eclipsed by the superior grandeur of her own style. Such, however, was not the case. Mimi had beauty and sprightliness, and though dependant, those who lived near had not forgotten that her parents moved in a sphere far superior to that to which her benefactors could have aspired, before the magic of wealth smoothed the way to a more elevated position.

On her return from boarding-school, Miss Sally Mary determined on being a belle, and, spite of the rival attractions of Mimi, she flattered herself that she had succeeded. Many aspired to be the owner of the fair lands which were to be her dower, nothing daunted by the tall encumbrance appended thereto.

Among these suitors, the most earnest in his devotions, was a young gentleman who wrote on large square pieces of pasteboard, with a broad gilt band around the edge, and a corpulent cupid presiding over an altar, on which a skewered heart was cooking, the grandiloquent appellation of Clarence Hervey Fitzlillian, Esq. He was a young gentleman of undoubted pretensions, and as such was received by Miss Sally Mary Boggs.

It is said that all persons admire that which is most opposite to themselves. This, in the present instance, was undoubtedly true, for Mr. Fitzlillian, in his highest heeled boots, and tallest hat, could scarce reach the shoulder of his fair innamorato; but, like Sampson of old, his chief strength lay in his unshorn locks. He wore his hair, which was of a pale drab color, parted in two perpendicular lines, that fell in thick masses on either cheek, where it met a fringe which encircled the whole of a thin pale face, that peered forth as if dismayed at the formidable array around it. His manners were *sui generis*—he picked his teeth, trimmed his nails, and thrust his feet in every one's way, for the purpose of showing how perfectly easy his manners were, and informed his acquaintances of the fact that he had only associated with the best company in his father's house. Mr. Fitzlillian boasted of the antiquity of his family, and there was no doubt in the minds of those who knew him well, that he was a lenial descendant of those who worshiped the golden calf in days of yore, for the same veneration for the precious metals was one of the most remarkable developments in his character.

"Lawyers are the aristocracy of America." So says Captain Marryatt; so thought Mr. Fitzlillian, and no sooner had he made selection of a "location" wherein to show forth the powers of his lucid intellect, than he began to look around among the young ladies of the vicinity, to see who was most worthy of the honor of his attentions. Charms, mental or personal, were secondary considerations. Pounds, shillings, and pence, were with him fit substitutes for mind, heart, and loveliness, therefore had he selected Miss Sally Mary Boggs as the one who was to be honored by sharing with him his magnificent and high-sounding name.

The most formidable rival to the pretensions of Mr. Fitzlillian, was a young planter whose possessions joined those of Mr. Boggs. Eugene Berville was a fine specimen of a young southerner. He

was eminently handsome, and possessed feelings heightened almost to chivalry, while the ease and frankness which distinguished his manners, was well calculated to win his way among all classes. He was a frequent visitor at the house of Mr. Boggs, and the heiress, without scruple, appropriated his visits to herself. She had looked around the circle of her admirers, and, after some consideration, determined that, as Berville was the best match among them, he was most worthy to obtain the boon of herself and acres. Though he had never breathed love's name, both herself and her worthy parents considered the affair as settled, for if he did not seek her, why did he come so often, and linger so long? They did not once dream that the humble dependant, to whom they were so condescendingly patronising, was the attraction which drew the wealthy Berville thither.

The first time such a suspicion entered the mind of Miss Boggs, was one bright evening in autumn, when the two girls were sitting together in their own room. Mimi was employed at her needle—beguiling the time by warbling a lively French song, with an airiness and grace peculiarly her own. Miss Sally Mary was leaning on a table, looking listlessly through the window. She yawned several times, and turning to her companion, said—

"Mimi, what makes you always so merry, while I am tired to death?"

"I do not know, without it is that I am always employed, while you have nothing to do," replied Mimi, catching the refrain of her song as she stopped speaking.

"Who taught you that pretty song?"

A vivid blush mantled the cheek of Mimi as she answered,

"Only Mr. Berville. He says it is an old song his mother used to sing to him when a child."

"What nonsense!" ejaculated the fair Boggs. "I would not sing words I did not understand."

"But I do understand them; and she warbled the concluding line of each stanza, with an arch meaning, that only incensed her listener—" *Je vous aime de tout mon cœur.*"

"And I suppose," said the heiress, bitterly, "because the song says so, you think that he who taught it to you really loves you with all his heart. Pahaw! what folly and presumption!"

The rose faded from the cheeks of Mimi Gordon, as she answered, in an altered tone, "It would be folly, indeed, to dream of such an impossibility. No, Sally Mary, I am not your rival with Mr. Berville."

"My rival?" repeated Miss Boggs, with a toss of her head, "no, I should think not."

Tears sprang to the eyes of Mimi, and she bent over her work to conceal them. It was not the first time she had been thus taunted, but she had learned to suppress all outward show of feeling—to endure in silence the petty meanness of which she was often the victim.

That evening the two gentlemen spent at Boggs' Hall. Mimi was still busy at her task,—Miss Sally Mary had determined on watching the deportment of Berville toward her, that she might decide what were his real sentiments.

In the meantime Mr. Fitzlillian was making the

agreeable with all his might, and his spirit waxed glad within him, as he flattered himself that he was too fascinating to be resisted. Miss Sally Mary Boggs understood the feminine tact of smiling on the one she cared little for, to arouse the dormant jealousy of him she really preferred; but all her artifices were lost on Berville. He sat beside the work-stand at which Mimi was employed, watching her slender and graceful fingers as she arranged her work. At length his eye dwelt on her face with an earnestness that made the blood leap to her cheek, as she accidentally looked up.

"Excuse me," said he, "I was just thinking that you look pale and ill; but now you are no longer so. Do put aside that piece of work, and let us enjoy what the poet calls 'the feast of reason and the flow of soul.'"

"Fortunately, I have just finished, and can obey you, but a flow of tears would be the most natural expression of my feelings just now."

She arose as she spoke, and put her work away. Berville's eyes followed her light form, as she flitted across the room, and a fiery flush crossed his cheek as he glanced around at the rest of the party.

"I am glad you have stopped sewing, Miss Mimy," said the accomplished Fitzlillian. "I think it is decidedly vulgar to sew. No lady can sew without destroying the symmetry of the first finger of the left hand, by leaving an unseemly mark on the rosy tip," glancing, as he spoke, at the large white hand of Miss Boggs, who wore gloves when no company was present, and was guiltless of the vulgarity of ever doing any thing useful.

"Vulgar!" repeated Berville, with an air of scornful pride. "You think it vulgar! Fortunately for our country, sir, and the honor of human nature, all persons do not aim at the superlative refinement of Mr. Fitzlillian. For myself, I consider it as much an honor, for a woman to excel in needle-work as to a scholar to excel in the classics."

"Upon my word, I had no idea you were such an advocate for industry, Mr. Berville," said Miss Boggs, with an affected laugh. "For myself, I must confess I know how to do nothing but play, and draw, and paint. It is well enough for persons who have not the means to pay for having such things done, to learn how to do them, but as that is not my case, nor ever will be, I do not see the use of troubling myself about it."

Berville bowed, but made no answer.

"Apropos of playing, Miss Sarah Mary," said Fitzlillian, (who abhorred the name of Sally,) "will you give us some music? Your style of singing is so inimitable, Madame Carydory herself can hardly equal you."

Miss Boggs suffered herself to be led to the piano, and, after the compliment she had just received, she excelled her usual absurdity. Song after song was called for by Mr. Fitzlillian, who hung over her enamored, and for the time she forgot Mimi Gordon, and all fears of rivalry, in her pleasure at being compared with that exquisite *cancatrice*, Madame Caradori Allen, even by Mr. Fitzlillian, who could not for his life have discovered the difference between Auld Lang Syne and the Hunter's Chorus.

Berville and Mimi stood at an open window, a few

steps from the piano. A rose-bush grew in wild luxuriance near it, and a bright southern moon was shining on the delicate leaves of the few lingering flowers, giving them a beauty brighter than that imparted by the garish day. Mimi leaned over, and plucked a half-blown rose, which Berville took from her hand. He gazed an instant on the sweet profile turned toward him, and asked a very simple question,

"Do you know the language of flowers?"

Mimi blushed. "Yes—no—that is—I mean yes—certainly. You should have known, long ere this, that I am an adept in it, as Flora's dictionary can witness. Do you forget how you laughed at my enthusiasm about some of the poetic illustrations?"

"Did I laugh? I am sure I was not serious. Will you accept this rose from me, and this slip of cedar, Mimi, and put Flora's interpretation on them?"

"For—for Miss Boggs?" said she, hesitatingly, and with some effort.

"No—not for Miss Boggs,—for a fairer, and far dearer one—yourself."

When Miss Boggs arose from the piano, she was surprised to find herself alone with Mr. Fitzlillian. Berville and Mimi were promenading the gallery, absorbed in a very interesting conversation. She instantly proposed joining them, but, inspired by the beauty of the evening, the music, and the encouragement of his lady love, Mr. Fitzlillian availed himself of the opportunity, to make his declaration in the most approved style—hearts and darts, despair and bliss, being the theme of his eloquence. In listening to such agreeable sounds, Miss Boggs almost forgot her rage against Mimi. While Mr. Fitzlillian was speaking, she revolved in her own mind the possibility that Berville had offered himself to Mimi, and to secure herself from the mortification of having been tacitly rejected by him, she resolved to give Mr. Fitzlillian sufficient encouragement to hope for final success.

He departed in high spirits. Berville had left while he was pouring forth his protestations of devotion, and, in a towering passion with Mimi, the stately heiress sought the chamber which they occupied. As she entered, Mimi was in the act of pressing her rose between the leaves of a large book.

"Why are you so precious of that rose, Miss Gordon?" said Sally Mary, reaching her hand toward it. "I suppose it was a present from Mr. Berville. I would not wonder if you were to make love to him, after your conduct this evening. I shall inform ma, you may be certain, of your proceedings."

"Oh, Mary, you know that Mr. Berville asked me to walk on the gallery with him, or I should not have gone."

"No, I do not know any such thing—your assertion would not make me believe that he did. I saw, this morning, that you were not my rival, and this evening you have done every thing in your power to attract Eugene Berville. But I beg to tell you that you are perfectly welcome to your conquest, for I care nothing for him, and have this night

partly consented to marry one with whom he is not to be compared."

"No, indeed!" burst involuntarily from the lips of Mimi. "No more than yon' glorious sky, with its millions of sparkling gems, is to be compared to the sordid earth it o'erarches. Mary, you cannot be in earnest?"

"In earnest! surely. Do you suppose every one so blinded by the superlative accomplishments of Mr. Berville, that they have no power to see the merits of others?"

The absurdity of this speech overpowered Mimi's gravity, and she burst into an uncontrollable fit of laughter. Infuriated by this, Miss Boggs snatched the rose, and tearing it into fragments, trampled them under her feet.

Mimi was instantly sobered.

"I had far rather you had destroyed the most valuable possession I have, than this simple rose," said she. "However, it is of little consequence. Memory does not depend on its preservation."

"And your possessions are not so valuable as to be worth destroying, I fancy, unless you reckon among them Mr. Berville's wealth. A pretty match, truly, he will make! in seeking my mother's sempstress as his wife."

Mimi's lip quivered at the coarse insult. In an instant she commanded herself, and calmly replied—

"My father and Mr. Berville's were friends of long syne—both were born in the same sphere of life; therefore, the son considers it no degradation to seek one, who, in poverty, has done nothing to sully the respectability of her birth. I do reckon among the most valuable of my possessions, the love of such man as Eugene Berville."

"You acknowledge it, then! You have infamously endeavored to supplant me in the affections the man you knew my parents intended for me. My mother has one grain of feeling for me, she will turn you out of her house, you ungrateful creature."

Miss Boggs had wrought herself up to such a pitch of rage, that she cared not what she said. Scorned and insulted, Mimi at length left the room, and retired to another.

The anger of Sally Mary waxed hotter and hotter, and morning found her a perfect Vesuvius. Her mother was as much enraged at her report as herself, and it was decided between them, that the only way to mark to the world their abhorrence of Mimi's treachery, was to tell her she might find her home as soon as possible. But when Mr. Boggs was called in to participate in the consultation, though as angry and disappointed as either of them, he had more knowledge of the world, and at once put a negative on their proposed measures.

"If Berville loves her," said he, "he will marry her immediately, and we should gain a powerful ally in him, which, for reasons of my own, I wish to avoid. All we can do, he won't come back to us where 's the use of making people talk? If I did this, they would say that he had jilted her for a pretty doll we were fools enough to bring up for a rival for our own girl."

Indeed, they would find themselves mistaken too," said Sally Mary, scornfully, "for I had half

promised to marry Mr. Fitzlillian before I knew this, and now I'm resolved on it."

"Wh—wh—what," stammered the old man, nearly speechless with rage. "Mar—mar—marry who, girl? That ugly, tallow-faced. Jack-dandy—that—that whipper-snapper; who does n't know how to do an airily thing but twist his whiskers! See you hanged first!"

"Marry that poor miserable notomy!" ejaculated the horror-stricken mother.

"Anatomy, indeed! He is not so tall as Mr. Berville, but to my eye he is just as good looking; and his whiskers are magnificent. Yes—I am going to marry him, and that before very long. Nobody shall say that Mimi Gordon took my lover from me, and I could n't get another. The day that sees her the wife of Berville, makes me that of Fitzlillian."

"I'll—I'll disinherit you—I'll leave you without a penny, you ungrateful baggage. That white-faced puppy shall never have an acre of mine."

"Indeed, pa, you'll do no such thing:—you know that you have spent your life toiling, that you might make a lady of me, and you are not going to give your money to any body but your own child, let me do as I will."

Mr. Boggs felt the truth of her remark, but he departed, vowing he would never forgive her if she persisted in marrying Fitzlillian. This opposition rather stimulated Miss Boggs to persevere; it gave Mr. Fitzlillian a consequence, which, in her eyes, he had never before possessed. It was so romantic—she hoped her pa might lock her up, that she might escape through the window to her beloved Fitzlillian.

The two gentlemen called on Mr. Boggs in the course of the day, to make known their several pretensions. Berville was met with pretended frankness, and an apparently cordial consent to his union with Mimi was given; but poor Fitzlillian, to his dismay, received a positive, and not very courteous refusal.

As he was departing, he was a little consoled, by receiving a slip of paper, on which was written—"Do not despair—my father may be won over—make another effort—S. M. B." He pressed the scroll to his blue lips, and placing one hand on his heart, kissed the other to the window of an upper room, at which stood the fair Sally Mary herself, trying to look sentimentally distressed.

In pursuance of her advice, Mr. Fitzlillian returned home, and indited an epistle to the obdurate Boggs, in which he set forth his pretensions in the most high-sounding words he could command. In an unlucky hour he wrote to him, "That, as a personal interview had been productive of unpleasant feelings on both sides, he thought matters might be better adjusted by an *epistolary* correspondence."

Our fate often hangs upon a word, and a most ominous word was epistolary to our unlucky correspondent. The letter was duly despatched, and found the worthy Boggs in a perfect fever of wrath, occasioned by an interview with his contumacious daughter, which had ended in his ordering her to her room. Contrary to the ordinary course of nature, the fever came first and the chill afterwards. We have before adverted to the worthy gentleman's defi-

ciency in the elements of education. After an hour spent in spelling out the high-sounding paragraphs of Mr. Fitzlillian, who would have torn his ample locks from their abiding place, had he heard his touching appeal mangled, and its meaning perverted by the puzzled father. Mr. Boggs sat perfectly aghast! He had arrived at the word epistolary, and that was translated by him into *pistols*! Seized with a shivering fit at such unparalleled audacity, he called to his wife.

"Wife—I say, old woman, come here, and see what a pass I've come to. That fellow Fitzlillian wants to shoot me, because I won't let him have our girl for his wife."

"La! you don't say so, old man?" said the good woman, raising her hands and eyes at the enormity of such conduct. "Well, I declare!—who would ha' thought it? Such a good for nothing looking man to want to fight!"

"Well, but what must I do? I do n't know any thing about fire-arms, and I sha' n't set myself as a mark for every young fellow to fire at, who takes it in his head to fall in love with my daughter."

"No," said Mrs. Boggs, sagely shaking her head, "that would be unconscionable to ask; but I'll tell you what I'd do. This Fitzlillian looks as if he was n't used to such things hisself, so you see, if you'll take a good oak sapling in your hand, and go quite blustering-like, and ask him what he means, I'll bet you my new gown he'll be tamed in a minute, and ask your pardon."

After some consideration, Mr. Boggs concluded to take this advice, and ordering his horse, he prepared to ride over to the neighboring town, where Mr. Fitzlillian kept his office.

The young lawyer was lounging near the door, with several companions, as the incensed Boggs rode up.

"There comes father-in-law, Fitz," said one of them, using the *soubriquet* usually applied to Mr. Boggs by Fitzlillian himself. "We had better go in the back room, and leave you to settle matters by yourselves. Remember to invite me to the wedding."

They made their exit at one door, while Mr. Boggs entered at the other. Fitzlillian arose to receive him, but, without deigning to notice the bows and flourishes of the latter, the old man exclaimed in a voice of thunder, while he struck his enormous stick emphatically on the floor—

"Hillo, you young popinjay, what do you mean by sending me this bit of paper about fighting you wi' a pistol? heh?"

"Fighting, my *dear* sir!" stammered Fitzlillian, each hair rising as with a separate instinct of horror, "you *must* be mistaken. I never in the whole course of my life fired a pistol, therefore I could not wish to fight so respectable a gentleman as yourself."

"There it is, any how, in your own hand," said Boggs, holding up to the bewildered Fitzlillian his own eloquent appeal.

"Fighting!—pistols! That letter, sir, contains an exposition of my feelings for your daughter. There is some great mistake—I would not touch a hair of your head, my dear sir, with design to maltreat you."

"I'll tell you what, youngster, it's here in black and white, and if you want to fight, come on. As to pistols, I sha' n't use them, but here is a good oak sapling, and I would like to try its virtues on your body, if there was n't so little of it that it's a shame for a man to touch it."

Livid with rage, Mr. Fitzlillian attempted to laugh.

"My dear sir, you are quite facetious. This is all a hoax—allow me to inquire after your charming daughter, and to indulge the hope that you will eventually be induced to listen to reason. I love her—"

"Go to the d—l with your love. My daughter you shall not have, sir, and if you come near my house again I'll make Cæsar set the dogs on you. So there's an end of it." And he marched out and slammed the door after him.

The two young men burst into the office convulsed with laughter.

"So it's all off, Fitz? and you don't get the heiress? Capital story, this—I must be off and tell it."

Before night Fitzlillian found himself greeted by every acquaintance with bursts of laughter. Even the boys in the street bestowed on him the cognomen of "pistol." He endured it for a week, and might have weathered the storm of ridicule, if that alone had assailed him, but hearing the approaching marriage of Berville commented on, he indulged himself in some sneering remarks on the humility of his choice, which, reaching the ears of Berville, caused that gentleman to signify to Mr. Fitzlillian, that any future comments on his intended marriage would be punished as they deserved. The next week his office was advertised "To Let," and Clarence Hervey Fitzlillian, Esq. emigrated to Texas, leaving Miss Sally Mary to be won by some luckier suitor than himself.

FLORINE.

BY FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

Come hither, you wild little will-o'-the-wisp!
With your mischievous smile and your musical lip;—
With your little head tossed, like a proud fairy queen,
My playful, my pretty, my petted Florine!

Did you beg of a shell, love, the blush on your face?
Did you ask a gazelle, love, to teach you its grace?

Did you coax, from the clouds, of a sunset *serenade*,
The gold of your ringlets, bewitching Florine?

Did you learn, of a lute, or a bird, or a rill,
The ravishing tones, that with melody thrill?
Ah! your little, light heart, wonders what I can mean,
For you know not the charm of your beauty, Florine!

UNCLE JOHN AND HIS NEPHEW.

BY H. HASTINGS WELD.

CHAPTER I.

A TARDY MERCHANT.

"I HAVE no doubt that it is bread thrown upon the waters, as you say."

"Yes, and we shall find it again——"

"After *very* many days," interrupted the husband, "or this was a domestic colloquy."

"Come, come, my dear," said the wife, "with half a smile—not so much at her husband's irreverent completion of her quotation, as from a desire not to appear harsh or dictatorial in her reproof." I cannot permit you to treat The Book, with levity."

"Neither can I," the gentleman said, "allow you to quote it in misapplication. The person you have thrown away your time and money upon, is, in all human probability, not a deserving object of charity, at an impostor."

"But her beautiful child, Charles—and so near the eye of our own little Clara! What would you think I should be refused, with Clara in my arms, a mouthful of food, or the miserable gift of a sixpence!"

The husband smiled at the seeming impossibility the case supposed—but it was a pensive smile, for he could not conceal from himself, that amid the chances and changes of this world, improbable as such an event appeared, it was by no means impossible. He fell into a reverie, as he contemplated, with a father's fondness, the sunny features of his first-born, and then wandered with pleased affection to the gentle face of his wife, lighted up as it was with a smile upon the graceful though aimless gambles of the innocent child. Of such, it is written, are the kingdoms of heaven; and while there angels behold the face of The Father, they on earth are

High Priests who hold the keys to our purest and holiest affections. No woman can show the fullness of love, the fortitude of endurance, the patience under suffering, of which she has hidden within her the latent springs, until the sacred relation of mother develops and calls her virtues into requisition. No man is seen in his best and kindest qualities of character, and in the full performance of his duties to his Maker and to his fellow creatures, until he can practically realize the force of the heart-breaking question: What man is there of you, whom, if his son ask bread, will he give him a stone? At length rising, and taking a hand of his child, as he prepared to look up with little Clara at her mother's side, Charles said—

"That can never happen, while I am alive!"

"What?" inquired his wife, in some surprise.

"Why, that you should be a street wanderer with little Clara in your arms."

"Upon my word," said the wife, slowly, and with humorous mock-dignity, "you have been a tediously long while in coming to that conclusion, as an answer to my 'case put,' as uncle John calls it. I had really forgotten what I said, to send you on an exploring expedition into dream-land for the answer. Now come, Charley—do not take it so sadly serious. Only own to me that children are such excellent pleaders and advocates, that I was not so much to blame for pitying the poor impostor, after all—if, indeed, she be an impostor, which I do not believe."

"Well, Jane, it is a matter of very small moment, and we will say no more about such a trifle. You are altogether too charming a pleader for me to make head against, and always carry your point. So, now, like a cast litigant, I will pay the costs with the best grace I am able."

"Oh!" said Jane, jumping up, as she acknowledged the receipt, "you make me suffer the penalty nevertheless. If you *must* play the fond husband, do come home to-day with a Christian man's countenance, and not 'approach me like the rugged Russian bear.'"

Charles Murray had the best reason in the world to be satisfied with his lot and with his companion. He was not wealthy, but he had health, credit, an unsullied reputation, a good business, a child of which he was reasonably proud, and a wife who found no greater happiness for herself than in ministering to his. His business arrangements were facilitated by counsel and assistance from the eccentric uncle, to whom his wife above alluded. In the counting room of that uncle he passed his minority, under his advice he commenced business and committed matrimony—the latter being, in uncle John's opinion, bachelor though he was, the best endorsement for his character and responsibility, and the best warrant for his success. Young men are usually very dutiful to the friends whose good advice jumps with their own inclinations; and as few or none are averse to the early dignity of being at the head of a mercantile house, and quite as few have particular objections to early marriage, Charles Murray gratified his uncle in both particulars.

As he passed out at the street door, to go to his business, he met the poor woman whose case had been the subject of his playful dispute with Jane.

She was coming from the kitchen-passage, warmed with a good breakfast, and her expressive face cheerful with gratitude at kind treatment. The little babe was still engaged in nosing out the soft heart of a breakfast roll, which she could not relinquish, though filled to satiety. Happy before, Charles derived new pleasure from the comfort, which so slight an expense to himself had been the means of conferring, and he could not resist the temptation to speak to the woman. This was another act of kindness—a little thing to be sure :—

It is a little thing to speak a phrase
Of common comfort, which by daily use
Has almost lost its sense; yet on the ear
Of her who thirsts for pity, it will fall
Like choicest music.

The poor *haves* hearts, and the beggar woman, encouraged by kindness to open hers, overwhelmed Charles with blessings and acknowledgments. "Sure," she said, "the blessing of the Holy Mother will be upon her who pitied the fatherless and the widow—bless her darling heart! It's you that have the best reason to be thankful—for if ever an angel lived in mortal shape, her ladyship's the one. May she long last to be a lamp to your path—for sorrow will be the day to you when she's taken home!"

Charles gave her a silver dollar.

"Oh! Blessed Virgin! It's a rich woman you have made me, now, and my darling Patrick shall have new shoes to his feet for the christening—that ever I should have put it off so long, Heaven forgive me! Now, do tell me your honor's name, that I may write it on my heart and his!"

"Charles."

"And what else?"

"Murray."

"Charles Murray, is it? Sure you're Irish—and I know it—and your name is the same as the man that owned me, who is dead and gone, God rest his soul in peace!—the same as his, barring that his was Jamie, but they are both purty names on the lip. Are ye of the Murrays of Killarney? Sure, now I look again, you are the moral of my brother's wife's first cousin—the same blue eye, and the curly locks, and the dimple on the chin! I'll always know you among ten thousand, and may I never see you in a worse place than this!"

Charles looked at his watch. It was half-past ten, and with a young merchant's shame at such an unusual tardiness from business, he bowed the Irish-woman away, and was preparing to follow hastily himself when he felt his head pulled back by rather a smart nip upon the right ear. He turned suddenly, and the eyes of his wife, bright with pleasure, were laughing in his face.

"So," she said, "that is the way you enforce your sage cautions to me about street beggars, is it? But then you did not *give*. You only *bought* a dollar's worth of blarney, and paid in good democratic coin!"

How this new matter was settled, we cannot stop to say; but something may be gathered from the declaration of Prudence Takenote, the ancient and tantalised spinster who lived opposite. She pro-

tested to her gossips that "*such* proceedings, and *such* familiarities, in the street door, were, in her opinion, to the last degree unbecoming and improper;" and that for *her* part, "she should always distrust the principles, and question the affection of *any* man, who took such violent public means to show his fondness." Mr. Murray *might* be, and she hoped he was, a very correct man, and a very kind husband—but there were certainly strong appearances against him. She did not like to be censorious, but "after this she could be surprised at nothing."

CHAPTER II.

UNCLE JOHN'S LECTURE.

"WELL, Uncle John," said Murray, as he entered his uncle's compting room, a few moments after this, "have you any thing over to-day?"

"Why, Charley, I can't tell yet, can't, really." And Uncle John pretended to be very busy with the newspaper, while he was silently "putting the case" to himself. How can he want money? The only note he has to-day is one of a thousand dollars, in the Bank of North America, and I am sure old Krebs of Berks county just paid fifteen hundred at his store, for he told me so—and got a discount for the month his paper had to run. "Put the case," the old man continued, still to himself, and still pretending to be busy with the paper—"Put the case," that his family expenses have exceeded my estimates, or that he has run into speculation without telling me—I must let him worry a little, to teach him better. I'll probe him. "Did n't Mr. Krebs pay you fifteen hundred to-day, Charles, discount off, half per cent. for thirty days?"

"I did not know that, uncle."

"Did not *know* it! Why, have you got your business so extended and systematized, that a thousand and a half can come into your safe, and you not hear of it? When I was at your age, fifteen hundred dollars at once, and from a pre-paying customer, would have marked an epoch. Why I should have been at hand to lead such a buyer into a new bill of a thousand more, at least. Like as not now, old Krebs, left to the scanty politeness of your clerks, has gone off to buy somewhere else. Put the case now—how shall you feel, if your pupil, when you turn out one, by and by, shall serve you so? You never learned such an arms-length way of handling your business in John Murray's compting room, I am sure."

"Most certainly not," my dear uncle," said Charles, blushing scarlet. And then he stammered out. "To tell the whole truth, I have not been at the store yet."

"Not been there—and it's past eleven! Is your wife sick?"

"No sir."

"Or your child?"

"Neither of them."

"Well, *this* you never learned in your uncle's store, neither. Eleven o'clock, and not at your business! Packet day to-morrow, and your orders not

filled out! The Brig Andes in, consigned to C. Murray, and the consignee not yet visible; and, to crown all, a note in bank, and the promissor, at noon on the last day of grace, don't know where the money is to come from! Come, Mr. Murray—do n't stand eating your gloves! If you have not yet been at the store to-day, it is high time you were there!"

Charles knew that it would be of no possible use to attempt to reply to such a catalogue of shortcomings, ending in such a climax, and silently withdrew. As he entered his own store he met a young man in the door, to whom he said, with a heat and anger altogether out of his usual manner—

"Stop sir! The very next time I meet you in my place of business, under any pretext whatever, I shall kick you out, and discharge your brother! If you do not wish to ruin him, then, do n't walk on this side of the street again. I have gently intimidated, time after time, to him and to you, that his unfortunate relationship must not be made the excuse for keeping bad company—for if you are in his confidence, with your well known infamous character, he cannot be in mine."

The unfortunate, to whom this angry speech was made, cast down his eyes, and left before the last words of it were fairly uttered, and without attempting an answer. It is human nature, when a man has received a rating to which he cannot venture a reply, that he should "pass it along" to the first proper victim, and therefore it was that it happened that Charles Murray gave this young man the castigation which, it must be admitted, he most richly deserved. He offended principal, annoyed by his own faults, less than by those of his clerk, next proceeded to vent that young man a milder reproof than he had administered to his brother, though it probably had a more weight from its gentler tone. Charles had sent the "vigor of his wrath" upon the unwelcome visitor.

The most immediate and urgent business of the day being happily disposed of by Mr. Krebs's money, the rest was easily manged, and Charles, in retaining good humor, forgot all the difficulties of the evening. He even went and permitted a barber to make his face less like a Patriarch's, as a compliment to his wife, and to buy her off from railery, on his entry to the beggar-woman. All things being arranged up, and even old Krebs himself encountered, and another bill of goods sold to him, at a fair profit, Charles presented himself at his uncle's desk, prepared now to deprecate his anger, if any remained, a good report.

"Well, young man," said his uncle, laying down at he was engaged upon, rising from his chair, rubbing his hands, and stretching his legs with a yawn or two about his little comping room, as was the custom, when he received a person in good humor. "Well!"

"I have something over, now, if you want it."

"No, my boy, no, not to day. All is square as a plank with me, now, till next January. How have you got on to-day?"

Charles narrated the day's business—all except the encounter with his clerk's brother, which he did not think it necessary to repeat.

"Very well—very well," said the old gentleman. "Nothing seems to have happened wrong by your negligence, so far, but there's no knowing. Clerks get in bad habits when their masters neglect their business. But you have not told me yet what kept you at home. Was it a spat—a bit of a breeze—a Caudle lecture?"

"Oh no!"

"Don't be so emphatic, Charles. Don't be so emphatic. Two people, tied together, must fret under the yoke sometimes. Put the case to yourself, and you'll find that, while human nature is human nature, it can't be otherwise."

"Come home to dinner with me, and ask my wife, uncle."

"Ask my wife if I lie, eh! No, no, Charley, that won't do. However, I will go home with you, and hear your joint and several prevarication."

"But—Uncle—"

"Not a word more about it—not a word. Put the case to yourself, now. A man and his wife, who wish to wear a good face in the world, will prevaricate a little and white-wash one another. It could n't be otherwise, and it should n't be. If friends can't endorse, who can? If man and wife don't conceal their mutual faults, and the faults of each other, who will?"

CHAPTER III.

A PLEASANT DINNER AND GLOOMY DESSERT.

UNCLE JOHN was always a welcome visitor at the house of his nephew—and he was always glad to visit there, also. A good humored, fun-loving, married woman, particularly if she happen to be the wife of a favorite brother or nephew, can take liberties with the bachelor, which no one else dare imagine, and which makes the male relatives stand sometimes aghast at their effrontery. They absolutely astonish the unmatched men into good humor, with the grace of their own unmatched impudence, and while they torment, do it in such a pleasantly unpleasant manner, that the victim comes again and again, anxious to be teased, though at the same time half-vexed at it. Like a child half-dead with laughter at the titillation of nurse's fingers—struggling to get away, and yet, in actions, and often in words, begging her "to do it again."

In such hands as Jane Murray's, you may be sure that bachelor Uncle John did not make much of his sage attempts to reprove the dilatory Charley; and from what he could gather, (poor soul, so ignorant of married life,) he began to have half a thought, that, had he been a married man in his younger days, he might, mirror of punctuality as he prided himself upon being, himself have loitered at home till 'change hours began to wane. During a pause in the laugh-accompanied conversation, the door bell rung, and Mr. Charles Murray was inquired for. With any other guest at his table, Charles might have sent a request to the applicant to wait; but he knew his uncle too well to practice any such modern unbusi-

ness-like thing before him. So he rose and went to the door. His leaving the table was the signal for all to rise.

"Cousin Jenny," said uncle John, "who is it that you have for an opposite neighbor?"

"One for whom you ought to feel sympathy and kindness—an ancient maiden lady."

"Not a bit of it, Miss Pert. Why she has a pocket spy glass there, stuck between the slats of the blind. I have no sympathy with such instruments."

"Certainly not, Uncle John, while your eyesight remains so good that you do not need an opera glass—but I'll warrant you, like all old bachelors, are quite as curious as your maiden counterparts."

"Uncle John!" called Charles, from the door, within which he just protruded his head. Jane started at the unnatural sound of the voice, and at her husband's strange aspect. Uncle John hurried to the door, while Jane sunk in a chair, weak and alarmed, at she knew not what. The servant woman, who was preparing to clear the table, did not lose the slightest circumstance of what was passing round her, but stared, with more than mere impertinence, at her mistress. But we must follow Uncle John to the hall."

"Well, Charley, what's all this? Not a protest, I hope?" and he cast an inquiring look at the stranger, who wore that something in his appearance which bespeaks the policeman.

"Oh, no, sir, protests aint in my line, sir. This is rayther worse—it's a felony, sir, and I hope the gentleman may go clear of it. It's a warrant on a charge of forgery."

Uncle John looked steadily in his nephew's eye. Charles did not quail nor shrink, and although he turned pale with the word, it was evidently as much with astonishment as any other emotion. Uncle John was satisfied in his own mind. He could not put any case in which a protegee and pupil of his could be guilty of such a crime, and he knew Charles too well to believe a charge like this, even though appearances should be all against him,—much less while the accusation was scarcely in a tangible shape.

Officers of the police are quick observers, too, and the man saw at once that this was no case in which he should incur any risk in respecting the feelings of his prisoner. "Suppose I call a cab?" said he.

"Do so," said Uncle John—"and no Black Maria-looking police office accommodation line, neither, but a decent coach. I'm going to take your Charley away a little while," said the kind old man, in a tone of as much indifference as he could assume, "but I'll bring him back to tea, and mind you have an old bachelor's dish of slops for me, too."

Jane's lips parted, as if about to speak.

"Do n't ask me a single question, nor say one word. We'll tell you all about it when we come back."

The cab had by this time arrived at the door, and Jane watched with a thousand undefined, and therefore but the more terrible fears, as the three stepped in and drove away. When will men cease to treat women like children, and to conceal from them what they have a perfect right to know?

Nor was Jane the only person who had watched the proceedings. Prudence Takenote, disdaining the subterfuge of a concealed peep, had heisted her blinds, and bent the full battery of a double opera glass upon the opposite house, while her maid of all work, called from the kitchen to share her surprise and hear her surmises, occupied the other window, and her venerable tabby, glad of the rare opportunity to bask in the pale light of day, sat upon the window seat and watched and washed her face, and watched and washed again. The whole neighborhood was speedily alive with gossip and excitement, and most miraculously direful stories flew from mouth to mouth—particularly as our couple, from a habit of minding their own business, had acquired the dangerous reputation of "stuck-up people."

Jane had not yet left the room, and scarcely noticed that the dinner table was not yet removed. Betty, the housemaid, soon made her appearance, with her personal property tied up in a shawl. "I pity you, ma'am, upon my soul I do," she said, "but I can't stay any longer, indeed and indeed I can't."

"Pity me! And for what, pray?" said Jane, recalled to the necessity of being herself.

"Oh, I can't tell you, ma'am, but it's all over the neighborhood, and I told Miss Takenote's maid that I knew you was innocent, ma'am—indeed I did. But it aint me that can tell you, indeed and deed I can't." And Betty hurried away from the house, as though it had been plague-stricken. There is a reason, real or fancied, for every thing, and Betty, poor soul, fancied she had reason enough. She had once in her life been detained several weeks as a witness—incarcerated with the vilest of the vile, her time lost, her character jeoparded. Can we wonder that she had a horror of all law proceedings? Many is the poor soul who gets caught and detained unpitied in a like predicament; but, among all movements of philanthropy, we hear of none to abate this crying evil attendant upon the process of criminal law in large cities.

Jane called for the cook, but she had heard her mate's story too many times, and with too much exaggeration of circumstance, not to take the infection of fear. Cook had absconded also. Thus deserted, poor Jane's distress, which was acute before, now took the character of phrenzy, for the strange conduct of her domestic gave color to the worst fears which her imagination—the imagination of a wife and mother terrified for her husband—could invent. She ran to the window, to look abroad for that companionship and sympathy of which she was deprived at home; and there, mocking her misery, she met the double battery of Prudence Takenote's double opera glass, peering in curiosity, and frowning in censoriousness upon her desolate home. It was too much. Huddling on her bonnet and shawl, and bundling up little Clara in the first article that offered, Jane followed the example of her domestics, and ran away from the house, as if to stay in it were destruction.

Prudence Takenote absolutely let her double eye glass fall, in her astonishment. "There, there!" she cried, "she's an accomplice, and dare not remain in the house! That ever such a family should get into this street! But I knew they could n't

be much, after what I have observed, and I have said so, over and over! This morning's doings, too!"

And Prudence wiped her lips, with virtuous indignation.

CHAPTER IV.

THE EXAMINATION.

SCANDAL flies apace. When Charles arrived at the magistrate's office, with his uncle, he found the place already crowded with all talkers and few listeners, all full of the startling news of the day, and all better acquainted with his case and difficulty than he. A forgery had been committed upon one of the banks that morning, and the mercantile community was aghast at the fact that the crime had been distinctly and unequivocally traced to Charles Murray, than whom, before this astounding revelation, no man had stood higher in the confidence of the commercial public. Now malignant envy spat out her venom, and heartless detraction, hitherto deterred by the unspotted character it could not sully, broke out in notes scarce less than triumph. Poor Charles's friends, and he had many, were silenced, and those to whom he was not an object of personal interest, wavered between the influence of the accusations of the envious, who condemned him unheard, and the doubting hope of his friends, who tried to believe that the seemingly perfect chain of evidence would, upon trial, show some defective link.

The testimony before the magistrate was simple and direct. The man who presented the forged cheque at the bank was detected and arrested, and did not attempt to deny the fact, or his identity. Being regarded as the tool of a more able and guilty accomplice, he swore plumply to the fact that he received the cheque from the prisoner, and paid him the money, being, in the transaction, a mere innocent messenger. This is a common story, and while our courts doubt the first assertion of such a witness, relative to himself, they admit his evidence, if corroborated by other circumstances, for the conviction of other and greater rogues.

The receiving-teller of the bank, in which Charles had that morning paid his note, testified that the prisoner himself paid into that bank the notes of the institution which had been defrauded.

The paying-teller of the bank upon which the forgery had been committed, identified the notes, paid into the other bank, as those which he had delivered upon the forged cheque.

The prisoner's clerk, an unwilling, and trembling witness, admitted that the prisoner was absent from his store until an unusually late hour that morning—say until eleven o'clock. The false cheque was presented immediately after the opening of the bank. Uncle John turned pale and bit his lips. Must we own that as the proofs accumulated, even he, Charles's first and best friend, began to have his doubts and misgivings.

"Was there no money paid into the store this morning?" he asked of the witness.

"Yes sir," and he hesitated—"by a merchant from the country."

Uncle John's face lightened up. He began to see his way out of the difficulty. "There," he exclaimed, "I see the very man. Now we'll have all right. Will Mr. Krebs be good enough to come forward, and your honor swear him for the defence?"

A buzz of satisfaction ran through the room, as the country merchant took the stand to testify. Mr. Krebs said that he had that morning paid to Mr. Murray's clerk fifteen hundred dollars, in anticipation of a note due. As he concluded his short and straight story, Charles's friends began already to unglove to congratulate him.

"Will the witness state on what bank the notes were, which he paid?"

A pin might have been heard to fall, as the crowd waited for the answer. "The Berks County Bank."

All were at sea again. Uncle John buried his face in his hands, and sat the image of grief, while he put the case to himself how Charles could have done such a thing, and the more he considered it, the more distracting were his doubts. At length the justice said, that if there was no further evidence for the defence, he should feel compelled to require the prisoner to give bail for his appearance for trial, and in default to commit him.

"Do n't be down-hearted, Charley—I'll be your bail," said Uncle John, and then hid his face again to weep. Charles Murray sat erect, pale and anxious—bewildered with the net of suspicious circumstances which seemed to entangle him, but not in despair. A friend pushed forward to him out of the crowd—a lawyer, with whom he was on terms of friendly intimacy. "Let me help you, Murray," said he. "Where were you this morning?"

"At home."

"I'll send for your house-servants to testify to that." And an officer was accordingly instantly despatched for that purpose. "Now, don't you suspect *any* one? What kind of a chap is that guilty looking clerk?"

A new light broke upon Charles. After a moment's further conversation, in an under-tone, with his client, the lawyer was whispering in the ear of the justice—a blank was filled up, and another officer was beckoned to the magistrate's desk. As soon as he saw the warrant, his face betrayed an expression of intelligence, and he departed at once—the crowd in court watching with interest a proceeding, which, from its silence, was to them only an exciting but unintelligible pantomime. By no one were these proceedings watched with more interest than by Charles's clerk, and the lawyer did not fail to notice his trepidation.

The messenger who had been sent to the house, returned with the news that it was deserted, and that he could find no person there who could give any intelligence which could lead to the whereabouts of the late inmates, though an old lady opposite volunteered a great deal of information, which amounted to nothing upon sifting it.

"Confound the women!" muttered uncle John—"they are never to be had when you want them!" This was rather a sweeping remark—but Uncle John was a bachelor, and perhaps spoke from experience.

One point of the defence was now certainly delayed, and that, too, in a way which seemed to give no good color to the matter. The magistrate could not help remembering, that it was not the prisoner who had proposed sending for his domestics, but his lawyer, who had made a suggestion which Charles could not with any color of reason decline. He looked at his watch, leaned back in his chair, put a hand on each arm, and adjusted his countenance into an expression which the frequenters of the court knew was ominous of bail or—Moyamensing. The darkening shadows of declining day reminded people that they were beginning to be fatigued, when there was a bustle at the door, which relieved the monotony.

"To be sure I know him!" said a strong Irish voice, in indignant answer to a repulse from the hangers on about the office—"to be sure I know Mister Charles Murray, and it's neither me nor my babe will forget him, the longest day we live—the saints be good to him always!"

"One of the prisoner's respectable acquaintances," sneered a pickpocket, in the crowd.

"May it please your honor, a witness for the defence," said the lawyer, at a hint from Charles.

"Are you ready to be sworn?" inquired the magistrate, with the air of a man who is about to submit to useless trouble and labor.

"Is it for *him*? To be sure I'll be ready, to the longest day I live, to be sworn for *him* on the holy evangelists!"

"Recollect, woman, the solemnity of an oath! You are not here to clear a friend or a benefactor, but to testify to the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth!"

The witness was awed, but not frightened, by the address of the magistrate, and the serious character of a judicial oath, administered with proper respect to her education in reference of sacred symbols. A few questions from the lawyer, at Charles's suggestion, drew from her the testimony, conclusive, if she was worthy of belief, that Charles Murray was at his own house certainly from eight to ten, and that therefore the story of the commonwealth witness, about meeting the prisoner at the corner of a street, at a long distance from his house, once just before ten, to receive the cheque, and once just after, to pay over the money, could not be true. The gallows bird assumed an appearance of indifference, ill put on, under the straightforward and honest declaration of the poor woman.

"Did you ever see the prisoner before to-day?"

"The prisoner? Is it Mr. Murray you mean? Never, your worship, sorrow for me."

"How do you recollect him so distinctly?"

"Anan!"

"How do you know him so well?"

"Know him! Is n't his name the same as my husband's, barring that his was Jamie? And is n't he the moral of my brother's wife's first cousin, the same blue eye, and curly locks, and dimple on his chin, and rose on his cheek, too, till the peelers got hold of him? And did n't he give me a dollar?"

"A dollar note?"

"No, your honor's worship—as purty a silver token as I ever had to jingle agin a ha'penny."

"You may sit down."

"Now, will your honor call the clerk again to the stand?"

As the clerk took his place to be cross-examined for the defence, his brother was brought into court in custody. Their eyes met, and a sudden paleness showed itself on the witnesses face. The lawyer abruptly asked, in a loud and distinct tone—

"Who did you say exchanged Mr. Krebs's money for you?"

The clerk caught hold of a chair for support. The justice leaned forward as if to speak—

"One moment, your honor." Then turning to the witness—"Remember the solemnity of your oath. Do not blast your character forever, young man, by direct perjury, nor persist in indirectly refusing to tell the whole truth. With whom did you exchange one thousand dollars of Mr. Krebs's money?"

The poor fellow stood motionless and silent.

"Did you exchange it with any one?"

The witness answered, in a faint voice, that he did.

"Did you not take these very notes in exchange?"

All leaned forward to catch the answer, but an unexpected and exciting incident diverted their attention. The culprit brother had darted through a window into the street, and his accomplice, the first witness, in an instant after, slipped out at the door. The streets, for a square or two, were instantly alive with a man chase, and the office was deserted. In a few moments both were re-arrested, and a hearty three times three cheers, in defiance of "contempt of court," announced their return to take the place of the innocent merchant under examination.

We need not follow the details of the proceedings further, as all our readers anticipate the result. Uncle John stamped about in a fever of ecstasy, putting the case to himself in every shape which could celebrate his own foresight. He *knew* a protégé of his could not have been guilty. Pushing Charles out of the office before him, he dragged the arm of the honest Irishwoman within his own, and, as they emerged from the building, Charles was overwhelmed with the congratulations of his friends and acquaintances, and deafened by the noisy cheers of the multitude.

"Holy Mother!" cried the Irishwoman, disengaging her arm, "there is her ladyship, too—blessings on her gentle heart, which could n't rest asy in her own home, when her love was out of it!"

Sure, enough, there stood Jane, who had just arrived in the crowd, the picture of distraction, with little Clara in her arms. Uncle John handed her at once into a coach. He then passed in the Irishwoman—then tumbled in Charley, with the same air as he would have pushed his ledger into its case, after the successful adjustment of a balance. After rubbing his hands, and giving the pavement his invariable three stamps, he skipped in himself.

"Three cheers for Uncle John!" cried one of Charley's friends, stepping upon a coach block, and swinging his hat.

"Three for Charley Murray!"

"Three for Charley's wife!"

"Three for the honest Irish heart of the woman whose first cousin's aunt's sister's neice's cousin's sister is the *moral* of our Charley!"

And, amid all this pleasant din, the coach rattled, with its happy freight, away from the magistrate's office.

CHAPTER V.

THE CASE PUT.

"There," said Uncle John, as the party stood surveying the cold, gravy-crusts dinner dishes, in the twilight in Charley's house. "Did n't I tell you, this morning, that some mischief would come of your tardiness. Now, put the case—"

"Now, just be quiet, old gentleman," said Jane, placing her hand over his mouth, "till I have done. I have two or three cases to put to Charley, myself. How is it now, sir, about my not being a street wanderer, with Clara in my arms, while you are alive?"

Bridget, the Irish witness, had stepped intuitively into the absconded housemaid's place, and just at this moment she brought a lamp in each hand into the

room, the full light of which revealed its whole interior to the opposite neighbors. By the manner in which Charley answered his wife, Prudence was scandalized again—

"And what, Mr. Charley, do you think of the bread thrown upon the waters now?"

And again—

"And what," retorted Charley, "of the dollar's worth of blarney I bought?"

And again! Prudence could stand it no longer, but absolutely closed her own shutters. "No more of this billing and cooing," said Uncle John, "or I shall claim my share. Be half as prompt in business, and I shall never have to get you out of such a scrape again, but shall have leisure left to court the old maid opposite."

"Old maid!" interrupted Bridget—"sure her own woman told me that she is a widow who has outlasted four husbands!"

"Oh thunder!" shouted Uncle John, "what a homicidal vixen!" And here we leave the happy family to their pleasant evening, crowned with new resolves—resolves which, we shall only say, have been about as well kept as human resolutions usually are.

THE SIEGE OF HENNEBON.

BY WM. H. CARPENTER.

"No 's he that rides for Hennebion at such a furious speed,
'th bloody spur and heated brow and foam-besprinkled
steed?

labors up the distant hill, he dashes o'er the plain,
ll urging on, still spurring on, with all his might and
main;

plunges in the roaring stream, that is so wide and deep,
d now he falters up the bank, both slippery and steep;
d heavily, how heavily! with reeling broken pace,
nears the walls of Hennebion—and, by our Lady's face!
gains the outer barriers. Ah! nobly hath he sped—

'lo! his horse gives one loud cry, and suddenly falls dead.
ow open wide your gates," he cried, "that were so hard
to win—

open wide your gates," he cried, "and haste to let
me in."

ope the gate and bring him straight to Montfort's
noble dame,
re, scant of breath, he bent his knee in sadness and in
shame.

e King of France hath seized our Lord, and, by to-
morrow's sun,
Charles of Blois will march from Rennes for fatal
Hennebion."

they looked on one another, and the silence feared to
break,

lifting up her little child, the beauteous countess spake,
tidings, and but little hope, sir Captain, does thou
bring,

s our succors come in time from England's valiant
King,

As for my Lord, be not dismayed, tis but one man the less,
And, by God's grace, I'll take his place the foremost in
the press;

And if on brave old Hennebion they dare to wreak their
strife,

The base usurper still shall find Earl Montfort in his wife.
What though the body of my Lord be held in dungeon lair,
His spirit lives in all our hearts, his presence every where.

"The Markel cross and Hospital his princely love display,
And yonder speaks the bridge he flung across the wide
Blavet;

And shall we, since his liberal hand flung largess, gift and
dower,

With craven souls yield humbly up each castle, town and
tower?

Or, shall we rather fling abroad the standard of his race,
And drive these rude invaders back in shame and foul
disgrace?"

"A Montfort!" shouted all around with fierce and eager
eye,

And with a lion port the dame made answer in reply,
"Up watchers! to the Barbican, and take especial heed;
And, lieges, look your arms be bright against the hour of
need."

Full soon they saw a shining host come riding o'er the
plain,

With barbed steed all trampling down the waving yellow
grain,

And, foremost of this brave array, a haughty, beardless boy,
In a gay embroidered surcoat, rode the youthful Charles of
Blois.

And thronging round with mailed hood, with bacinet and lance,
The recreant knights of Brittany, the chivalry of France.
Genoa's bowmen led the van, and with a deafening noise
Came the swarthy free companions of the Spanish knight
Sir Loyes;
And banners wave, and lances gleam, and hauberk helm
and shield,
Like glittering fires are streaming up from all the flowing
field.

Montfort's brave dame, with scornful lip looked forth upon
the foe,
And bade her lieges quickly arm, and bade the trumpets
blow;
And straight was heard the loud alarm through every echo-
ing street;
And straight was heard the hammer's clink and tramp of
hurrying feet,—
The stalwart soldier tarries not to bid a last adieu—
The steel clad knight is dashing past with all his retinue—
The lusty squire of low degree draws on his plated
glove,
And hums an amorous ditty of the lady of his love,
And binds her scarf across his breast, and buckles on his
sword,
And with a gay laugh hastens on to join his valiant lord.
No sleep that night for Hennebon, that once slept light and
free,
For human hearts have human fears how staunch soe'er
they be;
And short and thick the breath will come, when the first
wild alarm
Calls forth the peaceful artisan to grasp defensive arm.
Yet not less boldly will he fight for dear home and fire-
side,
Than scarred and veteran spearman in a hundred battles
tried;
For, by the watchfire's fitful blaze, the curious eye may
trace,
That stern resolve sits brooding o'er many a time worn
face:
And knitted brow, and flashing eye, and close drawn lip,
attest
How loyalty o'ermasters fear in every true man's breast.

All solemnly at early dawn the minster bells were rung,
And solemnly and fervently the early mass was sung;
And men, who seldom knelt in prayer, now humbly bowed
the knee,
And from the eyes of pale young girls the tears were
coursing free.—

And, 'mid the lowly, lowliest of all the thousands there
The Countess Montfort meekly knelt beside the altar stair.
But when she seeks her bower again, she doffs her woman's
gear,
And armed in proof she rides abroad with helmet, targe, and
spear;
And even where the bravest fought and blood most freely
flowed,
Like an Amazonian lady right valiantly she rode.

Day after day the siege is pressed, till ruddiest cheeks turn
pale—
Day after day the siege is pressed, till stoutest warriors
quail,—
The craftsmen with a feeble hand assail the maddened foe;
The soldier, weary, faint and wan, can scarcely deal a
blow;
The knight, alone, though sore distressed, still rings his war
cry out,
While feebler far, from hour to hour, becomes the answer-
ing shout.
Though always in the foremost rank De Montfort's dame is
seen,
With the same firm step and courage high, and calm
unruffled mien,
Ah! none there were who knew, save her, when all were
thus dismayed,
How oft across the dark blue sea she watched for England's
aid,
And when, at last, a fierce wild yell rose shrilly on the air,
She looked the hope she could not speak, and frowned away
despair.

"All, all is lost!" the old men cried—"the walls are battered
down—
Oh, gracious lady! save yourself, or ere we yield the
town."
They spake again—she answered not—her eyes were
opened wide—
And leaning, with her lips apart, she gazes o'er the tide.
"It is! it is! now God be praised! All proudly on the
main,
The English succors—see, they come so often sought in
vain—
Ho! let the bells ring merrily! Ho! rend the air with
cheers!
Sir Walter Manny treads the shore with all his goodly
spears."
Aghast, aghast the foemen stood—while burghers meeting,
laughed
To think how light a Frenchman's love for English cloth
yard shaft.

TO MISS H. Mc P.....

BY LEWIS J. VOIGT.

As the streamlet, that sparkling,
In light leaps along—
Now glittering—now darkling,
And gleeful with song;
So Lady! thy laughter,
Rings joyous and free:
Oh! blythe as that water
Still—still may it be!

As the spray-foam that pillows
Its pearl-wreaths of light
On the fast flashing billows,
That glance on the sight,
So may each hour, maiden!
Till time's waves be past,
With new joys be laden,
Brighter each than the last!

THE OHIO AND MISSISSIPPI.

BY E. FERRETT.

READER, art thou blest with patience? that most saint-like and practical of all the virtues—patience, which offering a negative and passive resistance, effectually conquers the positive and active ills to which poor human nature is subject. For a tight boot or the tooth-ache—a squalling baby or a disobedient child—a quarrelsome friend or a ruined fortune—a distracting pain or a distracted lover, patience is “a most sovereign remedy.”

But there is one misery of life for which even patience fails to bring relief—if thou hast any doubt, most friendly reader, navigate the Ohio and Mississippi, when the water is low—it is possible that thou hast enjoyed that treat, and if so, thou wilt immediately acknowledge the truth of my proposition, and if thou hast not, read and be convinced.

Suppose us at Louisville, exceedingly anxious to reach St. Louis with all practicable speed,—enquiries tend to show that there is not enough water to float first class boats, but that one of the second class will sail at twelve or one o'clock on that day—being somewhat wide awake, of course we are aware that the boat will not sail at the exact time specified, and so making an allowance of an extra hour, reach the deck about two, and learn that we are just in time, as she is off forthwith,—in high glee at our good judgment, we take a seat to watch the process of getting off—then begins the demand upon our patience—hour after hour passes away, and yet the boat sticks close into shore, with no other indication of her intended departure, than an occasional burst of steam from the escape pipe, which seems to threaten to end our voyage in double quick time, by blowing boat, passengers and all, into the loughs. Finally, at six or seven in the evening, the boat absolutely moves off with about three times as many passengers as she can accommodate, and half as much again freight as she can carry—the first operation is to pass through a canal, in which process four or five hours are expended—this same canal is some eight or twelve inches wider than the boat, which is in the dark, to creep through the channel at less than a mile an hour, every now and then bumping on one side to the other, threatening every minute to get her sides stove in, and thumping the passengers, who have not yet attained “the hang” of the boat, in most merciless manner—without the slightest connection, sticking elbows into ribs heretofore undisturbed, and treading upon corns ever before preserved from crushing.

No matter, we are fairly under weigh, we have been told that the trip will occupy fifty hours, and full of strong hope, we care not for deficiency of room at the supper table—for tea that reminds us of a decoction of slow leaves, and butter that so far from being palatable, is almost too bad to smell—these are trifles, and are proceeding, and fifty hours will bring us to St.

Louis. How true are many of our homely adages—they may not be remarkable for elegance of phraseology—they may even require polish; but however deficient in other things, their truth is abundant recompence—

“There’s many a slip
Betwixt the cup and the lip,”

is one of those trite and beautiful truisms, which, though probably in existence before the flood, is in daily use, and perfectly consistent and appropriate applicability. In no case is the adage more true, nor more appropriate, than when applied to the navigation of the Ohio and Mississippi.

Just when in our innocent inexperience we fancy ourselves in a fair way to proceed—we hear the tinkling of a vile bell, and soon coming to a dead halt, learn in answer to our anxious enquiries that it is too foggy to run, and that the boat is consequently laid up for the night. Then the joys of our birth shared with another, the whole room scarcely large enough for a coffin for the celebrated Daddy Lambert of obese memory—the vile, close, and fetid atmosphere, redolent with tobacco smoke—the endless clink, clink, of the engineer’s hammer, engaged—the engineer, as well as the hammer—in repairing the damage effected by the canal—all combine to render our dreams as sweet as our lullaby is enchanting.

In a species of indistinct nightmare—through which visions of shoals, snags, and glimpses of lots of water and no fogs, pass in rapid and ever varying succession, the night slowly departs, and morning, ever welcome morning, dawns brightly—preparations are made for starting the boat, and starting a breakfast, both which feats are accomplished with rather less than railroad speed—we will not detail the nuisances endured whilst striving to accomplish an apology for a toilette—those are inconveniences which travelers must bear, and yet the fact of their being unavoidable, does not render them one whit the less annoying.

We have eaten a bad breakfast, and creep with delight from the close room to the narrow deck, where though with little space for a promenade; we can enjoy heaven’s great blessing, pure air, and feed our eyes upon the beautiful scene around us—the picturesque banks, and the wide spread waters of “la belle riviere”—beautiful as is the Ohio—much as it has been lauded—still we with all humility confess to a much greater admiration for the banks of the Kentucky river—they are more picturesque and varied, and as the river winds more than the Ohio, offers bold bluffs perpetually to the eye, each one presenting a strikingly different form and feature—the banks are lined with beautiful trees, the leaves of which, touched by the early frost, and driven by the wind, were thrown up to the skies,

and fell all around as tho' it were absolutely raining leaves.

Oa we go, slow, but not sure—we are blest with a pilot, who judging causes from effects, is thoroughly ignorant of his craft—at every place that we stop to take on wood, we are gratified with intelligence of the increasing lowness, or, if you like it better, the decreasing highness of the water—our boat which is said to draw twenty-eight or thirty inches, is discovered to draw at least three feet and a half,—with all these encouragements we proceed at the rate of four or five miles an hour; every now and then diversifying the monotony of our existence, by running on a sand bar, and sparring off—in this way, lying by at night, and scarcely creeping by day, we wound our tortuous path to the mouth of the Ohio. As day after day pass by, and the fallacy of our bright hopes becomes daily, hourly, more palpable; as the fifty hours which were to have carried us to St. Louis, have all gone and half as many more, before we have got half way there—the annoyance, the irritability, and indignation of all parties may be easier imagined than described. Of all the miserable nuisances that can befall a traveler, getting upon a small steamer, badly managed and badly officered, is one of the greatest—it was our fortune to have no good officers, so that not only had our boat to encounter all the ordinary risks of travel; but the numerous additional ones consequent upon ignorance—added to which the internal arrangements of the boat were so bad, the waiters so dirty, the food so ordinary, that we one and all heartily wished ourselves free from our prison.

Nevertheless the longest rivers, as well as the longest days have an end, and we found ourselves at Cairo, a small place standing at the junction of the Ohio, with the Mississippi. This same Cairo is said to be owned by a company of which the Duke of Devonshire is a member. Cairo is a small place, with not more than half a dozen houses—the principal business seems to be done on the river, upon which may be seen flat queer looking boats, with signs indicating that board and lodging can be obtained there; others with groceries, &c. &c. This peculiarity is said to arise from the fact, that the company who possess the property, exact such hard terms from any one seeking to build there, as effectually to destroy the inclination to do so. Another and different reason is given, namely, that the waters at certain periods overflow their banks, and so inundate the town—which of these causes is the true one, we cannot decide; but certain it is, that the site of the town is one which would enable it, if built up, to command the greatest part of the western and southern trade—from the fact of various businesses being carried on upon the water, we infer that the first cause is the true one.

Those passengers who had come down the Ohio for the first time, imagined in the purity of their innocence, of the verdure of their greenness, that when the Ohio was passed the principal difficulties were overcome,—thinking that want of water was the primary impediment—thus fresh spirits and new hopes attended our entry of the Mississippi. One hundred and eighty miles! what are they? a mere nothing—our boat was said to be capable of running ten miles an hour. We believe that it was only "said," for we certainly never caught her at any such a prank—still

we were going, and as the Mississippi waters were deeper than the Ohio, our troubles had diminished—soon, however, a new feature presented itself—an indistinct murmur about snags, and staves and sunken boats reached our ears, and we finally learned that we had, to use another old saw, "jumped out of the frying pan into the fire."

The water was unusually low—snags abundant—our pilot a regular dolt, and stories of vessels that had recently struck, as numerous as they were disagreeable—every now and then when soundings were taken, one minute we had five feet of water, the next "no bottom"—the first day in the Mississippi passed, and our captain with praiseworthy precaution, laid to during the night. On the next morning, we proceeded with increasing hopes of ultimate success—one peculiarity about river traveling is worthy of remark,—if a man asks his neighbor, who is conversant with the water, the distance from the desired port, he gets for answer, probably, "sixty miles"—he travels on steadily for three hours, and then asks some other person, equally well acquainted with the river, and much to his astonishment, learns that it is sixty-five or sixty-six. So often was this repeated, that we began to imagine that the city of St. Louis had the peculiar faculty of receding as we approached.

Spite of all these peculiarities, by sundown on the fifth day we were so near that it was determined to run on with a view to reach St. Louis that night—various were the decisions as to the time of our arrival—from half past nine to twelve and one, were severally stated by such as were, or professed to be, learned in the matter—however, each mile became more full of snags, the river more dangerous, and our pilot more timid—strong speculations were entered into by the more serious of the passengers, as to the length of time a boat would take to settle, after being staved by a snag—various cases were cited, but that most dwelt upon, was the case of the *Shepherdess*, which, was struck right in two; one part of her going down instantaneously—drowning fifty or sixty of the unfortunate passengers. It was perfectly clear, that going up the Mississippi in the night, with an experienced pilot, was a somewhat doubtful operation; but with one who was worse than nothing, it was perfect madness. Shortly after arriving at this interesting conclusion, the boat received a shock on one side, which staggered those who were standing, and effectually shook the sitting out of their chairs. A general outcry and partial rush to the sides ensued, when it was discovered that we had struck a snag on the side, with the pleasing intelligence, that had the blow been two inches fuller, the boat would have inevitably been staved.

The pencil of Hogarth would have found abundant employment in portraying the various phases of character developed under these circumstances. The sober, but not cowardly gravity of some—the laugh of others—the total indifference—the effort of others to hide real fears under assumed recklessness, was at once amusing and sad. One unfortunate was frightened past even the care to disguise his cowardice—placed right upon the bow of the vessel, tightly grasping the sides of a wagon, the poor wretch, with eyes almost starting from their sockets, gazed out upon the waters, striving to penetrate the gloom, and

spy out the snags which were to cause our ruin—
doubtless they danced perpetually before his eyes—for

"The coward dies an hundred deaths,
The brave man dies but once—"

He was truly an object of pity. Scarcely half an hour elapsed before another shock was received by the boat, which fairly stopped and staggered her. We had run upon a reef of rocks, from which after a time, she was loosed, only to be put on again—thus we made our passage of the last few miles, missing the channel and striking bars, with the fear that each shock was a snag instead of a sand bar. It was time that we reached St. Louis—for some of the articles most necessary to our existence, had as the unwashed steward emphatically expressed it, "give out," and our patience was in similar condition, to say nothing

of the pleasing expectation of having to swim for our lives in a strong current and wide river, simply because a man had undertaken a duty for which he was wholly incompetent.

After six days of tiresome traveling we reached St. Louis in the middle of the night, and after sitting up, in the hope of going ashore and getting a comfortable bed, had to turn in and put up with a small berth badly ventilated, until morning should enable us to take leave of what had positively proven our "prison house."

Reader, thou art doubtless a reasonable and reasoning animal, and in all probability, will say, "what on earth has this man given us such an abominable yarn for," simply as preface to this advice—*If you have over occasion to go from Louisville to St. Louis, when the water is too low for first class boats—go by stage.*

THE WOODS.

BY JOSEPH H. BUTLER

Author of "Wild Flowers of Poetry."

THE woods, the woods—the dark green woods
How beautiful they stand!
Waving their leafy banners high,
The glory of our land,—
Home of the feathered minstrels sweet,
Whose songs, at morn and even,
Thrill thro' the dark isles all unseen,
Like angel notes from heaven—
Majestic as an army brave,
They stand in phalanx deep,
Embattled for the coming storm,
Their stately watch they keep.
The woods, the woods—the stately woods
In gloomy grandeur, proud,
They lift their towering heads, and speak
Defiance to the cloud!
The woods, the woods—the noble woods,
Those temples reared by God,
Their rich, cathedral columns, rise
Majestic from the soil—
The woods, the woods—the solemn woods,
For contemplation made,
Oh, when the burning sun is high,
How grateful is their shade!
And when bright Autumn's fingers touch
Their changing garments fair,
Ye could imagine fairy hands
Had wrought such wonders there!

They shame the robes of mighty kings—
All gorgeous hues are here,
Lovely, in death, the forests stand
And, their rich banners rear;
An emblem they of mortal man,
When the last pang is past,
We shall come forth, in light array'd
Immortal at the last!
The woods, the tall and living woods,
I love at evening hour,
To watch the blessed stars shine through,
Like eyes of magic power.
The woods, the woods—the mighty woods—
The balmarks of our land,
When arm'd with lightning, forth they ride
At liberty's command—
Bearing our starry flag on high,
To many a foreign shore,
Startling old ocean's solitude
With the dread cannon's roar.
The woods, the woods—the vast woods
By science taught, they rise,
In many a pleasant home they stand,
A shelter from the skies.
The glory of our homes they are,
The growth of ages past,
And ever may their stately sons,
Still battle with the blast!

A DAUGHTER'S REMINISCENCE.

BY MISS S. A. HUNT.

"AUNT ISABEL!" exclaimed a very thoughtless young lady, in quite a thoughtful tone.

"What, my child?"

"I believe you keep a journal."

"Yes!"

"Well—" the fair questioner stopped short, and turned a little red, then continued, "I feel very dull, this evening; I wish I had something to amuse me."

"Indeed! You will find books on the table before you, if you wish to read."

"I do n't exactly feel like reading in a book. I want to read something one of my friends has written. Aunt Isabel, you know how I would like to look over your journal. I won't cast my eye upon a page that has a word on it you would not wish me to see. I am sure you cannot object to selecting some detached parts,—beneficial reflections, for instance." The damsel laughed, and Aunt Isabel smiled, saying, "I believe I did make you a promise, of which you are delicately reminding me, now. Well, I will get you some papers I wrote a few years ago. They are reminiscences of my early days, and relate to my mother. I hope they may be of some use to you, dear Harriet, and teach you to care in every trifling thing, for the happiness of the mother who is spared you."

Mrs. Isabel Overington was a widow lady between thirty and forty. She left the sitting room a few moments, and, on her return, placed silently in the hands of her niece, a parcel of manuscript. After an affectionate "good night," the young girl was given up to loneliness, and the papers before her.

AUNT ISABEL'S REMINISCENCE.

TWELVE years have rolled by since my mother's death, and how sad the feelings that rush over me, as I look back, and stand by her bedside again—a girl. Her only child—I hear her low voice, and her large, earnest eyes are raised briefly to mine, then wearily drooped, as her pale cheek more closely presses the pillow. Her gentle "*my child*" again falls upon my ear, and I throw aside my pen to weep. How the reality comes upon me! what would I not give to bend over that emaciated and beloved form, for one moment only, that I might murmur prayerful words of tenderness, and implore forgiveness for every careless tone or look bestowed in days gone by. Each ungrateful act of childhood is fixed clearly before the eye of memory: could I but have known how strong was the power of those slight circumstances to wound, how different would have been my actions. A mother's love! how often my heart has yearned for it in loneliness and despondency. Yes! this night

twelve years ago, I knelt at the bedside of a dying mother, and her loving hand was laid upon my head with a blessing.

That morning an October sun rose gloriously in the heavens, and a balmy breath wafted a richness throughout the world of nature. The summer depth of the surrounding foliage was giving place to the radiant glow which the dying year bestows; a thousand tints of yellow and brilliant scarlet blent with the fading green, and varied the warm hues to the enchanted eye. Even the crisp and rustling leaves, upon the ground, seemed light-hearted and musical. To my careless heart, all things gave forth a note of joy. Every slight event of that day is stamped upon my remembrance. I arose early, and marked the sunrise with a gladness of spirits which was almost childish. The daylight shone cheerily into my little room; I threw up the window sash, and sat on a low chair with my arms resting on the sill: as the delicious morning air touched my brow, I thought how full life was of cheerfulness and joy. What had I to make me sad, or throw a darkness upon my future? My mother was feeble, and often ill, but I never dreamed that consumption was preying upon her existence. I was yet lingering upon the threshold of life; and as Fancy roamed at will, she painted all coming events with her dashing pencil of brightness. With what abandonment, in youth, we yield ourselves up to gladsome dreams of the life that awaits us,—how perseveringly we exclude reason from partaking in the banquet which imagination spreads before us. We gaze, and behold a sunny landscape,—but we never remember that clouds may overshadow it, or a storm and wind may deface its loveliness for a season. The grand objects of existence are shrouded from our eyes, which yet can survey but a limited circle; we care not to philosophise, all things seem clear enough to our superficial glance. Time and trial bring the deep thoughts that assure us we are changed. There is a buoyancy in the untouched heart, which cannot realize that its own strength may ever give way before sorrow, or bend, like a blighted thing, to despair,—our invincibility is broken by our first deep grief, and we learn our weakness as we turn to look back upon former imaginings—now utterly shattered! Then the aspect of life changes; we are apt to grow either better or worse; we may sink into darkness bitterly, with hardly a struggle, and awake to seize the bewildering cup of pleasure,—or we may grow strong in high resolves to bear our portion in this world, listening to the inward voice which for ever says, "He shall give his angels charge concerning thee: and in their hands they shall bear thee up, lest at any time thou dash thy foot against a stone." In patience we conquer, and in humility we wait for that deep, expan-

sive happiness, which has a sure foundation in the soul's purest depths.

With an effort I broke from a reverie, and went into my mother's apartment, which joined my own. To my surprise, she also had risen early, and was seated by the window; her head leaned back listlessly against her cushioned arm-chair for support, and her face was almost as white as the spotless morning-dress she wore; but her eyes were resting with a quiet gaze upon the scene before her. I approached noiselessly.

"Ah! good morning, my child!" she said, gently smiling, as I bent over her chair and kissed her forehead, "how lovely the day is!"

"Beautiful! But you are very pale this morning, mother. You are not as well as usual. I must not go to B— and leave you." I forced out the last sentence, with a vague hope that I would not really be obliged to stay at home; I had a very great desire to attend my cousin's party, which took place in the evening, in the city of B—, a distance of about five miles. Mother's lips were almost colorless, and she did not breathe easily; my heart smote me, when she replied kindly, "I think I am well enough, dear, for you to go to Charlotte's party; you may have every thing in readiness this afternoon by three o'clock. Your cousin Henry will be here, at that time, to take you." I hesitated; mother laid her thin hand gently within mine. Betwixt conflicting feelings, I burst into tears.

"Why, Isabel!" exclaimed mother, in surprise, "what ails you?"

"I hardly know myself, but I feel so miserably. I am disappointed—I thought I was going to be so happy to-day,—you are sick, and I can't enjoy Charlotte's party half as well, if I go." Mother was silent; I turned away my face, and leaning upon the top of the chair, fell into thought. Should I go, or should I not? A good impulse whispered, "Stay and beguile the tediousness of a sick hour." I yielded to it; and brushing away my tears, said, as cheerfully as I could, "I'll stay with you, mother."

"Thank you, my child!" was the reply. "Perhaps I shall be better after a while, then you will be at perfect liberty to go, and make yourself as happy as possible." I hoped and trusted that she would be better, and my spirits rose, as I allowed myself to dwell upon the anticipated enjoyment. My momentary depression vanished; I fancied that mother was not so ill as I at first supposed. Some time after breakfast, she turned to me affectionately and said, "I feel better than I did in the morning, Isabel, so make up your mind to go."

How those words set me at rest. I immediately saw myself gaily enjoying the flying hours, without a thought that lay heavier than a rose leaf upon my heedless heart. "I am so glad," I answered, jumping up, and looking into the invalid's face hopefully. She smiled brightly, and a faint vermillion came upon her cheek. "There is actually some *colour de rose*!" said I, kissing the spot with delight. "How foolish I was to feel bad this morning; now you are better, and every thing has turned out as well as if I had n't cried."

"You are not very apt to lay any thing to heart, so do n't regret your crying spell."

"O no: it's over, so it is all right. But it broke in upon my established philosophy, which goes to the tune of 'Begone, dull care!'"

"Well, suppose you begone yourself, and prepare your furbelowing for to-night," said mother, with something of her usual vivacity. Away I went, humming a gay air, and catching its spirit. About an hour after, I passed mother's door, and heard her talking with Jane, a good girl who lived with us. "Poor child," I heard mother say, "I try to bear up before her, for I know she wants to go so."

"You're quite bad to-day, madam," replied Jane.

"Don't speak of it to Isabel. She stays at home so much, her spirits need recruiting."

"I waited to hear no more, but ran into my room, and again devoted myself to that refuge of all young ladies of seventeen, when in distress—a crying spell. Considerably soothed by it, and the resolution I had made to vacillate no longer, but to stay at home and do my duty, I sought mother again, and without mentioning that I had changed my mind, endeavored to wear a cheerful aspect, and divert her. About mid-day, when the sun shone warmly, she wrapped a shawl around her, and paced the piazza with me. It was the last walk we ever had together: every gentle word she uttered reproached me for being willing to leave her: there was a touching affection in the long look that rested upon me,—that dear look was worth a thousand times more than the idle gaze of strangers: tears came to my eyes, and a feeling of grateful love for my only parent rushed powerfully over me, sweeping away every thing else before it. "Let me stay with you, as a favor, mother!" I said, stooping to kiss her wasted hand, and to hide the emotion I felt. She was silent a moment, then she replied with gentle calmness,

"No, dear. I shall be content, knowing that you are enjoying a brief season of pleasure. Perhaps I will be a greater tax upon you than even now, so enjoy yourself while you can."

"Why should you think of my enjoyment, mother, when you suffer?" A violent coughing fit prevented a reply, and we went into the house. Mother sunk wearily upon the bed, and was soon in a profound sleep: she appeared to breathe easily. I bent over her, and I grew sad as I recalled her unvarying love, and felt my own unworthiness of it. Tenderness and self-reproach overpowered me, as I sank weeping by the bedside, with a prayer to be in future a more devoted child. How little I knew how wavering were the resolves founded upon impulse, instead of principle. Three hours elapsed, and I was startled from my thoughts by the sound of a carriage. It grated upon my ear like a loud discordant note in the midst of a sad, soul-subduing harmony. I hurried from the apartment, noiselessly, and opened the front door in time to greet my cousin Henry as he sprang from his vehicle.

"Ready, Isabel?" he exclaimed, nodding smilingly.

"I must stay at home, Henry," I answered, with an embarrassed feeling. "I am very sorry you have taken so much trouble for me."

"Why must you stay at home?" he inquired, coming up the steps of the piazza.

"Mother is not well to-day."

"Is it her wish that you should stay? Is she very ill?"

"She is willing to have me go, but she is really too sick for me to leave her. I think it my duty to remain, although it has been a great disappointment to me."

"If your mother consents, you shall not be disappointed. Fiddlestick on your little word *duty*. It will be time enough ten years hence for you to use it. Come, Isabel, Charlotte will never forgive me if I go back without you." At first I was firm in my refusal, but he persuaded a long time, and not in vain. I felt miserably; my mind was made up, but I was not content; selfishness had gained the ascendancy. It was a want of firmness and moral courage which had made me yield, and I was painfully conscious of it. How I wished that I was one of those strong-minded persons, who can bring out a loud flat *no* with perfect ease, and never think but that it is received in good part. But my course was taken, and as the object decided upon was pleasure, I endeavored to shake off any scruples I felt in regard to duty, and to silence the whispers of conscience. I wrote a little note, saying that I would return early in the morning, and laid it on mother's pillow, called Jane to sit in the room, then hurriedly prepared to go to B—. I was soon ready: pressing a light kiss upon my sleeping parent's cheek, I hastened from the house, and Henry and I were soon dashing along the road that led from my home, my duty, and one around whom my every affection clung. As we rode along, Henry seemed unusually kind, and anxious to divert my thoughts; he partially succeeded, yet did not entirely remove the heavy weight of self-humiliation which oppressed me. It is wretched to feel unworthy of our own esteem, as well as that of others. We arrived at my uncle's house in B—, and my cousin Charlotte welcomed me with gay vivacity. The noisy cheerfulness of the various members of the family, enabled me to assume a gaiety which sprang from without, and stilled the reproachful voice within. Evening came, and with a less sad heart I entered the parlor with Henry. Charlotte, who was a witty, light-hearted girl, had banished my gloom, and I almost wondered that I could have felt so unhappily about so little a matter. "Surely," I reasoned, "mother will be quite as well to-morrow as if I had stayed at home. She desires me to be happy." Conversation, the study of new faces, music and dancing, and an inspiring hum, sometimes broken by a hearty laugh, infected me with a like gaiety. The mischievous sally, and witty repartee flew around, and bright eyes and flushed cheeks gave evidence of a pleased excitement. With very young persons there is generally a reaction of feeling: if thrown among the gay, after unusual seriousness or sadness, a hilarity of spirits breaks forth, which is surprising even to the possessor. Having been deprived of mirthful feelings, they are relished with exquisite heartiness when they return. It was so in my case: my natural buoyancy had been chained down by the weight of deeper and sadder feelings than was wont, and when it burst from its bondage, I revelled in a flushed and careless happiness, thoughtless of all but the present moment. I was standing ready to dance,

smiling complacently at a soft nothing which was being whispered to me, when my cousin Charlotte approached me in an agitated manner, and caught my arm. My heart gave a sudden and terrible throb, then sunk like lead in my bosom.

"Mother," I whispered, looking into her alarmed face. She led me away without reply, and took me to the dressing-room. "Quick! What is it?" I uttered, with intense impatience, as I sunk trembling into a chair. "Tell me quick, or you'll kill me, is she dying?"

"She is much worse!" replied my aunt calmly, who stood by. The paleness of her face convinced me that hope was over. "She is dying, and I never shall get home!" I answered, in anguish. Charlotte wrapped my shawl around me. I arose as weak as an infant, and attempted to reach the door. I hardly remember what followed. When my thoughts became tangible, I found myself leaning back in a carriage, with my aunt sitting beside me, holding my hand. I heard the familiar voice of our hired man Peter, urging the horse forward at the top of his speed. I recalled my hasty departure from the crowded parlors,—then came the image of my dying mother, her sad surprise, on awaking from her sleep, to find her child gone,—her suffering, with her beloved one nigh. How coldly unfeeling I must seem, to have quitted her in her unconscious slumber, after having begged to stay by her side. "If I had but done what my conscience bade me do—I am rightly punished!" was my harrowing thought. Every moment seemed lengthened to an hour, and I pressed my hands tightly upon my heart, in the vain hope of stifling sensation. At last we stopped before my mother's house. I sprang from the carriage, reached the front door, which was unlocked, and was hurrying to mother's apartment, when my aunt caught hold of me, and said, almost sternly, "Isabel, are you distracted? Stop and calm yourself before you agitate your mother!" I obeyed: my breath heaved so that I could not speak: she opened the door softly, and I heard the voice of my mother. It soothed the wild alarm within me: I thought she might not be dying, and a pure joy filled my whole being for a moment—it passed away as rapidly, for her husky breathing fell upon my ear.

"I will go in now, aunt," I said, with a strange calmness.

"Not yet: you will yield to your feelings," she returned, laying her hand upon my shoulder.

"I am calm!" Thus saying, I freed myself from her detaining grasp, and entered the sick chamber. The physician stood at the head of the bed; I needed only to look in his face, to read the signal of hope's decay.

"Command yourself, my dear, this is a solemn hour!" he whispered, as he came and led me forward. My mother's glance fell upon me, and a faint, heavenly smile, irradiated her countenance, as she murmured, "My child!" There was a spiritual beauty in her look that bade me hush my throbbing heart, and remember that angels were with the dying one. I leaned over her, and for the first time the scalding tears fell. I kissed her white lips and hollow cheek. All the forgotten love of infancy and childhood rushed upon me in that hour—the hoarded

tenderness of years swelled my soul. Only the word "*mother*" burst from my lips.

"Gently, my child!" she uttered, as I sank down upon my knees, and bowed my head upon the bed, in broken hearted abandonment. "This earthly link must be severed—I thought not so soon—but a heavenly tie shall bind us." Her faint hand moved, then rested upon my head; she continued silently, "The God of love bless you—yield your soul to Him; He will give you peace." There was a long, deep silence: I could only clasp her hand. I feared the hurrying angel of death would do his work, before a word would leave my parched lips—if I could but have uttered "*forgive*," it would have then been worth a life to me.

"Clasp your arms around me, Isabel," she whispered. I arose, and sharing her dying couch, slightly raised her, and supported her head upon my heart. A mortal paleness was upon her countenance: she lay still and faintly breathing in my arms: pain and agitated emotion gave place to serenity upon her white brow. My choking breath became stilled—my tears ceased to fall: a brief calmness settled upon me, as if an angel had poured oil upon the troubled depths within me, murmuring "Peace, be still!"

"Dear mother," at last I said, "you cannot know how I have loved you—can you forgive me for leaving you alone?"

"Oh! yes, how willingly, my child. May the Lord lift up the light of his countenance upon thee." Then feebly pressing my hand, she added, "I shall leave you in peace, beloved one; you will not forget my prayers and tears over you, when I am gone. Live to overcome yourself, and to release your soul, a cherished gift from the Divinity,—then you will have that infinite peace, which is a foretaste of what is beyond."

"Oh! mother, I could lay down my life to recall the pain I have given you a thousand times by my faults,—I never dreamed that you would die, and atonement would be impossible."

"Hush, dear child. Do not reproach yourself. No human being is perfect—only begin now to prepare for Heaven."

"I will. Oh! mother, be my guardian angel, when you are happy above. I will live now for the sake of goodness—I have no hopes on earth, no one will ever love me as you have done." The dying one clasped my hand with an ardour, I would have thought impossible a moment before, and breathed forth in all the strength of human love, "My child—oh! my child! will not our spirits be near for ever?"

"God grant it in His mercy!" I answered. As I rested my face to mother's something like resignation stole over me, and I gave utterance to a passage that spoke soothingly upon my mind. "He doth not afflict willingly, nor grieve the children of men."

"Right, Isabel," was the answer, spoken with difficulty. "I would give you much advice, dear child! but I have not strength. Make your heart a temple of love for all mankind, but do not murmur, if be long before you meet with love like mine again." Chaunted by what she had uttered in a weak, trembling voice, she remained motionless, save the labored heaving of her chest. Her features soon contrasted with that physical suffering, but as the pain died away, spiritual loveliness returned, and she softly breathed,

"Thou art with me, my Father!" My aunt, who had been kneeling in silent grief at the foot of the bed, now approached, and murmured, "Emma, dear Emma!"

The dying one opened her eyes, faintly smiled, and articulated, "sister!" My aunt bent over and kissed the lips of that resigned being, while her silent tears fell. "I will be a mother to your child, dear Emma!" were the tender words spoken to sooth the fleeting soul.

"My orphan, yes!" was answered, in an accent of pity and tenderness, which thrilled me with inexpressible anguish, for it brought the lonely future before me with a death-like pang. It has been said that "nothing is abiding but suffering." Better might it have been said, nothing is abiding but love. It lies back in the soul, calmly resting at times, and we may not always be conscious of what we have within us—but suffering ever awakens it, and we tremble before its might, for we learn that it is the strongest thing the spirit may know. The germs of life, thought, joy, feeling, and sorrow, are folded up in that one word, *love*. Thus I thought, as I dwelt with heaving breath, but tearlessly, upon the fast changing features of my only parent. I heard the fearful death-rattle—a strange awe silenced the pulsations of my heart, and made me fear to breathe or move.

"My God! into thy hands—" came broken and indistinctly from the dying lips of my mother. Again a long, unbroken silence—yet was it eloquent with feelings that overpowered the soul. Her eyes closed gently, her short, quivering breath, ceased, her spirit was gone,—yet I clasped more closely the soulless form, and laid my hand upon the lately-beating heart—all was still—still. Then nature gave way,—I could hear no more—a darkness and dizziness came upon me, and I lost myself in insensibility. When I recovered, I found myself in my own room, resting by the window which I had gazed from in the morning. How had one brief day changed the life within me! My aunt was watching over me. Her sad face recalled the whole, and I leaned my head back in the arm-chair I had raised it from, hoping for a dim forgetfulness again. In vain.

"Oh! leave me alone, aunt—" I implored, "leave me alone to pray, for my soul is sinking!" Then remembering her tender kindness, I caught her hand, and exclaimed, "Forgive me, I am too wretched to appreciate any thing now." I burst into tears, which relieved me. I was left alone; the lamp burned with a dim, solemn light. The sense of suffering grew upon me as I *thought*, and made me ask myself if the oppressed heart within was the same one that beat with so blessed a freedom in the morning. I murmured, I despaired, I was bitterly ungrateful for the gift of life, I learned the fullness of its meaning now, and oh! what a blankness there seemed hanging upon my future. Then across my darkened soul came the words, "Live to overcome yourself, and to realize your soul a cherished gift from the Divinity." I knelt, and poured forth my whole wretched soul in prayer,—I laid my blasted hopes upon a heavenly altar, and besought for resignation to tread the paths of earth with meekness, and a spirit that might grow firmer and purer through its griefs. That night I suffered,—but I would not have it blotted from my

soul's history, though its memory rung my heart as often as it recurred; for it did me good. It broke my dreamy life, and, through God, it made a mother's gentle soul the meditating angel that led my spirit upward in its hopes and aspirations. Twelve long years have somewhat calmed me, and I turn back with a peaceful heart to the night which this pen has now commemorated.

"Finished!" broke out Harriet, in a low tone, to herself, as she laid her hand upon the last page of Aunt Isabel's manuscript. The reminiscence awoke beneficial thoughts in her versatile heart, and profiting by the experience of Aunt Isabel, she sought with tender assiduity to become a more devoted child, both to her earthly parents and to her Heavenly one.

MY OLD LETTERS.

BY LYDIA JANE PIERSON.

ONE hour amongst my treasures! Oh 'tis sweet,
Mournfully sweet, to this o'er-burdened heart,
To turn from all life's present cares and toils,
And pass one hour amidst the treasured gems,
The living, breathing, never-fading flowers,
Which I have gather'd in life's varied paths,
Since first in childhood's morn my little heart
Was taught to understand such bitter words
As parting, absence, sorrow, and vain hope—
'Till now, that I have gained the highest steep
Of life's meridian,—whence the weary eye
Looks down the shadowy paths, which hath no bourn
Except the quiet grave. Oh, there is peace—
And rest for all the weary! Some of those
Whose pledges of a never-dying love
Perfume these fragrant leaflets of their souls,
Have gone down there to sleep, and I have wept
And counted them The Lost,—but 'tis not so;
The earnest breathing of their truthful minds
Live on these written sheets—and here and there
A tear that gushed up from the warm, live heart,
Lies where it fell—more precious than the pearl
That's purchased with a kingdom. As I press
My lips with trembling fervor on these seals
Of true and fervent souls, my spirit feels
That they are near me—their live sympathies
Inbraided with the tissue of my mind
And wreath'd amongst my heart-strings. Oh, I know
That pure and fervent love can never die;—
And these are with me ever.

They are lost
Who live, and have forgotten. Unto them
Be joy, and wealth, and honor. 'Tis enough
That I am sorrowful, and feel the bond
Of absence ever straining at my heart.
I will not now weep o'er the register
Of such unstable minds, though broken buds
And wither'd leaves, that grew in my warm heart
Upon the trees that Hope had planted there,
Are folded up within them. Let them rest,—
Sad records of the weakness of the mind,
The faithlessness of poor humanity
Go to your hiding-place, while I unfold

The leaves of these unwilling flowers of Truth
That breathe so rich an odor. Fresh and sweet
They lie before me,—the white jasmine buds
Of pure young girlhood's offering. The white rose
Of womanhood's devotion. Myrtle leaves,
And sprigs of green geraniums, from the stems
Of manhood's harder friendship, and a few—
(Oh, dearly they are cherished!) red rose leaves,
Rich with the breathings of devoted love.
Where are the hands that traced these living lines
So many years ago? Where are the eyes
That bent their brilliant beams, or tearful gaze,
Along the rapid tracery? Where the hearts
That throbb'd with yearning tenderness the while?
Now trembling with emotion—pausing now
With doubt, or apprehension, or the hope
That seems so long in coming?—Years—and change—
And death—can ye not answer? No reply
Do ye vouchsafe to any. Death, and change,
And time, are silent spoilers. All in vain
The hearts that ye have rob'd shriek out, and plead
For restitution, or one little word
To calm their yearning anguish. Ye are deaf
To all entreaty, and, since time began,
Have never answered to the earnest prayer
That knock'd in agony at the cold gates
Of your mysterious, silent palaces.
But o'er these precious treasures of my heart
Ye have no power. The rapid lapse of years—
The stern mutations of all things that feel
The tide of life. The hand that breaks the heart,
And crushes loveliness—and o'er all
Spreads charnel mould and ashes,—none of these
Can touch the pure affections of the soul
That is itself immortal. These shall live
And bless me ever, in these written sheets,
Until the eyes that weep above them now
Are closed for ever—and the painful ties
Of life, and human tenderness, dissolved,
And my free spirit mingled with the band
Of purified and dearly ransom'd ones,
Who dwell within the light of love divine,
And fear no death or parting.

THE ROBIN.

BY HENRY B. HIRST.

Author of "The Coming of the Mammoth, and other Poems."

The groves are almost bare: the trembling trees
Are moaning as their leaves are hurried by
Like sand before the simoom, over the leas
Yellowing 'neath Autumn's eye.

Cold, very cold the bleak November wind
Sweeps from the black Nor' West, and fitfully blow
The gusts, (like fancies through a frenzied mind,)
Eddying to and fro.

The wood-land wails their might; the ancient oak,—
The forest Lear,—moans as it, quivering, feels
Their freezing touch, and shivering 'neath their yoke,
Reels—in its dotage, reels.

The sycamore, white (like a ghost,) erect,
Echoes its cry; the black, funeral pine
Shrieks, while the owl, the Winter's weird elect,
Hoots from his hollow shrine.

And borne like leaves, with piercing cries, on high
The Robins come, their wild, autumnal wail
From where they float, specks in a gusty sky,
Winnowing along the gale.

Down, scattered by the blast, along the glen,
Over the russet plains the flocks alight,
Crowding the juniper and gum, and then,
Flit on their southward flight.

Away, away, trooping they pass, the snow
And hail and sleet behind them, to where the South
Shakes its green locks, and delicate odors flow
As from some fairy mouth.

Silent they pass the wintry hours; no song,
No note, save a shrill, querulous cry,
When the keen 'gunner' (cat-like,) creeps along
The fence, and then—they fly.

Companioned by the cautious lark, from field
To field they journey, 'till the Winter wanes,
Then, to some wondrous instinct each one yields
And seeks our Northern plains.

March and its storms! No matter how the gale
Now hurtles round them, on through snow and sleet
And driving hail they pass, nor ever quail;
With restless wings and feet.

And here and there, on some tall tree, as breaks
The rosy dawn, loud, clarionet-like, rings
Their matin lay, while Nature, too, awakes
From her long sleep and sings.

Gradually the flocks grow less, for, two by two,
The Robins pass away, each with his mate,
And from the meadows, moist with April dew,
You hear their pretty prate:

And from the apple's snowy blossoms, come
Gushes of song, while round the singers crowd
The buzzing bees, and over them, hovering, hum
The Trochili aloud.

The sparrow from the fence, the oriole
From the now-budding sycamore, the wren
From his old box, the blue-bird from his hole,
Hard by the haunts of men,

The red-start from the wood-side, from the meadow
The black-cheek, and the martin in the air,
The tawny wood-thrush from the forest shadow,
With all of fair and rare,

Among those flowrets of the atmosphere,
The birds, (our only Sylphids,) with one voice,
United, yet discovered, far and near,
Like them at Spring rejoice.

May! and in happy pairs the robins sit,
Hatching their young, the female looking down
From her brown nest. No one will trouble it
Lest heaven itself should frown

On the rude thought, for from the smouldering embers
On Memory's hearth rises the spark of thought,
And each one by its shadowy light remembers,
How flocks of robins brought

In the old time leaves, singing the while they covered
The innocent babes forsaken: so, they rear
Their nestlings undisturbed. Often has hovered,
While I have stood anear

A robin's nest, o'er me that simple story
Gently and dove-like; and I passed away
Proud, for I felt it quite as much a glory
As 't was in Cæsar's day

To win a triumph, to have left that nest
Untouched; and many and many a time
When my sure gun was to my shoulder prest,
The thought of that old rhyme

Came o'er me, and I let the robins go.—
At least, the young are out, and to the woods
All have departed. Summer's sultry glow
Sees them beside the floods.

Then, Autumn comes, and fearful of its rage
They flit again. So runs the Robin's life:—
May mine from rosy youth to hoary age
As theirs, be free from strife.

THE TOWN POOR.

A WESTERN REMINISCENCE.

BY MRS. C. M. KIRKLAND.

Author of "A New Home, Who'll Follow?" &c. &c.

It is somewhat difficult, amid the conventionalisms of great cities, to remember that mere humanity, ungraced by wealth or station, and destitute of the talent by which these are to be acquired, has any claim to respect or consideration. A pauper, among us, is a mere animal, whose physical necessities a certain prejudice obliges us to supply, but whose extinction would be a decided advantage to all concerned, himself included, though there is unfortunately no provision in our laws for putting out of the world those who are merely superfluous in it.

A lady observed, last summer, that it was delightful, during the abundant fruit season, to see every poor little beggar about the markets with a fine peach or watermelon. "Why," said her friend, in all simplicity, "did you think they would eat so much as to kill themselves?"

This was the thought that suggested itself to a rich and not unfeeling person, on hearing that paupers were enjoying fruit. In the country, and especially in the new country, people feel so differently, with all their coarseness!

We had only one confessedly "poor" family in the town during the half dozen years of our residence in the West. This was the household of a stout, healthy carpenter, with a bed-ridden wife, and a good many chubby children. At first the man struggled feebly against fate, but he was too insurmountably lazy and inefficient to supply, by extra effort, the deficiency occasioned by his wife's condition. His step was always slow and heavy, except when the dinner-horn sounded when he was at work for some thriving farmer. At home, it was said, poor fellow, that he never knew what dinner was, but took bread and milk morning, noon, and night, the year round. At his work he was a very snail, measuring and measuring, and, after all, going wrong, and spoiling all by mere absence of mind and forgetfulness. So, of course, work became scarce with him.

Meanwhile, his wife was always on the bed, except when she wanted something to eat; and she was reported to have an admirable appetite. The neighbors said a good many hard things about her being able to exert herself when anything excited her; but she insisted that she had a weakness in her back about as large as a knitting-needle, which prevented her doing any kind of work, active or sedentary, though she could manage occasionally to go to a tea-drinking, or net herself a smart cap or collar when there was to be a quarterly meeting.

This did pretty well while the poor carpenter could

pay his way, and keep all the hungry mouths supplied with something in the way of food. But by and bye indolence, and improvidence, and dirt, and poor fare did their work upon him, and he was gradually incapacitated for work, and reduced to the necessity of asking aid from the town. After this the waters soon closed over his head. Debts pressed—sickness came—hope (for this world) was extinct. Happily, even in this darkness, a light came from the future world to gild the downward path of the pauper,—(paupers have *souls*, in the country,)—and he turned his eyes from the wretched present to the far better life to come, and welcomed Death as a kindly messenger, sent by his Heavenly Father to release him from a world of woe. No death-bed so poor that this spirit of love and hope cannot curtain it with glorious light, converting its very penury into an earnest of good things in store for the soul which has received "evil things" on this side the grave.

The funeral of this poor worn out creature was an occasion of as much interest in the neighborhood as if he had been a rich proprietor. The dignity of human nature was acknowledged by all, without a grudge on the score of pauperism. Tears flowed freely at the leave-taking, before the coffin was closed, and the widow was handed into the best carriage, with the respect due to deep affliction.

But here the pathetic aspect of this case fades at once. The recollections of poor Mrs. Crindle's consciousness of her new mourning—the airs with which she arranged and re-arranged her veil—the pullings on and off of the black gloves—the flutterings of the unaccustomed white handkerchief—are far too vivid to allow of any dwelling upon the solemnities of the scene. The kindness of her friends had arrayed her in a complete outfit for the occasion, and although some of the articles were only lent for the funeral, the mere appearing in them was too delicious to allow Mrs. Crindle to view the occasion as anything but a grand pageant in which she, after all her seclusion, was the observed of all observers. If she thought of poor Crindle at all, it was probably only to regret he could not have seen his own funeral, and herself the grandest feature of it.

A question soon arose as to Mrs. Crindle's support. She had seven children, and not one of them able to earn a living. One son was lame, through the rickets, and him it was his mother's ambition to bring up as a school-master. She said he had a big head to hold learning, and that his arms were strong

if his legs were weak. This was for the future, however. The present concern was subsistence, and here a series of argumentations, not to say altercations, ensued between Mrs. Crindle and the town-officers. The functionaries, potent in a brief authority, insisted that Mrs. Crindle should do something, however little, towards her own support; she maintained as stoutly that she neither could nor would do any such thing. She had never worked during her husband's lifetime, and she was not going to begin now. She had a family of helpless children, and it was the duty of the town to see that they did not starve. Nobody could prove that she ever had worked, and she took good care not to put such proof in any one's power by making the slightest effort.

A proposition was made to "put out" the children, but to this the mother declared she never would consent. What! let her poor little dears go to live with strangers, when they had never been separated from her for a day—the thing was out of the question! She would see them starve first. But Mr. Zeiber, the Dutch poor-master, though he shrunk from the rattling storm which the proposition brought about his ears, was not to be silenced very easily, and matters came to such a pass, that Mrs. Crindle declared if she could only get to her own people, in "York State," she would n't be beholden to nobody that begrudged her a living! Her folks were respectable, and would n't see her want for anything if they had her and her children among them.

"They shall have you!" was the immediate and hearty reply, and as soon as the idea was fairly set on foot in the community, a generous enthusiasm seemed to pervade the neighborhood. The needful clothing for the widow and orphans was speedily provided. The guardians of the poor kindled with the unwonted warmth; the loose cash in their hands was liberally appropriated for traveling expenses; and, to make assurance doubly sure, a trusty agent was appointed as companion for the journey, with directions to pay all expenses, handing over only the balance to the lady, lest some unfortunate financial error should prevent the safe transportation of these interesting members of the community to the York State.

This arrangement was substantially agreeable to Mrs. Crindle; how could it be otherwise? A journey to the East! The very sound makes western ears glee, especially when the events of a western residence have been such as to throw no golden hue over new country. And here that Elysian prospect, a ticket eastward, was offered to Mrs. Crindle, the very first person in our whole community for whom such a thing was supposed to be in reserve. That Mrs. Crindle, emphatically *poor* Mrs. Crindle, should be so ordered, when the wives of some of our best (technically *best*;) citizens had been trying for the same thing years in vain! It was supposed that her cup was full—nay, that it overflowed!

Yet, whose cup is without the bitter drop? whose without some death's head? whose villa without a hen? Npt Mrs. Crindle's. The guardian of the poor (officially, *poor-master*—what an undemocratic term!) refused her at the outset the use of her eye! Monstrous! to know that another had *real* money—belonging to her, who had hardly had a whole dollar at once—in his pocket, yet

she herself not be allowed to touch it! She was not in the dark in the matter. She knew for certain that funds almost unlimited—amounting at least to twenty-nine dollars and fifty-nine cents, had been collected for the traveling expenses of herself and children, and she had looked forward to its possession, on the morning of her departure, as the happiest moment of her life. How overwhelming the discovery that Mr. Linacre, who had been chosen to superintend the interests of the unfortunate, and at the same time to take care that the public purse received no unnecessary detriment, was to be purse-bearer, regulating, entirely at discretion, the expenditure of the journey! Who could tell what great things her management might have done with so enormous a sum as twenty-nine dollars, (to say nothing of the cents.) She was already planning a new bonnet for Jemmy Jane, and thinking how pretty George Washington would look in a pair of high-heeled boots; and of the comforts of a whole pound of candy, (it comes so cheap by the quantity!) for the solace of the party on the journey. A widow's cap was of course the proper thing to travel in; and, though Mrs. Brooke had sent her one, the hems were not half broad enough, and a new one could be bought for next to nothing at Detroit. These, and a thousand more of brilliant visions, had danced before her mind's eye times innumerable. Now, what a change! She was not to be trusted with her own money!

Now, our poor-master was admirably fitted for his office—that of providing for the poor, without the public feeling the burden. He was not naturally hard-hearted, even towards the poor, who are, as everybody knows, our natural enemies; but his doctrine was, (and it is everywhere a popular one,) that those who take care of themselves do not need help, and those who do not, don't deserve it. Some ill-conditioned people, indeed, would say that Mr. Zieber was chosen because he was deaf, and so could with difficulty be made to hear the cries of the needy, and lame, and therefore moved but slowly to their relief. But this we repudiate as mere town scandal. He showed alacrity enough in forwarding Mrs. Crindle's departure. When the town was to be relieved of a burthen, his lameness proved no obstacle. Economy is the only virtue we recognize in our public men.

Mr. Linacre was deaf, too; at least so it seemed to poor Mrs. Crindle, whose hints, innuendoes, and longings, openly or covertly expressed, as they passed through sundry villages rich in shops, went by him as the idle wind, and never produced even so much as an answer. Wise Mr. Linacre! If he had attempted to argue, he had been lost. Nobody wearing the form of man could have resisted the widow's strong reasons.

Happily the younger members of the party shared none of their mother's cares and anxieties. They had, to be sure, heard something of a large sum of money, but they showed no remembrance of it save asking occasionally for "that 'ere candy." They were too full of enjoyment to long for any thing they had not. To ride all day! To visit parts unknown, when they had never been more than three or four miles from home before! When the wagon came to the door, they could not wait till the poor moveables, (*truck*, the farmer not inaptly called them,) were stowed, but sprang in, and took a foretaste of the

journey, while waiting for the preparations to be completed. When once in motion, their shouts of merry laughter would have warmed any heart but an old bachelor's. At view of the first village, an involuntary exclamation burst forth at the sight of the frame houses. "What a lot of barns!"* they never having seen any large frame buildings, except barns. When they reached the rail-road, every thing was like a wild dream, and they seemed as if their little wits must be unsettled. "How are they going to get that house along with so many folks in't?" said one. "Is that a burying?" asked another, staring at the train. The whistle almost paralyzed them, and when they soon began to be tired and sleepy, they actually fancied in their bewilderment that the houses and fences were flying away, while they themselves stood still. It was strange, all strange; and they began to wonder if it was really the same world they had been living in all this time.

The great Lake steamer was another world still, and the blowing off seemed a forewarning of a worse fate than they had ever learned about in the Catechism. In short, the pauper child is like any other child, when he is where he dare be any thing but a crushed worm; and one blessed good of the wild West is the recognition of his share in the common humanity.

But we spare our readers further detail of the incidents of the journey. It is enough to say, that the young ones did not recover from their astonishment, nor the mother from her just indignation at what she considered the unworthy conduct of Mr. Linacre in the suppression of her funds, by means of which she lost several great bargains, things having been offered her (she was assured by the sellers,) cheaper than was ever before known. The consequence of all this was, that she had to travel to the East in unsuitable apparel, which she well knew was the subject of unfavorable remarks among her fellow-passengers; for she saw them whispering together, and knew it must be about her. Another hardship of which she bitterly complained was, that she had no presents to carry to her friends at the East, who would reasonably expect something, as she had been away from them so long. Then the children, poor things, it certainly was very hard that she could not buy them any thing, when she had money—or ought to have it if she had her rights,—and every thing so cheap, too! But Mr. Linacre was like the dumb idols who "have ears but hear not—mouths have they, but they speak not—" and he held fast the deposits until they reached the end of the journey. It needed a good deal of inquiry to discover the residence of the "respectable" relatives of Mrs. Crindle, as the place had grown so much during her absence that she found herself quite at a loss as to localities. As "respectability," in Mr. Linacre's estimation, as well as that of the world in general, had something to do with streets and houses, the quest was begun in the more showy neighborhoods, and at what might be called the Court End; but here no account could be obtained of the widow's friends. From the wide streets to the narrow—from these to the lanes—to the by-ways—trooped our weary way,

and in one of the poorest of these last, and in the poorest hovel in it, the "respectables" were at last unearthed. The hut was in no particular better than the one Mrs. Crindle had quitted at the West; and, in fact, greatly resembled it, except that boards had the place of logs, and an uneven brick hearth the place of an uneven stone one. Mr. Linacre stood aghast at the sight of the wretched poverty, to which he had brought his wards, and it struck him at once as not improbable that the worthy board at home had been preciously humbugged—and that by one of their own paupers. He witnessed, however, a warm greeting from the old father, although this was somewhat qualified by the sour looks of a hard favored step-mother, who evidently counted, at the first glance, the number of mouths that were thus suddenly added to the consumers at the paternal board. But he kept his own counsel. Where would be the use of getting up a scene with Mrs. Crindle now? She had said her family were "respectable"—whose family is not respectable, six hundred miles off? And why were n't they as respectable as any body's folks, she said, when Mr. Linacre seemed inclined to charge her with having blinded the Western folks a little. "None of 'em have ever been in jail; and if they have n't lived as well as other folks, that was n't their fault; they had lived on the best they could get. And more than all, grandfather was a revolution sojir; and if they were a little down in the world now, what of it? They might be up before long, just as their neighbors were." As to imposing on people, Mrs. Crindle thought she was the one imposed upon, for she had not had the use of her own money.

Mr. Linacre, as we have hinted, thought it prudent to avoid further discussion, and after paying over the balance of the twenty-nine fifty-nine, (amounting only to a few shillings, to Mrs. Crindle's inexpressible surprise and indignation,) he took his leave—not very proud of his achievement. What became of the rest of that money, the widow never could imagine, unless, as she observed, Mr. Linacre drank it, unbenowast.

On his return to our neighborhood, Mr. Linacre, though sufficiently communicative as to the incidents of the journey, and particularly jocular in his description of a visit to the Episcopal Church at Detroit, where one of the children observed it was the biggest school-house he ever saw, but wondered why the minister wore his white nightgown, yet avoided condescending upon any particulars as to the state in which he found matters and things among Mrs. Crindle's respectable relatives. He probably had certain misgivings as to the final result of the expedition, as it was likely to concern the tax payers of the town of P—; but he said nothing, preferring to await the development in the course that the affairs of the poor are likely to take.

Time rolled on. We heard nothing of Mrs. Crindle, and the town was pauperless, save for the two orphan boys of a not "respectable" mother who had absconded from our bounds. Mr. Linacre, doubtless, began to hope that some favorable turn at "the East," matrimony perhaps—had relieved us for ever of the carpenter's family, when a wagon, loaded like the departing one, described some pages since, rolled briskly through the village, and stopt at the tavern; whence flew like wild-fire the annunciation, "The Crindles have come back!"

* Verbatim.



THE LADY EVELINE.

W. F. Fennell & Co 68 South Fourth St. Phila. 1871.

Come back! after all the trouble of getting them off { sum, not to be raised without many words and sour
~~and the contrivance: the~~ looks, if it do not lead to a lawsuit between the two

Come back! after all the trouble of getting them off—all the sewings, the givings, the contrivings; the complete outfit, as the villagers thought it, though Mrs. Crindle complained much of deficiencies and unhandsonenesses. There they were again. The authorities of the town of ———, county of Cattaraugus, State of New York, had met, and concluded that they had subjects enough of their own; and that if they assisted the father, it belonged to others to look after the daughter; and, accordingly, ascertaining that she had “a residence” at the West, they had despatched her and hers at once, under the care of a trusty person, back to the woods; demanding from our town not only traveling expenses, but physician’s fees and sundry other charges, amounting to no inconsiderable

sum, not to be raised without many words and sour looks, if it do not lead to a lawsuit between the two towns, one of which claims damages for “sending the said widow to be by it maintained,” which the other refuses absolutely, avering that “the said widow went of her own free will and accord, without compulsion or advice of the town authorities, whereupon said town joins issue,” &c. &c.

The widow herself is meanwhile the most unconcerned person in the town. She declares that she had a delightful visit, and would n’t have missed of it for any thing. The “charitable,” who contributed so readily to the outfit, feel a little sore; but all join in the laugh at the widow’s triumph, and agree to hold themselves outwitted.

THE LADY EVELINE.

(See Plate.)

At the Virgin Mother’s shrine
Kneelt the Lady Eveline;
Daughter of a noble race,
Proud in soul, and fair in face;
She—whose beauty’s winning spell
Minstrels loved in song to tell;
Bow’d before the holy cross,
Sorrowing for a father’s loss.

Raymond’s daughter wept not tears
Such as village maiden’s shed,
When in agony they mourn
O’er the loved and lowly dead;
Stirring scenes had nerved her heart
For a sterner, prouder part,
And with every burning tear
Sprang a thought of glory too,
How the lost had passed away
As the brave were wont to do,
On the stormy battle ground,
With the foemen heaped around.

Backward, o’er her shoulder fair,
Streamed her long and shining hair,
And her upward eye was bent
With a fervent, deep intent,
On the Virgin’s peaceful face,
On her mein of placid grace:
As if seeking word or sigh—
Gazed the Lady Eveline.

“Virgin Mother, at thy feet
I have clustered roses sweet,
Pure and stainless as they be,
They are offerings meet for thee:
Maiden mother—undefiled,
Bend to hear thy helpless child,
Hear and bless the solemn vow
Which I make before thee now;
Hear—and give an answering sign
To the orphaned Eveline.

“Scarce an hour has glided by
Since I saw my father die,
Scarce is stilled the horrid shout
That went thrilling through my brain,
When his life-blood, ebbing out,
Wet the moor-bank with its stain;
Yet I kneel before thee here—
Yet my voice is calm and clear—
Asking thee to aid and bless
In mine hour of deep distress.

“Still the angry foe is near
In his haughty pride elate,
And the hour is dark with fear
To a maiden desolate:
Mother, send some friendly aid,
Noble heart, and steady blade,
Armed by thee with strength and trust,
’Till the craven bite the dust:
Then the vow I humbly make
Shall be kept for thy dear sake,
And the knight who brings from thee
Help and succour unto me,
Shall claim from me due reward
For the homage of his sword,
Though it be my father’s land—
Though it be my heart and hand—
Mother give an answering sign,
That thou hearest Eveline.”

Was it strange—if in that hour
Thrilled by superstition’s power,
When the lady’s troubled breast
Trembled with its wild unrest,
To her eyes the Virgin seemed
From her calm repose to bend,
While her eye in beauty gleamed
As with promise to befriend;
Seemed the brow to wear a peace
That could make her terror cease,
And the still lips, with a smile,
Blessed the kneeling Eveline.

H. M.

THE LIGHT OF THE HAREM.

(See Plate.)

THIS fine steel plate exhibits a feature peculiar to all the most lovely works of nature and art, which is, that the more carefully it is examined, the more beautiful and interesting it becomes. It has that sterling beauty which wins and grows upon acquaintance; careful examination only tends to bring out new points to admire. There is a light and life about the eyes, which make it an appropriate illustration of Moore's exquisite poem, with which most of our readers are doubtless familiar; yet it would seem an injustice to the poet and the picture, were we to omit the following truly poetical description of "Nourmahal, the Light of the Harem."

"THERE 's a beauty, for ever unchangingly bright,
Like the long, sunny lapse of a summer-day's light,
Shining on, shining on, by no shadow made tender,
'Till love falls asleep in its sameness of splendor.
This was not the beauty—oh! nothing like this,
That to young NOURMAHAL gave such magic of bliss;
But that loveliness, ever in motion, which plays
Like the light upon Autumn's soft shadowy days,
Now here, and now there, giving warmth as it flies,
From the lips to the cheek, from the cheeks to the eyes,
Now melting in mist and now breaking in gleams,
Like the glimpses a saint hath of heav'n in his dreams!
When pensive it seem'd as if that very grace,

That charm of all others was born with her face;
And when angry—for e'en in the tranquildest climes
Light breezes will ruffle the blossoms sometimes—
That short passing anger but seem'd to awaken
New beauty, like flowers that are sweetest when shaken.
If tenderness touch'd her, the dark of her eye
At once took a darker, a heavenlier dye,
From the depth of whose shadow, like holy revelations
From innermost shrines, came the light of her feelings!
Then her mirth—oh! 't was sportive as ever took wing
From the heart with a burst, like a wild-bird in Spring:
Illum'd by a wit that would fascinate sages,
Yet playful as *Peris* just loos'd from their cages,
While her laugh, full of life, without any control
But the sweet one of gracefulness, rang from her soul;
And where it most sparkled no glance could discover,
In lip, cheek, or eyes, for she brighten'd all over—
Like any fair lake that the breeze is upon,
When it breaks into dimples and laughs in the sun,
Such, such were the peerless enchantments that gave
NOURMAHAL the proud Lord of the East, for her slave;
And though bright was his Harem—a living *parterre*
Of the flowers of this planet—though treasures were there
For which *SOLIMAN*'s self might have given all the store
That the navy from *OPHIR* e'er wing'd to his shore,
Yet dim before her were the smiles of them all,
And the Light of his Harem was young NOURMAHAL!"

TO A FRIEND WITH A RING.

BY MISS M. E. WENTWORTH.

'T is a light gift, but full of love,
And if the heart that offers it could win
From thy strong intellect, thy nature calm
And smooth as currents undisturbed by storms.
The smile that wreathed thy lips in other days,
It would blot out the memory of light words
Unkind and cold, forgiven, but unforgotten,
That on our hours of sweeter intercourse
Jar like rude notes in a low murmured song,
And blend discordant melodies with all:
Alas! how light a thing may break the spell
Of love, and weave o'er Friendship's gentle ray—
Forgetfulness and change.

Frail flowers no sooner bow at autumn's breath,
Soft streams no sooner chill at touch of ice,
And clouds not sooner part before the storm
Than friends, dissevered by cold words, forget
The tenderness of other days—the ties
That held their faith in golden bondage bound.
I ask not now what change is on thy heart,
I only know that thou art changed to me;
That thy sweet voice has learned less gentle tones,
That from thy sunny eye, so full of thought,
That mirrored all the beauty of thy soul
Has fled the beam of former confidence.
Did not my friendship well approve itself?

Have I not loved thee fervently and well,
With the impetuous passion of a child—
The more 't was chidden, yet the more it loved?
O love, strange love, most tender, and most strong,
This ring so frail in tissue, yet so firm,
May well compare with thee, and I will bring
It here—*here* to this fickle heart of thine—
That you may bear in mind how light a thing
Has broke the harmony of love so true
And tried as ours; and still that one sweet word
Of tenderness may heal the wound that words
Have made. You tell me I am changed and cold—
Go ask your heart if I alone am changed;
If my neglect estranged you from my side?
Or, if you did not rather disenthral
Yourself that you might kneel at other shrines?
Go! faithless, fickle—false, and take my gift,
A sad memento of thy broken vows,—
Here are the offerings that you made upon
My shrine—the books so full of pleasant thoughts,
The dying flowers, meet emblems of thy love;
These miscreant files of gentle words and hopes,
My heart once fed upon; take them all back,
I will not keep one token of our faith.
Go and forget;—be happy if you can,
You shall not break my peace, for from my heart
I'll blot all shadow of thy treacherous name,
And craven love

THE LIGHT OF THE MOUNTAIN

F. F. Jettell & Co., Ltd., London, W.C.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

WE come again before our readers, with the pleasant announcement of a new volume. In their respectus, the publishers' have set forth the plan and scope of the work for 1846, which it will become our business, as far as the literary department is concerned, see carried out. We are not a little gratified that a Magazine has been placed upon a more elevated one, and that freer scope has been allowed us in its management. Aided by so strong a corps of collaborators, as have been enlisted in its favor, we shall, with half the labor heretofore imposed upon us, succeed in giving to its pages a far higher degree of merit and value than they have yet possessed. During the coming year, the greatest attention will be paid to the embellishments, and the highest order of artistic beauty characterize all the plates that are enclosed. An earnest of what will appear may be seen in this number. "The Wayfarers," is a picture to return upon again and again, and the "Lady Eveline" purity and sweetness itself. The other embellishments, like good wine, need no bush; they have been seen with taste and discrimination.

For the eloquent article on "Rome" we particularly thank our readers. It is full of interest. Papers of this kind give tone and stamina to a periodical. "Fanny Vestris" has contributed one of her pure, sweet, sparkling sketches, that beautifully contrasts with the virginal vigor of the article just named. Edgar A. M. Kirkland, author of "A New Home, or 'I'll Follow,'" "Western Clearings," &c. H. W. Weld, Miss Dupuy, W. H. Carpenter, Mrs. Wood, Mary Hemple, Kate Cleaveland, and others, have ably sustained each other in giving to this, the coming number of our volume, a character for grace, elegance and strength of character, that will be a distinguishing feature of our Magazine throughout the year.

THE present season is one of great activity in every direction which concerns literature. Authors and publishers recognize the period between summer and autumn as their harvest time. That is the season when family circles begin to draw around the cheerful fire, and inquire for books, and magazines, and, to enliven the long evenings, while the autumn is whistling round the casement. The book-loving people understand this, and accordingly send their choicest productions at this season. Besides the usual *annuals*, technically so called, there is a usual crop of standard books and new original ones sent forth with all the rich adornings of the hand and the graver, as well as the other appliances of modern paper, brilliant type, and gilding and binding in the most gorgeous description. All the luxuries of modern press are added to those of our own, and the season presents us with some new and striking elements in the embellishment of books. Not content with mere novelty, the London and Parisian artists have gone back to the beautiful illuminated

and painted manuscripts of the middle ages, and copied their curious designs. We have now multiplied copies of missals, prayer books, and chronicles, in all their original quaintness of coloring and gilding, such as would have gladdened the heart of old Froissart himself, who would doubtless make large eyes, if he could now return to the land of the living, and see thousands of copies distributed, (by our modern improvements in art,) of those splendid illuminations which cost the busy clerks and limners of his own days so many years of labor to produce, one at a time.

In the historical department of literature, we are happy to notice a decided awakening. Several large publishing houses are announcing each a complete series of histories, original and translated, native and foreign. Such a movement indicates a change in the public taste, which, a few years since, was openly charged with tolerating nothing but novels. Novels have now ceased to be books. They are pamphlets at two shillings each; and the man who desires to have books in his library, must either bind half a dozen of them together, or buy something of a more solid character. Such a state of things cannot fail to elevate the tone of general education and intelligence in our country. When all our school and social libraries are filled with works of solid merit and lasting interest, the national character will be elevated, and the national literature will receive its best earnest of improvement and permanence.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Messrs. Lea and Blanchard have recently added to their invaluable series of historical works, Ranke's "*History of the Reformation*" in Germany, translated by Sarah Austin. For learning, fidelity, and extensive research, Ranke is unrivalled among modern historians. His "*History of the Popes*" has rendered his name classical in Europe. The same publishers have issued, "*a History of the Huguenots*, By W. S. Browning." This work we read some time since in the London edition. It is full of entertainment—the characters and incidents being developed with great ability, and the course of events, which led to the utter downfall and ruin of Protestantism in France, being traced with great narrative skill.

Messrs. Carey and Hart have just published, "*Poems*, By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, with illustrations by D. Huntington." It is hardly necessary to characterize the writing of one of the most popular writers of our country. Mr. Longfellow has been for near twenty years before the public as a poet; and his reputation has been steadily sustained as one of the purest and best in the country during the whole of this period. It is therefore but just that his fugitive pieces should be collected, and given to the world in this permanent and very elegant form. To be illustrated by Huntington, is an honor of which any

poet in the world might be proud; and the judicious publishers have taken care that the style of engraving should equal the reputation of the painter. This volume will be eagerly sought as a choice New Year's Gift and Christmas Remembrancer.

Messrs. Paine and Burgess, of New York, have published "*The Songs and Ballads of George P. Morris. First complete edition,*" in a neat pocket volume, elegantly printed. The works of our most celebrated American lyricist, condensed into this cheap and portable form, will prove highly acceptable to the lovers of song.

Messrs. E. H. Butler and Co. of this city have published "*A New Dictionary of the English Language, by Charles Richardson.*" We are happy to see an American reprint of this great work, the most complete and perfect of any dictionary of the English language ever written. It fills two immense quarto volumes, and is printed with new type, on the finest paper, as a work of such merit and importance should be. The words are alphabetically and etymologically arranged, that is to say, with a combination of these two methods, the English primitives being in alphabetical order, and the derivatives arranged under them collectively, followed by exceedingly copious quotations from English writers of all periods; so that the history, as well as the meaning of every word, is taken in at a glance. The book is afforded at half the usual price demanded for works of this magnitude.

Messrs. E. H. Butler & Co. have published "*First Lines of Natural Philosophy, divested of Mathematical Formula; being a practical and Lucid Introduction to the study of the science. Designed for the Use of Schools and Academies, and for Readers generally who have not been trained to the study of the exact sciences, and those who wish to enter understandingly upon the study of the mixed sciences.*" By Reynell Coates, M. D. Author of *Physiology for schools.* Illustrated by 264 cuts. Dr. Coates's design in this work is pretty fully set forth in the title page. The execution is characterized by his usual ability. Striking out from the beaten track, he has exhibited a new and extremely interesting method of treating this important science. The book will undoubtedly be recognized by teachers as an improvement on its predecessors, and the style will commend it to young people, who love to be addressed familiarly by those who are replete with learning, and inspired by genius.

Messrs. E. Ferrett & Co. have published "*The Expectant,*" and the "*Quiet Husband,*" novels by Miss Ellen Pickering, whose popularity is still attested by the rapid sale of this cheap reprint of her works. The same publishers have issued "*Three Nights in a Lifetime. A Domestic Tale, by the author of Inishairloch,*" a spirited novel, full of striking incidents and well drawn traits of character. Messrs. Ferrett & Co. have also issued "*Agathonia, A Romance, by Mrs. Gore,*" well known as one of the best living writers of fiction. "*The Groves of Blarney.*" By Mrs. S. C. Hall," the best writer on Irish subjects of the present day, has also been added to the list of cheap publications of Messrs. Ferrett & Co. They have also published Nursery Ditties, from the lips of Mrs. Lullaby, with highly spirited engravings.

Messrs. E. Ferrett & Co. have also issued a second edition of "*Stories of the American Revolution,*" illustrated with beautiful wood cuts. This work is designed for young people, and exhibits a graphic account of the most prominent events in the history of the Revolution, truthfully told, while the illustrations are good and calculated to impress events upon the mind of youthful readers. The book is handsomely bound, and well adapted for a Christmas present.

The same publishers have a series of T. S. Arthur's works in uniform editions—"The Heiress," "The Club Room," "Six Nights with the Washingtonians," "The Maiden," and "The Wife," all neatly bound and well fitted for the library of a lady.

Messrs. D. Appleton & Co., of New York, and Mr. George S. Appleton, of Philadelphia, have published "*The Book of the Colonies; comprising a History of the Colonies composing the United States, from the Discovery in the Tenth century, until the Commencement of the Revolutionary War. Compiled from the Best Authorities.*" By John Fross, L.L. D. Author of *Book of the Army and Book of the Navy.*" This work is evidently prepared with unusual care, and will undoubtedly equal in popularity any of the numerous historical works of the author. The embellishments are very beautiful and spirited, including historical pictures of important events, and several extremely interesting portraits. That of Sebastian Cabot looks the character of the "Great Seaman." Another book, by the same author, issues from the same press: "*The Book of Good Examples; drawn from Authentic History and Biography; designed to illustrate the beneficial effects of Virtuous Conduct.*" The moral tendency of this work is excellent, and should especially commend it to the favor of parents, guardians, school committees and others, who may be charged with the formation of libraries for the use of young people. The same publishers have issued a very curious and rich specimen of illuminated and colored work, entitled "*Christmas Carols.*" It is the best imitation of the colored illuminations of the middle ages we have ever seen. The fruits, flowers, and figures, are perfectly life-like.

Messrs. Carey & Hart have recently issued *The Mysteries of the Backwoods.* By T. B. Thorpe, Author of "*Tom Owen the Bee Hunter,*" with original designs by Darley. This is one of those rich and racy pictures of life in the Southwest, like the "*Life of Captain Suggs,*" and the "*Great Bear of Arkansas,*" so popular with all the lovers of genuine humor. They have also published "*George Cruikshank's Table Book,*" with Twenty-two Engravings on Steel and Wood, one of the author's liveliest and most piquant productions. Also "*The O'Donoghue. A Tale of Ireland Fifty Years Ago.*" By Charles Lever, Author of "*Harry Lorrequer,*" "*Charles O'Malley,*" "*Arthur O'Leary,*" &c. &c. with illustrations by Phiz. This publication is from the early sheets received by Carey & Hart in advance of the publication in Ireland. The public will require no prompter to inform them what to expect in this work. Rich Irish humor, fine delineations of scenery, and masterly sketches of character flow from the pen of Lever without apparent effort; and the scene and period chosen for this tale, place it in his best element.

Messrs. Paine & Burgess have published "*Trippings to Author Land. By Fanny Forrester.*" This is a collection of the Tales which have won so much me for the fair writer. All the world knows that they are full of those qualities which, in all ages of erry history, have proved the best elements of success—wit, humor, pathos, a nice observation and discrimination of character, great felicity of narrative and description, and a piquant, ingenuous, and lively style. The approbation bestowed by Mr. Willis on Fanny, the commencement of her character, was but other evidence of his quick perception of genuine merit. He could sympathize with those feelings in a new writer which are so kindred to his own, and on the right hand of fellowship to one who resembles him in his best characteristics as a writer.

Mr. J. W. Moore, No. 138 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, has published "*Household Verses. By Ward Barton.*" The character of the Quaker is well known to the literary world. Fine fancy, good diction, and pure moral sentiment, have long established his fame. The new book, put forth after a silence of nine years, will be received with hearty welcome. We especially commend it as a Christmas and New Year's present, as it is finely embellished with steel engravings, and elegantly bound.

Messrs. Walker & Gillis have published "*Nursery Tales, and Jingles,*" richly illustrated and embellished. The verses are unusually well selected, and intelligible to very small jingle, and free from exceptionable coarseness of some of the Mother Goose poems, which are so abundantly furnished to the rising generation.

The same publishers have issued "*Kriss Kringle's Show for good Boys and Girls,*" a richly embellished quarto annual, where St. Nicholas is represented as showing off a series of historical pictures to the diance of boys and girls, and one of the most interesting of the group recognizes the subjects of the picture and tells the stories belonging to them in a lively and conversational way, which is mighty taking to the folks.

CHEAP MUSIC.—The doings of Ferrett & Co. in the field of cheap music, since our last, have been quite lively. Their issues not only continue rapid, but more and more attractive in style. *Rose on a Tree*, a new song with a sweet picture on the cover, is really a gem, and costs but 12½ cents. *For sixpence*, with handsome illustrated titles, we issued quite a number.—We have "*Love*" a reply to Mrs. Norton's beautiful song of *Love's Little Nell*." "*The Fairy Balls,*" By Mrs. "Weep Not," a companion to the Old Arm music by Russell. "*The Light of other Days* dead," By Balfe. "*Fine old English Gentle*." "*It is better to Laugh than be sighing,*" &c. for sixpence each. Then we have *music from the Italian*, six songs for 25 cents. *Music from the Opera*, four of the best songs for 25 cents—Music

from Balfe's New Opera of the *Enchantress*, which was played during the last season in London to enraptured audiences. "*Thou art Lovelier,*" as sung by Mrs. VALENTINE MOTT, price 12½ cents. "*I Love her, How I Love her,*" as sung by Mr. Templeton; 12½ cents. "*Love not, and Fra Diavolo Quicksteps,*"—6½ cents. "*La Cracoviense,*" 12½ cents.

E. Ferrett & Co. will issue in a few days Part second of the music of the *Ethiopian Serenaders*, containing ten favorite songs—Part second of *Moore's Melodies*; Part second of *Russell's Songs*, a set of *Sacred Melodies*—Music from the *Daughter of St. Marks*—The *outward Bound* by Mrs. Norton. They have, also, nearly ready for publication, various simply arranged pieces for the piano forte, suitable for easy lessons, at the same low rates at which all their other music is issued. Pieces for which 25 and 50 cents are now paid, they will soon issue for 6½ and 12½ cents each, and in a style in *every way equal*, if not superior to the old and dear music.

It is gratifying to find, that, in spite of all the efforts made by those interested in keeping up the long prevalent high prices, those most interested in the reform which these enterprising publishers have effected, are beginning to understand, that their *cheap* music is as beautiful and correct as the *dear* music. So far as the matter of correctness is concerned, it is only necessary to state, that E. F. & Co. employ to edit all their publications a musical professor and composer of the very first ability. Every thing is placed in his hands, and is supervised with the greatest care. As to beauty of appearance, a comparison shows greatly in favor of this cheap music. The paper is finer and whiter, and the impression of the notes clearer than in the music usually sold in the music stores. It is not to be gainsaid, that this new order of things is a great public benefit, and will do more towards the promotion of a musical taste in this country, than any thing that has occurred. It will not be long before the false representations now every where made in regard to it, east, west, north and south, by music dealers, will be taken for what they are worth. For a time, this system will operate to its exclusion in certain quarters, but its real excellence, united with its superior beauty, will soon cause it to find its way into every channel.

The new and beautiful store which the publishers have opened at 212 Chestnut Street, for the sale of this music, will attract hundreds, and lead to its more general introduction in this city. We allude to this fact with pleasure, both because it is an indication that the publishers are doing well by their enterprise, and because it will afford an opportunity for all to see and judge for themselves, between the old and new order of music.

We are pleased to repeat, that E. F. & Co. have in preparation a variety of simple airs and instrumental pieces for learners, at the same low prices. These will be issued in well selected sets, or in single sheets, to suit the wants of purchasers.

They are in constant reception of all the new music published in England; the choicest of which will be issued by them immediately after the arrival of every steamer.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

THE COMMENCEMENT of a new volume seems a fit occasion for the publishers to say a word or two about their plans and arrangements for the future. Their determination to place their work in the front rank of American periodicals has already been announced, and the present number is an earnest to the public of what they intend doing. It will be perceived that in paper, typography, embellishments, literary strength—in fact, in every thing pertaining to the external beauty and internal excellence of the work, it stands unrivalled. The very best talent in the country will be employed on this Magazine, and artists of the highest ability engaged to furnish engravings equal to any thing that has yet appeared. At least *three steel plates* will be given in *EVERY NUMBER*, and they will all be, in reality, specimens of art. To all this, and much more, the publishers fully pledge themselves, and the public may rest assured that this pledge will be more than fulfilled.

THE PLATES IN THIS NUMBER are splendid works of art. "THE LADY EVELINE," "THE WAYFARERS," "INDIANA KNOBS," and "THE LIGHT OF THE HAREM," are four exquisitely beautiful engravings, and contrast with each other, in subject and style of execution, admirably. To Messrs Jackman, Jones, and Graham, engravers of the first three pictures, we are under special obligation for furnishing us with such fine specimens of art. The picture of "Indiana Knobs" presents a fine view of the bold scenery that lines the banks of the Ohio. It is one of our series of AMERICAN VIEWS from original pictures, painted for this Magazine by American artists. Several very striking WESTERN VIEWS will appear in the volume just commenced.

THE SATURDAY AMERICAN.—On the advertising sheet that accompanies this number, will be found the Prospectus of an excellent weekly newspaper, The Saturday American. We recommend it to all in the country who desire a cheap and valuable weekly paper. The offer of premiums made by the publishers, to those who obtain subscribers, is particularly liberal.

OUR ANNUALS we can say, without boasting, are the most elegant of the season. The *Snow Flake* is a superb volume, and the *Musical Annual* is just the thing that has been wanted. See advertisement on cover.

PLATES FOR FUTURE NUMBERS.—We have in hands a number of magnificent plates for future numbers of this work. One of them, the most splendid picture we have ever seen in any periodical, we expect to have ready for the February number. If the artist does not disappoint us, we will present our readers with something worth calling an engraving. If not ready for our next number, it will be given in that which succeeds.

OUR MAGAZINE IN A LITERARY POINT OF VIEW.—FROM the first, it has been the steady aim of the editor of this Magazine to supply reading for a matured and healthy taste. In order to do this, he has not always trusted to the name of a writer as sufficient guarantee for an article's excellence, but has admitted or rejected every article according to its intrinsic worth. The same rule will be observed in future—so that, with the freshness of original contributions from the highest talent in the country, there will be the excellence that should ever attend the literary efforts of the gifted. The papers that appear in this work will not, therefore, be mere literary recreations. They will have a far higher merit.

FANNY FORRESTER.—Among the various new contributors engaged for the next volume, we are happy to find "Fanny Forrester," one of the pleasantest Magazine writers we have. It is a real treat to read one of her articles. Turn, reader, a few pages back, and judge for yourself.

OUR ENGRAVINGS FOR 1846.—We have in the hands of some of our most eminent artists, a series of plates that are to be equal to any thing that has yet appeared in the annuals. We are determined to attain as near perfection as possible in this department of our Magazine.

OUR NEW COVER.—We feel justly proud of the new and striking design which we have obtained for the cover of our Magazine. It is exceedingly chaste and artistic as a whole, while all the details of the picture (for it is really a picture), are most elaborate, and finished up with the greatest accuracy and delicacy of touch.

Our friends of the press will particularly oblige us by giving our Prospectus a few insertions, and sending their papers marked.

Western periodical dealers can obtain advance supplies of our Magazine, cheap publications, and music, by sending their orders to our Western Depot, 42 West Fourth street, CINCINNATI.

REMOVAL.—Since the publication of our last number, we have removed from 68 South Fourth street, to the large and elegant store 212 Chestnut street, above Eighth, where we invite all our city friends to call and look at our splendid assortment of new and elegant music, at one-fourth the usual price. If our country friends would like a supply of this correct and beautiful music, we invite them to send on their orders—they shall receive prompt attention.

See our advertisement of *Music by mail free of postage*.

state, that the beautiful view on the Ohio, which } by Mr. Dick, and admit the truth of our assertion.
graces our pictorial department this month, represents }

E. F

ARTHUR'S MAGAZINE

FEBRUARY, 1846.



ORIGINAL AMERICAN VIEWS.—NO. IV.

A VIEW OF THE OHIO

(See Plate.)

IN this age of enlightenment, descriptions of scenery are absolutely useless. All the world travels—tourists, north, south, east, west, and to all the intermediate points of the compass, are as thick as blackberries in June. The wonder is, not to find a man who has traveled, but to meet with one who has not. "Monkies who have seen the world" are as common as snow in January, or thunder-storms in July, albeit, they remain monkies still. It may be matter of grave question, whether descriptions are ever read at all, whether they are not like the moral in a tale, or the abstract speculation in a novel, passed over by the general reader, who "skips and goes on," thereby losing the cream, the concentrated essence, of purity or philosophy, wherewith the author intended to imbue the mind of his reader. True it is, that the moral of some writers is, like the reasons of a celebrated European statesman, "so exceedingly clear, as to become so transparent, as not to be seen at all," and equally true, that some, on the other hand, display a morality so profound, that the most patient investigation fails to fathom its depth. Thus may it be with descriptions of scenery; they are either so gorgeous, or so cold, that the nearest neighbor cannot remember the original. In some cases the describer, like the celebrated George Robbins of auctioneering memory, discovers so many heretofore unobserved beauties, that even the proprietor does not recognize his own property; while in others, the description is so cold, so unnatural, that the bright original is no more to be traced in it, than the form of joyous and radiant life in the still and ashy corpse.

Who has not been west?—who has not visited Pittsburg, and passed down the Ohio?—echo answers "really, I do n't know." If there be any wight so unfortunate, for his especial information we will state, that the beautiful view on the Ohio, which graces our pictorial department this month, represents

a spot some short distance below Pittsburg, called, we believe, "Dead Man," or "Dead Man's," a name given in consequence of some person or persons having been drowned there. The junction of the Alleghany and Monongahela Rivers, takes place not far above the scene of our picture, so that this view is of the early days, the infancy, as it were, of the Ohio. Just at this point there is a bend in the river, which forms a miniature rapid, and a sand-bar—both serious annoyances to up-stream travelers. A steamboat, to get up the rapid, has to put on an unusually strong head of steam, and, in the event of failure, is thrown upon the sand-bank, where the usual comforts of Ohio stoppages are enjoyed.

The first twenty miles of the Ohio may give the traveler a thorough knowledge of its whole character,—the first day's travel upon it is interesting; after that, it is wearying and monotonous,—there is no change; it is all beautiful; but the eye longs for something abrupt, bold, and angular, to relieve the unvarying beauty of the scenery. It is like the face of beauty untouched by human feeling, the gazer wearies of its passionless charms, and wishes for light and shade, the alternate grandeur and quiet, that calls forth the most lively admiration of the human mind.

Of the beauty of the picture presented, we need not say a word—to look is to admire. We will merely remark, that we are indebted to Mr. WALL, of Pittsburg, for the drawing, a gentleman, whose high reputation among his fellow-townsmen, is shown by this picture to be as well deserved as it is honorable. The engraving is the work of our old friend DICK, of New York, than whom no man can produce a finer plate,—if any person doubt this, let him examine the beautiful print of "*The Lord's Supper*," just issued by Mr. Dick, and admit the truth of our assertion.

E. F.

A HOLIDAY HOMILY.

BY THOMAS G. SPEAR.

Who loves not the Holidays? Come when they will,
They tell us of joy and good cheer;
And for man in his labors they help to fulfil
The hopes of a brighter career.

Their coming is hail'd with a silent delight
For greetings and blessings in store,
When the sight-seeing day and the mirth-moving night
May gladden the heart to its core.

Old time-cherish'd visitants, sent to release
The world from its bitter control,
They come in the beauty of freedom and peace,
To warm and enliven the soul.

To lose them would be as the loss of the light
Of a star, or the moon, or the sun,
Whose rays have been bringers of joy to the sight,
Since life from its Giver begun.

If the Pleiad again could revisit the sphere,
Which faded from view in old time,
How Science would hail its returning career,
There shining as erst in its prime.

Yet the Pleiads may fall, and the planets grow dim,
From a fix'd and eternal decree,
But the days of his glory man ever shall hymn,
Till he loses the love to be free.

They tell of the deeds and events of the past—
Of the struggles of evil and good—
How the seeds of the truth in the spirit were cast,
Where the Angel of Holiness stood.

And bless'd are the days of that Life and that Love,
From its birth to its awful ascent—
Whose word is the Shepherd—whose good will the Dove,
To life in its sufferings sent.

And sweet are all seasons connected apart
With the highest and holiest things—
With the triumphs of truth—the achievements of art—
And the transport that Liberty brings.

Whether Christmas, with ivy-green garlanding o'er
The Church or the family hall,
Where the song may go up, or the heart may adore
The Friend and the cheerer of all;—

Or goodly thanksgiving, 'midst plenty and health,
When blessings abound in the land,
With the pleasures of worth, and the beauties of wealth,
And freedom on every hand;—

Or the youthful New Year, with the life that it wakes,
Its feasts and its heart-easing cheer,
Though time the dull slumber of memory breaks,
As the sands of his glass disappear;—

Or the days of the great and the good of the earth,
Whose lives the survivors recall,
To honor their wisdom and cherish their worth,
As the pride and the patterns of all.

For those who have thought and have toil'd for mankind
To 'stablish the truth and the right,
The heart has its holidays, sweetly enshrin'd
In the stillness of holy delight.

Man's struggles, that knowledge and peace might abide—
His battles, that freedom might stand,
Are the landmarks of ages, far looming and wide
O'er nations, to cheer and command.

The hour was dark when the Pilgrims went forth,
To choose them a better abode;
Yet bright are the holiday scenes of the north,
Where they wisely their trials outrode.

And great was the hazard, and hard was the strife,
When their children appeal'd to the world,
For liberty, unity, honor, and life,
And their sun-beaming banners unfurl'd.

They spread them defiant, to kindle the souls
And strengthen the arms of the brave,
Till victory cover'd their glittering scrolls,
Wide floating o'er mountain and wave.

The flush of that hour was holy and sweet—
The deeds of that day were sublime;
And the fruits of the blood of the wild battle's heat,
Are reap'd by the sickle of time.

But the day when their sages in council arose,
And waken'd the world to their cause—
When the spirit of freedom leap'd forth from repose,
Appealing to God and his laws,

Was the brightest the annals of nations unfold,—
Alone in the tide of the past,—
Where the eyes of humanity look and behold
That freedom's best work was her last.

And the shout, and the shout, and the sport, and the game,
On the holiday morn of the free,
Announce it as cherish'd in Liberty's name,
As her great and her bright jubilee.

Give joy for the sight of that glorified morn!
For the smiles of its beautiful sky!
With the trumpet and drum, and the gun, and the horn,
Give joy for the Fourth of July!

Give joy for the pleasures, too, winter can bring,
For Christmas and merry New Year—
For the Thanksgiving feast—for the May-day of spring—
And all the bright days of good cheer!

Without them, the sky would have seldom a morn
To give us a foretaste of heaven—
Without them, the world would grow dull and forlorn,
To gloom and to weariness given.

But they, with the Sabbaths that holily shine,
Inviting to praise and repose,
Will nourish the growth of a spirit benign,
While the tide of humanity flows.

LOST AND FOUND.

A TALE OF TRUTH.

BY EMMA C. EMBURY.

FROM her earliest childhood Lois Layton had been one of the most untameable of merry maidens. Her free, bold, joyous spirit, seemed to mock at all control, and to find a sort of perverse pleasure in venturing to the very verge of error without really going a step beyond. The gleeful music of the summer wind, the unmeasured carol of the forest bird, the glad play of sunny waters, all might have furnished similes to a poet of her wild and lawless joyousness of temper. But, unhappily, while thus assimilated to all lovely things in nature, Lois was most unlike the men and women among whom her lot was cast. Born and bred in one of the most primitive of New England villages, where the usages of puritan ancestors still existed in all their uncompromising rigor, and where all natural impulses and instincts were regarded as necessarily sinful, she was continually offending against the proprieties of time, place, and circumstance, so that at length she came to be regarded as a sort of scapegoat for the whole community,—a creature upon whose head was visited the offences of all the less frank or more orderly damsels in the place. Yet Lois was liked in spite of her waywardness, for her cheerful good humor, her kindnesses, and readiness to help others, were merits of no trifling value among those who were taught by their own needs to bear each other's burdens. Every body liked her, every body scolded at her, and every body pitied her, for the step-mother who presided over her father's household, had little love for the child that from infancy had revolted against her rigid discipline.

An object of perpetual censure at home, and of ill-natured gossip abroad, Lois had gradually acquired a sort of outlawed feeling,—a kind of indifference growing out of her despair of ever doing what people would think right. So she did what she pleased, worked when she could not help it, sung, laughed, frolicked and flirted with every luckless wight who approached her in the guise of a country Corydon, until she had passed her twentieth summer. At that period a change came over her spirit. She grew grave and sad, her cheek lost its roundness and its rosiness, and as the spendthrift is apt to become the closest of misers, so the wildest of merry maidens seemed now likely to fall into the extreme of moping dulness. Some ill-natured friend ventured to suggest that this unwonted seriousness had fallen upon Lois at the precise moment of Ralph Holford's departure for the far west; but the open scorn with which the girl treated this piece of scandal, soon silenced all such rumors, and left her to the full indulgence of what was deemed a new whim in this creature of caprice.

On a certain dark and stormy November evening, a small party was assembled in the best parlor of the Layton farm house, to witness the marriage of the wayward and pretty Lois. Strange to say, notwithstanding all the predictions of wisdom and ill-nature, she was about to become the bride of a grave, middle-aged clergyman, and those who know in what estimation the profession is held among the descendants of the pilgrims, may imagine how envied was the good fortune, and how unaccountable it seemed. Lois had never looked lovelier than when, attired in a simple white muslin dress, with her beautiful hair braided smoothly over her fair forehead, she sat in the midst of a circle of friends awaiting the appointed hour. It was not then the custom to allow a bride the privilege of privacy until the moment when she was called to plight her vow. She was expected to be attired early, and seated by her lover's side, to receive the visitors as they assembled, while the curious eyes of all present speculated upon the looks and manners of the conscious pair. On this occasion, however, the bride was alone;—the company had gathered, the officiating clergyman was in attendance, but the bridegroom had not yet come, and as minute after minute passed, whispers were interchanged, and looks of wonder cast from one to another, until even Lois began to feel as if she were about to wed a laggard lover.

At length, about an hour after the time, in the midst of that weary sort of silence which betokens impatient expectation, the door opened, and the tall form of the bridegroom entered. With a slight salutation to the company, he accounted for his delay by simply stating that he had been called to attend a funeral some miles off, and while more than one of the company were struck by this ominous prelude to a wedding, he approached Lois and asked her to afford him a few minutes' private converse. Unheeding the looks of wonder and reproach cast upon them from all sides for such a glaring breach of decorum, Lois arose and led the way into a small room on the opposite side of the hall. As he closed the door, and found himself alone with the pale and trembling girl, the stern features of the bridegroom lost their settled expression of rigid gravity. "You will think this strange conduct, Lois," said he, "but it is for your happiness I would speak before it is too late. As I stood to-night beside the coffin of one as fair and young as you are, Lois, a strange dark fear came upon me. They told me she died broken-hearted, because she loved not him to whom her friends had wedded her, and as I knelt beside her lifeless form I bethought me of you, Lois. For the first time,—God grant it be not too late!—the

horrible idea crossed my mind that perhaps I was about to consummate a similar sacrifice. Tell me then,—by all your hopes for time and eternity, I adjure you to tell me whether of your *own free will* you are about to become my wife?"

The girl's cheek became as white as her bridal dress, and she gasped for breath as she faintly replied:

"My own will has ever been too much my guide, Herbert; why should you think I have taken other counsel now?"

"Because," and his brow grew sterner as he spoke, "because I have heard but now, as I wended my way from the burial to the bridal, a tale of disappointed love, of fickleness, of desertion. One who was my companion in the road mentioned to me a name you have never uttered. Ralph Holford—"

"And what of him?" interrupted Lois, while her cheek, and brow, and bosom, were crimson with the sudden flush of indignant excitement.

"They tell strange tales of devotion on your part, of falsehood on his, Lois."

"And you listened to the slander:—shame on you, Herbert Wilton, that you spurned not the man who dared defame your bride even while she was awaiting you at the altar."

"Forgive me, Lois, if I distrust my own happiness; but it has ever seemed strange to me, that one of such cold and unloveable exterior as mine should have won your glad, young heart; and to-night my vague fears were shaped into definite form by the words of another. I came to you determined to learn if the tale of your love for another was one of truth, and to tell you, Lois, that I would rather die this moment than bind the unwilling hand, when the heart forbade the thralldom."

For a moment Lois Layton's face wore an expression of irresolution and doubt, but with a strong effort she recovered her self-possession, and, drawing herself proudly up, she said, with forced calmness:

"If this strange scene be designed to acquaint me with your own change of feeling and purpose, Herbert, say this in plain language, and I am ready to go forth in the face of the cold sneers who now wonder at our conduct, and proclaim that I have met the recompense of many a past folly, in the open scorn of him whom I would have wedded."

"Nay, Lois, you wrong me cruelly; I hold it so wicked to put fetters on the soul, that I dared not make you my wife until I was assured no such sin could rest upon my conscience. I doubt not your faith, but my own deservings. Had I learned that your affections were otherwise disposed, I would gladly have sacrificed my happiness to secure yours; but now that I know there exists not the shadow of a barrier between us, I am happy even beyond my hopes. May heaven grant that the heart which I have so long kept sealed against earthly affections, may not now, in its later days, be given up to idolatry."

A cold shudder ran through the whole frame of Lois as he spoke, and her cheek and lip grew ashy pale. A world of troubled thought was in her conscious look, as she bent her eyes to the ground to avoid his earnest gaze. At that instant the sharp voice of the step-mother rung through the hall, and Lois, putting her hand in that of her strange lover, said:

"I have no friend on earth save you, Herbert,—no hope of comfort save in your affection."

"Enough, dear Lois, your truth shall never be deceived," and with these words he drew her arm through his and led her from the room. Ten minutes afterwards, the bewildered and agitated girl was receiving the congratulations and kisses of those who secretly envied the "minister's wife."

Herbert Wilton was a man of deep passions, of intense earnestness, and of wonderful power of repression. To outward seeming he was stern, cold and uncompromising, full of religious zeal, and devoid of those gentler needs which make the comforts of domestic life so essential to the usefulness, as well as happiness of most men. But they who judged him from without, knew little of the terrible struggle between a passionate nature, and an over-rigorous sense of duty, which had been the torture of his early life. He was one to do battle with every earthly passion, and to distrust every natural emotion. He had looked upon the affections of humanity as so many obstacles thrown in the way of spirituality,—forgetting that the God, who implanted those qualities within us, is a God of Love as well as Power, and speaks oftener in the still, small voice than in the whirlwind or the fire. He had now reached middle life, and the crude fanaticism of a youthful zealot had been shaped and tempered by circumstances. The force of an iron will had enabled him so easily to resist temptation, that he could feel no tolerance for those who were overcome of evil. He had not the skill to garb religion in that "beauty of holiness" which is her true adornment. Pictured by him, she wore the stern and forbidding features of a despot, whose claims, even when most just, were put forth like exactions.

Some fifteen years before, during a temporary suspension of his clerical duties, in consequence of ill-health, he had taught school in the village where Lois dwelt. There was something in the wayward, but winning child, that touched the heart of the stern and repellent minister. The stirrings of that mysterious impulse which makes the firmest nature yield to instinctive tenderness in the presence of childhood, taught him to love the merry creature, who nestled in his bosom unconscious of awe or fear, and who could only be governed through the awakening of her affections. The feeling was too innocent to alarm his rigid self-denial, and therefore this one touch of softness, in a usually stern nature, had time to leave its lasting impress. The vicissitudes of a somewhat troubled life had not effaced the recollection of the pretty and joyous child, when, after years of absence, he returned to find her in all the bloom of unfolding womanhood. He saw her, too, evidently misplaced in life, unhappy in her associations, and destitute of proper guidance. Lois had welcomed him as an early friend, and had found in his society a relief from the many incongruities of her condition. The result has been already seen. The giddy, passionate, unstable girl, to whose limited, or rather ill-trained perceptions, moral responsibility was an incomprehensible idea, became the wife of the stern, cold-mannered, but high-principled minister, in whose eyes every weakness incident to humanity was but another form of sin.

Immediately after his marriage, Herbert, with his

young wife, departed for Alabama, where was to be the future scene of his spiritual labors. They found a home on the borders of a new settlement, which, though rapidly filling up, afforded little community of social interest. A comfortable log-cabin, surrounded by some acres of cleared land, had already been provided for the expected preacher, and here they took up their abode. In a scantily peopled country, where miles often lay between the nearest neighbors, there was little temptation or opportunity for levity of conduct, even had Lois seemed disposed to exhibit her former freakishness. People rarely met together, except on Sunday, when all within twenty miles were accustomed to assemble in the school-house for religious worship; and on such occasions the minister's wife was in too much awe of her stern husband to venture any display of her frolic spirit. Indeed, Herbert's deep affection had fled from his eyes and lips to hide itself in his heart. He loved her with a degree of intensity which rendered him doubly sensitive to her every fault, and while his stern self-denial repressed every outward demonstration of tenderness, his love, no less than his sense of responsibility, made him rigidly exacting towards her on every point of duty.

But Herbert Wilton was little skilled in woman's nature. He knew not that in crushing instead of guiding the wrong volition which had made Lois the wayward creature that she seemed, he was, in reality, putting out the pure light of her soul, and leaving her in the darkness of ignorance. To influence her will while awakening the perceptions of moral truth, would have been right, but to bend and break it beneath the iron rule of power, was to leave her without the only sure defence which her naturally pure instincts could claim. Poor, poor Lois! She was a creature to be petted, carressed, humored, and watched over like a heedless child. The consciousness of dimly understood duties, the weight of household cares, the necessity of continual self-examination, was too oppressive to her feeble but loving nature. There was a wild, vain yearning ever within her heart,—an unrecognized need of that sympathy which is the atmosphere of life to woman's heart.

Two years passed away, and Lois was now a mother, but even this new affection failed to occupy her restless nature. She loved her child with a sort of girlish fondness, but she had none of that deep sense of maternal responsibility which her husband so earnestly endeavored to teach. If left to herself, the natural instincts of womanly tenderness would have given her an insight into many of her new duties, but now, when she found her babe was made the theme of new lessons in morals, new lectures on the sinfulness of human nature, and new restrictions and exactions of all kinds, there were times when her increased cares seemed to her far exceeding her new pleasures. She grew sad and silent; her spirits were unequal and capricious, and her voice became tremulous, as if her words were uttered through the weight of some abiding grief.

One evening she had seemed unusually wayward and disturbed in spirit. A deep flush burned on her cheek, a wild light gleamed in her eyes, and her whole appearance denoted a degree of feverishness in mind or body, to which even the absorbed husband could not be blind. With his usual stern contempt for

weakness he could not share, he reproved Lois in no measured terms for what he considered her waywardness and nervous folly. Tears were her only reply, and annoyed by her perversity, Herbert at length gave over his admonitions, and after the usual evening devotion, in which he took occasion to pray fervently for a better spirit to descend upon his wife, he retired to bed, leaving Lois at the fire beside the cradle of her sleeping child. He had fallen into a light slumber, when he was awakened by the unclosing of a door. He started up and saw Lois in the act of leaving the cabin. As she turned and met his eye, she shut the half-open door, and approaching the cradle took up the still sleeping babe. Pressing it fondly to her bosom, she kissed its round cheek again and again, then placed it in her husband's arms, and telling him she was only going to the wood-pile, she bade him keep the child until her return. Overcome with drowsiness, Herbert remembered nothing more until the gray light of morning broke through the narrow casement, and discovered to him that he was alone. He sprang from his bed and looked eagerly around. The ashes lay dead and cold upon the hearth, but the chair where Lois had last sat, the table on which lay her work, the lamp she had lighted still burning dimly in the daylight—all seemed as if she had just risen to prepare for her nightly slumbers. Yet no trace of her could be found either in the dwelling or around the neighborhood. Of course, the whole country was aroused, and parties of men went off in all directions to seek her. At first the belief was that some untoward accident had befallen her, but Herbert's agonized remembrance of her disquietude for some days, led to the surmise, that, in a fit of temporary insanity, she had wandered off into the woods. For days and weeks was the search continued, and not until every nook of the wide forest had been explored, did they give up all hope of finding at least the lifeless body of the unfortunate Lois.

To a mind accustomed to grasp the realities of things, and to reject every thing which is indefinite, the vague, when forced upon its contemplation, is always the terrible. Herbert's imagination busied itself in all kinds of frightful conjectures respecting the mysterious disappearance of Lois. As trifling circumstances, hitherto unregarded, now came back upon his recollection, he uttered a thousand incongruities and inconsistencies, blaming himself at one moment for undue severity, and at another reproaching her for having had so little confidence in him. His prevailing idea evidently was, that she had been led by her despondency to the commission of the fearful crime of self-murder. There were some, however, who gave a different interpretation to the incoherencies of passionate grief,—some, who, from that time, refused to sit under the preaching of the bereaved and sorrowing man, though they ventured not to utter the dark thoughts that lurked within their minds.

Weeks, and months, and years, had fled by without revealing any tidings of the fate of Lois. People had half-forgotten the circumstances of her sudden disappearance, when they were recalled to their recollection by a frightful revelation of some long-hidden crime. A few rods from the cabin where Herbert Wilton dwelt, stood an oak tree of great size, but so aged that its whole trunk was cavernous. During a severe storm, this tree was prostrated by the wind,

and, to the horror of the whole neighborhood, its cavity was found to contain human bones. Further investigation proved that it was the skeleton of a female, while the regular and perfect teeth, and the long entangled locks of soft brown hair, showed that death had come to her in the very bloom of youth. A frightful surmise, as sudden and as pervading as the lightning flash, made each man look strangely in his neighbor's face, as they stood beside these frail remnants of mortality. It needed but a breath to give definiteness to this vague suspicion, and a word, uttered by one of Herbert Wilton's enemies, was sufficient. With the fierceness of blood-hounds they rushed towards the cabin, and found the unconscious minister watching beside the death-bed of his child. Awed by the scene they hastily retreated, but it was only to return armed with legal power, and the next day's sun shone upon the childless father through the bars of a prison.

The cup of Herbert's misfortunes was now full. Circumstantial evidence was so strong against him that few were found to doubt his guilt, and the public indignation was deepened into something like vindictiveness, when it was remembered that this man had been for years ministering to them in holy things, desecrating the very altar of God, while the stain of murder was upon his soul. But the secret which death had so long kept was not yet to be revealed. Herbert was tried for the murder of his wife, but links were wanting in the chain of evidence; and, almost in spite of their own convictions, the jury were compelled to acquit him. He came out of prison broken in character, crushed in spirit, and perfectly desolate in heart, a branded and ruined man. The law had exonerated him from the horrid charge of murder, but before the tribunal of public opinion he still stood arraigned as a criminal, and from this there was no appeal.

"I will not insult you," thus he wrote to an old friend, "I will not insult you by declaring my innocence. You know that such a crime could not have been committed by me. But what avails a consciousness like this, when the whole of that little world in which I live is convinced of my guilt. I believe, for the conviction has been forced upon me during the progress of the trial, that the bones were indeed those of my lost Lois. I believe that she died beneath the knife of a murderer, but by whom the crime was committed, and for what motive, I am utterly ignorant. To most men this calamity would have been sufficiently overwhelming; but I am destined to severer trial. Blighted in character, forbidden to fulfil my sacred duties, degraded from my profession, I am driven out from society like a hunted wolf. I am old,—older in sorrow than in years, broken in health and hopeless in spirit. Whither I shall go I know not—the brand of Cain is on my brow, and I must now be a lonely wanderer on the face of the earth, hiding myself in the wilderness from the scorn and execration of my fellows."

Some ten years after these events, (which are still well remembered in ———), an aged man was seen slowly wending his way on foot towards a cluster of rude dwellings which marked the site of a town, destined to become somewhat famous, since, in the annals

of Texas. The traveler was bent beneath the weight of years, his hair was white as the snow-drift, and his face was marked with deeper lines than time's hand could ever trace. He was faint and weary, and, with a stranger's privilege, he paused at the first of these cabins, which stood a little in advance of the village. It was near nightfall, and the fire on the hearth alone gave light to the dwelling in which he now entered. A man of athletic form was crouched beside the embers, with his elbows leaning on his knees, and his head bowed down between his hands. He looked moodily up as the stranger lifted the latch, and to his meek claim upon that hospitality which is usually so readily answered in a new country, he coldly replied:

"If you are weary you can rest beside my fire;—if you want food you must seek it in yonder town. It is three days since I have tasted bread. Hark!" he added, as a faint moan came from an inner room, "death is busy there,—my wife,—"

He stopped, his voice failed him, and bending himself down as if some sudden pang had contracted the iron sinews of his strong frame, he wept like a very child. The stranger was one of those pilgrims of modern days, who go abroad into all lands, teaching the gospel, even as did the apostles of old, seeking neither fee nor reward save in the hope of doing good. His soul yearned with sympathy towards the mourner, and words of spiritual consolation were upon his lips, when he was harshly silenced by his ungracious host.

"These are but idle words," he exclaimed, "the cant of wheedling priests, who dream of another world, while they revel in the enjoyments of this. I care not for your visionary future; give me back the light of this world,—the hope and joy of my present life,—give her back to me, and I ask nothing beyond. If you cannot stave off death, you can do nothing for me."

A feeble voice was again heard faintly calling, and the man hastily rose. As he bent his stalwart figure beneath the low doorway which led into the sick-chamber, the aged missionary looked almost with terror upon the man, who, strong in physical life, and daring in spirit, could presume thus to brave the dangers of unbelief, and scoff at the thought of an eternity. After some minutes of apparently earnest conversation with some person within, the man returned.

"You are a clergyman, are you not?" said he, abruptly.

"I am."

"And you are sworn to keep the counsel of the dying?"

"I am not of that faith which holds to the efficacy of confession."

"Fshaw,—I care nothing about creeds; my wife is dying,—she has something upon her conscience which she would fain divulge. Will you swear to keep her secret?"

"Her sin lies between herself and her Maker; its confession to mortal ear can avail her little."

"But if it can repair the wrong done to the living?"

"Then will I receive it most willingly, and travel to the ends of the earth to fulfil her wishes."

"You speak earnestly?"

"I speak like one who has suffered wrong, and who would spare others from the griefs which have consumed me."

"There is one," said the man, "who has been deeply wronged; I have never repented the deed, but I have often wished that it had been done more openly. *She* has made me promise that I would reveal the tale, when she shall be no longer here to be shamed by the disclosure,—yet she doubts my word, or perhaps my power to fulfil her last wishes. She would fain talk with you, and perhaps she needs such consolation in her dying hour, as only a priest can give. To me such things are weaknesses; what I dare do, I dare abide by;—if I offend the laws of the land I am ready to brave the danger, and I fear nothing from the beings of an unsubstantial world. But women are different; they may be tempted to sin, but they cannot be hardened against remorse. Swear to me that you will never reveal the secret save to the person whom she shall name."

"You shall have the solemn promise of a man who dares not lie before his Maker, and if I keep not such a pledge, neither would I respect an oath."

"Enough,—you will find her in yonder chamber; I have no fancy to hear the tale,—it seems blacker in the telling than in the acting;—I am going for a neighbor, who will be needed here ere the morning dawns."

With these words the stranger flung a pile of fagots upon the hearth, and strode hastily from the room. By the dim light of the smothered fire, the missionary saw, as he approached the bed, the outline of an extended form, but the face was hidden in the shadow of the pillow. He sat down beside the dying woman and listened to her tale of secret sin

and late remorse. At first he listened calmly, as it little interested in the history of early trials and domestic discomforts, but suddenly he started as if an adder had stung him. With a strong effort he restrained himself, and again bent eagerly towards the feeble voice, which now rapidly poured into his ear the guilty story. He heard of a marriage entered into from pride and pique,—of wrong afterwards done to a trusting husband,—of a mother leaving her helpless babe, and going forth in midnight flight with the lover of her youth. Stirless, as if turned to stone, the missionary listened to the tale of his own withering wrongs.

"Promise me," said the dying woman, "that you will carry these tidings to the husband whom I have betrayed. I have been happy, oh! too happy, in my sinful life, but now, when death stands beside me, I feel that I must seek to win his forgiveness."

The old man rose to his feet. "Lois Layton, may God forgive you this cruel wrong, but I never can!" he exclaimed. At that instant, a sudden burst of flame upon the hearth, revealed to each the changed and faded, yet unforgotten face of the other. It was a fearful revelation of a long-hidden mystery, for Herbert Wilton had now listened to the death-bed confession of her for whose sake he was a branded and a desolate man.

When Ralph Holford returned, he found her whom he called his wife lying cold and dead upon her pillow, while the missionary had disappeared. A night of frightful storm came on, and on the morrow the body of the stranger was found on the banks of a swollen and turbid stream, some miles distant from the settlement. The wronger and the wronged had met only in life's last moment.

FALL OF PALMYRA.

BY JOSEPH ALLISON, ESQ.

PALMYRA once robed in beauty and light,
Reared proudly her head resplendent in might,
Her sons were all gallant, her daughters all fair,
They dreamed not of sorrow, they thought not of care;
Far scattered around o'er the wide-spreading plain,
Her temples, her palaces stretched to the main,
Her glittering spires reared boldly on high,
Their heads toward heaven—shot up to the sky,
As though hast'ning to catch the first golden ray,
Of the sun's brightest beams, proud King of the day.
Her beauty, alas, is now withered and gone,
She lives but in story, she's known but in song;
The wild Arab haunts her now desolate home,
'Mid her ruins he stalks, unknowing—unknown;
He shouts to the wild win'ts so chainless and free;
He gazes around, but no form can he see,
Save the shadows that length'ning far o'er the plain,
Or the ghosts that his mind conjures up of the slain;
How changed is she now—how altered the sight,
When Zenobia her queen rode forth in her might,

Her conquering legions led on to the fight,
In defence of her home, her Gods, and her right;
Away in the van, 'mid the thickest of strife,
Where they cared not for limb and thought not of life,
Zenobia rode there like the goddess of war,
Unsheathed her bright sabre that gleamed from afar,
'Till her banner unfurl'd in triumph would wave,
O'er the scene of her conquest, the home of her brav:
Her course was still onward, 'mid carnage and blood,
As on rolls the deep—yet more deep swelling flood
As through the billows raging from,
The galley leaps to reach her home,
And from its bold and dauntless prow,
The hissing waves in triumph throw,
And like a conqueror proudly ride,
Upon its vex'd and angry tide:
Or like a blazing fiery star,
That sheds its brilliant light afar,
When shooting madly from its sphere,
It fills the mind with sudden fear,

Illumes the darken'd vault of heaven,
Shows where its angry bolt was driven.—

But hark ! 'tis the voice of the zephyr's soft sigh
As it whispers that naught, but peace draweth nigh.
From Palmyra's halls steal the musical strains,
The shouts of the revellers burst o'er the plains,
Brave men and fair women, now mingle their mirth,
Deep, deep do they drink of the pleasures of earth :
Hark again ! how changed, how altered those sounds,
The wild winds broke loose in their frolicsome bounds
Shake the temples of mirth ; and now 'mid the glee,
The inmates look out—and yet nothing they see :
They return to their dance, and mock at their fear,
They toss the red wine cup high, high in the air.
Bright eyes flash their fire and lips whisper love,
That dream not of wrath that is gath'ring above,
And soon on the heads in its fury will burst,
Of those whom the Lord in his anger hath curst.
'Tis the time of their joy, for the Queen hath returned,
A proud one her favor had vauntingly spurn'd,
As a captive now graces her conqu'ring train,
His country in ruins,—his brave ones are slain,
Who robb'd of his throne by Palmyra's queen,
None to rescue with sword or with money redeem.
The tempest now rages—the voice of its roar,
Some whisper, that they ne'er heard such sounds of yore,
Like the howling of wind and pelting of rain,
Yet louder, more loud than the thundering main
When lashed into fury—it falls on their ear,
As onward—advancing it draweth more near ;
Each voice is now hushed in the glittering hall,
For fear hath cast o'er them its funeral pall.
But what mean those cries that now peal through the street,
The moving of men swift hast'ning to meet,
It bursts from their lip like a voice from the dead
A shout that is filled with nothing but dread,
“ Aurelian draws near, see ! see ! from afar !
Look ! there ! there ! approaches his conquering car,
His bright eagles rear'd high now flash in the sun ;
Onward ! yet onward they march ! they come ! they come ! ”

Palmyra now wakes from her slumber of death,
She pants for the battle nor feareth its breath,
Her warriors ride forth in their power and might,
Their cry is for vengeance, “ on, on to the fight ! ”
Zenobia leads the van in her beauty and pride,
Her eye flashes fire, and fast by her side,
Rides her Zabdas the brave, the dreaded in war,
Whose sword like the lightning that flashes afar,

Points the foe to his doom of anguish and blood,
Prepare for the wolf and the raven their food.
Throw open the gates ye cowards she cried,
Our hearts are undaunted, our arms are not tied,
The course of your Roman who journeyed so far,
Shall not be impeded by bolt or by bar,
But welcome his hosts to the swords of my brave,
In the desert we 'll dig for you proud ones a grave.
Give them for a feast to the beast of the plain,
Who shall drink to their fill—the blood of the slain ;
Not one of them all shall be left to return,
From my own lips shall Rome their history learn,
When a victor I knock at her gates and demand,
A tribute for you, my all conquering band :
Then on, lo ! they come, now your altars defend,
Odenatus from on high will victory send,
To those who stood round him 'mid darkness and doubt,
But listen, “ Aurelian forever ” they shout :
'Tis their death dirge, then cry, cry aloud in your might,
For o'er you shall gather the darkness of night.

As meet the sur-charg'd electric clouds of heaven,
When tempest toss'd, in fearful fury driven,
Pour through boundless space their floods of living fire,
Shake the solid earth with their resounding ire ;
So met the embattled legions on the plain,
Where heaps on heaps of mangled corpses lain,
Bespeak the mad fury of the fearful hour,
When armies test their nearly equal'd power ;
Day succeeds to day and night succeeds to night,
Doubtful yet remains the issue of the fight ;
Aurelian strives for conquest and renown,
Zenobia for her kingdom and her crown ;
As fast descending from the craggy height,
Pours the wild torrent resistless in its might,
So rushed Palmyra's braves at the dawn of day,
Echoing their battle cry, “ away ! away ! ”
Drove back the Roman in his pride of power ;
Amazed Aurelian sees his eagles lower
And stung to the soul he hears the taunting cry,
“ Behold the Imperial legions how they fly ! ”
Then rushing like a mad lion on his prey ;
Back rolls the dread tide of war and saves the day
All, all is lost, Zenobia turns in flight,
And Zabdas has fallen 'mid the thickest fight.

The battle is o'er, its voice is now hushed,
The queen of the desert is crushed to the dust,
Palmyra, now bow'd to the conqueror's might,
Pass'd away as passes the visions of night.

SONNET FROM PETRARCH.

BY MARY G. WELLS.

“ Quel rosignuol che si soave piagne.”

Sad Philomel laments in lays of love,
Haply his mate, perchance his callow young,
And fills the heavens and every verdant grove
With strains so tender, soft, and sweetly sung.
He bears me company through all the night,
Seeming to mourn with me my long lost fair :
There is but him to pity my sad plight,

Who found Death would not e'en a goddess spare :
Who would have thought he could obscure
Those orbs as brilliant as the sun at noon ?
How he deludes himself who is too sure !
Alas ! with bitter tears I've proved too soon.
What cruel fate would have me learn to know—
No joy, no hope, is lasting here below !

WINNING THE LOST GAME:

OR, UNDER THE MISLETOE.

BY E. FERRITT.

(See Plate.)

"The misletoe hung," not "in the castle hall," but from the roof of a homely cottage in a remote part of Gloucestershire. It was Christmas Eve. My readers this side the Atlantic, may not be aware that, in England, it is the custom at Christmas time, among the middle and lower classes, to adorn the walls with sprigs of holly, the beautiful, bright red berries of which give a lively and cheerful aspect to the dingiest apartment. It is also usual to hang from the roof a tolerably large misletoe bush, which has a talismanic property in that it gives the swains the privilege of kissing every rustic belle that they can draw, or catch, under the magic bough; and, as it often happens that the manner in which such kisses are received, clearly indicates the damsel's "likes and dislikes," the lovers are more than ordinarily anxious to avail themselves of the misletoe privilege, because the repulse which they then meet, saves them from a more disagreeable verbal one, or the encouragement confirms hopes that have been previously formed.

Christmas, in England, is a season of festivity to all classes. The high and low—rich and poor—all seem to have their hearts warmed and opened to their fellow men. Families, that have been separated the whole year, make an effort to draw around the parent hearth at that season of rejoicing,—the thrifty tradesman partially forgets his gains, the bankrupt one his anticipated troubles, and none but the most miserable, or the most degraded, are exempt from that general lighting up of the brighter part of humanity, consequent upon the Christmas holidays. Each house offers to its inhabitants and visitors the best cheer its owner can afford. How that cheer differs—how many and varied are its grades—how little the rich spare from their superfluity to add to the comfort of their poorer brethren, is not now my subject. I would take my reader into a cottage, assuring him that although in such places there may not be found the dainties nor the elegancies of life, there will always be discovered a hearty, honest welcome, not the less sincere because uttered in unpolished language,—true politeness emanates from kind feeling and good nature.

Dame Rogers lived in a village some forty miles from the capital of the County of Gloucestershire, as far removed from the polish of civilized society as the extreme point of the far west. The old lady had lived to see her son and his wife in the grave, when she assumed the care of two children left by them, one a girl nearly arrived at womanhood, the other a little boy, much younger. The Dame had long been a widow, and supported herself by knitting—an occupation in which she was materially assisted by her grand-daughter.

The girl had become a fine young woman, the boy a strapping, laughter-loving urchin, and eighty winters had left their many wrinkles and strong lines upon the old lady, when we find them in their cottage on Christmas Eve, with one addition to their party, almost their only friend, no less a personage than Ralph Hopkins, the suitor of Amy Rogers. Ralph could hardly be said to be an accepted suitor, for, though he had often pressed Amy hard to speak the decisive word, he had as yet been unable to get a definite acceptance, although her general manner was such that the sturdy yeoman justly considered he had little cause to despair.

There seemed but one difficulty in the way,—Dame Rogers would not leave her cottage, in which she had lived nearly sixty years, and which was endeared to her by the joys and sorrows of a long and chequered life; although Ralph's mother, who lived with him in his snug farm-house, had repeatedly pointed out how comfortably they could make one family, and Ralph had urged his suit to the same purpose over and over again.

Old Dame Rogers had one foible, common to nearly all the old ladies of England; she was passionately fond of cards. "All fours" was her glory, "high, low, Jack and the game," her Eutopia! All festivals must be indicated by card playing, and as Amy was not only naturally sweet tempered, but felt bound by her grandmother's kindness to bear with her infirmities, she was ever ready to gratify her inclinations. Thus, on Christmas Eve, although the moon shone brightly, and Amy had partially agreed with Ralph that she would stroll out toward the farm-house, about the time that he was to leave home, she sat down without a murmur to play with her grandmother, who, besides being somewhat slow in her conceptions of the various points of the game, suffered from a lamentable and uncontrollable drowsiness.

Virtue never goes unrewarded it is said, and Amy's forbearance was speedily repaid by the entrance of her rustic lover.

Pass we over the hearty greeting and seasonable wishes of the good-natured yeoman. Game after game was played to the entire satisfaction of the old lady, who, though sleeping half her time, and holding much worse cards than Amy, nevertheless contrived to win nine-tenths of the games. Whether this arose from Amy's bad play, or from her interest in the whispered conversation of Ralph, we are not prepared to decide. After the luxuries usual at such times—a plentiful supply of toast and cider, warmed with a red hot poker—Ralph got up to leave, yet lingering, as lovers only linger, he pretended to be deeply anxious

for Amy to win the last game, and, leaning over her, under the assumed intention of showing which card she should play, contrived, whilst the grandmother unsuspectingly dozed over her cards, to avail himself of the over-hanging misletoe, to snatch a warm kiss from the laughing and blushing Amy, to the infinite delight of her urchin brother.

Ralph passed over the distance of about half a mile between his own house and the cottage of Amy, with that quick, buoyant step, belonging to good health, and a consciousness of being beloved by the object of his affection. Arrived at home, he sat an hour gossiping with his mother about the arrangements of the morrow—Amy and her relatives were to spend the day with them—and, after all the important subjects therewith connected were settled, he went out to look round his premises, as was his general custom, before retiring to rest. The first thing which caught his attention, was a blaze of light in the direction of the village—the fears of the lover were immediately aroused, and the more steadily he gazed, the more was he convinced that the fire was at Dame Rogers's. To call his mother, to receive an opinion from her confirming his own, was the work of a moment, and then to retrace his steps to the village with a speed which the vigor of manhood, urged by the anxiety and fears of love, could alone equal, was the immediate consequence. The distance between the two houses had probably never before been passed in so short a time, each step confirmed Ralph's fears, and when he stood before the cottage, he found the lower part enveloped in flames, which were wreathing round the windows of the sleeping rooms, as though impatient to devour the unconscious occupants.

Ralph shouted aloud to the sleepers and the neighbors, but, before they could be aroused, the flames had entirely destroyed the stairs, and had so surrounded the window of the second floor, that escape, even that way, if much longer delayed, would be doubtful. Ralph had procured a ladder, and raised it to the window, to which Amy had come and told him that she could not awake her grandmother. The lover's

anxiety overcame his scruples as to propriety, and he rushed up the ladder, wrapped the old lady in blankets, and bore her down, resigning her to some of the neighbors, who conveyed her to the nearest house. Amy's situation had, in the meantime, become more perilous; the fire had spread round the house; the outer walls were one sheet of fire; the room in which she was, suffocatingly hot with smoke and bursting flames; while around the window the blaze was so fierce and high, that the villagers strove to dissuade Ralph from again attempting to enter. Ralph, however, was no coward, and would, to save a life, have encountered similar danger at any time; but to save Amy he would have gone to certain death. He was soon in the room, and taking off his rough overcoat, wrapped it carefully around her, then telling the boy to follow him cautiously, he took Amy in his arms, and boldly walking through the blazing window, succeeded in reaching the ground and depositing his precious burthen in safety. They were not a minute too soon, for the next moment the floor fell in, and the whole cottage was a mass of flame.

In the country, a fire creates infinitely more alarm, and excites infinitely greater sympathy for the sufferers than in cities. Dame Rogers's neighbors vied with each other in attending to the immediate wants of herself and grandchildren. On Christmas morning they were removed to Ralph Hopkins's, and if before the accident Ralph had little cause to fear his success, that success was rendered perfectly certain, by Amy's tearful gratitude for saving herself and relatives.

As the old adage says "it is an ill-wind that blows nobody good," so, that sad as was Dame Rogers's misfortune, Ralph Hopkins did not much regret it, because the destruction of the cottage did away with the only impediment to his marriage, with Amy an event which took place only a few weeks subsequent to the fire.

In Ralph's mother, Dame Rogers found a congenial spirit, and the two old ladies enjoy their game together, while Amy dars her stockings, and Ralph smokes his pipe, each and all perfectly happy.

TO MISS SUSAN C....

BY LEWIS T. VOIGT.

As nature's wildings, all unnursed by art,
In myriads bloom to deck the vernal earth,
Unnumber'd virtues thus within thy heart
Spontaneous spring to glad us by their birth,

Could but thy kindly feeling—gentle thought,
Appear to natural sight, as to the mind,

What glorious flowers would o'er thy path be wrought,
Around thy brow what lovely wreaths be twined!

And, fragrant, Lady! as such flowers would prove,
Ever would we have thy bright pathway given,
Bless'd may it be with health, friends, smiling love,
And that all priceless pearl—sure hope of Heaven.

FREEDOM'S WATCHWORD.

BY MISS J. C. DENVER.

"Give us liberty, or give us death."—PATRICK HENRY.

They stood together side by side, within the halls of state,
The proudest ones of all the land, the gifted, and the great,
The gray-haired statesman, who had learned his every
thought to hide,
And he who dark deception's wiles, would scorn for
very pride,
The energetic soul was there, the will for action, when
The occasion matched the mighty mind, all stood together
then—
But silence was upon each tongue, and darkness on each
brow,
What mighty spell o'ershadows them, that all are silent
now?

A mighty spell, indeed! a spell has fallen upon each brain,
As memory conjures up, and links the chain of love again,—
The Past—the mighty Past is there, magnificent and lone,
And old affection takes her seat, upon the phantom throne,
And points with trembling hand to days—days passed for-
ever by
When hand was clasped by kindred hand, and eye met
kindred eye,
How could they throw aside the chain, or how unloose the
band.
That bound them to the parent stem, the far-famed mother
land.

And on the fame of other years, remembrance look'd with
pride,
When brave hearts undivided, stood together side by side;
When brave men smiled, to see, beneath the forest's shining
leaf,
Where gleaming orbs of fire bespoke, the dark-brow'd
Indian chief;
And rising in illusive shape, as if their eyes to mock,
They see the feather'd arrow strike,—the glittering toma-
hawk,—
Ah! mutual danger met, endeared them to each other,
more
Than all the pleasures they had quaff'd, upon the banquet-
floor.

Those dreams are broken—gone the Past, and gone her
magic thrall,
When one arises in the midst the noblest of them all,—
"Thou think'st of a worn-out world, thou dweller of the
new,
And of her glory too, perchance—but is it shared by you?
No! ask the slave that in the mine, toils thro' unending
night,
If the gold he seeks for, gives him joy because that gold is
bright?
We for her glory struggle on, down to Destruction's waves,
What does it matter? she is great! and are we not her
slaves?

'Ye think upon the Past; now turn, and on the Present
think:
We ask her for affection's cup, she gives us scorn to
drink!—
But four-fold shall it be return'd, amid the battle's glare,
We'll tear a nation from her grasp, and shame shall be her
share:
We'll be a nation of ourselves—have glory of our own,
We'll win it for no other land, no monarch on his throne—

No king conferring rank or shame, with vacillating breath
No stronger than mine own!—but give us Liberty or Death."

Then thrillingly to every cheek the crimson blood upsprang,
And each one started to his feet as if a trumpet rang,—
Firm is each lip, and fixed and bright the lustre of each eye,
And wildly throbs each beating heart, impetuous and high—
While murmurs rise around, at first low as the breezes hum,
But gathering strength as they advance, like wild sea-waves
they come

Swelling into one mighty shout, given with unfaltering
breath—

"We'll stand together—give to us, give Liberty or Death."

And fast and far like hurrying winds across the tossing sea,
Abroad through all the land it went that watch-word of the
free—

The preacher in his pulpit stood, in silence and alone,
There came upon his musing ear, a strange, a startling tone,
He lifted up his eyes to heaven, as if it came from there,
He lifted up his heart to heaven in deep and solemn prayer.
"We ask not Pride, nor gorgeous Pomp, nor Glory's fading
wreath—

We ask not these—but give, oh! give us Liberty or Death."

And they—the hardest of the land,—sons of the mountain
soil,

Whose hearts were strong with courage, and whose hands
were hard with toil,

Ah! honored be those dauntless men—the brave, the truly
free,

Honored be they—except to God, to none they bend the
knee!—

The ploughs were left within the field,—the furrow was
not done,

Down dropp'd at once each implement, and up rose every one,
"If we are slaves, alike to us rich soil or barren heath,

We'll strike for both, and freely strike for Liberty or Death."

And as whose voice was heard alone amid the battle-blast,
Whose form was only seen amid war's whirlwind as it
pass'd,

The forest was his tower by day, by night it was a flame,
The Briton saw the light arise and shouted Marion's name!

Bold man—the gallant leader of a gallant little band,
Thou wert among the first that snatch'd the flaming fire-
brand,

"Ay! let us live the patriot's life, or yield the patriot's
breath,

We ask no other terms—then strike for Liberty or Death."

And should'st thou ask if victory went onward in their
track;

Proud Saratoga's rocky plains might give the answer back!
There Britain, there thy bravest ones, life's history hurried
through,

Lay down upon their cold hard beds, damp with the moun-
tain dew,

And Bennington might tell a tale, the number of the foe,—
And Trenton, too, might speak of tracks upon her fields of
snow!

And Yorktown's shatter'd walls might tell of wounds and
yielding breath,

Amid the stern triumphant shout of "Liberty or Death."

SHAKSPEARE GALLERY OF BEAUTY.—NO. VII.

BY HENRY D. COOKE.

OPHELIA.

(See Plate.)

In the tragedy of Hamlet, which we consider the master-piece of the "world's poet," there is a wonderful diversity of character, and equally various modifications of feeling, which excite the deepest interest, and appeal to almost every passion of the human heart. The mind recoils at the hidden treachery and guilt of the false king, and the perjured queen; it looks through their external assumption of calmness, upon their hearts, blackened by crime, and writhing with remorse and secret fear. We are relieved from this contemplation of their deeper guilt by the introduction of Polonius—"a knave of lighter dye"—at whom we are at times disposed to laugh, and at times to applaud, as with the conceited garulousness of age, he "discourses mingled wisdom and folly." Again, the impetuous grief of Laertes when he hears the death of his father, or mourns his dead sister, arouses our sympathy; but among all these emotions, which alternately hold the ascendancy, none exert so complete sway over the mind and heart, as those excited by the character of Hamlet. We participate in his fearful awe, at the re-appearance of his murdered father—we sympathize with him in his gloomy resolves for revenge, and are then thrown back to gaze with mingled interest and fear upon the "wreck which madness makes," until we find ourselves again insensibly carried along by the same current of passion which swept away his reason. From this violent storm of revengeful grief, it is a relief to turn to the mild and gentle character of Ophelia. But it is not this contrast alone which excites our interest. By the command of her father, Ophelia, though contrary to the promptings of her heart, discountenances the suit of Hamlet. The trial is a severe one, and though she passes through the ordeal, "grief sets his signet upon her brow," and the calm serenity of her life is broken. The death of her father, soon after, is a shock too great to be borne after the recent events. The weight of her calamities presses upon her tender heart;—the tendrils which affection had entwined around it, are broken, and, as they part asunder, the moorings of reason give way, and she floats, a wreck upon the dark waters of insanity. Here it is that our sympathies are most excited—for we are looking upon the consequences of the crimes of others, visited upon unoffending innocence; we behold the ruin of beauty, beautiful even in ruin!

"Ophelia's madness is not the suspension, but the

utter destruction of the reasoning powers; it is the total imbecility, which, as medical people well know, too frequently follows some terrible shock to the spirits. Constance is frantic; Lear is mad; Ophelia is *insane*. Her sweet mind lies in fragments before us—a pitiful spectacle! Her wild, rambling fancies; her quick transitions from gaiety to sadness—each equally purposeless and causeless; her snatches of old ballads, such as, perhaps, her nurse sang her to sleep with in her infancy—are all so true to the life, that we forget to wonder, and can only weep. It belonged to Shakspeare alone, so to temper such a picture, that we can endure to dwell upon it:—

'Thought and affliction, passion, hell itself,
She turns to favor and to prettiness.'

"That in her madness she should exchange her bashful silence for empty babbling, her sweet maidenly demeanor for the impatient restlessness that spurns at straws, and say and sing precisely what she never would, or could have uttered, had she been in possession of her reason, is so far from being an impropriety, that it is an additional stroke of nature. It is one of the symptoms of 'this species of insanity, as we are assured by physicians.'—MRS. JAMESON.

We conclude by extracting the following from Verplanck's Illustrated Shakspeare.

"Over her, 'the sweet Ophelia,' even Johnson descends from his stern censorship to mourn as 'the young, the beautiful, the harmless, and the pious;' while Hazlitt, in a strain of passionate eloquence, exclaims: 'Ophelia is a character almost too exquisitely touching to be dwelt upon. Oh, rose of May! Oh, flower too soon faded! Her love, her madness, and her death, are described with the truest touches of tenderness and pathos. It is a character which nobody but Shakspeare could have drawn in the way he has done; and to the conception of which, there is not the smallest approach, except in some of the old romantic ballads.'

"Mrs. Jameson, after having pourtrayed, with great beauty and truth, the effect of Ophelia's character, has, with equal delicacy of discrimination, shown the principle by which that effect is produced. 'It is the helplessness of Ophelia, arising merely from her innocence, and pictured without any indication of weakness, which melts us with such profound pity.'

OPHELIA.

E Ferret & Co 212 Chestnut St Philadelphia

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SKETCHES WITH PEN AND PENCIL.

A JOURNEY TO THE SOUTH-WEST.

ONE fine October morning, I found myself seated in a railroad car, among a crowd of bipeds, not one of whom were known to me. Bidding adieu to friends most dearly cherished, to be gone I knew not how long; to go, I knew not exactly whither; but never dreaming in my mildest mood, that, six thousand miles, by all manner of direct and indirect routes, would have to be traversed before I reached once more the dear home I was then leaving behind.

I was first to go to Kentucky, and from thence I was to make my way to "somewhere" in south Arkansas. Now, that same "*somewhere*" was a most indefinite direction, and gave me, had I so desired, pretty free scope for a long line of travel; but, unfortunately, it was necessary I should find this "terra incognita" within a limited time, or my journey might be of no avail. Hence, you see, the search became interesting from its novelty, and exciting from the uncertainty of success within the allotted period.

Fancy me, then, packed in a railroad car, most miserable, most melancholy; and with that lugubrious expression of countenance which characterizes one but little accustomed to leave the comforts of his own fireside, and uncertain of the time of his return.

To describe scenery from the windows of a railroad car would puzzle the most inveterate of tourists; for the rapidity with which objects are passed, not only wearies, but absolutely pains the eye,—suffice it then, to say, that our route lay amid the romantic scenery of the Patapsco: leaving that, we crossed the beautiful Monocacy, where one branch of the railroad diverges to the thriving town of Frederick. Soon we came in sight of the broad but shallow Potomac, and, quickly leaving behind the scattered village of "The Point of Rock," reached Harper's Ferry in time for dinner, some twenty minutes being allowed to recruit.

The Potomac, here, has forced its way though the very heart of a mountain, forming a gorge as wonderful as it is sublime. The cleft rocks on either side, towering to the very clouds, are clothed with a scanty forest of stunted oaks and pines; these ascend with a certain sombre, and rather monotonous uniformity. But, nearer the base, the variations in color of the gigantic masses of rock are beautiful in the extreme.

There is a very convenient bridle-path leading from the town to the summit of the mountain, from whence on a clear day, the view across the valley of Virginia is a glorious one. You are aware that government is, at Harper's Ferry, very extensive buildings for the manufacture of small arms. The various processes are eminently worthy the inspection of the curious;

and, on a previous visit, I found those in authority as courteous and obliging as a stranger could wish.

The town of Harper's Ferry is situated on the banks of the Potomac, curving inward along the base of the mountain, and consists, principally, of one long irregular street, well defended, I should suppose, from the biting blasts of winter, but in the summer most intolerably hot. At this place, another branch of the railroad diverges to Winchester.

After satisfying our appetites at the excellent hotel, and the twenty minutes having expired, the bell rang, the iron horse snorted impatiently, and away, away, we flew, full speed for Cumberland. How we dashed swiftly along the banks of the blue Potomac. How we caught occasional glimpses of that noble fragment, the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal. How our road was for the most part blasted from the side of the mountain. How we passed through a long dark tunnel hewn out of the solid rock, and experienced a sensation of relief on emerging once more into open daylight, together with incidents of minor moment—may well be overleaped. Suffice it to say, that, at dusk, and in a pelting shower of rain, we reached Cumberland, where stages were in waiting to take us forthwith across the mountains to Wheeling.

Now, after a man has been cramped, from early in the morning until dusk, in a car, it is by no means a delightful thing to contemplate, prospectively, the purgatory of a full stage for the ensuing twenty-four hours.

The tremulous jarring which a person experiences in a railroad car, is far pleasanter in imagination than in reality; but to be immediately huddled from thence into a stage, without rest or sleep; and for a night, and another day, endure to be jostled, jolted, squeezed, and thumped, wonderfully sobers down the romance of traveling, and makes the jaunting, wayworn, and betossed wanderer, long before he reaches the end of his journey, wish himself home again with all his usual cosy comforts around him.

Understand! I am not complaining. These matters are incidental to all overland travel; and the murmurs they sometimes occasion, soon give way under the excitement of new scenes, new faces, and flashes of character, and manners, different from those to which one has hitherto been accustomed. Our drivers were, I dare say, very competent men, and certainly, as noisy a set as you could possibly have wished. They got over the ground at a sufficiently rapid rate. This was all very well in the daytime when, if there was any danger in the mountain road, one could look it in the face; but during the night, the speed was alarming. The horses were urged, up and down the mountain, with shrieks, yells, and

the incessant cracking of whips, which, however they might tend to keep the passengers wide awake, by no means added to their sense of security.

One wild fellow in particular, who had evidently not sacrificed at the shrine of temperance, was the most reckless driver I have ever met with. Unable to endure the stifling atmosphere of the close stage, I sat on the box with him during a part of the night. The moon, more temperate in her potations than the Jehu by my side,

"Had not yet filled her horns,"

so that our road lay in a certain dreamy indistinctness; but to our coachman, in his exalted mood, every thing was luminous. Lashing the horses continually, we spanked along up the mountain road, as if it were a wide and level bowling-green, instead of its being tortuous, steep, and narrow; with precipices on our left hand, going down, down, sheer down, hundreds of feet, and yawning in the deep gloom, black and impenetrable.

We had crested one mountain at this rapid rate, and now, our Jehu determined that his horses should descend the long, narrow, and winding road, at their very utmost speed. I entreated, reasoned, remonstrated, but he was deaf to all I could say. Do it he would.

"But we shall be dashed to pieces," said I.

"Never fear—I know:—Jerry, you!" to one of the leaders—"Hurrah! hurrah! hip!—hip! Keep it up there! ya! ya!" and lashing the foremost horses, and urging those nearer with the handle of his whip, we began our perilous descent.

Involuntarily I uttered a smothered exclamation, and grasped tightly the iron rail surrounding the seat. I felt that, at the rate we were going, the most trifling accident would certainly be dangerous, and might possibly prove fatal. If a horse slipped, as well he might, from a rolling stone, or in going over the numerous breaks that arrested and turned off the water, the probability was, the stage would be dashed to pieces; whether on the road itself, or down the neighboring precipice, who could tell?

No argument, however, was of avail, for the driver was obstinate, and self-willed, and so, on we spun; the horses, being constantly urged by the voice and the lash, until they were almost frantic with excitement. Down, down we went, gathering additional velocity at each successive bound. Now, we were jerked upward from our seat as we crossed a break,—now as we turned a corner, the hind wheels were flung round abruptly to within a few inches of the edge of the precipice. On, on we went; the very

rocks seemed to fly past us; another sharp turn was at hand, the rocks and the road forming a concave. "Ya hip! Ya hip!" shouted the reckless driver. We reached it—we swung round—I could say nothing, for, to use a common expression, my heart was in my mouth. Whose would not have been? *Two wheels were in the air and the body of the coach inclining to the precipice*—"Ya hip! Ya hip!" shrieked the fellow at my side, and, as a reverse turn righted the vehicle, he whistled a long, shrill whistle, and jerking his thumb over his shoulder, carelessly remarked—

"I say, stranger, that was close shaving—eh?"

Close shaving indeed it was! and close shaving it became more than once afterwards; for the man seemed to care less for his own life, or those of his passengers, than for reaching the base of the mountain in the quickest possible period of time. When we *did* reach the bottom, and while he was giving his blown horses a brief breathing space, he said to me very coolly:

"I say—I reckon I did them last four miles in little over a quarter."

The national road is a noble work. Eminently worthy of its name, and an immortal honor to all those by whose enlightened policy it was constructed. That portion of it over which I passed, stretching from Cumberland to Wheeling, is kept in admirable repair; the stone used, being, for the most part, a species of grey limestone, which, broken finely, seemed to bind well, though it must suffer more from attrition than those roads which are macadamized with granite.

One of the most lugubrious pictures I know of, is that formed by a party of travelers as they emerge from a close heated stage coach, after having been jammed together for two days and a night without slumber. Dusty, wayworn, and dull; with features saddened, and eyes overcome by drowsiness, they release themselves from their confinement, shorn of all that sweet primness with which they commenced their journey some thirty-six hours before, and, though they have been shaken into some sort of companionship, they no longer venture upon a witticism—or hunt to death the meagre similitude of a pun. The fire has been quenched in watching and over-weariness. A yawn and a somnolent nodding prevail mostly. Their thoughts are no longer of "Ledger and Day-book," of "Brief," or "Prescription," of pure fields, or bright waters; but of dim chambers, and comfortable beds, for heavy-lidded sleep has cast leaden fetters over the faculties of all.

W. H. C.

A THOUGHT.

THE rose which in the sun's bright rays
Might soon have drooped and perished,
With grateful scent the flower repays
By which its life is cherished.

And thus have e'en the young in years
Found flowers within that flourish,
And yield a fragrance, fed by tears,
That sunshine could not nourish.

BERNARD BARTON

THE GRANDFATHER'S ADVICE.

BY MISS S. A. HUNT.

It was a golden sunset, which was fondly gazed upon by an old man on whose broad brow the history of seventy winters had been written. He sat in the wide porch of a large old fashioned house: his look was calm and clear, though years had quelled the fire of his eagle glance; his silver hair was borne mildly back, by the south wind of August, and a smile of sweetness played over his features, breathing the music of contentment. His heart was still fresh, and his mind open to receive an impress of the loveliness of earth. The dew of love for his fellow-creatures fell upon his aged soul, and pure adoration went up to the giver of every good from its altar. He lifted his gaze to the cerulean blue above him, and dwelt upon his future, with a glow of hope upon his heart—then he turned to the past, and his beaming expression gradually mellowed into pensiveness: in thought, he traveled through the long vista of years which he had left behind him, and his mental exclamation was:

"There has not been a year of my life since manhood, that I might not have lived to a better purpose. I might have been more useful and devoted to my race. I might more fully have sacrificed the idol self, which so often I have knelt to, in worship more heartfelt than I offered the Divinity. Yet have I labored to become pure in thy sight, oh, my God! build thy kingdom in my breast!"

A tear trembled in the aged suppliant's eye, and the calm of holy humility stole over him; the gentle look was again upon his countenance, when a young man of about twenty years, swung open the gate leading to the house, and, approaching, saluted the old man with a cordial grasp of the hand; flinging his cap carelessly down, he took a seat in a rustic chair, and exclaimed with a smile of mingled affection and reverence, which broke over his thoughtful features, making him extremely handsome.

"Well, grandfather, I believe you complete seventy years to-day!"

"Yes, my son, and I have been looking back upon them. I do not usually dwell upon the past with repining, yet I see much that might have been better. My years have not always been improved."

The young man listened respectfully; presently he asked, with sudden interest, "Pray tell me, if there ever was a whole year of your life, so perfectly happy that you would wish to live it all over again?"

"I have been perfectly happy at brief intervals," was the reply, "yet there is not a year of my long life, that I would choose to have return. I have been surrounded by many warm friends now gone to their homes in the spirit-world,—I have loved, and have been beloved, and the recollection yet thrills me; still I thank God that I am not to live over those years

upon earth. I have struggled much for truth and goodness, and there has not been one struggle, which I would renew, though each has been followed by a deep satisfaction."

"To me, your life appears to have been dreary, grandfather," replied his companion. "I ask for happiness!" After a pause, he added with impetuosity, "If I am not to meet with the ardent happiness I dream of, and desire, I do not care to live. What is the life which thousands lead, worth? Nothing! I cannot sail monotonously down the stream—the more I *think*, and thought devours me, the more discontented do I become with every thing I see. Why is an overpowering desire for happiness planted within the human breast, if it is so very rarely to be gratified? My childhood was sometimes gay, but as often, it was clouded by disappointments which are great to children. I have never seen even the moment, since I have been old enough to reflect, when I could say that I was as happy as I was capable of being. I have even felt the consciousness that my soul's depths were not filled to the brim with joy. I could always ask for more. In my happiest hours, the eager question rushes upon me, involuntarily, 'Am I entirely content?' And the response that rises up, is ever 'No.' I am young, and this soft air steals over a brow of health—I can appreciate the beautiful and exquisite. I can drink in the deep poetry of noble minds—I can idly revel in voluptuous music, and dream away my soul, but with that bewitching dream, there is still a yearning for its realization. I cannot abate the restlessness that presses upon me—I look around, and young faces are bright and smiling with cheerful gaiety. I endeavor to catch the buoyant spirit, but I succeed rarely,—if I do, it floats on the surface, leaving the under-current unbroken in its flow. Yet after I have endeavored to lighten the oppressive cares of some unfortunate creature, a sort of peace has for a time descended upon me, which has been infinitely soothing. It soon departs, and my usual bitterness again sways me. I sought for friendship, and for awhile I was relieved, but I cannot forbear glancing down into the motives of my fellow men, and that involuntarily-searching spirit has proved unfortunate to me. I met with selfishness in the form of attachment, and then I turned to look upon the hollow heart of society, and it was there!"

"Alfred, you make me sad," said the old man, in a solemn and deeply pained voice. "This is the first time I knew that your heart was such a temple of bitterness."

"If I have saddened you, I wish I had not spoken: but the thoughts rushed over me, your kind heart is

always open, and I gave them expression. You have lived long, and there is more sympathy in your experience, than in the laughing jest of those near my own age. Pardon me, grandfather, I will not pain you again!" Alfred turned his eyes upon his aged friend; he caught the look of kindness upon that honored face, and it fell warmly upon his soul.

"It is right to think deeply," said the revered adviser, "but one must think rightly, also. You must not look out upon the world, from the darkened corners of your soul, or the hue is transferred to all things, which your glance falls upon. Take the torch of truth and heavenly charity to chase away the dimness within you, then powerful changes will be wrought in your vision. You will begin to regard your fellow man with new feelings of interest. I am a plain and blunt old man, Alfred, but you know that my only desire is for your good, so bear with my remarks if they be unpalatable."

"Certainly, sir, I value frankness before flattery."

"You say that you have never been *perfectly* happy," continued the old gentleman, "that is neither strange nor uncommon, for I have met with few thoughtful persons of your years, who, upon close reflection, could say that their souls could desire no more than had been granted to them. You must seek for resignation, not entire bliss upon earth, although it is possible that you may enjoy it for a season."

"Why is joy so transitory, and unquiet so lasting?" demanded the young man impatiently.

"The fault is not in the transitoriness of the joy, but in the very soul itself,—it is in a state of disorder; its nature must be changed before it can receive for ever only the image of gladness. In a chaos of the elements, can a smiling sky be always seen? Lay asleep all unruly elements in the spirit, and a pure heaven of brightness will then greet the uplifted glance."

"But how can all this be done, grandfather? What unruly elements do you speak of? What can I do, for instance? I certainly am willing and glad to see my kind happy—if my soul be in disorder, I do not know in what it consists, or how to bring it to order. I am weary of its unsatisfied desires; it is continually in search of something which it has never caught sight of,—and the fear, that that unknown, yet powerfully desired something may never come to quench my thirst, falls with the coldness of death upon my bosom."

"That something may be found by every human being, if sought for in the right way. Those yearnings are not given us, that they may fall back and wither the fountain from which they spring. But the question is, do we seek for happiness in the right way? Do we not rather ask for an impossibility, when we ask for permanent bliss, before we have laid a foundation in our souls for it? You wish to take this life too easy by far, my son; rouse up all your strength, look around you with the keenness of a resolved spirit, and seek to regenerate your whole being,—let that be your object, and let the desire for happiness be subservient to it. You will clasp joy to your breast, as an everlasting gift, at the end of the race. What are your aims and objects? You hardly know; you are in pursuit of that, which flees before you as a shadow, and your restless spirit sinks

and murmurs,—you have no grand object in view, to buoy you up steadily and trustfully through every ill which life has power to bestow. Those very ills are seized upon, and become instruments of glory to the devoted and heaven-strengthened spirit,—they prepare for a deeper draught of all things dear and desired, and though the soul droop beneath the weight of human suffering, yet the rod that smites, is hushed with a prayer. Turn away from your individual self, as far as you can, and regard the broad world with a philanthropic eye—"

"Impossible—impossible!" interrupted Alfred, hastily, "I defy any person to turn from himself, and look upon the world with a more interested gaze than he casts upon his own heart. One may be philanthropic in his feelings and devoted to alleviating the distresses of less fortunate beings, but I hold it to be impossible that our individual selves will not always be first in interest. A sudden and powerful impulse may carry us away for a time, but after that rushing influence leaves us, we see ourselves again, and find that we had only lost our equilibrium briefly. I say only what I sincerely think, and what thousands secretly know to be the case, even while advocating views quite opposite. There is no candor in the world!"

"Softly, my good friend," said the grandfather, mildly smiling. "I also hold it to be impossible that we can lose either our individuality or our interest in ourselves, but I believe it possible that we may love others just as well, if not better than ourselves. I do not refer to one or two particular persons whom we may admire, but I speak of the mass of our fellow-creatures."

"I cannot even conceive of such a love!" returned the young man, shaking his head, "I cannot see how I could love a person who possesses no attractive qualities whatever;—I always feel indifference, if not dislike. I think I could sacrifice my life to one I loved, if thrown into sudden and imminent danger; still, I think I might give pain to that same person many times, by gratifying myself. For instance, grandfather,—suppose you were to be led to the stake, to be burned to-morrow,—I would take your place to save you; yet I do not now do all I possibly can, to add to your happiness. I gratify whims of my own; I idle away hours in the woods, or by some stream, when I fully know that it would be more pleasing to you, to see me bending patiently over my Greek and Latin."

"Very true!" sighed the old man. "You prove your own position, which is that your ruling love, is self love."

Alfred lifted up his eyebrows, as if he had heard an unwelcome fact. We are often willing to confess things, which we do not like to have told us. He fell into deep thought. Finally he said, "It is universally allowed that virtue is lovely; those who practice it, appear calm and resigned, and often happy—but, to tell the truth, such enjoyment seems rather tame and flat. I wish to be in freedom, to let my burning impulses rush on as they will, without a yoke. I love, and I hate, as my heart bids me, and I scorn control of any kind."

"Yet you submit to a yoke, my son; one which is not of your own imposing either."

"What kind of a yoke?"

"The yoke of society,—you bow to public opinion in a measure. You avoid a glaring act, often, more because it will not be *approved*, than because you have a real disinclination for it. Is not that the case sometimes?"

Alfred did not exceedingly relish this probing, but he was too candid to cover up his motives from himself. He answered a decided "yes!" but it was spoken, because he could not elbow himself out of the self-evident conviction forced upon him.

"Do you think it degrading for a man to conquer and govern the strongest, as well as the weakest impulses of his soul?" pursued his grandfather.

"Certainly not degrading,—it is in the highest degree worthy of praise. It is truly noble! I acknowledge it."

"And yet you deem such enjoyment as would result from this government, tame and flat."

"I beg pardon; when I spoke of virtue, I referred to that smooth kind which is current, and seems more passive than active,—that soft amiability which appears to deaden enthusiasm, and to shut up the soul in a set of opinions, instead of expanding it widely to every thing noble and generous, wherever it may be found."

"It was not genuine virtue, you referred to, then,—it was only its resemblance."

"It was what passes for virtue. But to come at the main point, grandfather;—where is happiness to be found, if we are to be warring with ourselves during a lifetime, checking every natural spring in the soul?"

"Stop there, Alfred! We only quench the streams, which prevent the spirit's purest wells of noble and happy feelings from gushing forth in freedom. We must wage a warfare, it is true; why conceal it? But it does not last forever, and intervals of gladness come to refresh us, which the worn and blunted spirit of the man of pleasure in vain pants for. An exquisite joy, innocent as that of childhood, pervades the bosom of truth's soldier in his hours of peace and rest, and he lifts an eye of rapture to Heaven,—to God."

Alfred dwelt earnestly upon the noble countenance of the speaker, and his bosom filled with unwonted emotion, as the heavenly sweetness of the old man's smile penetrated into his inward soul. Goodness stood before him in its wonderful power, and he bowed down his soul in worship.—How insignificant then seemed his individual yearnings after present enjoyment, instead of that celestial love which can fill a human soul with so strong a power from on High. He reflected upon that venerable being's life—so strong and upright; he dwelt upon his large and noble heart, which could clasp the world in its embrace. He remembered months of acute suffering, both physical and mental, which had been endured with the stillness of a martyr's inward strength; and then, too, he recalled times when that aged heart was more truly and deeply joyful, than his own young spirit had even been. Both relapsed into the eloquent silence of absorbing thought. It was evident from the softened and meditative cast of Alfred's features, that his bitterness had given way to the true tenderness of feeling it so often quelled; he resolved in his mind

all that had been advanced by his grandfather, and he dwelt upon every point with candor and serious reflection. A strong impression was made upon him, but he was entirely silent in regard to it,—he waited to try his strength, before he spoke of the better resolutions that were formed, not without effort in his mind. He felt a conviction that a change from selfishness to angelic charity might be accomplished, if *As* were but willing to co-operate with his Maker,—the conception of universal love slowly dawned upon his soul, now turned heavenward for light,—his duties as a responsible being came before him, and a sigh of reproach was given to the past. Then golden visions of delight thronged up to his gaze, and it was with a severe pang, he thought of losing his hold upon the dear domains of idle fancy,—he had so revelled for hours and hours, in intoxicating dreams, which shut out the world and stern duty. He felt his weakness, but he resolutely turned from dwelling upon it.

The evening air was refreshing, after the warm sunset, but old Mr. Monmouth would not trust himself to bear it. Alfred went into the house with him, and made a brief call, then left, and wended his way a short distance to his own home, which was a very elegant mansion, surrounded by every mark of luxury and taste. He immediately sought his chamber, and took up a neglected Bible which his mother had given him when a child,—he turned over its leaves, and his eyes fell upon the one hundred and nineteenth psalm, "Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light upon my path. I have sworn, and I will perform it, that I will keep thy righteous judgments." He read on, and the exceeding beauty and touching power of the Holy Word had never so deeply affected him,—he wept, and all that was harsh in his nature melted,—he prayed, and the angels of God approached, filling his uplifted soul with heavenly strength. Sweet was the thrill of thanksgiving, that arose from that hitherto restless spirit—quiet and blest the peace that hushed him to deep, invigorating slumber. Persons of an enthusiastic temperament are apt to fall into extremes; such was the case with Alfred Monmouth. He so feared that he would fall back into his former states of feeling, that he guarded himself like an anchorite. For three months he abstained from going into company, and even reasonable enjoyment he deprived himself of. He threw aside all books but scientific and religious ones: even poetry, he shut his ears against, lest it might beguile him again to his dreamy, but selfish musings. No doubt this severe discipline was very useful to him at the time, in strengthening him against the besetting faults of his character; but it could not last long, without originating other errors. During this time, he had been perhaps, as happy as ever in his life; his mind had been fixed upon an object, and a wealth of new thoughts had crowded upon him—he rejoiced with a kind of proud humility in his capability for *self-government*. He thought he was rapidly verging towards perfection. But "a change came o'er the spirit of his dream" at last, and an unwonted melancholy grew upon him, until it settled like a pall over his heart. An apathy in regard to what had so lately interested him, stole over him, and indeed a cold glance fell upon almost every pursuit he had once prized. Plunged in deep gloom, he one

evening sought his grandfather's dwelling, hoping by conversation with the cheerful old man, to regain a more healthy state of mind: to his great satisfaction, Alfred found him alone reading.

"Well, my boy, I am glad you have come in!" was the salutation, with a most cordial smile, for Mr. Monmouth had silently remarked the late alteration in his somewhat reckless grandson. He also detected the present gloom upon his fine countenance, and the earnest hope of dispelling it, added an affectionate heartiness to his manner. Alfred made several common-place remarks, then, with his usual impatience, he flung aside all preamble, and said,

"I am gloomy, grandfather, even more so than I have ever been, and I cannot explain it. The last serious conversation I had with you, produced a strong effect upon me, and for a long time after I was unusually cheerful and vigorous in mind. I seemed to have imbibed something of your spirit—I delighted in the hope of regenerating myself, through the aid of Heaven; it seemed as if angels hushed my restless spirit to repose, and I tried in humility to draw near my God. Yet I feared for myself, and I withdrew from temptation, from all society which was uncongenial to my state of mind. I was *content* for a long time, but now the sadness of apathy overwhelms me."

"Endeavor, without murmuring, to bear this state of mind, and it will soon pass off," remarked Mr. Monmouth. "We must not always fly from temptation in every form, my boy, but we must arm ourselves against its attacks, otherwise our usefulness will be greatly lessened. If those who are endeavoring to make themselves better, do so by shunning society, they are rather examples of selfishness than benevolent goodness,—the selfishness is unconscious, and such a course may be followed from a sense of duty. But the glance which discovered this to be duty was not wide enough; it took in only the claims of self, yet I would not convey the idea that we have any one's evils to take care of but our own. We need society, and, however humble we may be, society needs us. We need to be refreshed by the strength of good beings, and we must also contribute our slight share to those whom Providence wills that we may benefit. The life of Heaven may thus circulate freely, and increase in power among many hearts. Go forward, Alfred, unmindful of your feelings, and pray only to trust in Providence, and to gain a deep desire for usefulness."

"Ah! yes," returned the young man, earnestly. Light broke in upon his darkness. "I am glad that I have spoken with you, grandfather, for your words give me strength to persevere. I never knew that I was weak until lately."

"Such knowledge is precious, my dear son. We are indeed strongest when the hand of humility removes the veil that hides us from ourselves."

"Probably such is the case, but I cannot realize it. It is with effort that I drag through the day; I am continually looking towards the future, and beholding a thousand perplexing situations where my besetting sins will be called into action. I see myself incapable of always following out the noble principles I have lately adopted."

"As thy day is, so shall thy strength be!" said Mr.

Monmouth. "Be careful only to guard yourself against each little stumbling block as it presents itself, and your mountains will be changed to mole-hills. Never fear for the future, do as well as you can in the present."

"But it is so singular that I should feel thus, when I have been trying as hard as a mortal could to change my erroneous views, and to regard all the dispensations of Providence with a resigned heart. I have cast the selfish thought of my own earthly happiness from my mind as much as possible."

"And yet there is a repining in your gloominess. You are not satisfied to bear it."

"Well, perhaps not. I am wrong,—I think that I could submit with true fortitude to an outward trial, but there seems so little reason in my low spirits. Have you ever felt so, grandfather?"

"Often, and at such times, I devote myself more earnestly than ever to any thing which will take my thoughts from myself."

"I will do so!" replied Alfred, firmly. "If my purposes are right in the sight of Heaven, I will be supported."

"True, my son."

Alfred left the home of his grandsire, more at rest with himself and all the world. Fresh peaceful hopes again sprang up within him, and he began to see his way clear. He reasoned himself into resignation, and as day after day went on, he grew grateful for the privilege and opportunity offered to school his rebellious spirit to order.

Four years passed; Alfred was engaged in the busy world, and he shrunk not from it, but rather sought to do his duty in it. One summer evening, he was called to enter the large, old-fashioned house of his grandfather. His brow was thoughtful, but calm and resigned—he sought a quiet room; it was the chamber of death,—yet was its stillness beautiful and peaceful; he knelt by a dying couch, and clasped the hand of his aged grandsire—then he wept, but the unbidden tears were those of gratitude. The serenity of heaven was upon the countenance of the noble old man.

"My hour has come, Alfred," he said, placing one hand upon the beloved head bowed before him, "and I go hence with thankfulness. Ah! even now, there is a heavenly content in my bosom. The angels are bending over me, and wait to take my spirit to its home: there is no mist before my sight, all is clear. The Father of love lifts up my soul in this hour—our parting will be short, my son—" the old man's voice trembled, an infinite tenderness dwelt in his eyes, and Alfred felt that there was a reality in the peace of the dying one. All the good that he had done him rushed before him, and he exclaimed with humility,

"How can I ever repay you, dear grandfather! for all your noble lessons to me?"

"I am repaid," was the low reply, "they have brought forth fruit, and I have lived to see it. I trust that you will leave the world with all the peace that I do, and with deeper goodness in your spirit. My blessing be upon you, my son!"

"Amen!" came low from Alfred's fervent lips.

The eyes of the aged one closed in death, and his young disciple went forth again into the world, made better by the scene he had witnessed.

THE HUNTER ON THE HILLS

BY MARY C. DENVER

MOONLIGHT upon the mountains!—darkly bright
The green leaves quiver in the golden light
Shed from the starry heavens:—Around me rise
The monuments of a thousand centuries,
Gone to decay,—more strong and stately now,
Than when the first green crown placed on their brows
Told of imperial triumph:—Uninscribed
They range around; as if the past had bribed
Them into silence of its stormy tale;
As if the dark leaf, and the midnight gale
Had found no tongues to whisper of its fate,
So glorious, yet so stern and desolate.

I hear them now:—Strange voices on the wind,
Come to the haunted chambers of my mind,
Lessening its powers of thought,—bright images
Shaped in the mind, yet born of melodies
Lost in the mighty past, around me rise
Changeful as visioned dreams of paradise.
And in the dim uncertain light, I trace,
Slowly uprising from their burial-place
Within the wood, the nameless kings of old,
Whose veins, once full of life, have long been cold
Beneath the green-sward—and whose march to fame
Has left upon their tombs, not even a name.

Around me, brightning in the clear moonlight,
I see the sharp sword glitter,—and the flight
Of arrows from the shadow of each tree,
Telleth that death upholds his ministry.
The air is teeming with the things forgot,
The themes of buried ages,—every spot
On earth is hallowed ground—dyed with the blood
Of martyrs. Martyrs they who bravely stood,
And battled for their country. They who died
Beside the stream, or on the green hill-side,
Where'er Death met them—sanctifies the earth
On which they died, and that which gave them birth.

I've studied man, until my heart rebell'd
Against his sovereignty,—and I have held
Communion with the world, and found it vain
And hollow-hearted, full of tears and pain.
And I have borne its mockery, till my soul
Had lost the blessedness of all control;
Yielding to each impulsive sway so long,
At length it moves, and mingled with the throng,
Till weary of the same eternal strife,
This ever drowning of the inner life,
I fled the halls and crowded solitudes
To hold communion with the shadowy woods.

And I am calm once more,—yet sadder far
Than in my spring time:—there hath fallen a star
From out my heart,—no more to shed a beam
Across the dim shore of my being's dream.
The freshness of the soul hath known decay,
Its first impressions long have passed away,
And can no more return,—like tracks in snow
They melted 'neath the world's impassioned glow,
And it is well perchance,—yet to the heart
How hard, when bright things sicken to depart,

Like blossoms scattered by the wandering wind,
Leaving a mournful memory behind.

Hark to the sound of music!—I will stand
And list a moment to the forest-band,
Striking its thousand strings of melody,
Solemnly musical, from each green tree.
The sound of sweet-voiced waters, sendeth far
Its song melodiously,—from every star
A spirit looks, until my bosom thrills
With their unspeakable love.

Harp of the hills!
Thou of the many strings! thy tones are full
Of mournful feeling!—touchingly beautiful
Are thy unnumbered airs, so softly sad,
That even the heart while weeping maketh glad

How my heart swells within me!—I have heard
Even in the language of a little bird,
A whisper as of God within my soul,
Rousing strange thoughts that would not bear control
And here the mountain torrent speaks aloud
Full of deep eloquence,—the heavens are how'd,
The stars look down from their high homes above
Calmly, religiously. A voice of love
Is whispered all around, still as the breeze,
Yet mighty as the heaving of the seas,
When their wide bosoms heave tumultuously,
With inward passion, struggling to be free.

The red deer boundeth past,—I hear it brush
The green leaves at my side,—I hear the rush
Through the deep forest,—yet I linger here;
The sound of sweet-voiced waters in my ear
Hath poured wild music,—I have learned to love
The things of nature, as I onward move
Mid their dim majesty,—they breathe a tone
Of deep solemnity, that speaks alone
To the worn spirit, weary of the strife
It ever holdeth with the outward life,
Till soothed with hope it sinks away to rest
Slumbering in peace upon its mother's breast.

A place for prayer!—here where the strong oaks twine
Their arms together,—where the forest-vine
Clinging like faithful love around her dead,
Forms of itself a bowler.—Overhead,
Through the thick foliage, far and faintly gleam
Heaven's unnumbered stars,—like a sweet dream
The rill goes singing in the clear moonlight,
Gladdening beneath its rays,—here when the night
Falls gently round me, would I raise my voice
To heaven, to bid the "wilderness rejoice,"
And in its love divine, send to the dry
And barren heart, "a day-spring from on high."

Here would I raise an altar!—loneliness
Should brood like peace around me,—I would bless
The solitary hour, that give to life
Strength to endure the bitterness of its strife.
And tears should be my offering—who hath not
Some unforgetton sin, o'er which his thought
Hath mourned in secret?

And here too the dim
Deep woods, should echo to my vesper-hymn,
And the wild bird should answer from the tree,
Pouring its notes of freeborn melody,
Nature's own minstrel,—here a cross should stand
To point the traveler to the promised land.

And they, the dead,—would they not hover round
Invisible?—would not the air abound
With spirit-voices,—voices of the dead?
I deemed of yore they were forever fled
To heaven, or lingered round their place of birth,
The only worshiped spot on all the earth,
For warm devoted hearts!—and yet a thrill,
A consciousness that they are with me still,
Where'er I may be, rushes o'er my soul,
Filling, with reverential awe, the whole,
Till like a load of fragrance on the air
I feel them, spiritually every where.

And I am humbled,—though I prized them well,
I prized them not enough,—we cannot tell
How much we love the living—till their thread
Of life is snapt and they are with the dead.
Then the remembrance of each uttered word,
Cold or neglectful, from its depth is stirr'd,
And drooping heavily across the heart
A shadow falls that will not thence depart.
It is the ghastly feeling of regret,
That haunts the bosom, when all hope is set
Of restitution.—We may call the dead,
But do they answer to the tears we shed?

And yet, they hover round us constantly,
Witness to our repentance,—though we see
Them not, their wings are round us in the night
Guarding our slumbers, angels of the light,
They tend us and we know it not,—they bless
Our earth-worn spirits with our tenderness,
And therefore are we humbled,—did we know,
Or could we only feel—that even so,

Affection known too late will wear the heart
With vain repinings—we might tear apart
The seeming coldness that divides too long,
Warm hearts, that perish like a gush of song.

Beautiful, beautiful, above me shine
Heaven's countless host!—on my bosom's shrine
Bright stars arise, that ever shed a beam
Of pensive light across my being's dream!
Yet where are they—the tender and the bright,
That perished from my bosom yesternight?
Lost Pleiads ever striking on the eye
Of mournful Recollection! Could the fire,
That once burnt in you, come to life once more,
You would not thus haunt Memory's distant shore,
But bounding upwards, take your places first
Of all that on my thoughtful vision burst.

Aid from above!—my soul is sorrowful
With many things—too full of pain, too full
Is our life's measure,—yet we need it all;
More gentle means would fail to break the thrall
That binds us so to earth,—and we must drink
The cup with meekness, or, despairing sink!
Heaven proves us, painfully afflictions rod
O'ertakes us, bidding us return to God,
Nor wander hence again,—a precious soul
Is in our keeping, we should well control,
And fit for heaven,—to so great a trust,
Can we be faithless—treading it to dust!

The day-star dawneth,—I have mused too long
Upon the hills—I hear the wild bird's song
Welcome the morn,—the dew is on the flowers,
Strengthening them for the coming noontide hours!
So hopefully, upon my heart I find
The dews of meditation,—I will bind
Their purity around me—and go forth
In strength and holiness,—the things of earth
May bend my spirit but not break,—a light
Still shines from heaven across the darkest night,
And leading gently upwards, the tired soul
May rest at last beyond the world's control.

DESPONDENCY.

BY JAMES HUNGERFORD.

WHENCE come ye, why come ye, pale spirits, low over me
spreading your pinions,
That darken my soul, though the sun shines bright o'er
the earth and the sky?—
The wretch, that in slavery pines, the most hopeless of
tyranny's minions,
Is happier far, though in thrall, more blest than in free-
dom am I.

I sat by the side of the river, where waters are murmuring
lowly,
Where the voice of the breeze is sweet, though sad as a
funeral toll,
Where the birds, in the branches of autumn, sing in num-
bers of soft melancholy—
Low music, sad music, to-day, accords with the tone of
my soul.

Ah! vainly I gaze on the light, the beauty of autumn
illuming!

And vainly I list to the sounds from river and forest and
mead!—

A darkness envelopes my spirit, stern shadows are over me
glooming—

Not this the soft light I require, not this the sweet music
I need.

Such is ever the grief of the mind in the bond of iniquity
pining;

The dread of earth's gathering gloom, all vainly it seeks
to control—

In vain is our strife for relief, if we want the light
inwardly shining,

If we want the sweet music that falls on the ear of the
listening soul.

SKETCHES FROM TRANS-ALLEGHENY VIRGINIA.—NO. I.

THE CONTRAST, AND ITS WHEREFORE.

BY RALPH FAIRCOUNT.

SLIP your arm in mine, good reader, and let us take a jaunt over yon lofty mountains; and while we ascend them I will prepare your eyes for the scenes which you are to behold. The retrospect of life is doubled by having lived in a state of society ever on the change, and that change always for the better. To one who has seen forests recode, (the skirts of which were the abode of his infant days and the play-ground of his childish hours,) and the awful forum of Justice, or the sacred temple of Truth arise in their places, his mind seems to be carried back to a period of time much more remote than it really is if he would attempt to realize the original features of his early home. The thatched cottage, the little field and truck patch which gave him a scanty supply of the necessities of life, no longer exist; the fine orchard and extended meadow have swallowed them up; instead of the solemn silence of the wilderness, he hears the swelling anthem, or pealing organ; the hawthorn bush and festooned grove have given place to beds of roses and pleasant hamlets. Where once was heard the whoop of savages, or the howl of wolves, the busy hum of men, the splendor of the arts and sciences, and the refinements of civilized life, are heard, seen, and felt. These changes in the physical and moral state of the country, have been gradual, and, therefore, scarcely perceived from year to year; but they are marked distinctly in the mind when the hours of youth come back.

* Striking the electric chain wherewith we're darkly bound."

I mistake much if you can look upon the scenes about to be presented, with *my* eyes. Your line has been drawn in another place than mine. With you, your people speak of the shortness of life; with me, did not the definite number of our years teach us the contrary, our people would think themselves much older than they are, and that life is a long, long period in time. An habitual watching of the changes I have spoken of can create no other feeling. With you, to a great extent, the same unchanging aspect of things presents itself; you pass your lives in cities, or on ancient settlements, and there is no striking events, or great and important changes to mark its different periods: it passes away as an illusion, or a dream, and ends with a bitter complaint of its trials and shortness.

Hold! we stand now upon the loftiest peak of the Allegheny Mountains; before us extends the great valley of the Mississippi; on the right, slumbering, if you please, on beds in mid-air, stretch the northern

lakes; on the left the warm breezes roll up the waters of the Gulf of Florida; far in the distance the Rocky Mountains urge their way through western clouds: the whole scene presents the appearance of an inverted funnel; and, in addition to the imposing grandeur of its vast extent, it is one immense region of animal and vegetable life in all their endless variety. No mountain rears its towering head to vary the scenery and afford a resting-place for yonder clouds; no volcano belches forth its flame and smoke in sublime, but destructive grandeur; no ocean rolls its billows to the sky, and dashes the tall ship against its wave-beat rocks: but it presents a soil, under a variety of climates, abundantly rich for all the wants of life. It was designed by Providence for the last resort of oppressed humanity; and that design is being rapidly accomplished. its geographical situation renders it impregnable to any foe; the stout yeomanry, the strong mechanic, the busy merchant, the frugal wife, and the chaste daughter, may *hear* of the military convulsions of other quarters of the globe, but their concussions they need never fear. *Vice and folly may conquer that happy people: the world never can.*

It is not *now* my purpose to conduct you over yon large farms, show you their beautiful mansion houses and well-filled barns, or lead you through the beautiful villages and cities which every where dot this extensive valley: my object is rather to present you with an agreeable and somewhat romantic contrast to the present state of society in our country—and the moral will show you what mighty changes may be effected, under an enlightened and free government, in the course of a few years, and teach you to cherish, as the apple of your eye, the high blessings of freedom, and those institutions which give to conscience the full possession of its native rights. I will hope soon to have another opportunity to converse with you in my plain and unsophisticated way; when your attention will be asked to some interesting sketches of character and history not generally known, connected with the early settlement of the vast country before you. Imagine, if you please, the progress of the adventurer who first plunged into the depth of this solitary wilderness. Behind him he left the home of his childhood, the companions of his youth, and a land teeming with the substantial necessities of life; before him, for hundreds of miles, was the gloom of a forest impenetrable even to the rays of a meridian sun, with no habitation of civilized man to give him a kindly welcome, or shelter from the storms. His bed was the damp earth; and when Aurora spread

her saffron robes, there was no domestic fowl to usher in the morn with its clarion notes. The sun descended, but its glory received not the requiem of the feathered songsters of the grove; for the various tribes of singing birds are not inhabitants of the desert: even the faithful dog, the only steadfast companion of man among the brute creation, partook of the silence around him; the discipline of his master forbade him to bark, and his native sagacity soon taught him that there was safety in obedience to his commands. When night closed in, his slumbers were in the vast aisles of "God's first temples;" and not unfrequently was he startled by the melancholy moan of the ill-boding owl, or the shriek of the frightful panther.

Follow him bending his course towards the setting sun, over undulating hills, under the shade of forest trees, and wading through rank weeds which covered the earth. Doubtful of his course, he ascertains the cardinal points of north and south by the thickness of the moss and bark on the north side of the ancient trees. On the hill he strains his eyes to follow the course of the creek, whose stream he wishes to explore; in the valley he presages his approach to a river, by seeing large ash, bass-wood, and sugar trees, beautifully festooned with grape vines. Ever on the watch, he is the sentinel of his own safety, and relies alone on himself for protection. You must not imagine that he could feast his imagination on the romantic beauties of nature; his situation was ill-suited to contemplation: his homely woodman's dress soon fell in tatters about him; the cravings of hunger compelled him to endure the fatigues of the chase from day to day; his meal of venison, bear-meat, or wild turkey, was often eaten without bread or salt; and, whatever were his circumstances, he always felt a lively exercise of the strong passions of hope and fear. At no time was his situation without its dangers. Wherever he placed his foot he was justly apprehensive of the malignant bite of the rattlesnake; and, in the evening, he knew not on what limb of a tree, over his head, the murderous panther might be perched, ready to pounce upon him, in a moment, with unerring destruction. If he watched a "deer-lick" from his "blind" at night, this formidable beast was often his rival in the same business, and not unfrequently would the lord of the world retire as secretly as possible, leaving him in full possession of the chance of game for that night.

Fear and danger are the parents of superstition. Those who occupy perilous situations in life are always its victims; and, until philosophy banish it, they are alike ignorant and credulous. You will not, therefore, be surprised at the superstition which existed among the first pilgrims of the wilderness. They sought for ominous presages of future good or bad luck in every thing about them. The appearance of the sky, morning and evening, gave signs of the times with regard to the weather; and they were aided in their prognostics on this subject by the sharpness of some old rheumatic pains, which were cognomened "weather clocks." The howl of a dog, the croak of a raven, and the screech of an owl, were as prophetic of future misfortunes among them, as they were among the ancient pagans; but, above all, their dreams were regarded as ominous of good or ill success,—and

children were piously taught the importance of recollecting them, and reproached when they failed to do so.

Melancholy reflections, too, were common among them. This is easily accounted for. Every where round them they saw indubitable evidence of the former existence of a large population of barbarians. Arrow-heads—which furnished them with gun flints—stone hatchets, pipes, fragments of earthenware, and rude fortifications, were found in every place. Sepulchral mounds, containing the ashes of tens of thousands of a long succession of generations, long since moulded into dust, were to be met with at every turn. From these summits they looked upon the surrounding country, and thought that once it was animated by the song and the dance; but oblivion had drawn her impenetrable veil over that numberless race, and only allowed these unlettered monuments to withstand the ravages of time. Nothing existed to inform them who they were, from whence they came, the period of their existence, or by what dreadful catastrophe they were swept from the face of the earth. They, perhaps, remembered that in Russia, along the shores of the Black Sea, and the sea of Azof; throughout the whole country of Crimea; in ancient Greece; and in the neighborhood of ancient Troy, similar sepulchral structures were to be found; but, like *these*, their history is involved in one eternal night—dark and inexplicable. These thoughts, and the apparent hopelessness of reclaiming the dense wilderness before them, naturally shaded their minds with the sober melancholy of the forest.

If such was the aspect of this country but a few years since, and such the poor and hazardous lot of the first adventurers into the bosom of its forests, how widely different is it now, and how changed for the better the condition of its inhabitants! In view of the slender means which they had to work such a change; in view of the obstacles that have been surmounted, what brilliant hopes, what bright anticipations, may we not reasonably anticipate for the future! The early introduction of commerce was the first means of changing, in some degree, the exterior aspect of the population of the country, and giving a new current to public feeling and individual pursuit. Instead of linsey and coarse linen, the people now don the fine fabrics of Europe and Asia; the hunting-shirt gives place to the fashionable coat of broadcloth; and the moccasin, for boots and shoes of tanned leather. The ladies dress in fineness and fashion equal to those of Europe and the cities of Atlantic America: nor were we satisfied merely with the purchase of "purple and fine linen" from foreigners;—we have nobly dared to fabricate these comfortable and valuable productions for ourselves, and succeeded with abundant profit. The old "horse-paths" along which our forefathers made their laborious journeys over the mountains for salt and iron, have been succeeded, as you can see, by wagon-roads and substantial turnpikes: the laws of nature have been, to a certain extent, overcome, and the useful canal ascends and descends the highest hills; the power of steam has been harnessed to iron cars, and they fly in every direction over the mighty plains before you;—every valley you see re-echoes with the grumbling steam pipe, and that mighty power is propelling the

mill-wheel, or urging the "oak leviathan," wherever you turn your eyes.

Who tells you that ignorance is more easily induced than science; that society more speedily deteriorates than improves; that it is much easier for the civilized man to become wild, than for the wild man to become civilized? If any, point him to the "backwoods," and ask him—"What means have arrested the progress of the earlier inhabitants towards barbarism? or, what agents have directed their influence in favor of science, morals and piety?" We know that the rude, and often indecent song has been succeeded by the swelling anthem; that the clamorous boast, the provoking banter, the biting sarcasm, the horrid oath and imprecation have yielded before urbanity of manners, and a course of conversation enlightened by science, and chastened by mental endowments and respect. Every thing belonging to the former state of our people has vanished from the view; we meet with nothing even to put us in remembrance of it. The recent date of the settlement of the country is seldom a subject of reflection; and its immense improvements present to the imagination the labors of several centuries, instead of the work of a few years. Commerce furnished the means of changing the dresses of our people, and the furniture of their houses. *This* is the true philosopher's stone in the work of civilization—*dress*, and the appearance of *external objects*. The English government could never subdue the *esprit du corps* of the north of Scotland until, after the rebellion of 1745, the prohibition of wearing the tartan plaid, the kilt and the bonnet amongst Highlanders, broke down the spirit of the clans. The highest grade of human sagacity and foresight is seen in those governments which prescribe the costume of each class of society, in order to the permanent establishment of despotism over the mind; and there is but little doubt, that if permission were given by the supreme power of the Musselman faith, for a change of dress at the will of each individual, as well as in his diet and household furniture, the whole Mosmedan system would be overthrown in a few years.

It may seem strange that so much importance is attached to the influence of dress; but these things, in my opinion, are subject to the clearest demonstration. No sooner had the hunting shirt, the moccasin and leggins, the three legged stool, the noggin, the trencher and the wooden bowl been cast aside than civilization took up its rapid march. Commerce banished the one, the other soon sprung up to exercise its genial power!

With all its faults, every one who has lived in this beautiful valley loves it still. You have, no doubt, seen how finely and impressively the household gods, the blazing hearth, the plentiful board and the social fire-side figure in the poetical imagery of our western writers: they are the realities of life in its most polished states; they are among its best and most rational enjoyments; and while they associate the little family community in parental and filial affection, the amount of attachment to the family mansion and the country about it is augmented in the highest degree. True, our forums of justice are numerous, and crimes abound of the most atrocious dye: commerce, circulating through its thousand channels, must create an almost endless variety of litigated claims; and the importation of vice, associated with a high grade of science and the most consummate art in the pursuit of wealth by every description of unlawful means, have greatly annoyed and endangered our moral and political character. But, while these require the constant vigilance of civil and criminal justice, the true philosopher and patriot will always reflect that they are the price which freedom must pay for its protection. Society is not unlike a sleeping volcano, as to the amount of latent moral evil which it contains: it is enough, for public safety only, that the good preponderates over the evil; and if our moral and political means can prevent a revolutionary irruption for a few years longer, the minds of our people will be freed from all danger by the enlightening influence of the best of all sciences—that of God, his government, and man's future state.

And now, kind reader, *adieu*!

SONNET.

BY F. W. GRAYSON.

"If cast upon the waters, yet thy bread
Will unto thee return in many days—"
'T was one reputed wise this proverb read,
And *trusting* hearts shall find its truth always—
But, not when most *expected*, cometh fruit
Of seed thus scatter'd on the wayward waves—
When long delayed—despair'd—it falleth mute,

Unseen, and gently as the dew on leaves
Of parched flowers, whose sweets, tho' freely shed
On the broad winds, are wasted not—nor lost,
But on their thirsting hearts, faint, famished,
Descend in healing balm, *when needed most*.
Thus silently returns the good men do,
Which Heaven distilleth in *their night* like dew.

THE BURIAL OF THE YEAR.

BY HENRY D. COOKE.

It was New Year's eve, and I sat alone in my apartment, musing upon the events of the year which was then within a few hours of its close. Busy memory, with unusual liberality, was displaying all her richest treasures, drawn from her exhaustless store-house, and the Past and Present seemed wedded together, so perfectly did the almost obliterated remembrances of the one, assume the vivid reality of the other. I found myself again in the midst of far distant scenes, which I had visited during the period which was about to close;—forms of by-gone days surrounded me;—the faces of friends, now cold in death, seemed to gaze upon me as they had done in life, or as they had appeared when last I saw them upon the pall, and the cheerful voices, with which in health, they had often greeted me, mingled with the expiring sigh;—then came the funeral train,—and then, festive gatherings and joyful greetings, until my ideas, becoming inextricably confused, carried me from the land of reality to the land of dreams.

I was present at the ceremony of the obsequies of the dead. The scene was in a dark and dreary valley, surrounded by towering and shapeless masses of ice, covered with eternal snow. I was surrounded by more than polar solitude, and feared to breathe, lest the air should congeal my very vitals. The sun occasionally shot forth a dull ray, from the midst of an atmosphere rendered dense and obscure by the unceasing clouds of snow, which were hurled furiously across the valley, like rolling surges, by the cold north winds.

Amid this scene, the attendants of the slow and solemn parade of which I was a witness, were of an appearance consonant with its gloom. They were light and shadowy forms. It seemed as if Charon had ferried over his own dear Styx every shade that had ever roamed in the kingdoms of darkness, so solemn and sepulchral was their mien. As they closed in a circle around the bier of the departed, I marked them closely. Apparently without a leader, the groups were not disorderly or irregular in their movements. Scattered over the valley, and ranged in dense masses as they were, I could plainly distinguish clans, or classes, each differing in some essential part from the other. At the head of each of these classes,—of which I counted twelve principal ones,—and next the grave, was a chieftain, to whom most of the shades bore some resemblance, and whose movements they implicitly followed. The attendant forms were various in character and appearance, for while some were of respectable and commanding stature, many were much smaller, and by far the major part were mere “beings in miniature.” The leaders, however, principally attracted my attention, by the distinct and glaring diversity, not only in their

personal appearance, but in the difference of their bearing, and in the majestic or volatile traits of their sorrowing. Three of their number were females, yet they bore scarcely any resemblance. One, and apparently the eldest of the sisters, (for such I judged them to be,) possessed a countenance of the most antithetical portraiture, for while one side was radiant with smiles, the other was bedewed with weeping, and wrinkled with sorrow;—her head was covered with a garland, in which buds and shooting herbs intermingled with crystals of snow and gems of ice.

The second of the group was the reverse of all this. Her face was the emblem of gladness and joy—all sunshine and all smiles. Garlands of fairest flowers bound her head, and hung in loose and fantastic, yet pleasing confusion about her. She seemed the fairest daughter of the year. Her very joy was infectious, for her attendants wore an unclouded smile.

The last and youngest of the sisters had the air of a serious and demure maiden,—with a face of frowns and gloom—scarce lighted by a smile. Yet she bore some traces of beauty, as she stood in advance of her sisters, though clad in a dark and sombre dress, without an ornament or gem, garland or wreath. Her attendants imitated her austere solemnity, nor did they break the oppressive silence, except by sighs of loud lamentations.

Such were the sisters, and their nine brethren were equally remarkable. He who stood at the head of the tomb, was evidently the eldest born. Between him and the chief who stood at his left, there was little diversity, except in age—for the latter was the youngest of the mourners, and the former was bending beneath the weight of time. The countenances of both were ruddy and serene. Icicles and frost bespangled their garments of fur.

The next in birth, and on the right of the eldest, was pale, sickly, and the most diminutive of the chieftains. His features were pallid, and his form repulsive, without one redeeming trait of beauty. The garland of vervain which encircled his brow,—cold as ice,—was not more chilling than the frosty, dripping garments which enveloped his limbs.

Gladly did I turn from him, to rest my gaze on the form of him who stood next. Dissimilar as he was to him we have last described, and unlike the eldest of the sisters who stood on his right, yet in some peculiar traits they were the same. Lines drawn by no tender hand, indicated the stormy and boisterous character of that spirit which not unfrequently broke forth in rude bursts of passion, to obscure his more equable moments. Buds of the daffodil and piony, peering through crystals of snow, covered his head, and his sole attire was the fleece of the Castilian lamb.

The sixth of the circle of mourners stood next on the right of the youngest of his sisters, and his looks betokened him near her in birth. Sun-burnt as were his features, they were lighted up by cheerful smiles, and were scarcely dimmed by a tear. Like his blooming sister, gladness and sunshine were around him, and flowers of every variety sprang up in his foot-steps.

Between the two brothers next in rank there was little dissimilarity. Both were auburned and sun-burnt, and both bore the aspect of smiling joy which characterized the elder brother. The youngest of the two, however, was evidently fallow, as though disease, with blighting influence, had touched his form and left the signet of his power behind. Yet both were beautiful. Their brows, as well as those of their attendants, were wreathed with circlets of ears of grain, gemmed here and there with the fruits of summer, in all their luscious richness. A girdle of the same materials was bound round their waists.

The form on the right of them was a noble one. His countenance was dark, yet an expression of langor, and an effeminate listlessness seemed peculiar to his character. Hair of golden yellow and silken texture, was ornamented by mimic festoons of tendril vines and clustering grapes.

The last of the group remaining to be noticed was not the least interesting. Though his head was sprinkled with grey, and covered with a turban of leaves of every autumn dye, and though his face was furrowed by time, he was yet in the vigor of life. He was a tall, athletic and jovial old man. He stood

erect and firm at the grave, and though the tear obtruded ever and anon, it was as often dashed calmly and quietly away.

Such was the group forming the circle which enclosed the tomb, at whose brink were deposited the remains of him whom they had come to honor by the solemn rites of the dead. I could but faintly distinguish what was passing within the circle. The corpse was one of gigantic size, compared with the attendants of the burial, but its features, in their general outline, resembled those of the multitude. The tomb was what I had often seen in my early dreams—a dark, diurnal, yawning gulf,—bottomless-boundless.

One form I have not yet described. He stood in front of him whom I considered first in rank,—at the head of the grave. He was a tall and venerable, yet fearful old man. One solitary gray lock hung from his bald and wrinkled brow, and a changing, ever-varying circle continued its ceaseless revolutions around his head. At his feet lay a skull, bare and fleshless,—and in his hands he held a glass and a sickle. While he proceeded in his strange ceremony, the corpse was slowly and silently gliding into the verge of the abyss, and as it disappeared, the tomb closed with a crash so loud and sudden, that I started in terror and affright.—I awoke. It was midnight. I had been dreaming. The crash with which the tomb had closed was in reality, but the report of a dozen guns, fired under my window by some friends, and instead of witnessing the funeral of the past, I was called upon to partake with them in the festivities of the NEW YEAR.

Sandusky City, O.

THE ARAB AND HIS STEED.

BY FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

Suggested by an incident related in "The Crescent and the Cross."

THE Frank offered gold for the steed—
The gallant—the graceful—the gay—
And deep was that dark Arab's need:
But he turned in proud silence away.

Then came, from the tyrant Pasha,
The mandate he dare not deny,—
"Be the horse, which the noble Frank saw,
Given up or its master shall die!"

With one kiss and one fond gaze he turned,
To his treasure—his only—his own!

And his free heart indignantly burned,
While fearfully faltered his tone.—

My life they may take, but not *thine*,—
My noble, my faithful, my brave!
Thou hast been a true friend to the free,
Thou shalt ne'er be the slave of a slave!"

He rose in disdainful despair—
His haughty smile lightened and fled—
A pistol-flash gleamed on the air—
And the fleet Arab courser fell dead!

PAT MURPHY'S FORTUNE.

CHAPTER I.

PAT ABROAD.

DR. GREGORY had just returned from an early professional call, one biting morning in November. On alighting from his chaise, he caught the eyes of his daughter as she stood at a front window, riveted upon some object in his equipage, with an expression of countenance in which pity and mirth seemed to be struggling for the ascendancy. Turning around to ascertain what thus attracted her attention, the Doctor (he was in haste for his breakfast) now for the first time perceived a little ragged and bare-footed boy, who was hanging at the bits of his horse, with an air of as resolute determination to hold on, as if he had seized Bucephalus by the head-stall. Dr. Gregory was both humane and a humorist; and was in particularly good spirits just now, having relieved a fellow creature from intense suffering, and received therefor a reasonable fee—two events which, conjoined, constituted a physician's happiness; and though the good physician, like Dr. Gregory, would infinitely rather miss the last than the first, it cannot be denied that they are pleasant associate circumstances.

"Hullo! you little centaur reversed!" he cried, "who pays you for holding a horse that would 'nt run if you whipped him?"

"Is it me you mean? It's the less trouble to hold him then, if he won't run," said the boy, "and if your honor *should* forget to give me the sixpence, I'm no poorer than I was before!"

"Ah! ha!" said the Doctor, imitating his brogue, "It's a wit you are! Here John," he said to the groom, who had now come round, "turn the horse into the stable, and this little savage into the kitchen, and administer some hot coffee with rolls, and half a pound of chops."

"Sure that will not be bad to take," said little Pat, following the groom. "Your honor has the name of the best Doctor in the country."

Dr. Gregory, at his comfortable breakfast with his family soon forgot that such a being as little Patrick existed. This we say without scandal to his benevolence; for so many calls were made upon him for professional and other aid, that he fell into the habit of prescribing for temporary relief, and thinking no more about the applicants. But his daughter, Helen, who had youth, charity, and leisure, took good care that her father's humane credulity should never be misdirected or imposed upon, so far as she could prevent it; nor did she permit it to slumber, when any object came under her notice which deserved more than the casual notice which served for immediate assistance. Mrs. Gregory was pleased at the influence which Helen exerted over her father, and an excellent

understanding knit together the inmates of the happy household. The Doctor, though he had two or three young sons, was himself the youngest person in his family. A mind conscious of rectitude, good bodily health, and a most cheerful temper, kept up in his spirits the continual flow of youth. He never permitted himself to be startled out of his equanimity, or made angry by any trifle, and thus, in prosperity never unduly elated, and in adversity never unreasonably cast down, he kept ever on the sunny side of life. To such a man no day was a blank, and no night came without pleasant reflections. The little beggar boy, whose wits had been sharpened by poverty, divined so much of his character from his manner, and from what was seen and heard in the kitchen, that he resolved not to lose his acquaintance. Helen, who was disposed to see how the shivering boy looked after a warm breakfast, returned from the kitchen, reporting:

"Well, father, your little Irish patient says he is ready to go now."

"Irish patient—oh, the little rogue I sent into the kitchen after his breakfast! Well, why don't he go then?"

"Because, he says, you never would forgive him, if he left without paying his respects. Betty says he is 'a dry little stick,' and my own ears have heard that he keeps the kitchen in an uproar of laughter."

"So, well we might as well laugh too. Have him passed up, Helen."

"Now then!" said the Doctor, affecting a very stern look, as Pat awkwardly bowed into the room—

"Now then! young man what do you wish to see me for?"

"I'm entirely too much like yourself to forget *that* your honor. Sure you don't give up a fat case till you're regularly discharged!"

"Indeed!" said the Doctor, laughing heartily. "I have a most preocious subject in you, at any rate. Pray what have you been doing in all your little life?"

"Oh, sometimes one thing, and sometimes another."

"But what were you doing last?"

"Eating my breakfast, at your expense," answered Pat.

Helen laughed now, and so did her mother, but the Doctor was puzzled, and only muttered "So-o-o," as was his custom when in a quandary. Pat was a more curious specimen of natural history than he had ever met before, and the Doctor did not know exactly where to place him. His wife, who had been looking with pity at the lad's unprotected feet, brought a pair of one of the children's shoes, and bade Patrick put them on.

"Oh, *millia murther*!" shouted Pat, throwing up both hands with well-feigned horror. "Sure it's not my mother's son would do the likes of *that*!"

"*What*?" cried the Doctor, astonished at what he supposed was the insolent pride of the little beggar boy. "What is it you would not do, pray?"

"There's many things I would 'nt do your honor," said Patrick, looking roguishly around the circle whose eyes were now curiously fixed upon him. "Beautiful teeth your la'yship has!" he said to Helen, who closed her lips with half a pout at his impertinence, but lost all command of them in a clear belle-like laugh, as Pat added—"Many things I would not do—and one of them is to disgrace the shoes of a son of your honor's, by putting *my* naked feet into them. Sure they never saw the like!"

"Give the young scamp a pair of silk hose!" shouted the Doctor, as soon as his cachinnatory paroxysm permitted.

"Lamb's-wool will answer if you please ladies," said the little adventurer, nothing abashed at the storm of laughter he had raised.

"Where do you live? Have you a father? Mother? Sisters? A place? Do you want one?" said the Doctor, hurriedly, rattling one question after the other, in order, if possible, to confuse the young hopeful.

"Blind Alley," answered Patrick, putting his hands behind him, and standing erect—"No, sir. Yes your honor. Five of them. I wish I had. Try me once!"

"Are you really in distress, or only shamming?"

"May be I shammed hungry! Ask Betty if I ate any breakfast—then go and ask my mother and five sisters when *they* took meat enough off the table to feed six, after they had done!"

"Another hint, Mrs. Gregory," said the Doctor, smiling. "Just load a basket, for this little original."

Pat was soon fitted out with shoes, warm socks, and a basket of broken food. "Now," said the Doctor, "Will you be sure and come back to-morrow morning?"

"Will a duck swim, your honor? Will a fly come back to the tr'acle?"

"Be sure then and bring home the basket," said Mrs. G.

"I'll do that thing, and another one too," said Pat, making them his best bow, as he backed out of the room, wishing them all "the top of the morning!"

Pat hardly reached the street, before he sat down on the curb stone, to put on his shoes. "So-o," said the Doctor, watching him from the window—"Helen!"

The daughter came and stood beside him. "Now!" continued the father, "see how little is *necessary*, how easily a person may be satisfied, and with how little we ought to be content. A toilet table, glass, and bureau for somebody's chamber when she reached her twentieth birth-day, a short time since, cost me three cases of whooping cough, two fevers, and a compound fracture—a whole years practice of extraordinary amount, in my cabinetmaker's family; and yet that little fellow borrows my pavement and makes it answer in the place of all those superfluities!"

"Yes, most magnanimous, Papa—but who asked you for 'all those superfluities'? Who contrived that his daughter should be packed off on her birthday, directly after breakfast, that when she came into dinner, the furniture of a princess' chamber might surprise her? You are quite a good preacher, I will

admit, even to finding your own text, as you did in this case. For my part," she continued, blushing scarlet, and turning half aside as the old gentleman looked her keenly, and somewhat quizzically in the face—"for my part, I should be satisfied with a house furnished at no more cost than my single room is. I am willing to give up superfluities, if—if—"

"So-o-o—here we come again. Love in a cottage—the romance of ardent affection—proof against adversity, like a salamander safe—poetry and boiled cabbage—children without clothes, and potatoes with their jackets on. Very fine and pleasant to talk about by moonlight, in midsummer—Very cool and uncomfortable with the thermometer at zero, and no coal in the grate!"

"I suppose you were rich when you married?"

"Hey!—ah, there's John with the horse!" said the old gentleman, hurrying away from a conversation, which he suspected might be about to take a wrong turn. There was a certain young gentleman whose preference for Helen had become too marked to be overlooked; and as the suitor was really an unexceptionable person, his addresses had been tacitly allowed, while the careful father indefinitely postponed, and dexterously evaded listening to any formal communication, inasmuch as that would imply a period to the suspense in which the old *Æsculapius* was determined to keep the young people.

The most unfortunate position in which a poor suitor for a rich young lady's hand can be placed, is when her father happens to be a successful member of the young man's own profession. The wealthy lawyer, physician, merchant, or tradesman knows so well the difficulties and discouragements of those who are just entering upon the pursuit by which he has made his wealth, that he scans their pretensions and characters with a most careful and critical eye. No mere *hope* is entered by such a father as *cash* in the account; and no 'expectations' are credited as actual capital. The young merchant may pass for more than he is worth with any body but the merchant; and the young lawyer or doctor may be rated above his professional value by any body but the veteran in his own line of life.

Such were the disadvantages under which young Dr. Henry aspired to an alliance with the family of old Dr. Gregory. Probably he over-estimated his difficulties—and probably, too, the old Doctor intended he should. It is a trick of the experienced to pile all sorts of impediments in the way of the young, in order to test their capacities, prove their quality, and fire their ambition.—Many a young man who esteems a certain old father to be a terrible cerberus, would, if he could really discover the thoughts of the ancient gentleman, find him saying in his heart, "Had I three ears" (three pairs, to keep up the canine parallel) "I'd hear thee!"

CHAPTER II.

PAT AT HOME.

THE little Irish boy left, on the whole, a good impression on the minds of the Doctors family, though

they were sadly non-plussed by his free and easy demeanor. The Doctor was captivated by his ready wit, the wife and the daughter pitied his evident though uncomplaining destitution. The key to the little living enigma consisted in a word beyond which no city reader will need any explanation. Pat was, or rather had been a "news-boy," as such he had acquired development for the natural aptitude of his tongue—as such he had learned the readiness of reply and keenness of repartee which astonished the Doctor's household.

As soon as Patrick had completed his street toilet—for with stockings and shoes in his possession he instantly discovered what he had not thought of before, that it was too cold to run bare-footed—he started for home at a good pace. As he knew that his mother and sisters were half famishing, he was delighted to have it in his power to render them substantial aid and comfort. The supply was indeed most opportune. The father of the little family had died but a short time previously, after a long illness, which had eaten up their little earnings, and sent their moveables one by one to the pawnbrokers and the second hand auction stores. Contemptible in value as these poor chattels seemed, every sixpence is a treasure to the suffering poor, and the widow Murphy was looking in vain for some article convertible to cash, though ever so trifling, when Patrick arrived with his basket of provision. If Dr. Gregory had seen how like famished bears the little flock fell upon the broken food, he would have owned that here was, indeed, no "shamming!"

"Oh, Paddy, dear," said his mother, wiping her eyes that had filled, while her children ate so greedily, "how hard you must have begged to get all this?"

"Sorrow the bit then did I get by begging," answered the boy. "I told them my mother and five sisters were starving with cold and famishing with hunger, and begged for a penny or two to buy them bread, but the people either pushed me aside, and looked 'you lie,' or told me so, and done with it. At last," and here the little fellow stood up proudly, "I tried another way for it!"

"You did not *stale*! Paddy!" cried his mother, looking frightened. "And, God save and keep us! The boy has shoes and stockings to his feet, too! That ever it should come to this!"

"Is it my own mother that asks me that?" said Pat, his eyes glistening with tears of pride and sorrow. "Did she tache me thou *shalt* stale, by mistake? No, I did not stale, mother! I shamed a rich and good natured man out of what he will never miss—and look, how it helps the childer! Take hold yourself, mother. I've had my breakfast, and by the same token, the same man is good for to-morrow!"

A rude knock at the door interrupted Pat, and summoned an anxious cloud upon the face of his mother. The immediate and abrupt entrance of the—stranger, we were about to say—followed. But alas! he was one of those who are no strangers to the poor!

"Come! Mrs. Murphy!" he said, "if you can't pay your rent, it is high time you gave way, to make room for those who can! Three weeks behind,

terms weekly in advance, is a hard loss for us—but," and he gave a scrutinizing look about the bare apartment, "we shall have to put up with it, and let you go, scot free."

"*Let us go!* Lord save us, where are we to go to?"

"Well, that's not *our* look out, you know. We can't harbor you rent free any longer, at any rate. What, Pat! comfortable shoes and stockings, hey? You've improved on yesterday. You must be fitted out, I suppose, whether your mother's honest debts are paid or not!"

"Troth, sir," said Pat, a little angrily, "they were not bought, but a free gift, and made by a man who does not begrudge your shoes, nor the heart of the man who stands in 'em!"

"Hoity! toity! little Paddy bantam! I meant no harm I am sure," said the man, provoked, but ashamed to betray it. "You might as well have begged money to keep a house over your head, as shoes for your feet, while your hand was in."

"Beggars can't be choosers," said Pat, with provoking calmness. "If they could, we should 'ut be *your* tenants."

"I'll choose for you then!" said the man, now thoroughly enraged. "Don't let me find you here to-morrow! If I do, the whole troop shall be bundled off to the almshouse, except *you*, sir, and you shall be sent to the House of Refuge!"

"Maybe he thinks he carries the keys of all them places in his pocket," said Pat, as he closed the door which the unfeeling fellow had disdained to close after him.

"Heigho!" sighed the old woman, as she shivered over the ashes, which she was raking about with a bit of lath, in the hope to coax heat out of the tinder-like embers of pine shavings, "Heigho! we are all born, but we are not all buried yet! Them as is at the top now, may find themselves at the bottom before they die!"

"True for you, mother—but never say die, yet. Maybe there's room for us at the top, too, without pushing any body else down," said little Pat.

"Heaven forgive me, and so there may be Paddy, dear! But one can't help thinking. Well, the sun has risen to day, but it is 'nt set."

"No—nor it won't neither, till it sets on brighter faces, for here *he* comes, that never come without a welcome, nor left without your blessing," said Patrick, going from the window to the door.

A man of some five and twenty entered—cheerful and humane in countenance, kind, yet not mincing in his manner. "Hey dey, good folks!" he said, "all in the dumps! Who is sick?"

"No one, sir," said Pat.

"No! you all will be, if you don't keep warmer—but that's poor comfort you say, to those who can't. Come, Mr. Murphy, tell us all about it!"

Patrick in a clear and straight forward manner told the new-comer what the reader already knows. When he had done, the stranger said:

"One, two, three, four dollars—is it? Well, I can't afford to *give* you that—but Mr. Murphy, I'll tell you what. I'll *lend* you five, four for the rent, and one for capital, for you to start afresh on."

Pat and his mother overwhelmed him with thanks,

which he did not stop to hear, but was off before the widow could reach him, or she would certainly have thrown herself at his feet and clasped him by the knees.

"There, mother! I told you the sun was not set yet!" said Pat, executing a most difficult stage negro pas, in his new shoes. News boys are familiar with "theatricals"—that is such as they prefer, and the prospect of going back upon the penny paper vending Rialto; no longer a 'lame duck,' but, as he expressed it "in town again, with his pocket full of rocks," elated little Paddy quite as much as a recovery from hopeless bankruptcy could have pleased any one of his seniors. His head was already as full of plans for the future as his heels were of activity. He counted the provision to be drawn from the Doctor's kitchen as good for a couple of days at least; and being now comfortable in circumstances, he began to think of enabling his sisters in some way to contribute their share to the maintenance of the household. How very little will suffice to make the poor happy! And how readily might the fact be experimentally tested by thousands who know nothing of it, but, repining amid competence, excuse their heartless indolence, and indifference to the real sufferings of others with the deceptive plea, that "they should be glad to do good if it were only in their power!"

CHAPTER III.

PAT THE LANDLORD.

"COME, father!" cried Helen, the next morning, "do lay down that prosy pamphlet, and come to breakfast! You are too old a man to be so completely swallowed up by the shop. You care more for a gallipot than for your breakfast, and would rather read a tedious medical periodical than see your family! I declare, you are so redolent of pulverized liquorice and rhubarb, that I am almost sick of the sight and odor of you!"

"Why, Helen," said her mother, "how you run on! I declare, I am quite ashamed of you!"

The good old Doctor smiled with arch meanings, as he submitted to his daughter's raillery. "Never mind, wife," he said, as he took his seat at the table. "Physicians are such nuisances, that I can never think of admitting another into the family; and as to that number of the Medical Examiner, it is a stupid affair, sure enough. It is nearly half-filled with a paper contributed by some young quack, named Harry, or Henry, or some such name!"

Helen blushed and laughed, and laughed and blushed again. Her weapons were now fairly turned against her, and she had nothing to do but to look out that she did not scald her fingers in doing the honors of the breakfast table, while her father, making the most of his advantage pressed her most unmercifully. The real truth was, that the report of Dr. Henry's case, in which Dr. Gregory had been so much absorbed, was a most interesting one, skillfully treated, and reported in a manner which showed the young man to be a master of his profession, and a most excellent practitioner. Helen had shrewdness enough

to perceive that her father was in a most excellent mood as regarded her wishes and hopes, and therefore rather courted than deprecated his mirth. She was, therefore, more disappointed than pleased when her father changed the subject, by saying to his wife: "Well, my dear, did you miss any spoons, yesterday?" This question answered in the negative, the Doctor continued: "Then, unless little Pat considers your basket worth more than any thing he would be likely to get here to-day, he will come back this morning."

"To be sure he will come," said Mrs. Dr. Gregory.

"To be sure he will, father," said Helen.

"Well—perhaps—" said the Doctor, pretending to have his doubts. Knowing that all womankind are more or less inclined to contradiction, the Doctor cunningly took care that their negatives should support the affirmative he wished to reach. Betty here announced that the young gentleman was already below stairs.

"Give him some breakfast, Betty," said the Doctor, and then send him up. "Now you see," said the Doctor, turning to his daughter, "that little Pat is deep. He throws a sprat to catch a shad. He will keep on till he gets far enough into your confidence to steal something worth while."

"You hard-hearted old gentleman," said Helen, "how can you be so uncharitable! He knows that honesty is the best policy."

"He will come to the gallows, in the end," said the Doctor, winking to his wife to observe how their daughter's fine face lighted up with the excitement of contradiction.

"He will come to a fortune, and own a whole square!" retorted Helen.

"So-so," said the Doctor. "Good, so. And I'll tell you what, my pretty prophetic. I know you believe what you predict, and I'll make you a promise on the credit of your own faith. You shall marry this young Doctor Henry, or Harry, or whatever his name is, whenever Pat has a house to let you!"

And the happy father laughed immoderately at his own wit. His wife joined—and Helen, though she rose from the table, and pretended to be angry, could not help joining too. Before she could reply, Betty announced a caller. It was one of the Doctor's tenants, and he directed that he should be shown up. He was the lessee of several large old houses, in a poor part of the city, which the Doctor hardly saw once in a year, and could not point out without a guide. His lease was about expiring, and he called to obtain a renewal, but wished it on diminished terms, as he said there was a prospect that certain contemplated city improvements would ruin the property.

"So-o," said the Doctor, "a hard *improvement* that. They pay me little more than the taxes, now, and if they are improved at that rate, I shall be made a beggar with them. I must look into this a little, sir."

At this moment Pat made his appearance at the door. Helen went to him, led him to a farther window, and entered into conversation with him. He looked like another boy this morning—hope and pleasure shone in his face, and his whole appearance was tidy and cheerful. The Doctor's lessee soon took his

leave, having first conversed in an under-tone a moment or two, with a frequent look toward poor Pat. The Doctor's countenance showed that the lad had gained little in this interview.

"Now," said the Doctor, as Helen led the lad to him. "Your name is Patrick, I believe?" Patrick bowed. "I am very sorry," the Doctor continued, "to learn that you are a very bad, and a very impudent boy—though I might have guessed the last."

Helen and Mrs. Gregory looked astonished, and poor Pat, gathering a hope of sympathy from their faces, said, as he hung his head, and burst into tears, "Sure, sir, that will be news to my mother, wherever you heard it!"

"Come, come, sir!" said the Doctor, "no more play with us—we've had enough. I do n't want to condemn you unheard—and if you are deserving, I would do you good. Your sharp answers will serve for an hour's amusement; but if you are, as I am told, a very bad boy, you are a dangerous plaything; and if you can establish your character, I would do something more than amuse myself with you, for, to tell the truth, you have interested me very much. Now answer me without evasion. What have you ever done to maintain yourself?"

"I sold the papers, sir."

"So. Yes—that explains something. Why do n't you sell them now?"

"My father took sick, sir, and was very bad—and one day with another, sir, I spent my little money, and lost my stand, sir, and other boys got my customers, sir, and my heart was gone, and my mother and sisters were starving, and the rent was n't paid, sir—and the Lord save you and yours from tasting the bitter cup!"

Helen turned her head to brush away a tear, and Dr. Gregory continued his questions, but in a tone more kind. "But how could a boy suffering all this, be so full of fun and nonsense as you were yesterday, and as you would have been to-day, if every thing had gone as you expected?"

"Oh, sir, there's a many ways in the wide world, and them as travels in one do n't know the stones in another! Two or three days, sir, I'd shivered barefooted in the cold, and tould the people what I tould you just now, sir, and I could n't get a sixpence! The blessed angel put me on another track, and your kind face, sir, made me try it on you—and that's the whole truth, sir. I'm no blackguard, if I look like one."

"Very well put! Very well told, Patrick—but I've something more to say yet. The house you live in is mine, and your landlord is my tenant—"

"Then, I hope," said Pat, "he's a better tenant than landlord!"

"Well, he tells me that yesterday, you lied him down that you had n't a dollar in the world—"

"Lied him down! Sure, it was the blessed truth, sir!"

"But he says he threatened you with the House of Refuge, and that this morning your mother found money to pay the rent in full. Now you must either have had this money, or—I am unwilling to say it—you must have stolen it since, for he says you are very poor."

"Ah, look at him, your honor! Think of this backbiter once! He knows I am poor, he says—and

he threatens me with the House of Refuge for not paying my mother's rent, and perhaps he did n't tell you of *that*, but he tould me I might as well have begged money as shoes, and abused me for the very kindness which your lady had for me! And then he says I stole the money, and still he put it in his own pocket, without a tear!"

"Patrick, you have made the case bad for your accuser, but you hav'n't helped yourself yet. Tell me honestly—where did this money come from?"

"It was loaned to me, sir."

"*Loaned!*" And the doctor smiled his disappointment at what seemed a new evasion.

"Yes, sir," said Pat, proudly, "*loaned*. May-be you think the impudent little blackguard has no friends, 'but there's a God above sir, who remembers the widow and the fatherless,' and he sent an angel to us when we were all in the sorrow. The man that loaned Pat Murphy five dollars—four for the rent, and one to buy papers—and here it is," said Pat, as he showed it—that man knows that Pat Murphy will pay, if he leaves his body to the surgeons to do it with. And it is n't the first good thing he's done, sir. He's come out of his bed in the bitter night, time and again, to sooth the pain of the poor who could not give him fee or reward, and he's put his hand in his pocket, over and over, to pay for the medicine and the food for the dying man, when he knew he could n't live so much as to thank him—the blessings of heaven fall on him for it! And now my poor father is in heaven, and Dr. Henry will one day meet him there—may it be a long day off, for the good of the poor on earth! Good morning, ladies, and you, sir, too, and when next you would play with the poor, do n't put the farce before the tragedy, sir, if ye please, sir, for that's not the way at the Bowery!"

Helen was in tears, and her mother in silent amazement, at the little fellow's eloquence. "Here, Pat, stop!" shouted the Doctor, as the boy moved away.

"Is it more *play* you want, sir?" asked the boy, turning half-round.

"Your name is Murphy? And the Doctor's is Henry—eh?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, here," continued the Doctor, taking up the Medical Examiner, "is your father's case all printed."

"I can read, sir," said Pat, proudly. "Don't *play* with the bones of the dead, if you please, sir!"

"No—no—Patrick," said Dr. Gregory, taking him kindly by the hand, and drawing him to him. "I know Dr. Henry, and there are those in this house who know him better than I."—Pat shrewdly looked toward Helen, and she blushed crimson. "We shall inquire about you. What rent do you pay?"

"A dollar a week."

"Fifty-two dollars a year And how many rooms have you?"

"One, sir."

"And how many tenants are there, in the whole house?"

"Ten, sir, beside the corner grocery."

"So-o-o!" hummed the Doctor. "Why the fellow gets more for that one house than he pays me for

three! And he wants me to reduce his rent at that! Miserably must the poor be oppressed by such harpies!"

"True for you, sir!" said Pat—"if your honor would only take the house into your own hands!"

"I can't do that, my boy," said the Doctor, musing—"Pat!" he said, at length, after a pause, "how old are you?"

"Seventeen, come Easter."

"So. Well, I'll ask Dr. Henry about you, and if he gives you half as good a character as you do him, I'll give you charge of the house you live in. You shall have it at the same price he pays—on condition that you don't charge the others more than enough to get your own part rent free, and a fair price for the trouble in collecting. And I'll not renew his lease for any of them, neither. If you show yourself honest and capable, here's an opening for a living for you."

Pat's heels flew involuntarily into the first positions of another negro *pas*—but he blushed, hung his head, stood still, and wept his thanks, while even Dr. Gregory's eyes moistened.

"Call here to-morrow!" said the Doctor, willing to relieve his grateful embarrassment.

"Patrick!" said Helen, calling him back, "I want a word with you. Have you a couple of pleasant rooms in your house to let me?"

"Anan!" said the boy, astonished

"What!" asked Dr. Gregory.

"Why, father!" said Helen, "you certainly have not forgotten your promise made this morning, that when Pat has a house to let, I may be married?"

"Oh, you baggage!" said the Doctor. "Well, when one has a pill to take, the sooner it is off his mind the better. Marry, as soon as your mother can get you ready—for I see you are both of a mind. But don't you go now and tell Dr. Henry what depends on his endorsement of Paddy here!"

"Sure, Dr. Henry would never tell a lie to save a kingdom," said Pat, earnestly.

"Get out of the house, you little rogue," said the Dr. "you've done in two hours what my wife and daughter have been trying in vain to do for two years!"

Is any body so dull as not to guess the end?

GLIMPSES.

BY JAMES HUNGERFORD.

In hours of waking vision,
When the mind is highly wrought,
A glimpse of life elysian
Oft illumines the realm of thought:
'T is as if the clouds were parted
From above the mental sight,
And a sudden sunbeam darted
From the source of heavenly light.

No power to words is given
To depict that mighty ray—
No language, but of heaven,
Its glory can portray;
Ere care, returning, driveth
Away that happiness,
The soul a moment liveth
In an atmosphere of bliss.

They call it idle dreaming,
They compare this transient light
To a meteor swiftly gleaming
Through the darkness of the night
They tell us not to cherish
Wild dreams so soon destroyed,
They say the hours that perish
Are uselessly employed.

But the meteor, that flashes
Before the startled eye,
Then into darkness dashes,
Fulfills a destiny;
And these glimpses, that compel us
A moment from our cares,—
How vain are they, who tell us
That a useless task is theirs!

Ye are the dreaming mortals,
Ye counsel-giving friends,
Who speak as heaven's portals
Oped but to earthly ends.
Must we these visions banish,
'Till they will not come again,
For the dreams, that truly vanish—
The dreams of worldly gain?

O, no—we still should cherish
Whate'er uplifts the soul,
Though all the joys that perish
Should glide from our control.
Who knows but they are given—
These thoughts so quickly flown—
To make us long for heaven,
Till heaven is our own.

ENGLISH PORTRAITS.—NO. I.

THE SQUIRE'S BROTHER.

THERE is a class of individuals among the gentry of the "Old Country," who can be likened unto nothing human but themselves; who pass through life exempted from its cares, and unharassed by its temptations—who are too dull to commit much evil, and too lazy to do much good—too good-hearted to inflict pain upon others, and too obtuse to feel it themselves unless it comes with a heavy blow. They appear to have been born as necessary adjuncts to country gentlemen of the second class; and are, in their own persons, as a medium between squirearchy and nonentity. They are the younger sons of the family, whom neither nature nor their parents have provided for, and whom chance has "entailed" on the paternal estate. The Squire has two brothers in the church—the family interest would not avail for the third, who was found to be too rustic for the army—too old for the navy—too stupid for the law, and too proud for any thing else; and therefore he gradually subsided into that nothing-at-all—a "Squire's Brother."

In his youth the dullness of his ideas effectually defended him against the attacks of tutors and books, and the easiness of his nature suffered him to be made the tool of his brothers. It was his duty to repair their fishing tackle and to go upon their errands, and he was valuable for his habit of making *naïve* and out-of-the-way remarks in the course of conversation with perfect gravity—which became graver as he wondered what people found to laugh at in his observations. He was sent to college with his brothers, who found his share of pocket-money very useful. While here he tried manfully to become as dissipated as the rest of the students, but failed miserably in the attempt. He could not even attain a good style of swearing, and a midnight debauch was far above the range of his talents. He left the college in disgust, affecting to scorn the accomplishments he could not attain, and ever afterwards held the classics in equal detestation with spavined colts.

He sneered at Homer—publicly insulted Virgil, and always asked triumphantly whether it was necessary for a country gentleman to "bother his head" with Philosophy or Mathematics. He was the very embodiment of perversity, as his family told him every day, and therefore at twenty years of age he fell in love with a pretty dairy maid. He had wit enough to keep this secret from his friends, but they made the discovery just when he had arranged to elope with, and marry the girl. The young lady was of course sent packing, and he retired to his room for a fortnight, with the double motive of escaping from the jeers of his friends, and to try with all his might to break his heart, in which endeavor he was as usual disappointed

His brothers took their degrees and were appointed to their "livings," his sister was married at length, and no one remained at home with his parents but himself and his eldest brother, who succeeded to the possession of the estate. None ever entertained the idea of his marrying, no one expected any thing so ridiculous—he was looked upon as a lien—a fixture—on the property, and called by his old mother—who became fonder of him every day—"Poor John." As his parents declined down the vale of life, he exhausted his invention in devising little surprises and schemes of pleasure for them. He drove them out—he took care that a fresh trout was always upon the breakfast table—he stored up gossips for their entertainment, and burst upon them occasionally with a glorious salmon, or a barrel of oysters, which he had slyly sent twenty miles to obtain. As the old people grow older they become more attached to him; his father leans upon his arm as he strolls down the lane, and humors him by asking his opinion on every subject, and his mother relates stories of his childhood and youth which had been long forgotten. Then when his father dies she feels more love for him than ever—he is the only one can give her consolation in her bereavement, or lighten the weight of her affliction,—forgetting his own grief in ameliorating hers. At last she too sinks calmly into death, and he feels as if left alone in the world.

Long does he mourn his loss in deep and silent sorrow. He hangs up in his study his father's hat, coat, and walking stick—he lavishes caresses on his favorite toothless pointer, and his aged hunter that is turned out a life-pensioner on the lawn—he trains and prunes with his own hands the monthly rose trees that were beloved by his mother, and daily waters the geraniums and carries her flower pots into the sun. He insists upon the uncouth cushioned arm chairs which they used to occupy, remaining in their accustomed places, and indulges in various other oddities, that are peculiar to his own anomalous genius.

At twenty-five he is a confirmed old bachelor. To be sure he flirts with all the young ladies around, and they tolerate his odd ways, and wicked looks, and speeches; regarding him as a kind of harmless monster—an animated eccentricity—formed for their especial amusement. He is too slow-paced at this advanced age to fall in love, and too poor to excite passion in a judicious young lady. He joins the nearest hunt and shoots with the surrounding gentry—he sings hunting songs at their dinner-parties, and physices their dogs, and though he is but a sort of jocular target, at which every one fires his wit, yet is he beloved by all. In the course of time his brother marries, and no one welcomes the young bride to her

new home with more heartiness than he; and although she insists on removing his parents' old fashioned arm chair, and making fearful changes in the establishment, still he loves her none the less, but submits with a quiet sigh and without expostulation to her caprices.

In a few years, when love is cooled down to conjugality, and the young woman is changed to the matron, and her husband discovers that there are other things to be attended to beside a wife; he tries to anticipate her every wish and caters for her amusement, and if selfishness *will* now and then vent itself in a little ill humor, and a momentary disregard of his feelings—if she *will* occasionally visit upon him the sins of her husband, why he bears it very patiently, and making a thousand excuses to himself for her conduct, retires for a few days on a visit to a friend, and when he returns finds by her conduct that she is sorry for having pained him, and things go on smoother than ever.

His tastes change as he advances in years, and he sacrifices his sporting pursuits to cultivate more useful arts. A turning-lathe and small carpenter's bench are fixed up in his study; and his joy is complete, when after several fruitless attempts he presents one or two of his friends and his brother's children, with faultless *lignumvita* snuff-boxes. In the pride of his heart he will show you a small boat on the fish pond, made by himself, with a *little* help from the village carpenter, and (although he will not tell you this) he has, after many failures, achieved a spinning-wheel, which was presented with many injunctions of secrecy to an old dame in the village named "Old Margery."

When his brother's children attain their seventh or eighth year, who like him would teach them the art of whipping tops? Who else would make kites for them, and buy little Welch ponies, and initiate them into the mysteries of horsemanship? What other mortal would be so foolish as to spend two hours every day in romping with them on the grass plot, and harness a pair of Newfoundland dogs to a small carriage made by himself, and supply the children with little whips to drive them?

His brother, foolish man! sometimes bewilders himself with politics, and at an election time becomes quite excited; but the "Squire's Brother" has a soul above politics, and only interferes a little in parish affairs. He is supposed to have immense influence in vestry meetings, and his dictum is understood to have great weight in the levying of poor's rates and highway rates, and the repairing of by-ways depends in a great measure upon his advice.

He occasionally visits his clerical brothers, but his stay is very short, for he has become wedded to the house of his father, and is harassed with fears that the social economy of the village will be deranged in his absence, or that a horse will be thrown down, or a wild taken sick and he not there. It would not be easy to define the exact position in which he stands with regard to his brother. They have a mutual affection for each other, doubtless, but it is never lowered to show itself in open acts of kindness. The "Squire's Brother" has his own way in every thing—his will is paramount in the stables, on the farm, every where but in the house, and even there the celestial is given up to his superintendence. It is not possible that the Squire extends to him—very far from

that—but yet it is not brotherly love. The "Squire" tells all his friends and believes it himself, that "Jack is the very best fellow in the world; a little whimsical and all that kind of thing, but a good soul." Yet he has a strange repugnance to spend much time alone in his company, and when he is gouty tells him plainly "he is an insufferable bore." A mutual understanding appears to exist between them, that they will love each other at a distance, and let each one follow his own inclination and pursuits. At their dinner-parties he takes the lowest seat at the table, and after the ladies have withdrawn he becomes excessively merry, and has more jokes and stories than all the rest.

With all his other accomplishments he is a little of a doctor, and a great deal of a farrier. He cures maladies among the villagers with subtle herbs and port wine, and works wonders in the way of removing spavins and strangles from horses, and the distemper from young dogs. When he arrives at the age of forty-five or thereabouts, Time dismisses him for ever from his notice, for although he lives on, he never grows older. He increases in corpulence, but that is the only advance he makes towards old age. He loses none of his good temper, and is never sick, for by some mysterious provision in nature, the "Squire's Brother" is the only member of the family that is exempt from gout. He becomes the confidante of all the village, interesting himself in all love-matches, and threatening fearful words against any fickle swains who show an inclination to desert their sweethearts. He examines the gardens and pig-sties of the villagers, praises their onion beds, and gives their children half-pence. Not a child can be sick without his knowledge, and he knows by name every dog that runs to bark a welcome. He is the referee in all the disputes of the cottagers, and undertakes (after suffering himself to be a good deal pressed) to plead the cause of repentant poachers with the neighboring gentry.

He may be seen towards sunset on a summer's evening walking towards the village, now sitting upon a stile, listening to a lark's even song—now stopping to gossip at the blacksmith's shop, until it is time for the London coach to come up to the road-side Inn, a little beyond, where it takes fresh horses. He loves to be there at that time, and to hear the guard's clear bogle as the coach ascends the hill. He knows the coachman and guard by name, and can hardly believe his senses when he thinks they were actually in London that day, where he was never in his life more than twice. They call him "Squire" instead of "Mr. John" to flatter him a little, and patronize him so far as to touch their hats and drink a glass of ale at his cost. They tell him all the news in town, and leave him quite happy when they drive away. Then the village schoolmaster comes in, and they two with the landlord sit down for an hour to discuss October ale, and parish politics. They converse with him in a very respectful manner, and the landlady curtsies low when she enters the room to crack a joke with him.

But the "Squire's Brother" takes care to keep in the good graces of his sister-in-law. This is not difficult to do, for he dotes on her children, and they dearly love him, and this fact would insure the mo-

ther's kindness, even if he did not make a point of losing twenty games of cribbage to her every week. His days with the good lady's favor pass as smoothly as man's can do, and if at first sight he may appear to be a somewhat useless member of society, yet he diffuses more happiness, and inspires more affection in his humble sphere, than many men of more brilliant attainments, and more obtrusive benefactions, in their extended circles of action.

He has no enemies, and is himself at peace with all the world, except two men; and with these he carries on inveterate war.—They are the parson, and the village farrier. His enmity towards the clergyman arises from his brother appearing to take more delight in his company than his own, and he consequently glories in opposing him in argument, in which verbal conflicts he is nobly supported by his sister-in-law, while the Squire himself perversely takes part with his friend; this makes matters worse, and a heterodox breach exists in his allegiance to the church authority. The "Squire's Brother" takes no common mode of retaliation—he becomes refined in his revenge—he conceals his hatred from the world,—he accompanies the parson to the village school—he strolls at evening with him—he makes him presents of game, and dines with him at the vicarage, as if he loved him well—nor would he allow any person to speak with disrespect of him. But he watches his opportunity, and after the

parson has beat him in argument, he beats the parson at chess. He checkmates him—routs his forces—ruffles his temper, and laughs at him. The "Squire's Brother" is the best chess player in the county, but he was never known to beat man or woman except the parson. The parson is a short tempered man, and cannot submit with a good grace to be beaten,—our friend knows this, and, in his refined barbarity, torments him, and ridicules his pangs.

His quarrel with the farrier arose from that village practitioner having slyly insinuated that his knowledge of the art was "all in his eye;" and having on one occasion actually been provoking enough to cure a spavin, which our friend gave up as incurable. He is moderate in his prosecution of this feud, because the farrier frequently goes up to the hall to ask his opinion about divers equine diseases, among his four-footed patients; and, in consideration of this, he limits his vengeance to committing him to the care of the servants, who generally make him half drunk, and turn him loose again upon the world; and some envious people say that the village practitioner only goes to consult him that the punishment may be inflicted.

So passes his life, and as death is an unpleasant subject we will not follow him there, but leave him—hoping that his latter end may be as peaceful as it deserves to be.

WISDOM.

BY MARY HEMPLE.

"The wise shall inherit glory."

THE monarch looks from his lofty throne
On the slaves that bend below,
And see'eth the haughty and fearless ones
At his bidding come and go;
He ruleth widely, he ruleth free,
His state is proud and high;
He reapeth honors, and winneth praise
From all that pass him by;
He holdeth the helm of an outstretched realm,
At his own imperious will;
But the wise man beareth a nobler sway,
And his reign is wider still.

The conqueror treads a blood-stained soil,
And his bay-wreath gleams with tears;
He heapeth up a glittering spoil,
With the points of burnished spears.
Oh! great and mighty are the names
That mortals coin for him:

Rung out by a thousand eager tongues,
Though ten thousand eyes are dim;
Yet his glories pale at the widow's wail,
And his strong arm shakes at last;
But the wise man's sun shall be rising still,
When the conqueror's power is past

Yet where's Wisdom? all unsought—
Unheeded—shunn'd—forgot—
She lifteth her voice in the busy streets,
And her call is answered not;
Yet she holdeth gifts in her good right-hand,
For which kings might nobly fight
No rubies gleam with a richer beam;
No pearl hath purer light,
How long, O, sons of the dim, dull earth,
Will ye bow to earthly gain?
Though it all be won—when the dream is done,
Ye shall find it won—in vain.

STARTING RIGHT:

OR, A MONTH AFTER MARRIAGE.

BY REV. J. N. M'JILTON.

"Before the tying of the nuptial knot,
Lovers may fondly speculate on love,
And dream that it may languish not, nor die.
But when the noose is fastened, soon they learn
That they are placed upon their good behavior,
For all the balance of life's little day."

THE day before her bridal Mira Mason's thoughts were occupied, as all young ladies' thoughts are under such circumstances, in most delightful speculations. She was very certain that she knew her own heart, and she felt satisfied that she was sufficiently acquainted with Francis Walton's to trust her happiness for life to his keeping. She moved gaily about the house, humming the ditties she was accustomed to play upon her guitar and piano; and she seemed to be as light hearted as a bird flitting from bough to bough, and singing its "wood notes wild" to its native forest. Mrs. Halstead, her aunt, required her attendance in her room for the purpose of suiting her taste in the re-arrangement of the wax flowers for her hair, which the milliner had sent, and which Mira was so much dissatisfied with that she had determined not to use them. They had been returned twice to the milliner, for improvement, and still they did not please; and Mrs. Halstead had concluded to arrange them herself, under Mira's immediate inspection. The old lady had called her in half a dozen times, and she had as often escaped from the apartment to indulge her fancies unobserved, and to fly about the house and sing as she pleased. The old lady at length struck upon an expedient which was not only effectual in her detention at her side, but which also caused the incidents to be observed which are developed in this sketch. She knew the subject upon which Mira's thoughts were occupied, and when for the seventh time she succeeded in having her seated in her presence, she commenced a conversation upon the duties and pleasures of a married life. The topic was sufficiently attractive, and Mira was enchained by the interest it involved.

"Mira," said Mrs. Halstead, "have you any idea of what it is that constitutes the happiness of married people?"

"Have I any idea?" returned Mira, with an air of sarcastic indifference which seemed to evince her consciousness of being fully posted upon the subject. "Have I any idea? Now what a question, aunt, to ask me at this period of my life? I hope I have an idea of what it is that constitutes the happiness of married people! If I had n't, ma'am, you may be assured that you would not find my neck so near the halter. It consists in love, my dear aunt, and I am sure it does not take an adept in the experience of such matters to tell that."

As Mira spoke she looked into her aunt's face with an expression of triumph upon her countenance, and as though she would dare a reply to a truth which she conceived to be so well and so aptly spoken. Mrs. Halstead was amused at the prompt answer she gave to her question, and at the confident manner in which it was spoken, and smiling an approval to the compliment which Mira had taken to herself, she said,

"But suppose love should be interrupted in its course, what then?"

"Ah," she replied, "but love must not be interrupted in its course; it must go on, and on, and it must continue to increase in strength and ardor."

"And how would you act, Mira," asked her aunt, "so as to effect its uninterrupted continuance amid the ups and downs of this ever-changing life?"

"Start right, and keep right," replied Mira, with a toss of her head, which indicated her confidence upon the subject. "And if this is done," she continued, "the course of the loving couple will be as smooth and uninterrupted as the flow of a peaceful river."

"That is very true, Mira," returned Mrs. Halstead. "You are correct so far; if you start right upon the sea of matrimony, and keep right you will be safe enough. And that right start my child! that is a most important matter; and for the want of it multitudes have embarked upon the sea to be shipwrecked. But tell me Mira how do *you* intend to start?"

"Why aunt," said Mira, after a moment's thought, "I have not given much attention to the matter. I do not regard it as a subject requiring much reflection. Every woman knows how to act when she is married. If she do not, she ought not to get married: That's my opinion."

"Ah, Mira, my dear," replied her aunt, thoughtfully, "it is that thing of getting married that occupies the thoughts of young people, to the exclusion of the duties and responsibilities connected with it. In that one consideration almost every other is lost, and those who are looking forward to matrimony imagine that happiness comes naturally to married people. But that is a great mistake, and often a very fatal one. It is the mistake that causes most of the differences and disputes, and of course most of the wretchedness of those who ought to be the happiest folks in the world. You will have more to do, Mira, than to get married in order to be happy."

"Why, what do you mean, aunt," exclaimed Mira, after listening with surprise and impatience to her remarks. "I do not and cannot understand you. I cannot tell whether you mean to underrate matrimony, or whether I am to believe that you, who have been twice married, have less correct notions of the married state than I have who have not been married at all, and only hope to be so soon. Why, I can tell you the reason in a moment why some people are unhappy when they are married. It is because they are not congenial to one another. There are too many bad matches, aunt, and that is the reason why so much wretchedness exists among the married. If the matches were good, and the parties congenial, they would always be happy. Now, is not that as true as the sunlight?"

"You may think so, Mira," said her aunt, "but though you are on the eve of marriage, you know very little about it, and you have much to learn in relation to its obligations. But, Mira, I want you to tell me all about your 'right start,' and keeping right, and when I hear what you have to say about these matters, I may tell you what my experience has taught me, and it may be useful to you in the life of untried experiment before you."

"I'll tell you that, ma'am, in a moment," said Mira, in her usual confident style of expression. "I know it, aunt, just as well as if I had studied it at school, although it has never occupied my thoughts a minute. I know it by a kind of intuition. In the first place I mean to love my husband, and then I know that he will love me, and if that's done all's done, and we'll go right forward in a straight line as happy as the day. And if I am not satisfied and happy then, why I shall despair of being so in this world. In the second place, I shall do every thing in my power to please my husband, and I am certain that I shall do it; and I am sure if I please him that he will try to please me. And if I please him and he pleases me, why it will be enough. So that point's settled. And in the third place, I'll make my husband respect me, by showing him that I have a proper and becoming respect for myself. I'll preserve my independence and dignity of character before him at all times: and if he sees that I am worthy of his affection, I am confident I shall have it. And it is this third part, aunt, that I regard as the most important of all. Gentlemen love and admire independence of spirit and a dignified carriage. I know it, for I have heard them say so. They are qualities which any one might know would attract and please a man of intelligence. They will please Francis, that I know very well. And seeing my proud, dignified, and unbending course, he'll look upon me as a treasure, and in his attentions secured by these means I shall be most happy. And how can he help being happy when he sees me so? He can't help it, aunt! No honorable high minded man could help being pleased with a wife under such circumstances. Now my dear aunt, I've told you my sentiments upon this great and mysterious subject of matrimonial happiness, and I ask you to confess if I have not hit it just as well as if I had been twice married."

Mrs. Halstead listened with attention to the detail of Mira's opinions upon the interesting theme of matrimony; and she was not surprised to learn that she

entertained many of the errors which are indulged by young ladies generally upon the subject. Laying her arm affectionately upon Mira's neck, she said:

"My dear girl, I am glad that I have brought you out in the declaration of your views; it will afford me the opportunity of confirming you in those in which I think you to be right, and of correcting you in others in which I know you to be wrong."

"O, aunt!" exclaimed Mira, as she blushed until her cheeks were like scarlet. "You've been jesting with me, and I have been so free in expressing myself. But you cannot gainsay my sentiments. But, aunt, I suppose I may now expect a long lecture. Go on, then! I'm very teachable you know, and I do really want to be instructed. If I am wrong, and you convince me of it, I'll give up."

"Well, my dear," replied her aunt, "as you have challenged me to the task, sit still and listen, and I will tell you what my experience in two marriages has taught me. When I think your opinion, as you have expressed it, is right, I will encourage you to retain and practise it, and I will endeavor to show you wherein your error consists. You are right in what you call your first point. That the happiness of married people depends mainly upon their love for each other, there can be no doubt. I believe that you sincerely love your intended husband, and that he loves you, and there is no question but that you will continue to love each other. But, for all that, you must not expect that you will be able to go straight forward, and be as happy as the day. Many little matters will interrupt your course and provoke momentary uneasiness, and your study must be to make the interruption but momentary. Trials will arise, and crosses will trouble you, but you must make at your business to get them out of the way as soon as possible. Husbands and wives cannot always understand each other's thoughts until they are expressed; and if a misapprehension occurs, let but little time pass before it is set right. If your husband is at any time fretted by your action, and retaliates upon you in reproach, or by indifferent treatment, kindly ask the adjustment of the difficulty, and if you feel that you have done the wrong, come out at once with the confession; make all suitable submission. And the sooner this is done the better; for then the difference will be the sooner settled. You are right in your second point, to do every thing you can to please your husband. But you must not expect that he will always be pleased. Sometimes even your most especial effort may fail to accomplish the object. It may be that the very thing that ought to please him, from some unknown circumstance may have just the opposite effect. This will sometimes result from a difference of taste, which must necessarily exist in many minor matters, even in the most congenial minds. What will please you, will not always please your husband. It may in general please him to see you pleased, but it may, and without doubt, will happen that something that will afford you gratification, will have an opposite effect upon him. On this point, Mira, however much you may think you receive your impressions in love by intuition, your mind will have to be exercised in study. And when you have studied, and after you have done your best to please and fail, and are disappointed, refrain from pouting

and looking angry, and get over your unpleasant feelings as quickly as may be. Meet your husband with a cheerful smile, even if you struggle to keep down some opposing feeling to do it. Your cheerfulness will do much for the accomplishment of your purpose, and will frequently remove the cloud from your husband's brow, and cause him to take pleasure in what affords you gratification, even if his own taste and inclination do not lead him to its enjoyment. And now, my dear Mira, do not be offended if I tell you that upon your third point you are utterly and altogether mistaken. You may be dignified, and reserved, and independent, and all that, to any one else, but you must not be so to your husband. Independence is a thing which should be unknown between man and wife. They are really dependent upon each other,—dependent in the strongest sense of the term,—dependent in every thing, and in every way. Dependence is their mutual trust, the capital upon which they draw for their affection. And that dependence must be confessed. It must be acted upon. It must be seen. It must be felt. It must always be seen,—always felt. No sensible wife would treat with contempt the husband whose dependence upon her for happiness was seen and acknowledged. And no man that deserves to be called a man, would impose upon the wife whose all of hope for the joy which this world affords is centred in himself. Where the dependence is mutual, Mira, there must be mutual confidence and mutual peace. And on this third point, my dear, if I understand you, you seem to think the dependence of the marriage station a thing that contravenes the high respect which the parties should entertain for each other. This is not so. On the contrary, in the dependence of the one upon the other, is the respect of both seen. Let me be particular upon the point. It is the rock, Mira, on which the happiness of thousands has been shipwrecked. Many married persons have most improperly imagined that it is necessary at times, and under certain circumstances, to show their independence. And it has happened that they have endeavored to let each other see and feel that their services and society can be dispensed with. Some have studied how to practice their indifference. And they have practised it but too successfully. It has ripened into disrespect, and wretchedness has followed. Often has it occurred that some mere trifle has given offence, and the offended party has shown resentment in that independent manner which you so much admire, and which in some relations you deem so necessary; the resentment has been succeeded by a settled indifference; for lovers resent but to relapse into a settled coolness. And when the injured party has shown resistance in the return of like treatment, both have been rendered miserable. In such instances, neither party is willing to submit to the humiliation which is required in their mutual concession. O, how many days, and weeks, and months of bitterness have been passed in this way! And how often has such behaviour laid the foundation of lasting dislike! And strange as it may seem, the one that begins the injury, is the last to give up. It seems as if the consciousness of having done the wrong excites the feeling of contempt in the individual, and impels a continued resistance. While conscience stings the guilty one to the soul, he is unwilling to

acknowledge the impropriety, because it fastens his guilt upon him, and humbles him in his own eyes. Remember, Mira, that the first to offend is almost always the last to forgive, and do your utmost not to offend yourself, and to prevent the husband whom you love from doing so. Against this notion of yours, that independence should sometimes be practised by you, my dear girl, I would most affectionately warn you. I am the more anxious to caution you against it, because you seem to regard it as the most important of the points upon which you have touched. You deem that independence and spirit in a woman, and exhibited towards her husband, will be captivating in his eyes. Never was any thing more false. Never was any thing more deceptive. The independence you would love to practice is but a shade below indifference, and in the husband it is cruelty; in the wife the greatest folly that can be conceived. The married are to take each other for weal or woe. They should always be willing to lie at each other's feet, and to unbosom themselves to one another in all the freedom of an artless confidence, in all the sincerity of a devoted trust. But, let me say, my dear, that it is not necessary that the world should know how much a wife is dependent upon her husband, or a husband upon his wife for the enjoyment of life's blessings; but they should know it themselves, and feel it, and practise upon it continually. And now, Mira, while I am speaking on the subject, I will add a word or so upon the love in which, you rightly say, consists the happiness of those who are united in matrimony. It is in mutual confidence that this love is to be perpetuated. Continue that confidence and the love is continued; impair it, and the love is impaired; destroy it, and the love ceases. Never say the lightest word nor do the slightest thing that would cause your husband to suspect you of even the most trifling indiscretion. Conceal nothing from him. Practice no reserve whatever, and you will retain his love and be happy. Act the contrary part and you will cause him to distrust you. Distrusting, he will despise you; and despising you, you are undone. Now, I think, my dear Mira, if you follow my directions as well as you have patiently listened to them, you may be thankful that you have an aunt who is anxious that you should be guided by the light of her experience. And in after years, as you return in thought to this hour, you may rejoice that you gave me the opportunity of correcting your errors, and warning you against their practice. I know that what I have said is true, and I hope you may find my advice salutary, and experience lasting good in testing it through life."

Most attentively and earnestly did Mira listen to the kindly expressed strictures of her aunt, that came to her in the way of most timely counsel—counsel that she needed much upon the responsibilities of the matrimonial alliance. So completely was her attention chained, that she sat silent and thoughtful, and as if she still were listening, for some time after her aunt had concluded. When she looked up and ascertained that she had done, the serious air was removed from her countenance, and it was reanimated by her accustomed smile.

"Well done, aunt!" she exclaimed; "you have truly read me a most full and faithful lecture upon the

matrimonial state. And I do think that your advice is excellent. I only wish that the multitudes of ungainly spirits, the unequally and unfortunately yoked, who are continually snarling and growling at each other, could have heard you. I am sure they would have been edified, and that their improvement would afford proof that they were profited. But, aunt, I don't agree with you altogether. I am willing to acknowledge error in all that you have so condemned, but in my theory of independence, and I will agree to give up all but that. In that point my proud spirit cannot yield, and I am sure that Frank, who will be mine, I hope, in a few hours, would not have me do it. I have heard him say that he loved to see a proud-spirited woman. No, no, aunt! You are very much mistaken; old people can be in error sometimes. I know very well that Frank will love me the more for my independence, and I shall try it any how. I'm for the right start, and I cannot spoil it by yielding a point so important. Independence, now and forever—married and single. That's my motto."

"You are a most incorrigible girl, Mira," replied Mrs. Halstead. "You think you are teachable, and so you are when the lesson pleases you, but you will not renounce your notions even when they are condemned by age and experience. Well! I have done what I could. I have given you the best advice I was able to give, and I have cautioned you most particularly upon the very point to which you cling. Now mark my words! If you begin your matrimonial career with any airs of independence, you will begin wrong, and my prediction is, that in one month after you are married you will repent it sorely."

"In one month, indeed!" exclaimed Mira, as her eyes flashed, and her lip curled, in the anticipated satisfaction of disappointing her aunt, which she felt as certain of doing, as she was that she would be married. "I'll show you, ma'am! I'll show you how I shall sharpen Frank's affection by my independence!"

The bridal week was passed by the young couple at the residence of Mira's parents. At the end of that period, the house, which was in the course of preparation for their residence, was completed, and they removed to it, happy in the thought of setting up housekeeping on their own account. Four weeks rolled rapidly by, and the independent bride had committed no act but what was pleasing to her husband. So far from giving him offence, she had rather caused an increase of his affection by her dignified and graceful carriage. The month had nearly closed, and yet there was not the slightest prospect of the repentance her Aunt Halstead had predicted. In her heart Mira exulted in the triumph which she fancied she had achieved, and she was delighted in the idea of disappointing her aunt, and pleasantly reproving her for the confident manner in which she had expressed herself in relation to the point upon which they disagreed. "O," thought she, "how I shall tease her when she visits me again! The month has nearly gone, and I have not had one moment's interruption to my happiness. But it has increased, and it shall continue to do so. These old people do not know much more than young ones, after all."

Thus did Mira speculate upon the prospect of

her success. In her mind she ran in a few minutes through years of pleasure, and her joy was almost unbounded in the idea, that she had started exactly right, and meant to continue so. Poor Mira! she knew not how often her independent spirit had almost provoked resistance on the part of her husband. No dissatisfaction had appeared in his behaviour towards her, but the effect, not being seen, was no proof that the cause did not exist.

On the thirtieth day after the marriage, a friend of Mr. Walton's, from a distant city, made him a visit, and was invited to remain to dine. While the dinner was preparing, the friends took a stroll through the garden. During the walk the visitor complimented the personal appearance of Mrs. Walton. The free and unaffected manner in which the friend's compliments were expressed, gave Francis the opportunity to speak in exalted terms of his choice. He represented her as one of the most amiable and interesting of her sex, as lovely in her character and affections, as she was in face and person. The friend was charmed with the description he gave of the qualities of Mira, and congratulated him heartily upon his success in securing such a wife.

"She is a pattern, sir, in almost every thing," said Walton.

"And she appears to be devoted to you, Frank," said his friend. "As much so as ever woman was devoted to her husband."

"She is all my own, sir," said Walton, with an air of proud satisfaction, "and a perfect child of nature in her affections."

"She must have been moulded, Frank, after your own heart," said his friend, "the very woman among all the millions of her sex, that was intended for you. She shows it in her behaviour."

"No other will but mine does she know," said Walton. "All her desires centre in one, and that one is to please me."

"Fortunate man that you are!" exclaimed his friend, "exceedingly fortunate to have obtained such a treasure of a wife. Long, Frank, long may you both have life and health for the enjoyment of each other's society."

Thus the friends chatted during their ramble for half an hour, when they returned to the house. On entering the parlor, they found Mira seated at her centre table, and pouring over a book which she held in her hand. Walton handed his friend a chair, and then turned to Mira and reached out his hand familiarly to take from her the book she was reading. Instead of giving it to him, however, Mira closed it on his fingers, and then snatching it away from him threw it upon the table. Disappointed at such an unexpected movement, and at such a time, Walton's face colored, and he turned to a seat in another part of the room, confused and mortified. He had made the effort to obtain the book from Mira's hand, for the purpose of procuring proof in fact before his friend of the high eulogium he had pronounced upon her. His feelings fell, and his chagrin was plainly manifest. During dinner Walton spoke but little. He appeared to be thoughtful, and at times absent in mind. The meal was by no means a pleasant one; and he was glad when it was over. Soon after they left the table his friend asked to be excused, as he had business

which demanded his immediate attention. Francis proposed to accompany him down the street. He took his hat and left the house, without bestowing upon Mira the usual token of his affection, or noticing her at all. The purposed neglect of her husband was like a dagger in the heart of Mira, and from the light-hearted, laughing wife of a fond husband, she was changed to one of the most unhappy women in the world. Over and over again did she think of the thoughtless deed she had committed, and over and over again did she grieve that it had been done. She sought to banish the reflection in attendance upon her household affairs. One thing, and then another, and another, were tried, but all to no purpose. The thing was uppermost in her thoughts, and there it remained, in spite of her. At length, exhausted both in mind and body, she threw herself upon the sofa, and burying her face in her hands, she gave relief to her heart in an abundant discharge of tears. For awhile she wept most bitterly, and then dropped off into a profound sleep. The afternoon passed, and the servant entered the parlor and arranged the lights for the evening, and still she slept. Francis came home, went to the sofa, and looked on her face, which was red and swollen. The marks of her grief made an appeal to his heart which he could hardly resist. He thought of kissing away the tears that stole in her slumber from her eyes, but the memory of the injury he had sustained in the eyes of his friend deterred him, and he turned and retired to his room. When Mira awoke she was surprised to find it so late; she looked around for her husband but he was not near. The hour in which he usually returned home had passed, and she was alarmed that he was not there to receive her welcome, and the assurance of her unceasing regard. Thoughts of the past came over her. For a moment she was bewildered, and the next sank down, overwhelmed in distress, upon the place from which she had just arisen. She called a servant and asked for Mr. Walton. What was her surprise and sorrow when she learned that he had indeed returned, and had gone to his room without seeing her.

"O!" she exclaimed, clasping her hands together in deep distress, "it is cruel in Francis to treat me so. He has planted a thorn in my heart which I am afraid will never be removed. I would not have believed it. O, I could not believe he would ever serve me so!" Walking towards her mirror she looked at her face, and shuddered at the picture of woe it presented. She fixed her hair, which hung in disorder upon her shoulders, and returned to her seat, when she was soon lost in sad and fearful meditation. The advice of her aunt, before her marriage, came into her mind, in contrast with the scene that encouraged her false notions of independence, and she regretted that she had not obeyed her instructions.

"O, my dear aunt," she exclaimed, "I now feel my dependence, and never will I refuse to be guided by your advice again."

She was aroused from her meditations by the supper bell. Francis and she met at the table, to sup alone for the first time since their marriage. They helped each other apparently with cold indifference, and endeavored to conceal the emotion that throbbed within their breasts. It was as much as

Mira could do to retain her seat, and with all her efforts she could not prevent the heaving of her bosom, which told its tale in spite of her. The meal was a bitter one, and though it was soon over, it appeared to the agitated pair an endless task. After supper, Mira went to the parlor and Francis to his room, both as miserable as they could be, and both too proud to confess it. The night passed in gloomy quietude. To Mira it appeared an age of wretchedness, and, in the morning, her moistened pillow proclaimed its sorrowful story to her husband's tortured heart. To avoid contact with Mira, and further recognition of her sufferings, Francis arose and went out without his breakfast. When the bell rang he was away, and Mira, thinking he might return, had the rolls and coffee kept at the fire. And there they remained, untouched, until noon, for to Mira the sight of them was but the renewal of her woes, and she kept as far from them as she could. She struggled against her feelings until she became so exhausted in body that she could no longer keep her feet. Trembling in every muscle, she hurried to her chamber, which she had scarcely entered, when her knees tottered, and she fell prostrate upon the carpet. There she remained for several hours in the greatest agony. While in that situation her Aunt Halstead came in. The servant had directed her to the chamber, and she had approached it as usual without giving notice. The old lady started back in astonishment and grief, when she beheld Mira in a condition of such mental suffering. Her face and eyes were very much swollen, and she was bathed in tears, the currents still streaming over her cheeks. Mrs. Halstead suspected something like the cause, and apologized to Mira for intruding upon her at such a time.

"O, aunt," she cried, "I'm so miserable, I'm glad to see you, do n't make any apology for coming, for you are the very person I wish most to see. I have been unhappy all night, and I feel that if I continue in this way much longer, I shall certainly die. Take your bonnet off, aunt, and sit down, and I will tell you all."

Mrs. Halstead was too much pained to move; she retained her seat and listened to her niece's sorrows.

Mira told her tale, representing the facts just as they occurred, and taking great blame to herself for her action, and for the pride of feeling by which she was afterwards influenced. Mrs. Halstead was too good to add further pangs to the lacerated heart of her distressed niece, by condemning her for not following her instructions, and too kind to reprove her for the omission."

"Never mind, my dear," said she; "say not a word about your neglect of my well meant services. But let us both try and have the present difficulty removed, and then we'll talk about guarding against the like in future."

"What shall I do, aunt?" asked Mira, in a beseeching tone.

"What you must do, my child," she replied, "is quickly told, and it is simple and easily performed. Go to your husband when he comes home, and ask him kindly to sit down with you, and have an explanation of this unpleasant affair. Make acknowledgments wherein you have done wrong, and say that you are desirous that your little freak should be overlooked. If you do this, I have not the slightest

doubt but that Mr. Walton's feelings will respond to your own, and that he will acknowledge his part of the indiscretion, and you shall both again be happy. Your action was at an unfortunate period. It was before your husband's friend, whom he would have to know you as one of the kindest and best of women, and perfect in all that a wife should be. I am sure, Mira, that when he reflects he will not condemn you so much, nor will you condemn him when you hear the causes that impelled him to act as he did."

Mira agreed to every word her aunt said, and scarcely had she promised to comply with her directions than Mr. Walton entered the room. Mira was composed when he came in, and she smiled as he approached Mrs. Halstead and asked her to take off her shawl and bonnet and stay the evening. Mrs. Halstead complied with his request, though she had another engagement. Taking off her bonnet she

gave it to Walton, and when he turned to dispose of it, she slipped out of the chamber, and left the distressed pair to reconcile their difficulties. As soon as she was out of the way, Mira approached her husband and proposed the explanation, as her aunt had suggested. Walton was tired enough of the affair, and he received Mira's proposition with joy. The matter was soon settled. Improprieties were admitted on both sides, and Mrs. Halstead was soon called up to witness the renewal of their affectionate feelings and most hearty friendship.

Mrs. Halstead staid a day or two at Walton's, and she made good use of her time in conversing about the right start, and the mutual dependence of man and wife upon each other. Mira and her husband were both converts to her doctrine, and they practised upon it through many years of uninterrupted happiness. Long did the repentant pair remember and enjoy the right start they made a month after their marriage.

THE AWAKENED YEAR.

BY JOSEPH H. BUTLER.

Author of "Wild Flowers of Poesy."

FRESH from the east the day-spring breaks on high,
And o'er the bosom of the laughing earth
Sheds light and joyance. Nature gladly hails
Its risen glories, and with opening eyes
Looks towards spring—and she will soon appear,
Robed in her varied garments, fresh and gay!
Then shall her breath divine reanimate
Her slumbering children; and on hill and dale
The tender flowers shall hear her gladsome call.
Green shall the meadows glow, and soft and rich
Purple with violet-cups, that catch the dew.
Then too the mighty forests will put on
Their rich attire, and all their peopled boughs
Echo with wild, unwritten harmony!
Hail holy light—offspring of Heaven!—and thou,
Fount of all blessings, ever wakeful sun!
Hark—heard ye not the sound as of the wing
Of passing angel?—'tis the dying year
Past,—mingling with the thousands gone before!
Bearing unnumbered seconds up to heaven—
The deeds of mortals—some of light and worth,
But, ah! too many dark and changeable;
The widow wronged—the orphan rudely cast
From his just heritage—the poor man scorn'd—
Love's trusting heart betrayed—dark suicide
And midnight murder armed with naked steel;
Thou passing year farewell,—be gentle when
Thou standest forth in record of MY deeds.
Oh! it is solemn so to stand upon

The threshold of the new awaken'd year.
Where is the lip that shall tell the vast events
Hidden behind the future, yet unborn?
The sound of battle-drum—the unseen plague—
The wasting famine—or the earthquake grim—
Or the wild storm, with many countless woes.
But, yet life's pictures are not ALL like these;
O, there are treasured blessings yet in store
With love and happiness; and tender ties
Of kindred hearts—would they were never rent.
All praise—all honor to the mighty one
Whose fingers first launched into airy space
This glorious planet, with its sisterhood
Of suns, and heavenly orbs, that in their course
Sing on rejoicing—ever hymning praise
To God as when creation's morning rose!
May plenty and attendant happiness
Go hand in hand, about the joyous world;
While ignorance dark—and superstition pale,
Call on the marble rocks to cover them
From the bright fires of truth, and knowledge fair,
Which from the mighty throne of Liberty
Go up (like Abel's offering) to their God;
And may our glorious constitution live
Ever unbroken by oppressions wave,
May our flag, as the morning's blush he spread
Over the hills and cities of our land,
A last asylum to man's suffering race—
A green oasis in the waste of time!

A RECOLLECTION OF THE SANTEE.

BY MRS. ELLETT.

"Abel the victim—Cain the homicide—
Were type and prophecy
Of times that were to be
Thus redden'd from the first life's troubled tide."

MISS LONDON.

THE "middle country" of South Carolina, though generally fertile and diversified, has little in the way of romantic scenery. The large tracts of luxuriant swampland, and the valleys through which the rivers wind, present a picturesque variety to the sweeping wooded hills, or extensive plantations; but there is little to strike the eye. Occasionally, however, a spot may be found, with beauty enough both to surprise and delight. I remember one in the parish of St. —, not far from the Santee. In the midst of a rich and varied landscape lies a narrow dell sheltered from the sun by tall oak trees, fringed with the long gray moss, so novel and beautiful to the eye of the northern traveler. These "trailing garments," mingled with the green foliage, almost swept the steep banks of the little ravine, which was besides overgrown with the vines of the fragrant yellow jessamine, that grows wild in all the southern woods. Masses of its golden blossoms in spring festooned the entrance to a small cave, that offered shelter and cool refreshment, when the heat of the day was oppressive. One might have fancied it scooped by art from the solid rock; of such convenient height was the vaulted ceiling, from which hung innumerable stone pendants, clustered thickly with the dry nests of a kind of wasp peculiar to the country. A small inner apartment on either side might have served as dormitories to any hermit, who in olden times inhabited the cavern. There were natural windows, too, looking into the main vault; shelves for books, and niches that could have held marble images and relics without number. As you penetrated the interior, the massive roof gradually receded, till it almost met the piled up earth. From the black fissure between came fitful gusts of wind, laden with moisture, and a sullen roaring was occasionally heard, proving what was generally believed, that this subterranean opening communicated with the river. In one corner of the cave, under a natural bench or bridge of rock, bubbled up a clear spring, the water from which escaped in the tiniest of all rivulets, flowing out into the valley, and thence, for a mile or two, gathering tribute as it went, till it terminated in a small pond or lakelet, that served as water power for a cotton gin. Close by the mouth of the cave, and darkened by the profusion of wild vines and flowers that overhung the rock, a small stream rushed from the hill side above, and threw itself down into the rivulet aforementioned. This picturesque dell, filled with verdure and flowers,

and the song of running waters, fringed with myrtle bushes, and shaded by the gum and oak, with their wreaths of moss streaming in the wind, with here and there a stately vine lifting its hoary head towards the sky, was a nook as beautiful as any lover of wild nature could desire. It was a favorite resort for picnic parties. I never failed, however, to observe that a quieting, rather than exhilarating influence was always exercised on those who came to pass the day here. Whether the bland coolness of the air, or the soothing stillness, or the fragrance of the flowers produced the effect—I cannot tell; or whether it was due to the time-honored and interesting associations connected with the spot. But I noticed that parties of pleasure that came hither, always separated into small groups, and that individuals would stray apart from the rest, and wander along the narrow valley, as if absorbed in recollection, or the indulgence of poetic musings. The gay jest, or the cheerful laugh, were seldom heard; yet all who came, departed with the assurance that the hours spent here had been hours of happiness. It was a shrine where nature, as a divinity, manifests herself most fully to her worshippers. For I never knew a heartless votary of the world, or one in whom life's fresh feelings had been hardened and perverted, who could find pleasure in such a scene.

I have spoken of interesting associations; and this region is rife with them. Many of the thrilling scenes of our revolutionary history had passed hereabouts. Fort Mott stands but a few miles distant. The country was a resort of Marion and his men. Many "brave men with hoary hairs, by broad Santee," remembered him and loved to speak of his exploits. The neighboring swamps still echoed, so to speak, the tread of those noble veterans. But the occurrences of which I am about to speak, took place at a later period. "An ow're true tale" is it; still vivid in the remembrance of some who could speak from knowledge of the persons, and circumstances concerned; and therefore to be repeated without any blending of fiction, or artistic disposition or coloring. Yet, rude as it is, and pertaining to a day of imperfect civilization, it has the same foundation of human passions, that have served for so many structures of romance and tragedy under distant classic skies, in lands of storied art.

A cotton plantation of considerable extent, nearest the river, was owned many years since by a Mr.

Ashton. He was like the majority of planters; with sufficient means for a comfortable support from year to year, he found it necessary to devote his time unceasingly to personal superintendence of his estate. Thus, without leisure for literary pursuits to any degree, he was less advanced in the ordinary branches of education than might have been expected from his respectable station in life. Yet there were few men more practical, or better skilled in business matters, than Ashton; and he took a deep interest in politics. None read the huge piles of newspapers that came with the weekly mail to Pine Bluff with greater eagerness, or discoursed more sensibly on the state and prospects of the country.

His family consisted of one son—a noble high spirited young man—and a young girl, a distant relation of his late wife, whom he had adopted in infancy. Julia was a lovely, engaging creature, with a heart full of affection, which was lavished without bounds on the affectionate guardians to whom she felt that she owed all in the world. When she who had loved her as a mother was taken from her, the poor girl's heart clung the more closely to those who remained. And when the deepest gloom of sorrow had passed away, she was like a sunbeam in the household of Mr. Ashton. Few domestic cares devolved on her, for in most southern families a housekeeper superintends the numerous retinue of servants; so that her time was passed during the day in music, fancy work, or riding on horseback, and her evenings in reading to "her dear father," or singing to him, or cheering him with sprightly conversation.

It was well known among the few neighbors—few and far between, in truth they were—that it had been Mrs. Ashton's dying wish, that her son should marry Julia Harley. She herself had joined their hands, and invoked a blessing with her latest breath. Julia was but fifteen when this betrothal took place; and at eighteen she was to be married to Frank Ashton. She seemed happy in the prospect, as she was in every thing else, for she had the sunniest temper in the world, and was always like a bird, singing from the exuberance of joy. As for Frank, he loved her devotedly—with his whole soul. He had no thought but of her. He did not seem to feel that in her there was no response of passion towards him. He trusted—as he loved—with entire abandonment of heart.

During the hunting season, Frank had always some one or two of his friends to spend several weeks at Pine Bluff. One who visited him most frequently was Charles Clifton, a young Georgian, who had recently entered on the study of law in Charleston, and passed part of the winters, as is usual, in the country. The two young men were like brothers, and inseparable, while Clifton's visits were prolonged. Frank was hardly to be consoled, when one of them was terminated unexpectedly by his friend's sudden departure, on the plea of business, which he explained but imperfectly. Alas! a very common misadventure had befallen the young student. He loved the beautiful girl, whom he knew betrothed irrevocably to another!

Many months passed before Clifton appeared again at Pine Bluff, and his absence was felt even more painfully than usual. Frank lost a portion of his constitutional jousness; Mr. Ashton missed some-

thing more heart-stirring than the news of the day. As for Julia, she was far more quiet than she used to be; but her growing thoughtfulness, and collected deportment, were naturally attributed to the circumstance that the time fixed for her marriage was fast approaching. She read, drew, walked and rode out as usual; but her mirthful laugh and song were seldom heard; and sometimes she would sit with her hands folded in her lap, in a reverie so deep, that when her guardian playfully tapped her on the shoulder, she would start half frightened, then seem so confused at her own behavior that Ashton was several times heard to wish her already married—because "girls in love were always so foolish, and company for no one but their lovers!"

Frank would have thought his wedding incomplete without his friend; and wrote repeatedly and most urgently, entreating Clifton to come to him. Several of his letters were unanswered; and then he resolved to go himself to the city, and bring him up by force of arms. "Perhaps he is waiting for an invitation from you, Julia," he suggested at length; and insisted on her adding a postscript to the letter, in which he announced to Charles his intention of going to fetch him, if he did not make his appearance by a day appointed. The day passed over; and the horses were already harnessed for Frank's journey—when Clifton rode into the court yard. He looked so pale and thin, that both Ashton and his son uttered an exclamation of astonishment.

"You have been ill! How dreadfully pale you look, my dear fellow!" were Frank's first words, as he welcomed the expected guest.

"Yes—that is—no—I am only tired with the day's ride. But tell me all about yourself," was the reply; and little encouragement was needed to set flowing the confidence of the young and happy bridegroom.

Julia alone seemed constrained at meeting their friend,—but on Frank's saying her welcome savored of coldness, she asked so kindly after his health, that Charles felt ashamed to be the object of so much sympathy.

A wedding in the family of a planter in easy circumstances, is always celebrated with as much pomp and splendor as possible; and in those good old days of hospitality the preparations were even more elaborate than at present. "The neighborhood" includes a circuit of twenty-five or thirty miles; and many who had no title to that distinction founded on locality, were invited to Pine Bluff some days previous to the time fixed for the ceremony. Every chamber in the old mansion was occupied; and the gray haired superintendent of the household servants, a kind of major domo, moved about as if he bore, like Atlas, the world upon his shoulders; so immense was the new accession of care and responsibility. Preparations on the largest scale were made for an entertainment, that was to rival in magnificence a baronial feast; and all Mr. Ashton's acquaintances, rich and poor, were bidden—for he loved to have as many sharers as possible of his profuse hospitality.

The day before the wedding was spent by Clifton in hunting. He had been, in fact, almost continually in the forest since he came to Pine Bluff. Not once had he offered to escort the fair Julia on horseback; and when asked to do so by Mr. Ashton, he had

declined, with some frivolous excuse. It was evident, said the old man, that hard study had changed the youth's nature; he was thankful, for his part, that he had never been at college!

It was late in the afternoon when Charles returned, and giving his horse and game to one of the grooms, he walked in a direction leading from the house towards a fine grove upon an elevation overlooking the valley, from which the place derived its name of Pine Bluff. The descent there was almost perpendicular; the tall pines overhung the road—where now passes the railroad from Branchville to Columbia; and beyond was a vast region of swampland—extending far as the eye could reach.

Clifton did not perceive, till he reached the centre of the grove, dim with shade, that Julia was seated on the rocks. She leaned her head upon her hand in an attitude of dejection, and was evidently unconscious of the approach of any one. Charles stood regarding her in silence. After a few moments, she lifted up her head and looked steadily upward, as if in prayer. "Let me but do what is right!" she murmured audibly. "Dearly as I love Charles Clifton, I will never—never see him more!"

With an impulse he could not resist, the young man rushed forward, and threw himself at her feet. Julia sprang up with a scream of surprise, grew pale as death, and the next moment sank back and covered her face with both her hands.

"You love me, then, Julia—*me*!" exclaimed the youth, passionately—seizing her hand—which she struggled vainly to withdraw. "Say it once again—Oh! say once again that you love me!"

"Mr. Clifton—this is wrong, it is cruel—leave me, sir!" faltered the young girl, endeavoring to turn away. But the torrent had broken bounds, and was not to be stayed. All the passion and sorrow so long hidden in Clifton's heart, burst forth in his confession. "I could not have been silent so long—" he concluded—"but that I thought you loved Frank. Now, were he my own brother, I would not give you up to him!"

"What do you—what can you mean?" cried Miss Harley, trembling violently.

"That none shall part us—my beloved!" returned the youth. "You are mine, Julia."

"No, no!" exclaimed the young girl. "Go, Charles—go at once. You know I must marry Frank to-morrow. I cannot break my promise!"

"Will you make a false vow, Julia?"

The poor girl shuddered, and pressed her hand to her forehead, while her tears flowed freely.

"Beloved," said the young man; "they cannot—dare not—ask that of you."

Julia wiped away her tears. "I dare not be false and ungrateful, Charles. I may be miserable—but they shall not hate me."

Clifton was silent for a few moments. At length he said—"Dearest, I can read your heart. But if Frank, himself, of his own free will, gives you up, will you then be mine?"

"Can you ask, Charles?" And her head drooped upon his shoulder. "But he will not!" she added quickly.

"Leave all to me. Julia—adored Julia—will you trust me?"

"I will."

"Entirely—implicitly? You may do so; for I will take care that none shall charge you with caprice or falsehood. Can you confide wholly in me?"

The young girl looked steadfastly in his face, with that expression of confiding love, woman only can wear. "I can, Charles," she answered; "I trust you wholly; but say no more now. Farewell,—farewell!"

It was already twilight; Miss Harley hastened towards the house, and Charles, not venturing to follow her, stood watching till she disappeared among the trees.

By the evening of the next day the preparations for the fête were in a state of completion. In the centre of the spacious drawing-room, was placed, in a box covered with moss, a large holly tree, its glossy green leaves and crimson berries interspersed with waxen lights, and with candied fruits of every description. The room was brilliantly illuminated, and filled with a company more numerous than had ever before been assembled at one time in the old mansion. The supper-table was laid in another apartment, and the entries were filled with shining black faces, grinning with good humor, many of the negroes from the plantation having come up in their Sunday attire, to see the wedding and hear the music.

It lacked about an hour to the time appointed for the ceremony, when Frank entered somewhat abruptly, and whispering a few words to his father, left the house. All present observed that his dress was somewhat disordered and that he was very pale; but as he exhibited no other sign of disturbance, and as Mr. Ashton announced that his son had been called out on a little business, and would return presently, no one thought any thing of his singular behavior.

The time passed; one hour, and another, and another; and Frank did not return. The surprise of the assembled guests rose to uneasiness—then to alarm; and at length Mr. Ashton himself went forth to seek him. Lights, carried by the slaves, were soon scattered abroad in every direction.

The company was not long kept in suspense. A kind of intuition had directed some of the negroes to the cave I have described, which was not far from the house. There the unfortunate young man was found, weltering in his blood. He was borne to the house, amid the cries and lamentations of the servants, and laid upon a sofa in the hall. The physician, who happened to be among the guests, declared that life was already extinct.

I shall not attempt to describe the despair of the heart-stricken father, nor the horror of the bride. She had swooned when the news was first brought her, and continued in such a state that all feared the shock had impaired her reason.

The scene of terror and confusion baffles description. Several of the company had noticed the absence of Clifton, before the catastrophe,—but he was forgotten in the excitement, till his sudden entrance again drew the attention of every one. He had apparently just learned the fatal tidings. He was deadly pale; and his eyes glared wildly round the hall, as if seeking the body of his friend. When he saw the corpse, he rushed towards it, and stood still—smote his hand

against his forehead, and exclaimed, in a voice of bitter agony—"Oh! that I had never told him!"

There was nothing in the demeanor of the speaker to excite suspicion. His friendship for young Ashton was well known. Only one of the company—a rough, stern looking man—appeared to place a different construction upon his words. "You know, then, something of this business, young man?" he said, fixing his eyes on Clifton.—"I am the cause of all!" was the agonized reply—in tones that sounded as if wrung from a victim on the rack. "It was for me—he perished!"

"The murderer! Seize the murderer!" cried several voices. But the young man shook off the grasp of those who laid hold of him, found his way through the crowd, and rushed from the house.

Two or three went in pursuit; others joined them in a short time; but the darkness favored the escape of the fugitive, and they returned unsuccessful. The next day the murdered youth was buried; and warrants issued for the apprehension of the supposed criminal. The neighbors formed themselves into bodies, to search the woods, and rewards were offered to a large amount. The public excitement, far and near, was intense. But no trace was found of young Clifton; and it was generally supposed that he had fled to Charleston, and taken passage thence by ship to the north.

The shock to poor Julia, on hearing the man she loved charged with the murder of her betrothed, nearly destroyed her. For many weeks her life was despaired of. When at length she recovered—she was a changed being. All her vivacity was gone. Pale and silent, she moved mechanically about her home, manifesting no interest in any thing. Mr. Ashton himself had grown many years older in a few months. It was, indeed, a gloomy household.

Thus passed the winter, and the spring months; and the family had already removed to the pine lands where they usually spent the summer. The planters of the middle country seek refuge in these sterile regions from the unwholesome malaria prevalent during the warm months on their plantations. These villages, or rather retreats, are composed of houses built and furnished in the rudest manner. Shelter is all that is desired. The burning heat of the sun is tempered by the shade of the ancient pines; but the residents seldom venture to walk or ride out till evening.

It was at the close of a sultry day in June, that Julia's attendant entered the chamber of her young mistress, and handed her a note, which she said one of the men servants had brought in. It was addressed to "Miss Harley," and though soiled and crumpled, she recognized the handwriting instantly. She trembled violently as she broke the seal. The paper contained but these words:—

"Julia—come to-night, at ten, to the oak tree by the spring. You *must* be there; you *must* see me; my life, and more, depends upon it. You may bring your maid with you—but speak to no one else. C."

Not for a moment did the young girl think of disregarding this hurried and imperative summons. At the appointed hour she was on the spot. Her maid waited at a little distance, but out of hearing. It was as she expected. Charles was there; but how dreadfully changed! His worn face, his emaci-

ated form, and a certain wildness in his expression, that caused her to fear his reason was unsettled—all these told a sad tale of suffering and despair. Julia had suffered enough herself to render her insensible to feelings, which horror of the crime she believed her lover to have committed, would have called up in a heart less deeply wrung. She felt nothing but pity for him; she desired to see him but once more, and die.

When she looked on his altered face, when she saw the impress of his anguish and despair, when he advanced to meet her, and took her hand, she could not repress a shudder. Clifton mistook the cause of her emotion.

"You shrink from me—you hate me, Julia!" said he. "Then, indeed, I have nothing left to live for!"

The convulsive working of his features as he uttered these words, and the manner in which he dropped her hand, bespeaking the most utter desolation of soul, tore her very heart. She strove to speak, but her voice was choked with tears, and she sobbed violently for several minutes.

"It was selfish—cruel, in me, to ask this interview," said Clifton. "But I am going to leave the country, and could not resist the wish to see you once more, before we part for ever."

"For ever!" repeated Julia, involuntarily.

"Before I go, Julia, say that you forgive me the misery I have caused."

The trembling girl looked up.

"Unhappy man," she answered, faintly, "it is not of me you should ask forgiveness."

There was something in her tone that was a new and terrible revelation to the mind of her lover. He started; he came nearer; he spoke, in a low, but thrilling and impressive voice: "Julia—need I ask—is it possible—that *you* hold me guilty of murder?"

The girl made no reply, but gazed, bewildered, in his face.

"Tell me, Julia—but no—it is too plain—oh, God! this punishment is greater than I can bear!"

"Charles!" exclaimed Julia, but her breath came quickly, and she trembled so violently she could not utter another word.

Clifton sank upon his knees, and raised his clasped hands toward heaven.

"By the heaven above us, Julia, I swear I am innocent! Could you, oh, could *you*, have believed me guilty!"

The revulsion of feeling was too great; with a scarce articulated "Thank God," Julia strove to extend her arms towards her lover, but tottered, and would have fallen, had he not supported her on his bosom.

To hold her in his arms, to clasp that dear form to his heart, to press his lips to her cold forehead, was a bliss, even in the midst of despair, for which he would have given life itself. It was some moments before she revived. When she did so, he placed her on the turf-seat beneath the oak tree, and knelt beside her.

"You believe me, then?" he asked, at length.

"I do believe you, Charles. Oh, what a crushing weight is taken from my heart!"

"Could I have lived, Julia, to face the light of

the sun—could I stand in your presence—if I had lifted my hand against Frank's life! And you, who knew my whole soul, have thought, for months—"

He stooped his face to the ground, and sobs of keen anguish shook his whole frame. Julia put her arms round him, and wept also, but her tears were not drops of bitterness. She even ventured words of consolation.

"Heaven bless you!" cried the young man, lifting up his face. "You have given me courage, Julia, to tell you all the truth. Listen—I am guiltless of blood, but I am, no less, the cause of Frank's death! I told him, on the morning of that fatal day, all that had passed. I told him we loved each other; that you were about to sacrifice your own happiness; I called upon him to give you up! Julia, a nobler heart never beat in human breast! He promised to release you; he would do so, he said, openly, before all the assembled guests—that all might see you were free from blame—that the act was wholly his own! You know the rest—" here the young man's voice was again broken with the agony of his feelings,—"he would not claim your hand when your heart was not his; he could not live without you; his own rash hand did the deed which has separated us for ever!"

Julia could not speak, but leaned her head, weeping, on the shoulder of her beloved.

"Yes—for ever," repeated Clifton, mournfully. "Though innocent of blood guiltiness—I am accused of it. I cannot vindicate myself! The circumstances—my well known love for you—my wild and strange demeanor—the words I uttered when I learned the fatal news—my flight—all are damning proofs against me. I know that I should have nothing to hope, if arrested and brought to trial. I have been a fugitive for months; a wretched outcast—suffering just punishment—for there was a time, Julia, when I could have conquered my passion for you! I know there is a deep gulf between us! I dare not offer you a blighted name! I dare not ask you to share the lot of one branded as a murderer! I have wandered for many days in these woods, hiding, like a conscious felon, from the sight of men, in the hopes of seeing you, that I might but say farewell, and depart! Now I must say it. Heaven bless you, Julia. Pray for me; you can at least do that, though we must never meet again!"

"No, no, Charles!" cried the young girl, clinging to him passionately, "you shall not go! or I will go with you! Come home with me; Mr. Ashton shall see you—you shall tell him all; he will consent to our union, and I will follow you to the end of the world. Come, Charles!"

"Alas, dearest! you know not what you say. Mr. Ashton would not listen to me—would not believe me! I can ask but you and heaven to do that!"

"He will—he must! Come with me, Charles, let us go to him!"

"I cannot meet him, Julia, for did not my words give his son to suicide! No—we must part."

"Never!" exclaimed the devoted girl. "You are innocent—your lot is mine! I will not leave you—ven at your bidding!"

It was finally agreed upon between the unhappy lovers, that Charles should remain concealed in the

vicinity, and that Julia should repeat what he had said to her guardian, and inform him of the result. Having arranged a mode of communication by letter, they parted.

Clifton had but too truly anticipated the result of Julia's intercession. Mr. Ashton refused belief to the story—reproached Julia, with a burst of feeling, for holding intercourse with the murderer of her betrothed; and was only restrained from using every effort to procure his arrest, by the certainty that he would thus destroy her, who was the only remaining solace of his life.

But the gloomiest cloud that ever brooded in the horizon of the innocent, must be dispersed at last. How this was brought about, in the present instance, can be told in few words; and we hasten to the conclusion of our story. The community, not long after, was much excited by the account of an attack upon the house of Col. Stewart, a planter from Tennessee, who had lived in the neighborhood little more than a year. His habits were such as to unfit him for mingling in society of any grade of refinement; and his temper so quarrelsome, that he was universally shunned; besides that, rumors of a fierce and lawless course of life, which had driven him from his native state, had reached even this secluded part of the country. But popular sympathy is always with those who suffer wrong; and when a man was arrested on the charge of having severely wounded Col. Stewart, while defending his house against robbery, there was but one voice in the matter—that it concerned public safety to have so daring a criminal punished with the utmost rigor of the law.

It was utterly surprising to every one, particularly those who knew the stern and vindictive character of Col. Stewart, when, before the robber could be brought to trial—as soon, in fact, as Stewart was so far recovered from the injuries he had received as to be able to venture abroad—he withdrew every charge against the prisoner, and spared no expense or influence he could command to procure his release.

There was but one interpretation to conduct like this; the man knew more of Stewart's former life than it suited him to have disclosed. There was no little discussion on the subject; and no small expenditure of indignation; but it did no good; for the injured person refusing to testify against the accused, and the slaves being in law incompetent witnesses, it was not deemed necessary to bring him to trial. Morgan, that was the man's name, was set at liberty, with advice to leave the country, which he did not immediately follow. He was seen more than once afterwards, lurking in the vicinity of Stewart's house; and the report was current, that he received money from him, from time to time.

To be brief—one night, as Mr. Ashton was riding home late, he was startled by hearing a pistol shot at a little distance. Following the sound, he turned into the woods. Finding he could not proceed with his horse, and hearing groans, he dismounted, and soon came to the spot. A man lay weltering in his blood. He had fainted, and there was no habitation within two miles. Mr. Ashton placed him on his horse, conveyed him to the nearest house, and sent for a surgeon. This unhappy man was Morgan. He was too far gone for medical aid to avail; but revived

sufficiently to give his confession, in the presence of several persons. It was taken down in writing, and attested in due form.

He had been associated, in Texas, with Col. Stewart, in a series of crimes which it is not here necessary to record. One part of his confession most deeply interested those who heard him; it concerned the murder of young Ashton. That unfortunate young man had provoked the enmity of Stewart, months before his death, by his interference to prevent an act of barbarity towards a poor Irish laborer. A quarrel had ensued; Stewart threatening vengeance, and Frank returning the most contemptuous defiance. An accidental encounter had taken place but a few days before the fatal catastrophe; Stewart had assaulted Frank; but the young man's strength proved superior to that of his brutal antagonist. All this young Ashton had concealed from his father—"Because," said Morgan, "he was ashamed to be known to have quarrelled with such a bull-dog as Stewart."

Morgan further confessed that Col. Stewart had offered him a large sum to murder young Ashton; that he had refused at first, but afterwards, pressed by want, had consented, and waylaid the young man while hunting; that he was baffled on that occasion, and afterwards prevented from accomplishing his purpose, by the constant presence of young Clifton with his intended victim; he "did not wish more blood on his hands than he had bargained for;" that finally he had given over the job; that Stewart had taxed him with cowardice, and declared he would do it himself; that he did actually—with his own hands—kill the young man on the night of his bridal, and call the assistance of Morgan to remove the body into the cave. "I was to have thrust it," continued the dying criminal, "into the cavern at the back of the cave, and heaped clay on it; but I heard people coming, and hid myself."

Since then, he had lived by extorting money from the fears of Stewart. The refusal of the latter to comply with a demand unusually large, had occasioned the scene at his house, in which he had been wounded. It was to his dread of punishment Morgan owed his release afterwards. "I drove him to desperation, at last," concluded he. "It was my own fault; he could not feel safe while I lived, and resolved to put me out of the way. I knew that, and yet I have dogged him for many days. It seemed borne on my mind that I was to die; and better by his pistol than the hangman's rope."

Such was Morgan's confession. He lingered several days afterwards, in great agony, but with intervals of reason, and was visited by many persons in the neighborhood. Of course steps were instantly taken for the apprehension of Stewart. He had fled the same night he discovered that Morgan had been found alive. All pursuit of him was unsuccessful. It was ascertained, long afterwards, that he had gone into Alabama, and perished by the fever of the country, in the autumn of the same year.

It is scarcely necessary to add that Charles Clifton returned, a welcome guest, to the home of his friend Mr. Ashton, who not only bestowed upon him the hand of his adopted daughter, but made him the heir of his property. He lived, after his marriage, with the excellent old man, assisted him in the care of his estate, and cheered his melancholy age by affectionate attentions.

Strange will this narrative seem to those who know not human nature, as it too often appears in remote or newly settled regions, divested of the restraints of religion and education. Thanks to the progress of these softening influences, such examples of depravity are now rare;—may it not be long ere such will seem but the fictions of a distempered imagination!

MADLINE.

"LISTEN! cousin Madeline,
To the words I say thee;
Nay—nor turn away thine eyes
From my face, I pray thee:
Downcast glances speak not well
What I wish thine eyes to tell,
Let them on me softly shine,
Gentle cousin Madeline

"Shall I tell thee of the time
When these eyes first saw thee,
And thy girlhood's gleeful grace
Threw its beauty o'er thee;
From a strange and distant strand
Came I to my mother's land;
And a stranger's heart was mine,
Till I knew thee—Madeline.

"In the East—had starry eyes
Charmed my fancy, only,
And beneath those radiant skies,
Still my heart was lonely;
They were fleeting, like a dream,
Passing—like the sunset's gleam;
For I found no soul like thine,
In their brightness—Madeline.

"Let me thank thee, cousin, now,
For that first sweet greeting;
For the kindness and the truth,
In thy bosom meeting:
Ah! how sadly in my soul
Coldness—darkness held control,
And it was that glance of thine,
Made it sunshine—Madeline.

"After all thy gentleness,
Thrilling through and through me,
Will thou not, beloved one,
Be still more unto to me?
Let me clasp thee to my breast,
There in life and death to rest;
Calling thee—'Forever mine,'
Dearest, dearest Madeline!"

Upward glanced the lady's eyes
To the face above her,
Resting fondly—beamingly—
On her cousin-lover:
Needed there a spoken word,
When the spirit-voice was heard
Speaking through their happy shine,
All the soul of Madeline?

[illegible]
$$t = r + t_k \quad \text{for } k = 1, 2, \dots, n-1, \quad t_n = t$$

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE close of the old year, and the opening of the new, has called forth the full strength of the publishing interest in this country. The number of new, valuable, and standard works, published within the last few months, is unparalleled. Some of our leading bookselling houses have issued, within this period, nearly at the rate of a volume a week. Among these publications, besides annuals and splendidly illustrated editions of standard works, we notice many valuable works in the department of history, biography, and criticism. Poetry is also coming more into fashion. The splendid edition of Longfellow's Poems, published by Messrs. Carey & Hart, is extremely popular; as well as Longfellow's collection of continental poems, entitled the Poets and Poetry of Europe. The same observation applies to the collections of Mr. Griswold. In the department of Voyages and Travels, there is evidence of new life and activity. The expensive national work, on the Exploring Expedition, had an astonishingly rapid sale considering its costliness. Theological publications of great cost, are also regularly making their appearance. In the department of education, several works of great value have been recently published.

While the more solid and standard books are thus rapidly brought out, the lighter literature is issued in the pamphlet form. The best works of fiction, old and new, come forth rapidly from the press in the form of two shilling pamphlets. The novels of Miss Pickering, Theodore Hook, and many other popular writers in this department, appear at short intervals, and are rapidly disposed of. Collections of travels, stories of western adventure, humorous tales, miscellanies, and other light matter of a similar character, some of them illustrated by Darley and others, serve to complete the catalogue of books for the season.

The number of readers for amusement and instruction, it is evident, is rapidly increasing. Thousands and millions of cheap publications, diffused through the country, cannot but produce a marked effect for good or for evil. We wish that it could be truly said that the results were all good. But it unfortunately happens, that while a considerable portion of the cheap publications of the day are useful, or at least harmless, there is another large portion of which the tendency is positively baneful. Such are the books which describe scenes of crime or licentiousness, under a pretence of guarding the young from danger. Such, also, are those which relate to scenes of excitement and horror, as well as those works of fiction in which false and delusive views of life and its objects are inculcated. Among books of this class, the numerous translations of French novels hold the first place. The exciting tales of Eugene Sue, are wholly unfit for American readers. They tend to unfound all moral distinctions, and to obliterate wholly the moral sense of the reader. Views of the social relations as presented in these works, which, however consonant with French ideas, are utterly abhorrent to those which are entertained, and which, we devoutly pray, may ever be entertained in this country. The reading of such works cannot fail to produce evil effects. They vitiate the taste, they harden the heart. Substituting sentiment for religion, they weaken the noblest springs of action, and impair the use of moral and religious duty. Eugene Sue's idea of a virtuous man, is a man without religion, as religion is un-

derstood by the Christian world. His ideal of female loveliness and worth, is very different from any which can be entertained by one in the slightest degree imbued with Christian principles. From such teachers as this French writer and his school, our youth should never receive instruction,—never seek entertainment. Until the fashion of such literature shall have passed away, our moral atmosphere will not cease to be unwholesome.

There are other features in the popular light literature of the day, which it will be our duty to notice on a future occasion.

Montezuma, the last of the Aztecs: an Historical Romance on the Conquest of Mexico. By Edward Maturin. New York: Paine & Burgess, 1845.

This ably written and highly interesting historical novel is very properly dedicated to the Hon. W. H. Prescott, author of the Conquest of Mexico, and The History of the Reign of Ferdinand and Isabella. The interest which attaches to the subject is skilfully heightened by the dramatic and graphic talent with which it is handled. Instead of confining his delineations almost exclusively to the conquerors, as previous writers of fiction relating to Mexico have done, the author gives a view of the social condition, manners and character of the Mexicans themselves. The work in this respect possesses freshness and interest beyond all its predecessors. The character of Montezuma himself is very ably delineated; and no monarch in all history has ever presented in his person and fortunes a finer subject for the pen of the novelist. The work will be read with great interest.

The Artist, Merchant and Statesman of the age of the Medici, and of our own times. By C. Edwards Lester. New York: Paine & Burgess. 1846.

The principal interest of this work depends on the sort of auto-biography of the sculptor, Power, with which it commences. A poor boy from Green Mountains, raising himself by his own unaided exertions from the humblest station to the highest pinnacle of fame and distinction must always form an agreeable subject of contemplation, and one which is peculiarly useful, by way of example, to the free and aspiring youth of our country.

Sermons delivered to the Pupils in Rugby School. By T. Arnold, D. D. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

This is an excellent compend of religious and moral instruction, peculiarly fitted for young men, who are receiving a classical education; but still of so general a nature as to be useful to all young persons as a practical guide in the conduct of life. It is a very beautifully printed pocket volume.

"The Letters and Speeches of Oliver Cromwell. By Thomas Carlyle. In two volumes. New York: Wiley & Putnam. 1845."

No character in all history has presented a greater enigma to the inquirer than that of Cromwell. On the one hand, the writers who favored the cause of the Stuarts, have invariably represented him as a low, brutal and cunning hypocrite, using the language of his religious sect, as a cloak for the most ambitious, cruel, and sanguinary designs,—a character of unmitigated wickedness. On the other hand, we have the undisputed records of history for proving the respectability of his family and descent, the strict

morality of his life, his liberal toleration of religious opinions adverse to his own, his brilliant military achievements, his consummate ability in conducting the civil affairs of the Commonwealth, and the unbounded confidence reposed in him by the unquestionably sincere, religious men, with whom he was most conversant. In the work before us, Mr. Carlyle appears to think that he has solved the enigma, and established the religious sincerity and patriotic character of Cromwell beyond a doubt. The letters and speeches are chronologically arranged so as to present a complete view of his life and history. The remarks of the editor, which serve to connect them, are written in a style more readable than any thing Mr. Carlyle has lately published; and the volumes furnish a very important addition to really valuable historical literature.

"The Pilgrim in the Shadow of the Jungfrau." By George B. Cheever, D.D. New York: Wiley & Putnam. 1846."

A very beautifully written and delightful book! Dr. Cheever views nature and man with the eyes of a poet, a Christian and a philosopher. His descriptions of natural scenery are fervid and graphic, his narrative lively, and his views of society full of sound and philanthropic feeling. The work is sold by; Zieber & Co.

Physiology for Schools. By Reynell Coates, M. D. Fourth edition revised. Philadelphia: E. H. Butler & Co.

The importance of Physiology, as a study for the young, is beginning to be generally understood. Knowledge on a subject so intimately connected with our physical well-being, cannot be too highly estimated. Several books on physiology intended for the use of schools have appeared; but we have seen none so ably written and so well adapted to the purposes of instruction, as this of Dr. Coates. His style is excellent and his explanations remarkably clear. We hope to see it generally introduced into our academies and schools.

Class Book of Prose. By T. S. Hart, A. M. *Class Book of Poetry.* By John S. Hart, A. M. Philadelphia: E. H. Butler. 1845.

These compilations have been made with excellent discrimination and good taste. The elder and sounder literature of our language has furnished the greater portion of the extracts; and a due regard has always been had for their moral and religious tendency. As books for reading, and rhetorical criticism in schools they are invaluable. An intelligent instructor by means of daily reading, and analysis by the higher classes in the school, using these volumes as class books, may soon instill into the minds of the pupils the true spirit of our best literature.

A Popular Treatise on the Teeth. Embracing a Description of their Structure, the Disease to which they are subject, and their Treatment both for the prevention and cure of those diseases, together with an account of the usual methods of inserting Artificial Teeth. By Robert Arthur, Doctor in Dental Surgery, and member of the American Society of Dental Surgeons. E. Ferrett & Co. Philadelphia.

We mentioned this work as in press in a late number of our Magazine, and then expressed our opinion in regard to it. Since then it has been issued by the publishers. We are gratified to find that it has been well received by the most intelligent members of the Dental profession. "*The American Journal of Dental Sciences*," thus speaks of it:—

"We have always been the advocate for the diffusion of correct information, on the means for the prevention and cure of the diseases of the dental apparatus. With this knowledge every individual should be familiar; not that every one would hereby be enabled to apply the remedies

for the cure of those diseases; but that they might often prevent their occurrence; and, when they do occur, that, in seeking professional aid, they might be enabled to distinguish between the skilful practitioner and the empiric. Entertaining these views it gives us pleasure to announce the publication of the above work, which we regard, so far as we have had an opportunity of examining it, as one of the best popular treatises on the subject extant.

"It is evident, from the manner in which Dr. Arthur treats the subjects, embraced in this little volume, that he is familiar with them. His views, also, appear to be correct, which in a popular treatise, is of vast importance, for the reason that the general reader would not be so likely to detect false doctrines as the professional dentist. It contains much excellent advice, and many valuable directions, with regard to the means for the preservation of the teeth, and the health of the mouth; while, at the same time, it enters sufficiently into scientific and practical detail for all the purposes for which it is designed. The work is neatly got up, and, as a literary production, is highly creditable to the author."

In noticing the same work, the *Dental Intelligencer* says,

"... We have seldom read a popular treatise on the teeth, which contains so much useful and valuable information as does this. It is a work which every family should have, and we can recommend it, too, to the members of the dental profession, as well worthy of perusal. It is written in a plain, familiar style, and we think the author has acted wisely in avoiding, so far as possible, the use of all technicalities, as it is intended for the general rather than the professional reader. ... Dr. Arthur, the author of the present treatise, is a well read dentist, having graduated in the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery, and has executed the task of the preparation of this neat little volume in a manner which must prove highly acceptable, alike to those for whose especial benefit it is intended, and to the profession. ... The last chapter contains much excellent advice with regard to the employment of properly qualified dentists."

It is but fair to state, that Dr. Arthur has become a resident of our city for the practice of his profession, in which he has been thoroughly educated. His office is at No. 250 Chestnut street, above Tenth.

□ We believe that it is fairly admitted, on all hands, that our January number was the handsomest Magazine issued this year. The present number will be found fully equal, if not superior, to its predecessor. We are very sure that all comparisons will be in our favor. Our plates are really exquisite. For our March number, we have a gem in the way of engravings, that will match any thing in the best annuals of the day.

MRS. OSGOOD'S POEMS.—Every reader of the periodical literature of the day, is familiar with the fugitive pieces of Mrs. Osgood, those bright, truthful little essays in verse, each bearing a moral, but spoken in tones so sweet, that we love both the teacher and the lesson she teaches us. There are sprightly poets, who deal in airy nothings, and grave and solemn poets, whose strains sadden our spirits, without giving us the strength we need;—Mrs. Osgood is sprightly in her style, and at the same time *thoughtful*, and thought-inspiring. We always read her poems with pleasure, and always consider the time well spent that we pass in reading them.

Clark & Austin, of New York, have just issued a beautiful edition of these poems, which we heartily recommend to our readers.



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ARTHUR'S MAGAZINE.

MARCH, 1846.

C A E N .

(See Plate.)

CAEN, which is the subject of one of our engravings for this month, is the Capital of the province of Normandy, in France. It is situated about eighty miles from the English channel, on the banks of the river Orne, which, at certain seasons of the year, is navigable for vessels of the smaller class up to the town. Caen is, principally, built of stone, which, in great quantity and of fine quality, is found in the neighborhood. Unlike most European cities, the streets of Caen are wide, and kept in a cleanly condition, and it is represented as one of the most pleasant places of residence in the north of France.

Although it must have been in existence many years before the conquest of England, little is known, at present, of its history up to that time; but two centuries after, it was a town of considerable distinction, and was sometimes even named in connection with Paris. Caen is still a place of no little importance. Its population numbers between 30 and 40,000, it sustains a university of good repute, throughout Europe, all the departments of which are said to be conducted with much ability. There is a lunatic hospital, and a deaf and dumb asylum, conducted very successfully under the charge of about one hundred nuns attached to the institution.

Caen is remarkable for its fine lace, which is manufactured by the lower class of the female population. It is calculated that not less than twenty thousand individuals, of all ages, from twelve years upwards are thus employed, and the annual produce of their labor is estimated at one hundred and seventy thousand pound sterling.

It is possessed, too, of a large number of very fine churches. The tower and spire, which occupy such a conspicuous position in our engraving, are those of the church of St. Peter, built in 1308.

Caen was the favorite residence of William, the Conqueror, whose remains were interred in the chapel of the monastery of St. Stephen. They were not, however, allowed to rest, undisturbed. Four hundred years after his death, his tomb was opened, at the desire of some dignitaries of the church, on a visit from Rome to Caen; the corpse, after this long lapse of years, was found to be so well preserved, that a portrait was painted on wood from the lifeless features. This portrait is said to be still in existence. In 1752 the tomb was again broken open, by the Huguenots, in search, it is supposed, of treasures which, at that period, it was sometimes the custom to inter with the dead. They tore out and scattered about the chapel the bones which they found; these were carefully collected, by De Bourgeville, a magistrate of the place, an eye-witness to the occurrence, of which he left an account, and consigned to the care of a monk belonging to the monastery. The monastery was, afterwards, plundered, the monks put to flight, and all the bones lost except that of one of the thighs, which was begged from the rioters by a nobleman present. After the cessation of the troubles this bone was re-interred in its old resting place, where it is now remaining.

The monastery of St. Stephen, to which allusion is here made, with that of the Trinity at the opposite end of the town, are the two most conspicuous and splendid buildings in Caen. They were erected by William, the Conqueror, and his queen, Matilda, who were near blood relations, in expiation of the crime of having married within the degrees of consanguinity prescribed by the church of Rome. The royal pair were granted a dispensation by the Roman pontiff in consideration of these works

OUR MAY.

BY FANNY FORESTER.

"OUR MAY," as every body called May Loomis, was the merriest, blithsomes, busiest little creature, that ever you saw—a perfect honey-gatherer without the sting—an April smile, with a cousin's face for the contrasting cloud. It seemed impossible to bring a shade of seriousness over that joyous face; for, although I have seen tears starting from her eyes, they were always checked by a smile, or, if suffered to fall upon her face, they were lost in a profusion of roguish dimples.

Our May had a cousin, the cloud above mentioned, who rejoiced in the same appellation; but although every body said that Miss May Loomis was a very excellent young lady, no one ever thought of placing the possessive before her name; indeed, I do not think Miss May would have liked such a partnership concern, for she had a high opinion of her own dignity, and she thought it must be very painful to any lady of delicacy to be hailed by all she met as though under their especial protection. The good-natured laugh of the old farmers shocked her delicate nerves, and the cordial grasp of their horny hands was quite too much for lady-endurance. Miss May was very often annoyed, when walking with her cousin, by the exclamation, "There goes our May!" from the lips of some poor washerwoman, or errand-boy; and then to see them fly across the street, as though on terms of the greatest intimacy! Why, it was preposterous. So presuming! But Miss May was still more annoyed at the excessive vulgarity of her thoughtless little cousin, who would often stop in the street to inquire after the health and prosperity of the offenders, and send some little message to the children at home. On such occasions the cloud usually drew herself up to her utmost height, and, to avoid the disgrace of such improper conduct, walked home alone, in the most dignified manner. But then Miss May's walk was always dignified, if walking by rule and compass constitutes dignity, and she was never known to do an improper thing in her life. She always carried her hands in one particular position, except when, for the sake of variety, she changed them to one other particular position; and her pocket-handkerchief, which she held between the thumb and finger of the left hand, was allowed to spread itself over the three remaining fingers in a very becoming manner. Her neck-riband was always crossed upon her bosom, the two ends of precisely the same length; and her collar never had in it a wrinkle. There were two or three plaits in the waist of her dress, because somebody, that she considered indisputable authority, had said that plaits were graceful; but she carefully eschewed all extravagance, in the quantity, if not the quality, of the cloth she honored by wearing. Her hair (this was the climax of the young lady's nicety), was so carefully brushed and pomatumed, that it seemed one

glossy convex surface, surmounted by a braid of—no one could have imagined what, but for the pale blue riband that relieved the brown, and gave the curious examiner the idea that it might be of the same material as the head covering.

Miss May's nicety extended to everything about her. Her house-plants were prim and perpendicular, trimmed of every redundant leaf; and she was often heard to lament an opening blossom, because it would produce irregularity, by throwing the balance of ornament on one side the plant. The cloud was very fond of exercising her skill in trimming trees in the shape of cones and other figures, while her cousin fostered luxuriance in their growth, and would rather hang on them a wilder wreath, or twist a limb awry, than to see the ornaments of her uncle's garden standing out stark and stiff, like the spokes of a wagon-wheel. Yet the cousins never clashed, for the regularity of Miss May extended to her disposition and heart, and, having her own excellent rule of rectitude, she would as soon have been caught laughing, aloud, or romping in the court-yard, or wearing a rumpled dress, as swerving from it in the slightest degree. On the other hand, our May was too careless and too light-hearted to be annoyed by her nice cousin's trifling peculiarities; and she never opposed her tastes, nor interrupted her in any thing except a lecture on propriety. Miss May never spoke but in the gentlest voice, and the most unexceptionable words; but then she often felt it her duty to admonish her wild cousin of the folly of her doings, which admonitions our active little Hebe found peculiarly irksome. She, however, soon invented a way of warding off these avalanches of good advice, quite worthy of her wit. When Miss May would enter the parlor with a grave look of reproof, and commence with the ominous words, "My dear cousin. I feel it my duty to expostulate—" the offender would interrupt her.

"Oh, dear coz, wait a minute. May, deary, I have something to tell you. Mr. Melroy—"

This sentence was sometimes finished in one way and sometimes in another; but Mr. Melroy was the magic word; and, after making her fair monitress blush crimson, the little tormentor would glide out of the room, and express her self-gratulation by a laugh as long and loud as it was musical.

Mr. Melroy was our village clergyman; a young bachelor of twenty-eight, and a general favorite, with all classes of men. He was friendly and courteous with all, for he looked upon the whole human family as his kindred; and his heart never refused to the meanest beggar the appellation, *brother*. His voice was full and melodious, but somewhat solemn; his countenance exhibited a dash of melancholy, though so modified by christian benevolence as to be peculiarly

interesting; and his manner was correct and gentlemanly. The two cousins were members of Mr. Melroy's church; and their uncle, 'Squire Loomis, was his personal friend; so it is not at all to be wondered at that he became their frequent visitor. Neither is it a matter of wonder that our volatile May, contrasted as she was with her grave companion, should almost escape the young pastor's notice. Our May saw that Mr. Melroy's attention was all directed to the cloud; but she was not sorry, for it gave her an opportunity to watch his fine eyes, as they lighted up with the enthusiasm of his subject, and to catch the variety of expression which genius can throw upon the most serious face. Our May liked merriment but she liked Mr. Melroy's conversation better; and she never ventured to breathe a word until she was sure he had quite finished. Then she would make some remark, so comical, that Mr. Melroy would be obliged to waste a smile upon her in spite of himself; and Miss May would quite forget the half hour's profitable conversation in planning a reproof. Sometimes Mr. Melroy would walk with the young ladies, or rather with the cloud, for our May was constantly bounding from the path, to pluck a flower or chase a butterfly; and yet, she somehow never lost the young clergyman's profitable conversation, for when they were again alone, she would tease her sedate cousin by distorting his beautiful sentiments, and sadly misapplying his comparisons.

Both of the cousins had a class in the village Sabbath-school, and Miss May was the secretary of two or three benevolent societies, of which our May was only a quiet unobtrusive member. Some people wondered that the relative, and constant companion of such a *pattern-lady* as Miss May Loomis, should choose such a questionable way of exhibiting her charity, as to visit the poor in person, and administer to their wants, even when it called her away from the meetings of the society; but others fearlessly advocated their favorite's cause; while the sober-faced young clergyman said nothing. Before old Mr. Thompson left, Miss May used to tell the delinquent that she knew Mr. Thompson disapproved of such conduct; but she dared not mention Mr. Melroy's name, as it was a signal which our May failed not to answer with an exceedingly gay volley. The truth was, everybody said that Mr. Melroy did not call so often at 'Squire Loomis's for nothing; and as Miss May was very far from being nothing, she was very naturally concluded to be the something which so attracted. When anybody asked home-questions about this matter, our May laughed, and looked very knowing, while her cousin blushed, and looked very dignified. Thus matters went on for a long time, and thus they might have gone on, in spite of several old ladies, who endeavored to introduce variety by prophesying it, but for an occurrence in which our May most sadly overstepped the bounds of propriety.

It was on a fine afternoon, in the beginning of August, that the young pastor was seen leading the fair cousins beyond the little clump of houses which we dignified by the title of village. Miss May's step was as precise as ever; but our bright lady of the possessive pronoun, walked now as though she thought she could guide herself, and was seeking an opportunity to drop the gentleman's arm. Their walk was,

as usual, delightful to all; for Miss May was treated with the most scrupulous attention; Mr. Melroy found the air refreshing and the scenery beautiful, to say nothing of the valued society of the cloud, and our May was always pleased. On this day she was even more frolicsome than usual; and having, accidentally, broken a wreath of frail, beautiful wild flowers, which she had been wreathing, Mr. Melroy so far unbent himself as to say he wished she had never linked a more enduring chain.

"What can he mean?" thought laughing May; but at that moment her attention was arrested by a field of haymakers, among whom she recognized familiar faces. The recognition was mutual, for instantly a young man called out, "There's our May!" and the giddy girl, turning about with an arch smile, and shaking her fingers at her companions, sprang lightly over the fence, and was soon in the midst of the haymakers. The young man, who at first recognized her, seized one of her hands, while a woman in a blue frock and calico bonnet appropriated the other, and the whole party, men, women, and children, gathered around the pretty hoyden, with a familiarity which, to Miss May, was perfectly astounding. Our May stood but a moment in the centre of the group, when a dozen voices, pitched on every imaginable key, roared forth a boisterous laugh, not, however, quite drowning her own clear-ringing tones; and then, with a sort of mock curtsy, she was bounding away, when the young man again stopped her. Our May paused a moment, as though undecided, while the young man stood before her, and by his earnest gestures seemed urging some affair of importance. Then a little girl was seen to leave the circle, and run until she came within hearing of the waiting couple, when she called out:

"Our May—Miss Loomis, I mean—says if you will excuse her, she will walk home alone, as she isn't quite ready now."

Mr. Melroy looked at Miss May, and Miss May looked at Mr. Melroy, and then both looked at the offending cousin. She had gone a little aside from the haymakers, and was talking with the young man, and, from their manner, it was evident that the conversation was intended for no other ear.

"We ought not to leave her," said Mr. Melroy.

"We ought to leave her," said Miss May, in a decided tone, and the gentleman complied.

It would be labor lost to follow home the astounded couple, as, for some reason or other, neither spoke until they entered Mr. Loomis's parlor, nor even then, for Miss May betook herself to her embroidery, and Mr. Melroy to the newspaper.

If our sober readers have not already shut the book, we would like to have them follow our May, our darling, gay, frolicsome, generous-hearted May, and learn the whole truth before they condemn her.

Joshua Miller, the owner of the hay-field, was a plain old farmer that our May had often seen in her uncle's store, and for whom, indeed, 'Squire Loomis entertained a very great respect. In leaving the store one day, he accidentally dropped his staff, and our May, with the lightness of a sylph, sprang before him, picked it up, and respectfully, yet with one of her most sparkling glances and winning smiles, placed it in the old man's hand. Nothing can be more flattering

to age than unexpected attention paid them by the young and happy, and father Miller never forgot the pretty, bright-faced girl, who "did not laugh at him because he was lame." When he came to the store afterwards, he always brought some fragrant, delicious offering, from the garden or the fields—fruits of his own cultivation, or flowers of his own gathering—and finally our May found it very pleasant to extend her walks to father Miller's farm-house, drink of the new milk, admire the cheese, talk of economy with the old man's children, and engage in a frolic with his grandchildren. Her condescension pleased the good people, while her mingled mirthfulness, sweetness, and good sense charmed them.

These were the haymakers she had seemed so happy to meet; and the young man who had urged her stay was Mr. Day, father Miller's son-in-law. But this was not an invitation to the farm-house. A family of Irish laborers had, within a few days, begged to be admitted into an old log building that stood on father Miller's farm, and the good old man, thinking that he might assist them by giving them employment, had readily consented. But the O'Neils had traveled a long, weary way, and been obliged sometimes to sleep upon the damp ground, so that they were scarcely settled before the mother and two of the children were seized with a violent fever. Mr. Day was anxious that our May should just look in upon the sufferers; and she, with that excessive sensitiveness which often accompanies true benevolence, chose rather to incur censure for foolish waywardness than to explain her conduct. It is often found that those who seem to possess the lightest and gayest hearts, have the warmest love nestling down among the flowers. These beautiful characters pass through the world unostentatiously; seldom recognized but by the eye of omniscience, loved by God, loved by the angels, and sometimes making themselves dear to some holy-hearted saint, near enough to heaven to see clearly the internal loveliness of the spirit.

Our May had still another motive for silence. She knew that if her cousin became aware of the situation of the family, she would call a meeting of the society, and the subject would be debated till assistance would come too late; and she thought that advice and sympathy, with the products of father Miller's farm, and the physician whom the contents of her own purse might place at her command, would be quite as useful to the O'Neils as the society's money. And then another *feeling* (it could scarce be called a motive) influenced our May, when she so unceremoniously sent home her companions wondering at her eccentricity. Mr. Melroy had always seemed to consider her a thoughtless, giddy child, and when any benevolent plan was broached, he invariably turned to her cousin, as though he never dreamed of consulting her, or supposed it possible that she could be interested; and she felt a kind of pleasure in concealing from him that "lower depth," where dwelt the sacred qualities which, too often, but bubble on the surface. In saying that our May was influenced by these considerations, I do not mean to say that she thought them over, or that she would have been able to present them intelligibly; she acted from a momentary impulse, but the impelling principle was unconsciously made up of these motives.

"No," thought the sunny-hearted May, as she went tripping lightly homeward, after seeing the O'Neils comparatively comfortable, "No; however lightly he may esteem me, he shall never think that I parade my goodness before his eyes for the sake of attracting his admiration." Then our pretty May began to wonder what the sober Mr. Melroy meant about her "linking a stronger chain;" and she wondered on so absorbingly that she insensibly slackened her pace, and almost forgot to enter when she reached her uncle's door.

The young clergyman was still in the parlor; and although Miss May commenced the usual, "my dear cousin, I feel it my duty to expostulate—" and although the expostulation was no pleasanter than ever to our May, she did not avail herself of the usual "Mr. Melroy—" but sat dumb, with a roughly demure expression, unparalleled by any thing but the sometimes exceedingly wise air of a mischievous kitten.

"I think," said Mr. Melroy, endeavoring to smile, after Miss May had three several times appealed to him for his opinion, "I think that Miss Loomis" (he had never called her Miss Loomis before,) "must be allowed to be the exclusive judge of her own actions, since she chooses to conceal her motives from her friends."

"Some people act without motive," interrupted Miss May. Mr. Melroy shook his head doubtfully.

"Light minds are guided by impulse," pursued Miss May. Mr. Melroy looked more determinedly and severely serious than ever, but made no reply.

"Impulse," observed Miss May, with a wondrously wise look, "is a very dangerous guide—do n't you think so, Mr. Melroy?"

"The impulse of a bad heart."

"All hearts are depraved," continued Miss May, meekly folding her white hands, and turning her eyes to the carpet.

The young clergyman nodded assent; but it was evident that his thoughts were elsewhere.

"If cousin May *would* but be a little more sober-minded!" pursued the cloud, after a proper pause.

Mr. Melroy glanced at the blushing, half-trembling May, and appeared disconcerted.

"I know she means no harm—she is so thoughtless—but do n't you really think her exceedingly indiscreet, Mr. Melroy?"

"Excuse me, Miss Loomis," said the young clergyman, with a manner of excessive embarrassment. "I—I have no right to question the young lady's discretion; and if I attempted an opinion I might speak too unguardedly."

"So then you are obliged to put a guard upon your tongue, lest I should learn that you consider me a giddy, thoughtless, imprudent, heartless girl," said our May, with hasty earnestness; "but it is unnecessary, Mr. Melroy; I knew your opinion of me long ago."

"Then you know—" began the young pastor, and he looked still more confused.

"Then why not improve?" asked Miss May, in her very kindest tone.

"Because," answered May, the incorrigible, half-recovering her gayety, "because my most excellent cousin has goodness and discretion enough for both of us; or," she added, glancing upward, with a sweetly sobered expression of countenance, "because my Father gave me a happy heart and too many causes for



LOVE AND GLORY.

gratitude to admit of its learning the lesson of sadnesses."

Mr. Melroy was about to answer, but he was interrupted, by a knock at the door; and our village physician entered in great haste.

"I come," said he, to our May, "from O'Neil's—the poor woman's worse, and I am afraid she will not hold out much longer. I advised them to send for a clergyman; but she says no one can pray for her like the sweet young lady who visited her to-night. So, my dear, if you will just jump into my carriage, your face will do more good than my medicine."

Our May snatched her bonnet, without speaking a word, or glancing at the astonished faces beside her; and she was half way to O'Neil's, before she knew that Mr. Melroy was by her side, and still held the hand by which he had assisted her into the carriage. For some reason, though a tremor crept from the heart into that pretty prisoned hand, our May did not think proper to withdraw it; and soon all selfish thoughts were dissipated by the scene of misery upon which they entered. Mrs. O'Neil was already dead; and the Millers, in whose hands the kind-hearted physician had left her, were endeavoring to silence the clamors of the children, and striving all they could to comfort O'Neil, who, with true Irish eloquence, was pouring out his lamentations over the corpse of his wife.

"An' there's the swate leddy who spake the kind word to me," said one of the noisy group, springing towards our May, "my mither said she was heaven's own angel, sure."

"Well, come to me," said our May, "and I will speak to you some more kind words—poor things! you need them, sorely."

The children gathered around the fair young girl, noisily at first; but, as she gradually gained their attention, their clamors ceased; and she at last made them consent to accompany father Miller to the farmhouse, where it was thought best for them to remain until after the funeral of the poor mother.

"And you will be very good and quiet," said our May, as the noisy troop were preparing to leave the hut.

"Sure an' we will," answered a bright boy, "if it be only for the sake of ye'r own beautiful face, Miss."

Mr. Melroy had succeeded in administering comfort to O'Neil, who at last consented to lie down and rest; and our May bent like the ministering angel that she was over the sick couch of the two children, smoothing their pillows and bathing their temples.

"This is a wretched family," observed Mr. Melroy, turning to Mr. Day.

"Ay, but it would have been more wretched still, if it had 'nt been for our May. She came as willingly as the like of her would walk into her uncle's parlor, the minute I made her know how much she was needed; and all these little comforts are of her ordering. She sent too for Dr. Houghton, and left her purse with me to pay him; but Dr. Houghton says he can't take money from such an angel."

"Is she always so?" asked Melroy, in a low tone.

"Always so! bless your heart, don't you know she's always so, and you the minister! Why she is doing good all the time, she's kind to every body, and no one can help loving her."

"No one can help it," answered Melroy, involuntarily, and glancing at our May, who was supporting the head of the little sufferer on her hand, while she was directing Mrs. Day how to prepare the medicine.

After the sick children had been cared for, and it was ascertained that Mr. and Mrs. Day, with one of her sisters, would remain at O'Neil's during the night, Dr. Houghton, with Mr. Melroy and our May, took leave. The drive home was performed in silence; and young parson Melroy, after conducting our May to her uncle's door, pressed her hand with a whispered, "God bless you!" and turned away.

In less than a twelve month from the death of poor Mrs. O'Neil very ominous preparations were going forward in the family mansion of 'Squire Loomis. They were ended at last by the introduction of our May to the pretty parsonage; and, although she still laughs very merrily, and sometimes overturns whole passages of her husband's eloquence by a single stroke of humor, although she still prefers doing good privately, and does not attend every meeting of the society, where her happy face appears, her husband's is far from being the only heart or the only tongue to pronounce the "God bless you!"

LOVE AND GLORY.

(See Plate.)

THE days of "Love and Glory" have passed, and now requires something more attractive than a red at, glittering epaulettes, and a sword snugly enounced in its scabbard to win the hearts of our fair lies of the nineteenth century. It is a very uncomfortable thing to have a lover away on a three years campaign, and to live in the daily expectation of seeing name in the bulletin as among the dead or wounded. r maidens prefer to fall in love with quiet citizens. over tears are shed, it is true, and to the really rantic life is rather a tame affair, but this evil is an unendurable one.

The lovers in the picture before us do not seem to be

very happy or very miserable. We presume they are about parting, she to dream of "Love" and he of "Glory." If he is going out to battle in defence of his country we wish him "God speed," if in the cause of wrong and oppression, a more honorable pursuit in life.

With us, the sight of a soldier always awakens unpleasant emotions. It is too sad a commentary upon the evil heart of man for us to think upon with other feelings. Still, we hold in the highest estimation the man who devotes his life to his country in fighting against her enemies, as we hold in the deepest detestation him who basely deserts her in her extremity.

THE MOTHER.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

[THE Third Volume of the Series of Books, "THE MAIDEN," "THE WIFE," and "THE MOTHER," is nearly ready, and will appear in a few days. We give an extract in this number of our Magazine.

A MOTHER'S INFLUENCE.

"THERE come the children from school," said Aunt Mary, looking from the window. "Just see that Clarence! He'll have Henry in the gutter. I never saw just such another boy. Why can't he come quietly along like other children. There!—now he must stop to throw stones at the pigs. That boy'll give you the heart-ache yet, Anna."

Mrs. Hartley made no reply, but laid aside her work quietly and left the room, to see that their dinner was ready. In a few minutes the street door was thrown open, and the children came bounding in, full of life, and noisy as they could be.

"Where is your coat, Clarence?" she asked, in a pleasant tone, looking her oldest boy in the face.

"Oh, I forgot!" he replied, cheerfully, and turning quickly, he ran down stairs, and lifting his coat from where, in his thoughtlessness, he had thrown it upon the floor, hung it up in its proper place, and then sprang up the stairs.

"Is n't dinner ready yet?" he said, with fretful impatience, his whole manner changing suddenly. "I'm hungry."

"It will be ready in a few minutes, Clarence."

"I want it now. I'm hungry."

"Did you ever hear of the man," said Mrs. Hartley, in a voice that showed no disturbance of mind, "who wanted the sun to rise an hour before its time?"

"No, mother. Tell me about it, won't you?"

All impatience had vanished from the boy's face.

"There was a man who had to go upon a journey. The stage coach was to call for him at sunrise. More than an hour before it was time for the sun to be up, the man was all ready to go, and for the whole of that hour he walked the floor impatiently, grumbling at the sun because he did not rise. 'I'm all ready, and I want to be going,' he said. 'It's time the sun was up, long ago.' Do n't you think he was a very foolish man?"

Clarence laughed, and said he thought the man was very foolish indeed.

"Do you think he was more foolish than you were, just now, for grumbling because dinner was n't ready?"

Clarence laughed again, and said he did not know. Just then, Hannah, the cook, brought in the waiter, with the children's dinner upon it. Clarence sprang for a chair, and drew it hastily and noisily to the table.

"Try and see if you can't do that more orderly, my dear," his mother said, in a quiet voice, looking at him as she spoke, with a steady eye.

The boy removed his chair, and then replaced it gently.

"That is much better, my son."

And thus she corrected his disorderly habits, quieted his impatient temper, and checked his rudeness, without showing any disturbance. This she had to do daily. At almost every meal she found it necessary to repress his rude impatience. It was line upon line, and precept upon precept. But she never tired, and rarely permitted herself to show that she was disturbed, no matter how deeply grieved she was at times over the wild and reckless spirit of her boy.

On the next day she was not very well. Her head ached badly all the morning. Hearing the children in the passage, when they came in from school at noon, she was rising from the bed where she had lain down, to attend to them, and give them their dinners, when Aunt Mary said—

"Do n't get up, Anna. I will see to the children."

It was rarely that Mrs. Hartley let any one do for them what she could do herself, for no one else could manage the unhappy temper of Clarence. But so violent was the pain in her head, that she let Aunt Mary go, and sunk back upon the pillow from which she had arisen. A good deal of noise and confusion continued to reach her ears, from the moment the children came in. At length a loud cry, and passionate words from Clarence, caused her to rise up quickly and go over to the dining room. All was confusion there, and Aunt Mary out of humor, and scolding prodigiously. Clarence was standing up at the table, looking defiance at her, on account of some interference with his strong self-will. The moment the boy saw his mother, his countenance changed, and a look of confusion took the place of anger.

"Come over to my room, Clarence," she said, in a low voice; there was sadness in its tones, that made him feel sorry that he had given vent so freely to his ill-temper.

"What was the matter, my son?" Mrs. Hartley asked, as soon as they were alone, taking Clarence by the hand, and looking steadily at him.

"Aunt Mary would n't help me when I asked her."

"Why not?"

"She would help Henry first."

"No doubt she had a reason for it. Do you know her reason?"

"She said he was youngest." Clarence pouted out his lips, and spoke in a very disagreeable tone.

"Do n't you think that was a very good reason?"

"I've as good a right to be helped first as he has."

"Let us see if that is so. You and Marien and Henry came in from school, all hungry, and anxious for your dinners. Marien is oldest—she, one would suppose, from the fact that she is oldest, would be better able to feel for her brothers, and be willing to

see their wants supplied before her own. You are older than Henry, and should feel for him in the same way. No doubt this was Aunt Mary's reason for helping Henry first. Had she helped Marien?"

"No, ma'am."

"Did Marien complain?"

"No, ma'am."

"No one complained but my unhappy Clarence. Do you know why you complained? I can tell you, as I have often told you before. It is because you indulge in very selfish feelings. All who do so, make themselves miserable. If, instead of wanting Aunt Mary to help you first, you had, from a love of your little brother, been willing to see him first attended to, you would have enjoyed a real pleasure. If you had said—Aunt Mary, help Harry first,' I am sure Henry would have said, instantly—No, Aunt Mary, help brother Clarence first.' How pleasant this would have been; how happy would all of us have felt at thus seeing two little brothers generously preferring one another."

There was an unusual degree of tenderness, even sadness, in the voice of his mother, that affected Clarence. But he struggled with his feelings. When, however, she resumed, and said—

"I have felt quite sick all the morning. My head has ached badly—so badly that I have had to lie down. I always give you your dinners when you come home, and try to make you comfortable. To-day I let Aunt Mary do it, because I felt so sick. But I am sorry that I did not get up, sick as I was, and do it myself—then I might have prevented this unhappy outbreak of my boy's unruly temper, that has made not only my head ache ten times as badly as it did, but my heart ache also——"

Clarence burst into tears, and throwing his arms around his mother's neck, wept bitterly.

"I will try and be good, dear mother!" he said.

"I do try, sometimes, but it seems that I can't."

"You must always try, my dear son. Now dry up your tears, and go out and get your dinner. Or, if you would rather I would go with you, I will do so."

"No, dear mother!" replied the boy, affectionately. "You are sick. You must not go. I will be good."

Clarence kissed his mother again, and then returned quietly to the dining room.

"Naughty boy!" said Aunt Mary, as he entered, looking sternly at him.

A bitter retort came instantly to the tongue of Clarence, but he checked himself with a strong effort, and took his place at the table. Instead of soothing the quick-tempered boy, Aunt Mary chafed him by her words and manner during the whole meal, and it was only the image of his mother's tearful face, and the remembrance that she was sick, that restrained an outbreak of his passionate temper.

When Clarence left the table, he returned to his mother's room, and laid his head upon the pillow where her's was resting.

"I love you, mother," he said, affectionately. "You are good. But I hate Aunt Mary."

"O, no, Clarence. You must not say that you hate Aunt Mary, for Aunt Mary is very kind to you. You mustn't hate any body."

"She is n't kind to me, mother. She calls me a bad boy, and says every thing to make me angry when I want to be good."

"Think, my son, if there is not some reason for Aunt Mary calling you a bad boy. You know, yourself, that you act very naughtily sometimes, and provoke Aunt Mary a great deal."

"But she said I was a naughty boy, when I went out just now; and I was sorry for what I had done, and wanted to be good."

"Aunt Mary did n't know that you were sorry, I am sure. When she called you 'naughty boy,' what did you say?"

"I was going to say 'you're a fool!' but I did n't. I tried hard not to let my tongue say the bad words, though it wanted to."

"Why did you try not to say them?"

"Because it would have been wrong, and would have made you feel sorry. And I love you." Again the repentant boy kissed her. His eyes were full of tears, and so were the eyes of his mother.

While talking over this incident with her husband, Mrs. Hartley said,—

"Were not all these impressions so light, I would feel encouraged. The boy has warm and tender feelings, but I fear that his passionate temper and selfishness will, like evil weeds, completely check their growth."

"The case is bad enough, Anna, but not so bad, I hope, as you fear. These good affections are never active in vain. They impress the mind with an indelible impression. In after years the remembrance of them will revive the states they produced, and give strength to good desires and intentions. Amid all his irregularities, and wanderings from good, in after life, the thoughts of his mother will restore the feelings he had to day, and draw him back from evil with chords of love that cannot be broken. The good now implanted will remain, and, like ten just men, save the city. In most instances where men abandon themselves finally to evil courses, it will be found that the impressions made in childhood were not of the right kind. That the mother's influence was not what it should have been. For myself, I am sure that a different mother would have made me a different man. When a boy, I was too much like Clarence; but the tenderness with which my mother always treated me, and the unimpassioned but earnest manner in which she reproved and corrected my faults, subdued my unruly temper. When I became restless or impatient, she always had a book to read to me, or a story to tell, or had some device to save me from myself. My father was neither harsh nor indulgent towards me; I cherish his memory with respect and love. But I have different feelings when I think on my mother. I often feel, even now, as if she were near me—as if her cheek were laid to mine. My father would *place his hand upon my head*, caressingly, but my mother would *lay her cheek against mine*. I did not expect my father to do more—I do not know that I would have loved him had he done more, for him it was a natural expression of affection. But no act is too tender for a mother. Her kiss upon my cheek, her warm embrace, are all felt now, and the older I grow the more holy seem the influences that surrounded me in childhood."

THE TAX GATHERER.

BY E. FERRETT.

(See Plate.)

ONE of the principal privileges of an Englishman is having to pay taxes upon light, food, and raiment—taxes which oppress the poor and needy, and fall easily on the shoulders of the wealthy—which are assessed in an inverse proportion to men's incomes, making those who have little, pay much, those who have much, pay little. Those who, by hard labor, earn a bare subsistence for their families, pay twenty per cent. on their income, while those who wallow in hereditary wealth, pay scarcely a quarter per cent. The fundamental principle of English taxation is the sliding scale, and as all taxes are made by the wealthy, their amount is contrived to decrease as the income increases, and increase as it diminishes.

Tax gatherers, like excisemen, enjoy a notoriety by no means enviable. Generally they are men of blunted and obtuse sensibilities, who, "dressed in a little brief authority," take pleasure in grinding down defaulters, and seem, like Shylock, to long for the heart's blood of those unfortunate debtors who cannot meet their liabilities.

Every village has its tax gatherer, and the neat little village of Weston was blessed in being the especial charge of Mr. Thomas Cottell, who, though nature had somewhat stunted his upward growth, rejoiced in such unusual breadth of dimensions, as amply compensated, in the aggregate of quantity, for any deficiency of height. Cottell was a true specimen of his tribe, consequential, conceited, and ill-tempered—obsequious and fawning to the rich, tyrannical and overbearing to the poor—firmly believing that sin was only another name for poverty, and that not to be rich was not to be virtuous—that a man's moral character depended solely upon the punctuality with which he paid his taxes, and his chances of future happiness on the amount of his funded property. He had been long settled in the village, and had reached middle age, when a new family arrived in Weston, one of the members of which was destined to call into action a hitherto dormant passion of Mr. Cottell's mind. Heretofore Mr. Cottell had never felt affection for any but himself or his ugly cur Tiger, who was as celebrated for his rudeness to the poor cats of the neighborhood, as his master was for brutality to the poorer people. But "a change came o'er the spirit of" Mr. Cottell's "dream;" the man was softened; from being wrapt in the contemplation of his own consequence, he became absorbed in reflections upon the surpassing beauty of Sarah Taylor, and poor debtors, who were in hourly dread of a visit from their tormenter, were suffered to remain undisturbed, alike to their gratification and astonishment.

The new comers in the village were an old man

and his only daughter. Mr. Taylor had, at one period of his life, been a successful merchant, but the casualties to which such men are liable, had reduced him to a condition of extreme poverty. He had been many years a widower, and his only daughter, Sarah, was the sharer and lightener of her father's cares and sorrows. For some months they had struggled on in the metropolis, Sarah's accomplishments enabling her to provide a somewhat precarious subsistence, when an old friend of Taylor's died, and left him a small annuity, just sufficient to support him and his daughter comfortably. Both father and daughter were lovers of country life, and they speedily removed from the densely populated capital to a neat little cottage in the isolated village of Weston. In villages, every body knows every body, and every body's business. So, of course, Mr. Cottell knew all about Mr. Taylor, and speedily contrived to establish himself upon visiting footing. Mr. Taylor tolerated his society, from being too indolent to take the decided measures necessary to check the advances of so impudent a man as Cottell; thus, rarely a day passed without the man of taxes spending a considerable time at Mr. Taylor's cottage, during which time Cottell indulged himself in admiring Sarah's beauty, sprightly disposition, and thrifty housewifery—ever and anon, taking a slight excursion into dream-land, and picturing the fair girl as ministering to him with the careful anxiety with which she anticipated the wants of her father.

Cottell was not only a bold man, but a conceited one; his dreams were never darkened by a shadowy doubt of his ability to win the fair Sarah for his bride. He considered himself, abstracted from his position, perfectly competent to gain the affections of any girl; but when he thought of himself as an important servant of the government, possessed, withal, of no inconsiderable amount of wealth, independent of his handsome income, he would have as soon supposed it possible for a refractory debtor to successfully resist his power, as for a portionless girl, like Sarah Taylor, to refuse his proffered love.

In this happy state, Cottell suffered a few months to pass, during which he spent much time at Taylor's, pestering the old gentleman with his pompous ignorance, and occasionally favoring Sarah with an attempt at gallantry, and a few ogles, much in the same style that a mule would play the lap dog, or an ogre look at the lady he intended to devour for his breakfast. Women are proverbially quick-witted, and most especially so in matters relating to the heart. Sarah soon discovered that she had made a conquest of the Tax Gatherer—a discovery more strange than wel-

THE YEAR GRADUATES.

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come. With lady-like tact, she, from time to time, evaded the various efforts that her swain was constantly making to reveal his passion; and so successfully did she out-general him, that the impatient lover determined to change his attack, and by appealing to her father, secure his co-operation, and thus take the field with additional force.

Accordingly, one balmy summer evening, he paid his usual visit to Mr. Taylor, and finding the old gentleman alone, after a few common places, he boldly opened his subject.

"Mr. Taylor, I need not tell you that I am a man of few words; a gentleman of your penetration must have discovered that long ago. I am a plain man, Mr. Taylor, and must speak out in a straight forward manner. I dare say you can understand the subject to which I am going to allude."

"Indeed, Mr. Cottell, you overrate my penetration. Pray explain yourself."

"Mr. Taylor, you must have remarked that I have been a frequent visitor at your house of late." Poor Taylor was painfully conscious of the fact, but he merely bowed, and Cottell continued—"Well, sir, did you never think of what brought me here so often? Did it never occur to you that there was something attractive in your house? Yes, sir, I have been drawn here by my admiration of your daughter. I love your daughter, sir; and I want your consent to my marrying her!"

Cottell delivered this speech with an energy totally at variance from his usual phlegmatic style of talking, and so astonished was Taylor, alike at the manner and matter, that it was some minutes ere he could answer. At length he said:

"Mr. Cottell, this is wholly unexpected. I had not imagined that any such cause produced the honor of your frequent visits. But I cannot answer you in this matter. It is a subject on which Sarah must decide. I will never control her in the choice of a husband. I believe that her good sense will prevent her making an unwise choice, and her pure and unsophisticated mind from loving a bad man; therefore I must refer you to her."

"But, sir," said Cottell, "what do you think about it? Are you willing to give me your daughter?"

This was rather a difficult question for Taylor to answer. He was well aware that Cottell was a wealthy man, and that by marrying him, his daughter would be secured from pecuniary want. He also knew that his own income died with him, and that their utmost care and providence enabled them to save but little. Still, Cottell was certainly very far from the order of man he would like to see his daughter marry, and, not wishing to commit himself, he simply answered:

"It is unnecessary, Mr. Cottell, for me to express an opinion; as I have already said, the decision rests with Sarah, and I shall readily agree with the one she comes to."

The words were common place; but there was a dignity about the old gentleman's manner, which, for a time, silenced even Cottell's pertinacity. Presently he returned to the charge. "Where is Miss Sarah, sir? Can I see her, and know her determination at once?"

"Sarah has gone out for a walk with her cousin, Frank Cooper, who arrived here this afternoon, on a

visit for a week or ten days. I expect her return every minute, but as there would be some awkwardness in mentioning this subject before a third person, you had better leave it with me, Mr. Cottell, to explain the matter to Sarah in the morning."

This was not at all to Cottell's taste. For some weeks he had been conning over the speech that he was to make when declaring his passion; and he had a vague idea that love making should not be carried on by proxy; besides which, he was not altogether satisfied with the intelligence that Sarah was walking with a cousin. Cousins are dangerous companions, especially when young and good looking. After a variety of direct and indirect inquiries, hints and innuendoes, Cottell succeeded in ascertaining that Frank Cooper was a young man of four or five and twenty, and a lieutenant in the navy; that he was a son of Mr. Taylor's sister; that he had, of course, been intimate with the Taylors in their better days, that he was but just returned from a twelvemonth's cruise, and had come down to spend a part of his furlough with his old friends. The time occupied in fishing out this information, had lengthened Cottell's visit beyond all ordinary limits, and Sarah and her companion not making their appearance, there was no alternative, he was compelled to depart, leaving Mr. Taylor to report his offer to the young lady.

From Taylor's cottage to Cottell's residence, there were two roads, or rather paths, one a lane shaded by elms, and high hawthorn bushes, the other through two fields, in which there was a broad pathway. The fields were several feet above the level of the road, and alongside the hedgerow which divided them, ran a murmuring brook, that in the quiet evening, rippled audibly over its pebbly bottom. When Cottell left Mr. Taylor's night had set in, but it was brilliantly illuminated by the full moon, which sailing through the unclouded sky, gave a light almost as clear, and much softer than the broad glare of day. The tranquil and serene beauty of the night accorded ill with the dissatisfied spirit of the doughty Tax Gatherer, who sallying forth, took the lane, as being less frequented, and better enabling him to look out for Sarah Taylor, and the man he felt convinced was her lover. He had proceeded about half way home, when he fancied he heard voices, and creeping quietly along, aided by the babbling brook, speedily discovered Sarah and her cousin sitting on the stile which divided the two fields, and oh! lamentable sight for Cottell, Frank's arm was passed lovingly around her waist, and Sarah's beaming face turned to her cousin, her speaking eyes shining more brilliantly than the beautiful planet above her. Cottell drew closer, and remaining motionless, heard a conversation that confirmed his worst fears.

"And so, dear Sarah, you have not entirely forgotten your wandering cousin?"

"Nay, Frank, my memory must be indeed treacherous if I were to forget one of my oldest friends. How can I forget the consistent young gentleman, who in his boyish days quarrelled with every youth who spoke to me, and then would have quarrelled with myself, had I not been too amiable for even his anger to ruffle my sweet temper."

"No slander, Sarah, or I shall take a cousin's privilege, and seal your lips with a kiss."

"The time for enjoying such privileges is past

Frank. They belong to childhood, and our happy childhood is gone. We are now grave, sober folks, and like men and women, must pay proper respect to the laws of decorum."

"But may not the feelings of childhood continue in after life? May not the love of the boy be continued in manhood? Believe me, Sarah, it is so. Passionately as I adored you in my younger days, I had not then a tenth part of the love for you which now absorbs every other feeling. It has grown with my growth, strengthened with my strength, matured with my manhood—and is now the ruling principle which governs every action."

"Hush! hush! Frank. The moon is at the full to-night, and you know that you were ever effected by its influence."

"Dear Sarah! be serious for a moment. Do not ridicule me. I love you, devotedly. Tell me, am I to be happy or miserable? Does your kindness to me proceed from sisterly affection, or can I hope for a warmer place in your love?"

The earnest and impassioned tones of the young man, pleaded too powerfully to be answered with raillery. Even in Sarah's last sentence her voice had faltered, though her words were light. Now her bosom heaved, but she gave no answer to her cousin's appeal.

Frank's arm was tightened around her waist, and as he drew her closer to him, he gazed eagerly and anxiously into her face, exclaiming—"One word, Sarah! one look, to tell me that I am not altogether wretched."

"Dear, dear Frank!" murmured Sarah, as her head rested upon his shoulder, and the lover repeatedly availed himself of the cousinly privilege, before alluded to, much to the delight and gratification of the listening Cottell.

Oh! that first kiss of love, when youth, and health, and hope are strong within us, when the future glows with the rainbow tints of our own vivid imaginations—when no clouds darken our joy's horizon—no gloomy and vague distrustings of the morrow lessen the pleasures of to-day—alas! that such feelings should be so fleeting—so evanescent—as transient as they are gorgeous. Alas! that the stern realities of life should hourly teach us to anticipate evil, to indulge sparingly in present gratification, fearing that the next hour may bring sorrow and trouble. Alas! that our experience should lead us to fear evil even before it comes.

Frank and Sarah had both known trouble, but they were young, and in love; that love now first clearly confessed and responded to. What to them were the fancied difficulties, and dangers conjured up by the timid? Mere chimeras—powerless, and utterly incapable of affecting their happiness. A few minutes passed in the blissful consciousness of reciprocal affection, when Frank broke silence—"Dear Sarah! your father will not object to my suit, I feel confident. Shall I speak to him at once, and ask for his consent to our union?"

"Nonsense, Frank!" replied Sarah, recovering her animation. "What right have you to think about a wife? You, a sailor! why you are always at sea—a pretty husband, truly!"

"But Sarah, I shall retire on half pay, which with what I have, will make us comfortable—we will be

patterns of domestic felicity—a perfect Darby and Joan."

"And pray, sir, what's to become of my other lover? How is he to be got rid of? And suppose my father should deem him the more prudent match of the two? You see there are some difficulties in the way."

"Oh! as to the Tax Gatherer," cried Frank, "if he dares to interfere, I'll choke him with his own tax book; and your father loves you too well to nurse your marrying a man that he cannot fail to despise."

The latter proposition was known to be true by Sarah; so, after some further talk, it was agreed that Frank should speak to his uncle in the morning, and as Sarah suddenly discovered that it was late, and her father would be alarmed, they pursued their way home, not before Cottell was annoyed by a repetition of those cousinly privileges for which Frank seemed to have an especial taste.

Dire were the maledictions heaped upon Frank's head by the enraged Cottell; at one moment he had almost determined to break through the hedge, and at once engage in a personal struggle with his successful rival, but the athletic form and fearless brow of the young sailor warned him that such a step would be attended with serious danger. He, therefore, suffered the lovers to depart unmolested; and walked home, revolving in his mind, schemes for overthrowing the young people's anticipated happiness.

Whatever were the evil intentions of the Tax Gatherer, no immediate opportunity occurred for carrying his plans into execution. But he was not a man to forget a wrong, real or imagined. Like all narrow-minded people, he was, what Johnson calls "a good hater." He could nurse his wrath until the fitting time arrived for its outbreak; and thus he treasured up in his mind a reckoning against the unfortunate Sarah, which he determined should some day be as completely settled as any tax bill that he had.

The following morning Frank Cooper revealed to his uncle his hopes and wishes. A cordial consent followed his declaration, and it was agreed between Mr. Taylor and the young man, that Sarah should not be informed of the Tax Gatherer's offer, as it was clear that Cottell entertained a bad feeling, which might be the cause of unnecessary alarm to her.

The requisite arrangements on the part of Frank were speedily made, and as there was no affectation in Sarah's character, a few weeks subsequently, they were united, and as was agreed, took up their abode with Mr. Taylor. The unclouded happiness of the bridegroom, the blushing and subdued felicity of the bride, must be left to the reader's imagination.—such is the general custom, because the rhapsodies of lovers, married or single, are said to be tiresome to others, but we are rather disposed to think that such descriptions are omitted from a consciousness of inability to describe in sufficiently glowing language, some of the holiest and most beautiful feelings of humanity. There is an under current of romance in the minds of most people, that, however, they may pretend to ridicule every tender feeling, readily responds to such thoughts, making the chords vibrate, which may have been silent for years, and which are more powerful when awakened from the very cautiousness with which they have been hidden from the vulgar gaze.

Let us imagine a lapse of four or five years, during which period old father Time has been busily occupied. Poor Mr. Taylor had passed away, Sarah and her husband had paid to his remains the last tribute of respect and affection, and the void in their hearts had been filled by the birth of a child, which had grown into a fine little girl. For three years after the marriage of Frank and Sarah, their happiness would have been uninterrupted, but for the death of their father. At the expiration of that time, their felicity was disturbed.

War broke out, and Frank Cooper, in common with other half pay officers, had to go on active service, or resign his commission. The latter alternative would have left him with scarcely any means to provide for his wife and child, and his seafaring life had unfitted him for the ordinary pursuits, by which landmen realize an income. In time of war the sale of a commission would imply so questionable a courage, that Frank, who could not brook any imputations of that kind, determined, in spite of Sarah's tears and remonstrances, to go once more to sea. This was a sad trial to Sarah—all her dreams of a long and happy domestic life were dissipated, an undefined fear crept over her, which she could no more account for, than shake off. So sad were her anticipations, that more than once Frank was tempted to abandon his project, and suffer his commission to go, but then came the knowledge that all men would not understand his real motive, and vanity conquered.

The parting was sad enough to both, although worse to Sarah than her husband. Those who are left behind always suffering most from separation, while those who go out into the world have their sorrow chastened by the necessity for constant exertion, and by continual change of scene. During three months Sarah occasionally got a letter from her husband. Upon these, and the caresses of her child, she seemed to exist. But her trouble was not yet at its height. News arrived that the vessel in which Frank had sailed was not to be found at her station, or in the latitude in which she had been ordered to cruise. Then came rumors of the discovery of various parts of a vessel, indicating a wreck, and, finally, a confirmed and detailed account of the wreck of some large vessel, which was at length proved to be the one in which Sarah's husband had left England. Words are faint depictees of sorrow, more particularly when used in description. Sarah's was a grief that did not show itself in externals; her spirit was crushed and broken; her hopes in this world were over. A sad duty remained, that of rearing her child, a duty that she would perform well and carefully, but the flowers of her existence were blighted; life was to her such a monotonous and uninteresting state, that she cared not how soon she changed, could she have been allowed to watch over the welfare of her child. After a few months, as if the measure of her woes had not been sufficiently filled, she began to suffer from pecuniary distress. A gentleman of the village had made the necessary application to government for the pension, to which Mrs. Cooper, as the widow of a naval officer, was entitled. This application had not as yet resulted in the desired remittance. Many months had elapsed, without her claim being either legally recognized or positively denied. At length some of her

creditors grew clamorous; she had continued to reside in the cottage that had been the abode of her happy days, when cheered by the love of her father and husband. Its walls were endeared by many a tender recollection, it was a sad pleasure, a pleasing melancholy to live over again the scenes that were passed—to sit where she had conversed with her lost friends, and to fancy that even then their spirits watched over and protected her. She might have found a cheaper residence, but the pleadings of her heart would not be resisted.

Among the very few persons who were not contented to suffer their demands to stand over until the widow's claim was admitted, was her quondam lover the Tax Gatherer. This gentleman understood the Ravenswood motto, and could "bide" his "time." That time had come, and he determined that he would be amply revenged for Mrs. Cooper's preferring Frank to himself. Accordingly, he commenced dunning the unfortunate widow for her taxes, for, with a perversity common to all law, which is said to be the perfection of justice, the poor widow, who could not procure her right from the government, was yet subject to the persecutions of one of its minions for not paying her mite in due time. Day after day would her ruthless tormentor call and threaten to institute proceedings against her. Poor Sarah suffered the curse of poverty in its bitterest form, for it subjected her to insult. She was too proud to borrow the money, and had no alternative but to bear in silence, and patiently wait her long expected pension.

Cottell's narrow mind exulted in the misery he caused, and he resolved that he would avail himself of Sarah's poverty to make another essay upon her heart.

With this view, he fortified himself for his task by taking an extra glass or two after dinner, and arrived at the widow's cottage in that delightful state of obstinacy and impudence only to be found in half-drunken men, who, when sober, entertain a high opinion of their own talent and ability.

Sarah's meek and resigned countenance had no effect on her brutal visitor, who commenced with,— "Now, Mrs. Cooper, are you going to pay these taxes; or must I keep calling for ever? How many more times must I come?"

"Indeed, Mr. Cottell, I am sorry to give you so much trouble, but you know that I must soon get my pension allowed, and the arrears paid up, when I will not lose a moment in settling with you."

"How do I know, ma'am, that you will get any pension? How do I know it is not all an imposition? Government do n't do things in that way, ma'am. Claims that have any foundation are admitted immediately, and so would your's if it had any."

Poor Sarah's spirit was too much broken to resent even this insult, and she lifted her eyes from the ground, exclaiming: "What *shall* I do? How am I to act?"

"I'll tell you, Mrs. Cooper, what to do. Look here, ma'am, I am a plain man—a man of few words—I want somebody to take care of my house—I want a wife. I once asked your father to give you to me, but I heard you accept another. Well, that's over, and I do n't bear malice; so, if you've a mind to be Mrs. Cottell, why I'm willing, and that'll settle the taxes, that's all."

Astonishment had kept Sarah silent until he had finished, then the few embers of her native spirit blazed forth. "Leave me, sir, at once! How dare you address me thus? Are you a man? Have you no feeling? You should blush for very shame at so cowardly an insult to an unprotected woman!"

"Big words won't pay the taxes, Mrs. Cooper. Take your choice, ma'am; but you must either have me, or I'll sell the bed from under you. So, now, let us hear your decision."

"Shame, shame upon you!" again exclaimed Sarah. "Begone, sir! I despise your threats as much as I do you. I would rather beg bread for myself and child, from door to door, than marry such a monster as you, even if I were free of heart as the merriest girl in the world," and Sarah turned from him to close her door, but ere she could get in, Cottell seized her by the arm, and scowling upon her, with all his evil passions aroused, cried—

"You shall rue this, Mrs. Cooper! I am not a man to be thwarted with impunity."

Sarah shrieked for help, and just as Cottell was clasping her arm more tightly and about to utter a further threat, a strong hand was laid upon his collar, and, in spite of his weight, he was hurled round, and only saved from falling by coming in contact with a tree which grew close to the door of the cottage.

Poor Sarah looked up, uttered a cry of astonishment, and sunk, fainting, into the arms of the new comer, who was no other than the identical Frank Cooper, supposed to have been lost fifteen months before.

In the excitement of the Tax Gatherer and Mrs. Cooper, they had not heard the steps of her husband, and he had thus come upon them at so unexpected and happy a moment.

Frank's sudden appearance was soon explained. The vessel in which he had sailed had been wrecked, and he and several others picked up by an outward bound East-Indiaman. He had been unable to meet with any homeward bound vessel, and so was compelled to take the voyage, without any means of informing his wife of his safety.

It was with difficulty that Sarah prevented Frank from chastising the discomfited Tax Gatherer, when he learned the extent of his insults to his wife, but Sarah was too happy to allow of any dissension, and so poor Mr. Cottell was permitted to sneak away with a whole skin, sufficiently punished in feeling himself powerless to inflict evil.

The war was over, and Frank settled down for life perfectly comfortable, Sarah and he often indulging in a laugh at the expense of their old enemy—the Tax Gatherer.

A DREAM OF HOME.

BY MARY HEMPLE.

By the light of a happy dream,
Her bounding pulse was stir'd,
With a thrill as warm, and full of joy,
As the song of a just-freed bird;
Far o'er the wide, wide sea,
Flew her bright glad thoughts away,
Unbound from the fetters of busy care,
Which shackle the live-long day.

The home of her earlier years,
Rose fair to her sleeping eyes,
And the glow that brightened her first glad smiles
Shone out from the smiling skies;
The calm clear air slept soothingly,
On her weary, heated, brow,
And never, never in childhood's glee,
Had it felt so sweet as now.

The village church shone out,
From the old dim shadowed trees,
And the breath of flowers—old England's flowers—
Came floating on the breeze;

The very leaves had kindly looks,
And whispers low and bland,
And their shadows greeted her lovingly,
Like the clasp of a friendly hand.

In the old church-yard the grave-stones gleamed,
White—pure in the sunny air,
And the sleeper lingered among them long,
For a mother's grave was there;
The smiles—that fitted across her face,
When first the dreamer slept—
Were not so gently, deeply sweet,
As the tears, which now she wept.

There is wealth, rich wealth in dreams,
Which we yield too lightly up,
A drop of joy—for the bitterness
Of life's o'erflowing cup;
Heed while it whispers—the angel-voice
That speaks through the shades of sleep,
Look up, when shadows veil the earth,
And triumph the while you weep.

THE BRIDE OF GOWANUS.

BY J. H. MANCUR.

Author of "Henri Quatre; or, the Days of the League," &c. &c.

It was a summer morn, in the early part of the eighteenth century, or, to narrate more precisely, in the summer of A. D. 1708, when Mietje Cortelyou, the daughter of a substantial resident of Gowanus, Long Island, left home, unattended, to visit a neighboring bowery or farm. Mietje was an heiress. Her father, Nicholas Cortelyou, had accumulated wealth as a factor and merchant in the thriving port of New York. After the sudden decease of his wife, he grew disgusted with business, sold the stock-in-trade, and store house, in the city, and retired to his farm in the district of Gowanus, at the head of the creek of that name. Here, a few years previously, he had built—on the roadside which borders the marsh—a strong stone dwelling, which the widower now occupied with his only child, and his household slaves, and free servants. Nicholas proved, in truth, but a sorry farmer, as regarded skill and application; and Mietje, more accustomed to the conveniences of a town life, than the laborious duties of the bowery, was far from being applauded by neighboring housewives, as an exemplar and pattern to their daughters. But Mietje was consoled for the disparaging innuendos of her own sex, by the flattering attentions she elicited from the other. Were the parents of the young Dutch farmers, who sought to win her smiles, disposed to condemn her want of many of the qualities which should characterize an excellent bowery-wife, yet they could offer no valid objection to the tobacco-field, corn and woodland, of which she was sole heiress, still less to the gold and silver which Nicholas held in store, or had placed out at interest. Mietje was a comely, buxom lass of nineteen, not indisposed, at heart, to set a high value on her personal attractions and worldly expectations, but which she concealed, purposely, or unconsciously, by a carelessness of manner, at once piquant and engaging, and a flow of vivacity, which the ill natured and envious attributed to levity, and the better-disposed to absence of a mother's control.

Mietje, as we said, left home to pay a visit. The district was but thinly populated, neighbors were few in number, lived far apart, and the damsel had to walk a mile or more. During her stay the sky grew overcast, foretelling the approach of a storm. Mietje was solicited to remain and bide the event; but she resisted every entreaty, insisting that the threatened clouds would pass away, or should it prove otherwise, there was ample time to reach home ere the elemental strife commenced. Forced to declare a reason for her obstinacy, she alleged an appointment with her father, who was hourly expected in New York. To escape from the ironical smiles with which this excuse was received, and the bad hints that other, and more interesting visitors

were expected, Mietje flung on her bonnet, and ran homeward. The heavens were indeed lowering, yet the distance was not very great, and surely she could outstrip the lagging tempest! But the wind rose, suddenly, sweeping through the foliage, and whirling aloft the sand and dust. Her heart misgave her; she repented her temerity; she knew too well the immediate heralds of the storm, longer to indulge hope of escape. Ere the gale subsided, the rain fell in large heavy drops, presently increasing to a torrent. No other shelter presented but an overhanging bank, from which sand had been excavated. To this she fled, at the moment that a rapid flash of lightning filled her with new terror and dismay. Regret and self-reproach were alike useless. She crept close within the half-formed cave, trusting that the fury of the tempest would soon abate, or that aid were at hand, from the neighbor's she had rashly quitted, or from her own home. Though protected from the rain, incessant flashes of lightning, accompanied by loud and prolonged bursts of thunder, quailed her spirits. Bitterly she repented her temerity, but her dismay vanished on hearing the tramp of horses,—her friends have come in search!

Eagerly she casts her eyes in the direction whence the sounds proceed. Two horsemen, dashing furiously onward, turn an angle of the road,—alas! they are strangers. Drenched with the descending deluge, they perceive, with pleasure, the sand-cave, and rein up beneath the projection. Mietje, in fear, crouched behind a huge boulder-stone.

"Thank heaven! even for this!" cried a rough voice.

"For what?" uttered the other, laughing, "the rain or the shelter?"

"My lord is pleased to be facetious," rejoined the rough voice.

Mietje could not comprehend the alleged facetiousness, but she ventured a peep at the travelers. The elder was a man of about forty, of bold, jovial aspect, struggling, as it seemed, with an obsequiousness, extorted by the presence of a patron. But for a projecting under lip, which lent a sinister expression to the features, he might have been pronounced handsome. His companion was some years younger, of a gay, dissolute, reckless air, which proclaimed, too palpably to be mistaken, in the language of the day—a confirmed rake. Their dress denoted rank and station. A cockaded hat, encircled with a feather, which the storm had sadly despoiled, bespoke military command. Mietje did not remain long concealed. The younger traveler on edging his horse nearer the stone, to escape the rain, suddenly exclaimed—

"Why, captain, what have we here—a bonnet? and by Jove! a wench under it."

As he spoke, the maiden who feared encountering the strangers alone, yet mortified that she should have been discovered in an attitude of fear, arose hastily, indignant at the coarse remark, and stood before them. Indignation deepened the hue of her cheek, lent lustre to her large eye, and dignity to her figure. Both the captain and his lordship were struck with admiration, if not awed, by the sudden apparition. But the latter, quickly recovering self-possession, cried, with the easy tone of levity, peculiar to his class,—“What is thy name, sweetheart?”

“Mietje Cortelyou, sir,” replied the girl, who began to entertain a shrewd opinion of the name and quality of the traveler—a surmise, however, which by no means lessened her fear, or added to her sense of security.

“Then, Mietje Cortelyou,” rejoined the speaker, “the captain will assist you to mount behind me, and I trust thy father, if thou hast one, will requite the service, by offering shelter and a fire to dry our clothes. How far hence dost live, Mietje?”

It was a good half mile to her father's house, but seeing that the captain was preparing to dismount, and having made up her mind not to put herself in the power of either stranger, she boldly declared, that if she went home it should be on foot; in fact that the house was so near at hand, that were she to scream loudly, she should be heard.

“Well spoken, by Jove! Mietje! But why so scared?” asked his lordship, laughing at her terror. “Do I look such a monster, captain?”

“A sorry plight, indeed,” replied the captain, after a glance at the pitiable condition to which his patron, as well as himself were reduced by the storm. “In faith, your lordship looks as jaded as a dowager at day-break.”

“Verily, a truth, noble captain,” rejoined his lordship, affecting to yawn; “I feel hungry and weary—even as an empty-pursed beau after a night's ill-luck, without a coin to fling at the link-boy. O! for one of those same, sorry, roadside-inns at home, where good entertainment—in black letters under a red cow, is promised both to man and beast.”

The maiden, much pleased that the discourse should take any other turn than in relation to herself, began to feel some interest in the strangers, and was prompted to utter—

“You will find good shelter, sirs, at my father's house, though we hang out no sign.”

So saying, and to avoid further colloquy, she started into the road, amid the pouring rain, glad, nevertheless, to escape from a situation in which she felt ill at ease.

“Nay, if she will not ride,” cried the younger cavalier, “lend her thy mantle, captain.”

The captain, who had found the benefit of a short riding-cloak, which in fair weather was buckled at the saddle, made a wry face on hearing the unwelcome injunction, but gallantry, or maybe, fears of his superior's displeasure, prompted ready compliance. Divesting himself of the garment, he rode up to Mietje, and threw it, as she tripped along, adroitly over her shoulders. Alarmed at the sudden check, and believing that the act sprang from some sinister purpose, she uttered a loud scream, and casting off the mantle, ran homeward at the top of her speed.

“We part not company so easily,” cried his lordship, laughing, putting his steed at a pace to follow without passing her, “she is the prettiest wench on Long Island.”

As Mietje had the wind in her favor, and was, moreover, urged by fear, her flight was as rapid as her thoughts. In turning a sharp corner, she came in contact with a young man, who narrowly escaped being overturned.

“Mietje! Mietje! how is this?” he exclaimed; but seeing that she was pursued, he sprang forward, and grasped the bridle of his lordship's steed, hanging on till he had arrested his career.

“And now, villain, we are met in good time!” he exclaimed, still holding the bridle.

“What outrage is this, sir?” cried the indignant nobleman, grasping the collar of his assailant.

The voice and action caused the young man to look steadily at the rider. “It is Lord Cornbury!” he uttered, with a start—amazed at recognizing in one whom he had so rudely interfered with, the governor of the colony.

“Yes, sirrah, and you'll find it so to your cost,” cried the captain, who had recovered his soiled mantle, and now approached, menacing the youth with his uplifted riding-whip.

Mietje promptly interfered. First rebuking her acquaintance for his violence toward gentlemen whom she was about leading to her father's house, she next addressed Lord Cornbury, beseeching him that he would forgive the behavior of her friend, who was coming in search of her, and had foolishly mistaken the purpose of his lordship.

The governor softening, declared that for her sake, he would endeavor to forget the insult, adding jocosely, that he was not accustomed to hold council under a pelting rain, and would be glad of the shelter which she promised. In a few minutes the whole party were housed under the roof of Nicholas Cortelyou, the only one who exhibited any trace of discomposure, or ill feeling, being the young man, Edward Hastings, whose lofty spirit, although he was aware of the risk he run in offending so powerful a personage as Lord Cornbury, could not brook the apology which Mietje, sagacious and thoughtful, tendered in his behalf. He was in ill humor, and showed his displeasure by absenting himself.

The character of Lord Cornbury was well known. He was grandson of the celebrated historian and chancellor, Lord Clarendon,—but illustrious descent was his only recommendation to public respect or esteem. A profligate of the deepest dye, he was on the verge of being hunted from England by public opinion, joined to the clamor of hungry creditors, when desertion from the Stuart family (from whom came the honors of his house) to join William, Prince of Orange, interested the latter to grant the renegade an asylum, by appointing him to the governorship of the colony of New York. Since his arrival, Queen Anne had succeeded William of Orange, and his lordship of Cornbury, whether presuming on consanguinity with this Princess (whose mother was a daughter of Chancellor Clarendon) or simply following the propensities of an ill regulated nature, indulged in the same personal extravagance which marked his European career, to which were added, in his capacity of governor, in-

visions of the property and privileges of the colonists. Regarding his mission as a fortunate opportunity to repair a shattered fortune, he indulged in every species of rapacity and extortion, without suffering other vices to slumber ungratified. To entire absence of religious principle and feeling, he joined a persecuting spirit against every sect but the high church party, and as the latter found but a small minority among the prevalent religious denominations, his oppressions and exactions were widely felt.

Whilst Edward Hastings was ungratefully indulging his pique against Mietje, the latter was using her best exertions to preserve the good temper of the governor, and drive from his memory the untoward rencontre. The absence of Edward from the apartment was construed by the maiden to fear of the consequences of drawing on himself the renewed anger of the nobleman, and therefore excited no surprise. She was pleased to discover that the latter was all smiles and civility, and though she could not but feel his ardent glances, both embarrassing and annoying, yet they created less uneasiness than if her mind had been more at ease, with the respect to the welfare of young Hastings.

Seated near a fire, hastily kindled on the hearth, the blazing faggots dried the saturated garments of the travelers, who deigned to partake the while the proffered hospitalities of their host, ministered by the hands of the comely Mietje.

The influence of the society in which Lord Cornbury was bred, and of which he ought to have been an ornament, shed (when he permitted) a pleasing lustre on his manners. To the old man he was affable and courteous, causing him to doubt whether the governor were indeed such an incarnation of evil as report described. When directing his discourse to Mietje, his style was gallant, but with a due sense of their respective stations, and he endeavored to draw her forth on topics with which she might be supposed to be conversant.

But however deceptive with Mietje and her father, this behavior, it did not impose on the sagacious captain who knew his master well. He remarked the ardent glances of the governor as they followed the graceful movements of the maiden, and experience taught him that the selfish and arrogant nobleman did not play an amiable part before people of inferior degree, unless to cover a design.

A short hour—and the face of nature was changed. The storm had passed away and the bright sun gleamed through the casement. The guests arose, and the horses were brought to the door. After thanking both father and daughter for their attentions, Cornbury, as he quitted the room, threw over the neck of the latter a gold chain, which he requested her to keep in remembrance of the governor's visit. The keen, burning gaze of Cornbury had been too often encountered by Mietje to pass unheeded—she felt alarmed, but prudence forbade her exhibiting fear or displeasure. But his action with regard to the chain, in which her pleasure was not consulted—as though acceptance of the token was treated as a matter of course—was beyond the limits of her forbearance. She was about casting off the unwelcome gift, when her father, who saw the action, without understanding or appreciating her motives, stayed her hand, and with an emphatic

whisper—not to ruin them by her folly—followed his guests to the gate.

"'Tis a pretty country, this, Jackson—mark it well!" exclaimed his lordship, reining up after they had rode a few paces.

The spot deserved the eulogium. Beyond the bay rose the woody hills of Staten Island, backed by deep masses of black cloud—a fragment of the retreating storm. Hitherward, from the deep waters, on which played the dazzling sunbeams, flowed a creek, meandering between a double line of hills, over a rich salt-marsh. At the line where the higher ground united with the marsh, stretched the road on which the travelers now paused. Behind, on the hilly-side, sheltered by an orchard, stood the gable-front of Nicholas Cortelyou's house, a strong stone dwelling, remarkable for its lofty, narrow windows, which appeared constructed on the principle of admitting light, and excluding assailants—by no means an unnecessary precaution in a lonely situation, exposed, moreover, to the attacks of both land-sharks and water-sharks. The high ground, in the rear of the dwelling, disclosed a spring, whose trickling waters, running by the door, passed beneath the causeway, and falling over broken stones into the marsh, added its tiny tribute to the salt-creek. Between the stones grew the crisp water-cress laved by the descending spring. Hither, each morn, came the fair Mietje, rippling the waters with her bare feet; as she gathered a supply for the breakfast-table.

Amos Jackson, whose eye scanned the entire scene, in much less time than we have taken to describe it, could not refuse assent to the truth of Lord Cornbury's remark, yet as they had often—in his opinion—passed much grander scenery without eliciting the admiration of his patron, or causing the latter even to turn in his stirrup, he could not repress the observation that his lordship's taste had undergone a sudden change.

"I tell thee, again, captain," cried his patron, "mark it well. Canst guess the depth of the water?"

Jackson pointed to the mast of a sloop, at anchor in the creek, and hinted that the craft was not launched on the spot where it was now seen.

"You've a quick eye, captain," rejoined Cornbury, as they pushed onward; "now your inference would lead, that if a sloop of that burthen finds a channel, a pinnacle might pull up or down at any time of the tide."

"Where should the pinnacle hove to, my lord," asked Jackson, his eye traversing the space across the marsh between Cortelyou's house and the creek.

"I see, thou hast the wit to jump to conclusions," said the governor, glancing at Amos Jackson; "but come! let us talk of this when at home. 'Tis odd now! but the smile of that wench, I would not exchange for the leer of the highest-rouged Duchess at Kensington."

Fifteen minutes brought them to the green slopes of Brooklyn Heights. At foot, the governor's barge was rocking on the swell—the horses were safely embarked, and the oarsmen drew the craft swiftly through the waters to the landing-place before the fort.

Edward Hastings was a young Englishman of two and twenty, formerly mate of a trading vessel. Business led him to the store of Nicholas Cortelyou, and chance made him acquainted with the fair divinity who dwelt above. Henceforth, New York had charms unfelt before; and when Nicholas proposed selling his

business, Edward became an eager purchaser, paying down a portion of the purchase-money, and covenanting to discharge the remainder at stated periods. He could easily have obtained the whole sum from his connections in England, but preferred becoming the bondsman of the old Dutch factor, for no other reason, we opine, than the opportunity thereby created of visiting Mietje. As he proved a punctual and honorable debtor, he stood well in the estimation of Nicholas, whilst his assiduities and personal recommendations were equally successful with the maiden. He had, it is true, many rivals, but though he did not stand in the condition of a formally accepted suitor, yet his visits were ever welcome. Nicholas, since taking up his quarters at Gowanus, had more time on his hands than was desirable, hence a journey to the old store, where he mingled with former customers, was an agreeable pastime, which tended very much to strengthen the intimacy between Edward and himself.

From the circumstances of the rencontre, Hastings could not believe otherwise than that Mietje was in the act of escaping from some meditated insult of Lord Cornbury, whose character was as widely known as it was execrated. 'T was a weak womanish fear of the consequences, (thought the indignant sailor,) which induced her both to conceal from him the conduct of the governor, and palliate an action which the youth gloried in. In the fervor of youthful chivalry, and generous disregard of consequences, which characterizes the profession he had forsaken, he set at naught his own weakness, and the arbitrary power of the governor. That the profligate Cornbury should be a guest under the roof where dwelt the being whom with reverential passion he worshipped, and for whom alone he lived, roused his jealousy as well as indignation. Though he kept aloof, it was through pride, not fear. Soon as Cornbury and his satellite quitted the house, Edward approached the apartment, with—it must be confessed—the not very amiable intent of asking an explanation, but was startled at beholding Mietje in the act of intently examining the jeweled clasp of a gold chain, which was suspended from her neck.

That she had accepted a present from the libertine, Cornbury—that she wore his gift—was tenfold more bitter even than the humiliation his proud spirit endured in listening to her pleading in his behalf. In what terms should he reproach her? But his heart was too full for reproof—his spirit swelled too high with indignation to descend to the language of reproach or complaint. He rushed from the open doorway. But the fitting shadow and rapid step of the retreating lover recalled Mietje from her attempt at decyphering the motto of the Clarendon's, engraven on the clasp.

Conscious that her possession of the chain would naturally awake the jealousy of Hastings, and believing that his having seen it on her neck was the cause of his retreat, she ran after him, calling on his name. But she was too late—he rushed by Nicholas, heedless of the latter's enquiry why he went home before dinner, and ran hastily along the lane which leads to Brooklyn. For the first time Mietje's voice had lost its charm. He heeded it not.

"Why—how is this, child? What is the meaning of this?" exclaimed Nicholas, astonished at the movements of both the young people.

"'T is all your fault, father—if it had not been for

you, I would have flung it in his face!" replied Mietje, casting off the golden cause of discord, and tossing it into the well. "And so you think we are strong enough to brave this haughty tyrant's anger," rejoined her father, "if you knew as much about him as I have heard, you would deem it the best policy to give him and his the civil word and the civil action and let him go his ways in peace."

"I wonder if Edward will come back, now!" observed Mietje, half in soliloquy.

"No doubt of it," cried Nicholas, "he shot the ducks himself, and he must know they will be ready in half an hour."

If Hastings came back for the reason her father alleged, she felt she would rather that he staid away. However, she made no further remark, but entering the house, leaving Nicholas in the act of looking down the well, with what intent we may guess at, but cannot affirm.

A half hour passed—an hour passed away, and Edward came not. The ducks were eaten in silence; both father and daughter, angry and disconcerted. The former, inasmuch as he missed spending a pleasant afternoon with one with whom he could chat on subjects in which he was more at home, than in the usual topics broached by planters and farmers. The business of the store in New York, and the habits of the customers who frequented it, formed a theme of never failing interest, on which Edward—with complaisance not quite disinterested—was ever ready to gratify the old man. Mietje was annoyed at the occasion which gave offence to Edward; but she was equally angry that he had shown such ill-temper. Her pride was touched. She spent the afternoon in thinking how severely she would rate him, if he did return—believing, in her heart, that ere night-fall he would re-appear. But, alas! in spite of Mietje's fond imaginings he came not—escaping her treasured wrath.

But was he happier thereby? So long as indignation and jealousy lent wings to his thoughts, and speed to his feet, urging his rapid steps homeward, so long (with perhaps a slight misgiving) was conscience untouched. And even after his fiery thoughts cooled, and his pace slackened to a walk, he brought his reasoning powers—in place of exhausted passion—to impose on the inward monitor. He reached home, but he was miserable; he could not but confess that he had been harsh, precipitate, unkind. He had destroyed his happiness for the day, perhaps inflicted as much misery as he himself felt, on one who was deserving the tenderest consideration—and glad should he be to find that the evil extended no further! His only consolation sprung from shaping his course for the morrow, resolving that next morning—at expense of losing another day from business—he would repair to Gowanus and seek an explanation and forgiveness. In this mood he retired to rest, but his sleep was disturbed by visions of ominous import, in which he beheld Mietje exposed to manifold perils, and himself a witness of her distress, yet bereft of power either to aid or save.

Next morning, soon as Hastings had dispatched his business-matters, he started for Gowanus, having learned by experience, how easy as well as foolish it is, to take offence, without proof that offence was intended, and how surely such conduct entails unhappi-

ness. But he would ask pardon for his folly, and make atonement for the past by his future behavior!

At the gate he beheld Nicholas Cortelyou, who appeared surprised to see him, but he was prepared for a lukewarm reception, and construed the old man's emotion to displeasure at yesterday's events. He was about to utter something by way of apology, when Nicholas exclaimed:—

"You here to-day, Edward! Has not Mietje called at the store?"

"No! how?" uttered Hastings in perturbation, "has Mietje gone to New York, so early—and alone?"

"Aye, I see how it is," cried the old man, "young people will be foolish—but she might have told me she was going—I had given her no cause of offence."

Nicholas proceeded to explain, that Mietje left the house as usual, before breakfast, to attend to the duties of the farm, but to his surprise did not return. Calling to mind Edward's freak, and the uneasiness it gave Mietje, (who was disconsolate for the remainder of the day,) he did not doubt but that she had started for the city, under plea of visiting her cousins, but in reality to clear up the mystery of Hastings' precipitate flight. That Edward had not seen her, was doubtless owing to her passing direct to her cousins' for a companion of her own sex, to avoid the impropriety of calling alone at the young man's store.

Nicholas' story caused much uneasiness in the mind of Edward. The impression created by his frightful visions, added to remorse, made him keenly sensitive to aught which concerned the welfare of Mietje, and he could not dispel the idea that evil had befallen her. Seeing her father unconcerned and tranquil, chafed only at what he deemed undutiful behavior in preserving silence with regard to a journey, which he supposed originated in dislike to confess her real object in visiting the city, Edward was loth to impart the alarm which he himself entertained, and, without entering the house, he went homeward, saying he should hasten to the store, that he might not lose the pleasure of her visit, particularly after his foolish action of yesterday.

On the way, and at the ferry, both on the Long Island side and in the city, Hastings made inquiry respecting Mietje. No one had seen her. In the early period we describe, passengers between New York and Brooklyn, a mere hamlet, were few and far between. The inhabitants of the latter were of course personally known at the ferry-house, and Mietje Cortelyou could not have crossed without being recognized. One chance yet remained to cheer the distracted lover. Several of the settlers along Brooklyn Height possessed boats of their own, by which they conveyed themselves and the produce of their farms free from ferryage. Mietje might have passed over by such means. With this hope, at heart, Edward flew to her cousins' dwelling, but they could render no account of the missing damsel, and were much alarmed at the inquiry.

Whence this dreadful mystery? asked the conscience-stricken Edward. Was the absence of Mietje attributable to him? How gladly would he have parted with all he possessed, to have restored matters as they were before that lamentable act of folly! Yet, it were useless to spend time in lamentation. Her poor father was as yet ignorant of his

misfortune, and it behoved Edward to use all diligence in making him and the neighborhood aware of it, that immediate search might be instituted.

On arrival at Gowanus, he found the house deserted, save by an aged female slave, who said that Nicholas and his people, assisted by neighbors, were out in the marshes, and on the shore of the bay, searching after Mietje. In reply to the phrenzied questions of Edward, she gave a report—in substance as follows: A neighbor's son, a young lad, who was out before daybreak in the marsh with his cross-bow, saw a strange boat (without sail, pulled by eight or ten oarsmen,) enter the creek. Under cover of the bank and the high grass, the boat was pulled swiftly up the creek, hidden from view of all save the lad, whose curiosity prompted him to remain on the margin of the stream, to discover if the craft—which was full of men—returned. The winding of the creek, and the necessity of crouching amid the grass to prevent him from being seen by the crew, denied our young adventurer the opportunity of tracing the progress of the craft, but, as there was no outlet, he watched patiently for its return. In less than half an hour, the boat glided back with the same celerity that marked its approach. What struck the lad with extreme surprise, was the circumstance that the oars were plied without noise. He heard the rippling, and had barely time to shroud himself in his covert, when the boat hove in view, rounding a headland, and shot rapidly by. He was certain they had on board a "prisoner," to use his own word—he believed a female, as his eye caught part of the dress, which escaped from beneath a boat cloak, and he heard, or fancied he heard, a stifled cry or moan. He was afraid to follow the boat, lest he himself should be discovered, and carried on board, and he went home to recount the strange story. The family, at first, would not credit the marvellous relation, but, when they found he persisted in his tale, the father resolved to make it known, that the foul play, if it should prove of that complexion, might be exposed.

Nicholas heard with alarm the boy's report. The disappearance of Mietje flashed across his mind as a startling coincidence. After a hasty search, a hand-basket, which she gathered when carrying cresses, was found in the marsh. On the margin of the creek was discovered her bonnet, with marks of many footsteps, affording sad evidence to the wretched parent that his daughter had been forcibly carried off. The neighbors dispersed in bands over the marshes, but, as the old crone asked, with what chance of success, if her mistress was borne off to sea?

It was a sad meeting between Edward and the old man, and the former had no words of comfort to assuage the father's grief, nor even a suggestion which might create a gleam of hope. His own testimony, what he had seen and heard in the city, served only to confirm the circumstantial proof of her abduction. The fresh evidence which presently offered, drove the poor father to distraction. A boat, such as the boy described, had been seen passing the Narrows, in the direction of the lower bay and the ocean.

Conjecture was varied, but it was the prevalent impression that the boat's crew belonged to some pirate vessel. Cortelyou was advised to lay his case before the governor, with a request that a force might be

despatched in chase of the buccaneers, who had, at best, but a few hours start. Offer his Excellency money, and he will be glad to comply, was the advice proffered on all sides! The advice was feasible, for, as the governor viewed his trans-Atlantic residence, or banishment, merely as an opportunity, offered a bankrupt spendthrift to squeeze out money, whenever occasion served, he was open to bribery, and often stretched forth the arm of tyranny with the sole intent that injustice or exaction should be bought off by a subsidy. It was fair, therefore, to presume that, when gold was offered to back an act of duty, it would prove irresistible.

The suggestion of Cortelyou's neighbors found favor with the unhappy Edward, who resolved to accompany whatever force was sent in chase of the pirates. On being asked by Nicholas to accompany him to the governor's residence, he made no objection, although conscious, from the rencontre of the previous day, he should prove personally objectionable. But the recovery of Mietje outweighed every other consideration.

The governor's dwelling was a handsome edifice within the walls of the fort, wherein, also, were located the government offices, a chapel, barracks, and other buildings. Cortelyou, Edward, and a neighbor, after but a short delay, very unusual with the generally inaccessible functionary, were admitted to an interview.

Lord Cornbury was alone, seated at a table covered with papers. To the surprise of the petitioners, he appeared embarrassed at their presence, which Edward attributed to recognition of his assault.

The governor listened attentively to the narrative, making occasional inquiries, and appearing to sympathize with the distressed parent. He was the more concerned, he declared, inasmuch as the abducted maiden was his fair hostess, who had so courteously offered him shelter when beset by the storm. He was bound, he added, by every principle of gallantry, as well as duty, to punish the perpetrators of the crime of which she was the victim. Was it certain, he asked, that the boat which conveyed her away passed the Narrows. Might not the ruffians have pulled up the North river, or made for the Amboy creek? This question was twice asked, and it appeared as though a certain doubt or uneasiness was removed, on the statement being confirmed, that the craft which passed the Narrows was the same which left from the creek.

Cornbury, after musing a few moments, remarked that the buccaneers were probably from some of the West India Islands; that the boat's crew must have run up by way of frolic, or mad daring, but it was, certainly, a most audacious act. There were two armed cutters on the station, which he would immediately order to drop down. If the pirates had not decamped, they would, undoubtedly, be captured. If they had set sail, the cutters should cruise where most likely to fall in with them. If there were any other step he could take to relieve the unhappy father's anxiety, let it be named, and it should be executed.

His behavior, so contrary to the proverbial flippancy and cruelty of Lord Cornbury, made a strong impression on his auditors, who began to entertain an opinion that his reputation had been much maligned. Hast-

ings, emboldened by his courtesy, ventured to ask permission to sail in one of the cutters.

"I have no objection, sir," replied his lordship, coldly, yet not angrily, as he glanced keenly at the young man.

The party were about to retire, after expressing their thanks to the governor for his humane consideration, when a voice was heard in the corridor, crying—"He is here—he is here! My father!—I saw him from the window!"

Immediately the door was flung open, and Mietje rushed in wildly, followed by Amos Jackson in pursuit.

"Save me! save me, father!" cried the maiden, flinging herself into her parent's arms.

The captain, maddened with rage that his prisoner had escaped, and that his patron's schemes were exposed, rushed forward to drag her away, but was immediately felled by the athletic arm of Hastings. Lord Cornbury, who appeared, for an instant, struck with amazement at the scene, and the daring presumption of Edward, recovering himself, rushed to the assistance of his agent, shaking his fist at, and uttering the most savage threats against the young man. But Hastings, regardless of the consequences, intent only on the safety of Mietje, flinging himself on the governor, pinning his arms, and holding him to the spot, a prisoner, entreated, with breathless anxiety, that Nicholas and his friend would carry off Mietje whilst the passage was free.

The old man, embarrassed, hesitated, whilst Cornbury, by his loud outcries and threats, speedily brought to his rescue the servants, who released their master, and made prisoner the gallant Hastings. A guard arriving, Edward was handcuffed, 'spite of the tears and entreaties of Mietje.

"Twice this low-born churl has dared lay hands on me,—if the land be not cleared of such ruffians, there will be no safety in Her Majesty's colony for unarmed men!" uttered the governor, in a tone which was intended as half-appeal, half-explanation, to the astonished auditors.

"Let Mietje and her father pass free, and I am content you wreak revenge for baffled villainy on me," cried Edward, firmly.

"The law will deal with you, villain, not I," exclaimed Cornbury, with an air of dignity. "For these good people—" pointing, as he spoke, to Mietje, her father, and his friend—"they came in peace, let them depart as they came. Sergeant, remove the prisoner!"

"My lord!" exclaimed Mietje, rushing to the governor, and kneeling at his feet, "hear me—"

"It is I who should speak—not my daughter," cried Nicholas Cortelyou, coming forward. "My means are well known, my lord; and I will be bail for Edward Hastings to the amount of all I am worth."

"Away with him, sergeant!" shouted Cornbury, stamping with his feet, and clenching his fist at the guard, as, turning from the old man, he beheld the weeping Mietje in the arms of her lover. The sergeant was forced to obey, and hurried off his prisoner, tearing him from the embrace of the maiden. Strict command was issued that he should have no communication with his friends unless by special permission.

Nicholas renewed his appeal, offering a large sum in specie as security for the appearance of Edward.

"Take my advice, Mr. Cortelyou," uttered Cornbury, with an attempt to subdue his rage; "go home with your daughter. See, sir, she needs your attention."

As he spoke, he pointed to Mietje, who was supported by Cortelyou's friendly neighbor.

His lordship, after casting round the room a glance, in which mingled haughtiness and embarrassment, was about quitting the chamber, when his departure appeared to arouse Mietje from her deep grief. She ran forward to stay him,—in her agitation placing her hand on his arm. Lord Cornbury paused. The expression of his features underwent a marked change—his eyes beamed with soft passion, as though the pressure of her fingers thrilled his frame.

"Nay, then—if you will—but, come hither," cried the noble, taking her hand, and leading her into the corridor, "there is but one way to save him. Recollect our conversation this morning. You know my mind, and I am firm. To-morrow I will ride slowly past your father's farm; if you value this young scapegrace's life, appear at the gate; if not, I hold you spurn my offer, and—you know his fate! Farewell!"

He quitted her as he spoke. His words were unheard save by the party to whom they were addressed, but she was observed to redden deeply and cast eyes on the floor.

As it was deemed useless by Cortelyou and his friend to attempt further intercession that day in behalf of Hastings, the sorrowful party returned to Gowanus. At home Mietje related, that, whilst on the marsh, she was suddenly seized by armed men, who prevented her cries being heard by throwing over her a cloak, in which state she was borne into the boat. Whilst struggling for air, for she was nearly suffocated, a stern voice, in which she recognized the tones of Amos Jackson, bade her rest quiet; that if she made no outcry, no violence would be offered, nor was intended. After a confinement of fifteen or twenty minutes the boat stopped, and she was carried ashore on the extreme point of Red Hook, at a spot hidden from Gowanus and the neighborhood by a high bank or bluff. The pinnacle immediately shot into the bay toward the Narrows, leaving Mietje on the sands, in charge of Amos Jackson and a confederate. Briefly, he gave her to understand that resistance was useless, but that no harm should befall her provided she made no outcry or disturbance. A short distance from where they landed, a small skiff lay on the beach, fastened to a stake. In this they embarked, and reached safely the green meadows beneath the guns of the fort. They were admitted by the sally-port into the fortress. Mietje was borne to an upper chamber in a handsome edifice, where, after a dismal solitude of an hour or more, she received a visit from Lord Cornbury. He offered no rudeness or violence, but finding that she paid no heed to his cajoleries and protestations, left her with the intimation, that she was under the charge of his friend Amos Jackson, who

might prove a rough goaler; but, if she wished to escape from the captain's surveillance, relief was at any moment at hand, by appealing to his lordship. The window of the chamber overlooked the courtyard of the fort, by which means she became aware that her friends were under the same roof with herself. On ringing a hand bell placed for her use, Amos Jackson answered the summons by unlocking the door, when she immediately darted down stairs, pursued by the captain. The sequel is already known. She refused to reveal what Lord Cornbury said to her in the corridor, and her father did not press her on that subject.

The unhappy Mietje passed a miserable night, reflecting on the imprisonment of Edward and the threats of the governor. She did not put entire faith in Lord Cornbury's menace against the life of her lover, yet the recent history of the colony proved that even life was not sacred against the caprices of arbitrary power.

On the morrow Mietje did not stir from the house. She waited, with intense anxiety, the promised appearance of Lord Cornbury; yet with firm persuasion that Edward's liberty could not be bought dishonorably.

The profligate noble did not fail riding past the dwelling, slackening his pace, and casting a wistful eye at the house. Mietje, screened from view, peered from the window, and trusting to Providence for her lover's welfare and her own, suffered the voluptuary to pass without sign or token. After a short interval he returned, but with no better success.

The maiden's contempt angered the governor excessively. In vain did Nicholas Cortelyou apply for admission to see his friend, the request was denied. The prisoner was lodged in an unwholesome dungeon, deprived of the solace of his friends—even of air and exercise essential to health. His imprisonment was commented on throughout the colony, as one of the many acts of the governor deserving execration. Why is he not brought to trial? was the universal question. Or is it the governor's desire that he should perish in his cell? Months passed away, and the opinion became general, that Edward Hastings could not much longer survive the close imprisonment.

Mietje was inconsolable, and her father was scarcely less affected, believing himself the origin of his friend's calamity.

One morning, at the commencement of winter, in the midst of a severe snow-storm, a knock was heard at the door. Believing it to proceed from a wayfarer, Nicholas hastened to admit the applicant. The door was opened, and a young man, pale, attenuated, and feeble, entered. Nicholas knew him not, but the stranger momentarily grasped his hand, and passed on. A loud scream followed, and Cortelyou, entering his parlor, beheld Mietje insensible, supported in the arms of the stranger. It was Edward Hastings.

The loud and manifold complaints of the colony, at length aroused the attention of Queen Anne. She despatched to New York a more worthy governor, who, on arrival, finding no specific charge against Hastings, ordered his immediate liberation.

SONG OF THE MADMAN.

BY KATE CLEVELAND.

It was summer ! it was summer !
 The green earth was gay ;
 The wild buds and blossoms
 Sprang up in our way :
 And the leaves lay together
 Upon their young boughs,
 And whispered, like lovers,
 When breathing their vows :—
 And I whispered with them,
 And shouted in glee,
 As the breeze fluttered lightly
 From blossom to tree ;—
 For I rode on its pinions,
 And mounted in air,—
 My kingdom, fair Freedom—
 My bondman, Despair !

What feverish joy then rushed over my soul,
 As deeply I drank from a rosy-wreathed bowl ;—
 The strength of the whirlwind I held in my hand.
 And longed to kneel down on the white, shelly strand,
 And hurl back the waves as they leaped to the shore,
 Or play with the ocean, and mimic its roar !

I was mad ! I was mad ! but they knew it not then,
 For I laughed and discoursed with their wise, prudent men,
 And knelt at the feet of the sirens of song,
 But I yelled with delight as I stole from the throng,
 For I knew I deceived them, with word and with smile—
 That they bowed in their pride to insanity's wile !
 I was mad ! I was mad ! but my spirit was gay ;
 I rode with the wind through the long summer day,
 For I followed a demon wherever he led,
 And at midnight—at midnight !—we danced with the dead !

Oh ! a host of white things, with their hideous charms,
 Come and rock me at eve in their skeleton arms ;
 They shriek in my ear—and then laugh at my pain,
 While their fierce, scurrying eyes burn deep in my brain.

Then we hurry away through the damp, yielding sward
 And rouse up the ghosts in the merry churchyard.

Ha, ha, ha ! come along
 With the death-dance and song ;—
 Thus I sing to my merry, merry crew,
 We have brave time o' nights
 By the bright charnel-lights,
 As we tread down the turf and the dew !

I will show you the spot where a maiden sleeps,
 For the long grass is greenest there,
 And over her head, a willow, willow weeps,
 Like a mourner in deep despair !

Oh ! they laid her low,
 With her young bosom's snow,
 When the hoar frost was white on the ground,
 When the winds, bleak and cold,
 And the trees, dark and old,
 Were moaning and shrieking around.

But the spring stole along,
 And the robin's blithe song
 Floated out through the churchyard's gloom.
 Then the young violets came
 And wove her sweet name,
 With their blossoms above her tomb.

They said that she loved—that she perished with grief ;
 I know she was mad ! and that death was relief :
 We are wedded ! we are wedded ! by our madness allied,
 And I pine to fall asleep by my beautiful bride.

Ha, ha, ha ! come along !
 With the death-dance and song ;
 Thus I sing to my merry, merry crew ;—
 We have brave time o' nights,
 By the bright charnel lights,
 As we tread down the turf and the dew !

LINES WRITTEN AT SUNSET.

BY O. H. MILDEBERGER.

Wet with the tears which evening weeps,
 The closing flower conceals her breast ;
 Secure the vernal warbler sleeps,
 The voice of love and joy suppress.

Ere long shall night assume her sway,
 Reposing nature on her arm—

Blot the last purple flush of day—
 Dissolve the twilight's lingering charm.

And thus the transient joys of life,
 Fade on attention's sober eye,
 'Till vexed no more with varying strife,
 Man learns to slumber or to die.

LE SAULT.

A LEGEND OF THE WALHONDING.

BY HENRY D. COOKE.

"Now the day
Of sacrifice approach'd—
But from that horrid scene
The Maiden stole.
It was an awful height
For dizzy fear to contemplate;
From the frightful cliffs—
She vanished!"—TRAITS OF THE ABORIGINES.

To those acquainted with the principles of Indian nomenclature, the fact of the appellations of almost every thing, by which they are surrounded, owing their origin to tradition or some other local circumstance, is perfectly familiar. Those traditions, however, are known to but few, and with these few they perish. It is for the purpose of illustrating the aboriginal name of one of the principal streams in the eastern section of Ohio, that this veritable legend is written.

The policy of the French government and its agents, during their occupancy of the country round the Lakes, and on the St. Lawrence, was so conciliatory and pacific, that the transfer of their rights to his Majesty of Great Britain, was viewed by the various tribes of Indians inhabiting it, not only with surprise, but with feelings rather inimical towards their new rulers and neighbors. The conduct of the British traders and settlers, already established on the shores of the "Salt Lake," was not most calculated to win the esteem or friendship of those native tenants of the forest, whom they had dispossessed; and the cupidity and injustice of the whites, often aroused in the savages those feelings of anger and revenge, which were seized upon, with singular tact and judgment, by more than one master spirit of the children of the wilderness. At the head of these, not only in rank, but in talent and sagacity, was Pontiac, a bold and fearless Ottawa chief. By his spirited and restless exertions, his fascinating and commanding eloquence, an extensive and terrible confederacy was formed among the Indians, without regard to nation, which, at his signal, was to burst upon the "pale faced" intruders, and sweep them, with remorseless vengeance, from every hold west of the Alleghanies.

Of the number who became participants in this daring and patriotic scheme, was the remnant of the Leni Lenapi, or Delawares; a tribe formerly fierce and powerful, and, though now diminished in numbers, of fearless and undaunted courage. They had chosen anew their hunting-grounds, on the borders of the Muskingum, or Deer's-eye, and its tributaries, and were dwelling in peace and apparent security, when Pontiac came among them. Their feelings were

yet aggravated by the recollection of injuries received from the whites, and it wanted but little of the spirit of this noble chief, to convince them that the scenes they had once witnessed were about to be renewed,—to rouse their passion to the highest pitch of revengeful desire. They eagerly joined the league; and they gave fearful testimony of the faith with which they kept their pledge.

The winter of 1762 passed away, without even the ordinary indication of approaching danger from the aborigines, and the inhabitants of the frontier settlements were lulled into a fearful security, when the spring of the succeeding year ushered in horror and dismay. So secretly were the plans of Pontiac laid, that the first intimation of his confederacy and its designs, were given to the astonished whites by the capture and massacre of several of their posts, and the investment of Detroit.

The operations of the Delawares were assigned by Pontiac to another and distant part in the great enterprise,—that of harassing the march of reinforcements to the British from the western section of the colony of the "Long Knives." In the execution of this scheme, the distresses endured by the settlers on the verge of civilization, were horrid in the extreme. The attacks of the Indians were generally made in the night, and with cunning and caution so truly savage, that none escaped death or captivity.

Among those who had fallen a prey to one of the war-parties, then on its retreat, was a young female, in age, not far from twenty years, and of uncommon beauty of face and form. She alone, of a large domestic circle, had escaped the summary vengeance of the Delawares, yet she remained a captive orphan among the murderers of her relatives and friends. It is needless to enter into a minute and detailed account of the miseries of the captives during a tedious and wearisome retreat. As the captors approached their village with their prisoners, the war-cry of victory rung shrill and loud through the deep forests—and in an instant it was answered by the friends who rushed forward to meet them, with gesticulations of wild and frantic exultation. But these feelings gradually subsided, as the female members of the tribe sought for,

and found not, fathers, brothers, and lovers, whose forms were mouldering far beyond the encampment they were wont to cheer and protect. Burning with revenge, they sought the band of shuddering captives; and many a wretch, bound and defenceless, felt, in their assaults, a foretaste of the tortures which their persecutors would not fail to inflict. The authority of the old men and sachems, however, succeeded in saving the prisoners from further injury, and they were conducted to a place of temporary security until the council had decided upon their fate.

The young female, having swooned from alarm and exhaustion, was carried, senseless, into the wigwam of the chief's mother, and watchfully guarded from all communication with any member of the captured party.

What were the thoughts of our heroine, when she awoke to a sense of her painful and hopeless situation, we can hardly venture to describe. In an agony of feeling, she knelt upon the ground, and, in silence, with uplifted hands, and tearless tremblings, implored that mercy of her God which she dared not expect from man. No word faltered from her tongue, and her face was as marble, in paleness, while her eyes were turned towards heaven, yet there was that in her manner which forced her guard to respect her sorrows and religion. She rose from her suppliant posture, and felt within her that Peace which He has promised those who call upon him.

A brilliant September morning dawned upon the sleepless lids of the captives. So far from allaying the rage of the Indians, the few hours of the past night but whetted more keenly their thirst for vengeance on their white prisoners.

Had not the minds of the unfortunate captives been so entirely engrossed by the dangers surrounding them, they would have found, in the scenery around and where the encampment stood, nature and her beauties, sufficient to have elicited their warmest admiration. In the choice of a residence, the aborigines have ever shown themselves actuated by no mere motives of security and support. The spot occupied by this branch of the tribe, was on the northern or right bank of the river, whose traditional history we are recording, about seven miles from its mouth, and on a level and fertile prairie, which extended as far as the eye could reach. Behind, and to the east and west, towered tall and graceful sycamores, between whose heads curled the blue smoke of the wigwams beneath; in front rolled the rapid and clear river,—emerging from the forests beyond, and impetuously hurrying onward, till lost in its serpentine meanderings, it disappeared from view. Glancing here and there on its crystal bosom, now hid in the morning mist, and now unshrouded, rode the light and graceful canoes of the savages,—busily engaged in seeking in its waters the luxuries of their early repast. Beyond this, and on the opposite bank, rose, in frowning solitude, a tall and perpendicular rock, whose lamellated structure was washed by the foaming current of the confined and impetuous stream, and whose summit was covered with the thick and luxuriant growth of a western soil. Its elevation was so considerable, and the prospect from its insulated terrace so extensive, that, on the front side, it was secure from attack; while near the river, its only accessible approach was by a narrow and precipitous path, that wound from its eastern and

southern base, and capable of an easy and firm defence, not only from the nature of the ground itself, but from the difficulty of crossing a deep and impetuous rush of waters. The appearance of the place has so much changed, during the last eighty years, that it would, perhaps, scarcely be recognized by the description which we have given.

But, to return to our legend. The sun had scarcely risen above the dark wood in the rear of the lodges, when the council of old men, and those whose deeds gave them a just claim to the honor, assembled in front of the rude shelter in which the young female was confined, and a signal was given by an aged sachem that the prisoners should be brought forth. Slowly and unshackled, the unfortunate rangers appeared, and saw, with the instinct that a frontier residence had given them, the post before them, and a long, curving avenue of savages, of both sexes and all ages, anxiously awaiting the moment they should start for the goal. Casting a look of defiance upon their enemies, the prisoners started on their dreadful race. All but one poor youth, who sank from terror and weakness, reached the post, bleeding, but as yet secure. Of their individual fate, after this fearful trial, it is not our purpose, particularly, to speak. Some were adopted into the tribe to replace a lost warrior or hunter, but by far the greater part expired, in fearful agonies, at the stake. That Being, whose mercy the orphan girl had implored, in the hour of her distress, and who "tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," had listened to the cry of innocence, and she was spared the fate so many of her friends were doomed to endure. A young Indian female, the daughter of the chief to whose charge she had been entrusted, rushed into the council, and throwing her arms round the object of their deliberations, claimed her as her sister, to fill the place of one who had died during the excursion of her friends. With much opposition, her claims were recognized, and the trembling captive led away by her gratified and joyful preserver.

The untiring attentions of her protectress, whose naïve affection would have done honor to civilization, were exerted to wean her from her sorrow. To the blandishments of one as young and artless as herself, it was impossible for her nature to be insensible; and, though a secret and burning desire of revisiting the friends of her infancy, still clung round her heart, yet she had prudence enough to veil this, and appear satisfied, and even pleased with her condition.

A dreary winter had passed, and spring was once more spreading her garniture over creation. The Delawares were convinced that their adopted members were reconciled to their situation, and prepared for another attack upon the settlements of the frontiers, keeping a vigilant eye upon the movements of the whites. From the moment of their adoption, the "Long Knives" had been concerting a well-laid plan of effecting their escape; and to avoid the too certain consequences that would ensue, should only a portion succeed, to those who remained, it was determined that all should make the attempt. As soon as the war-party had taken their departure, they proceeded at once to put their schemes into execution, and seized the occasion of a general hunt by the great part of the tribe, as the most opportune period for a successful trial. They who remained in the camp, were to join

those of the hunting party, in a given time, at a place remote from the usual trail, to avoid meeting the return of the warriors, or any straggling bands.

But their operations, though conducted with great caution, were not so secretly managed as to escape the watchful eye of the young Indian girl; and she was not at a loss in arriving at the object of their frequent and stolen meetings. But she concealed her thoughts from the rest of the tribe, while she labored with the most assiduous kindness, and by her winning manners, to blind the eyes of the young maiden to the fact of having penetrated their hazardous enterprise, and to induce her, by unceasing attentions, to remain and comfort the sister who had rescued her from the most cruel death.

The affectionate gratitude of the captive had won upon the heart of the artless savage; and so vigilant and fearful of separation had her discovery made her, that it was impossible for her adopted sister to shun her sight, or to ramble without her society. This was an unexpected impediment; but as such an opportunity would not soon recur, were the present one lost, it was resolved, since it was impossible to escape otherwise, to make her a party, though an unwilling one, to their schemes. To this arrangement the maiden acceded more readily, as continued and reciprocal kindnesses had endeared the females to each other.

We pass over the minutiae of the attempt; be it enough to say, they effected their escape unperceived, but had the mortification of finding their friends absent from the appointed place of rendezvous. This occurrence subjected them to the necessity of a halt, incompatible with their safety, in so urgent a case, and the fears they entertained were but too surely and painfully realized. The second night after their arrival at this spot, they were suddenly surprised by their enemies, and surrounded by such numbers, that resistance was hopeless. Yet the struggle which ensued was so fierce and determined, that but three of the prisoners,—of whom the maiden was one,—survived. These were conducted back to the camp, amid such demon-

strations of savage triumph, as left no doubt as to the fate to which they would be condemned.

The morning sun fixed their doom, and on the precipice facing the encampment, which we have already described, they were to meet their horrid fate. The pinioned forms of the wretched prisoners were hurried, amidst shouts of derision, from the canoes, up the path which led to the summit of the rock. Here three deep and narrow holes in the earth, and heaps of brush-wood and faggots, which had been collected there to the depth of several feet, met the eyes of the whites. Aghast and dismayed, the men sunk to the earth, unable to contemplate these dreadful preparations for their sacrifice; but the unfortunate girl stood calm and motionless, though an ashy paleness spread itself over her countenance, and drove the crimson of youth from her cheek. She stood with her hands clasped, and her eyes raised towards heaven, in silent supplication and prayer, within a few feet of the edge of the precipice, and on the very verge of the pit destined to receive her. But she saw not, nor heeded, the eager haste with which the savages consigned the bodies of her friends to their horrid tombs, hiding all in earth save their heads, around which the faggots were piled in small and scattered quantities, so that the victims, in addition to their own sufferings, might witness the last agonies of their friends. The despairing cry of the sufferers, rising loud and clear above the surrounding tumult, when the blazing brand was applied to the piles around them, roused the poor girl to a sense of her situation. With sudden and superhuman energy, she burst from the multitude, and sprang to the edge of the rock. A leap,—a fluttering in the air,—a sullen and heavy plash,—and the waters of the river, closing above her head, hid from the sight of her disappointed and astonished persecutors, the form of the hapless maiden!

Thus ends the legend. If we have failed in doing justice to the subject, we have, at least, been faithful to the traditional history of the WALHONLING OR WHITE WOMAN RIVER.

SONNET FROM PETRARCH.

BY MARY G. WELLS.

"Apollo, s'ancor vive il bel desio."

If thou, Apollo, still dost sadly pine
Of love that filled thee at Thessalia's stream,
If yet those golden tresses are not thine;
—Passing by years forgotten as a dream,
'Mid chilling sloth, and ignorance most profound,
Which, while thy face was hidden still endured,
With safety now the sacred tree surround,

By which thou first, I afterwards, was lured,
And by that hope, so cherished and so dear,
That bore thee up, and made thy cares seem light,
Chase dark impressions from the atmosphere—
And so may both behold a wond'rous sight,
Our lady sitting down, in all her charms,
Shading herself with her own taper arms!

DONA INEZETTA; OR, THE DUKE'S DAUGHTER.

A TALE OF SPAIN.

BY PROFESSOR J. H. INGRAHAM.

"I ask not for honor, I ask not for fame,
I ask but a true heart that knoweth love's flame."

THERE dwelt, in an old-fashioned castle, not many leagues from Madrid, a certain nobleman of Spain, called Don Diego, Duke of Arvalez. Don Diego was descended from the oldest families of the realm, his ancestors having been *hidalgos* since the departure of the Moors under Boabdil. It was, moreover, a warlike race, this of the Arvalez, and Don Diego himself had won a distinguished name as a soldier. But the wars ended, and Spain, being at peace, the Duke returned to his castle to solace himself in the society of his daughter, the Dona Inezetta.

This maiden was his only child; and, as her mother having died when the lovely Inezetta was very young, the bereaved widower turned the channel of his affections into the bosom of his daughter. At the age of seventeen, Dona Inezetta was, without exception, the loveliest maiden in all Spain. The Duke had lavished upon her every advantage, and, in person, superintended an education that was not excelled by that of the king's daughters.* She had the first masters in the kingdom, in music, painting, riding, waltzing, in foreign languages, and all arts and sciences then taught to high-born ladies. She grew up in great seclusion, nevertheless, her father suffering her neither to go abroad nor to visit Madrid. The fame of her beauty and accomplishments at length reached the court, and one morning as the Duke was about to ride forth with his daughter, and a train of attendants, to hunt, a courier arrived in sight, when, seeing the party, he stopped, and sounding his horn thrice three times, again spurred down the slope towards the gate.

"Three times three!" cried the Duke, as he threw his heavy body, for he was the fattest Duke in Spain, across his saddle. "That is a king's courier, by Santiago! Hold rein, Lopez! let us await his coming!"

The courier, who was habited in a green jacket under a scarlet short cloak, and wore upon his head a crimson cap, now riding up, alighted within a few feet of the Duke, and casting his rein to a page, approached the Duke, and taking from his pocket a billet, handed it to him with a low bow.

"From the king!" said the Duke, as he glanced at the seal. "Hath war broke forth again, sir courier, that the king hath sent for me?"

"All is at peace, in Madrid, my lord Duke."

"Let us see, then, what this purports," said the old noble, breaking the seal, and fixing his eyes upon the contents. "Eh! By the mass! This is for thee, girl," he added, smiling, and turning to Dona Inezetta,

who, in all the pride of her beauty, was seated upon her palfrey near him: beauty which was so remarkable, that the youthful courier could scarcely keep his eyes from her.

"For me, mon padre!" she exclaimed, with delight. "Oh, how rejoiced I am, at last to get a letter from somebody! It is the first I ever had in my life!"

"I should hope it was, girl; letters are dangerous things—very dangerous things for maidens to have to do with. I should hope you had never seen a letter in your life. But I dare say you'd had many a one, if I had not kept such watch and ward against the gallants. And now you see what comes of keeping you away from the world's eyes! Here is a letter in especial from the king to me, and I dare say this other one within it is from the Queen, addressed to thee!"

"Pray, then, father, let me read it."

"Nay, hear the king's first. I will read it. Ye villains round, doff hats while the king's letter is read out!"

The retainers respectfully lifted their hats and bonnets, and the Duke began, Dona Inezetta, leaning forward in her saddle, peeping over his shoulder:—

"To our Beloved Cousin, Diego of Alvaraz—GREETING:

"Whereas, it having come to our ears that you have a fair daughter, of rare beauty, and wonderful accomplishments, shut up from the world's eyes, like a precious jewel in a casket, we do, herewith, signify our royal pleasure that you present her before us within ten days, that we may, with our own eyes, judge if rumor hath spoken truth touching her charms and graces.

"Your loving cousin,

"FERDINAND, THE KING."

Ere the Duke had finished aloud the letter, the quicker glances of the maiden had run over the lines, and taken in their sense. Glowing blushes of pride and pleasure mantled her cheeks at this good news, for she had long been sighing to visit the capital, of which she had heard and read such delightful accounts.

"Fore God, daughter," said the Duke, as he finished the letter, "this is an honor done both me and thee. The king must be obeyed. We must, next Wednesday, start for Madrid."

"Oh, I do thank the good king, father!"

"I dare say. Never a maiden yet reached sixteen—"

"I am full seventeen, dear father."

"Well, seventeen. Never maiden reached seven-

teen, who wished not, prayed not, that she might see Madrid. Well, the king must be obeyed. I must go to court, and, I dare swear, the king means to look you out a husband. You shall wed none less than the Infanta, Don Carlos, who is now two and twenty, and the handsomest man in Spain, as well as the bravest prince in Europe."

Dona Inezetta blushed, and then a shade of anxiety passed across her beautiful face. Some thought, it would seem, had suddenly risen to her mind with her father's words, and troubled her.

"Pray, father, let me see the letter which is inscribed to me."

"It bears the queen's seal, and, from the delicate writing upon it, must have been written with her own hand, for she is as fair a penwoman as any clerk of Cordova. What says our royal mistress?"

"I will read it, father. It begins:—

"Sweet daughter and gentle friend!"—"

"That is like the good queen. She is a mother to all the maidens in her realm," said the Duke, with emotion. "Read."

"I have heard of your beauty of person and charms of mind, and have resolved that the Duke, your father, is doing all Spain injustice, in converting, as it were, Alvarez castle into a nunnery, and himself into an abbot."

"I' faith, the queen is merry," said the Duke.

"But, go on."

"I, therefore, join the king in the request that you speedily leave your retirement, and honor our court with your presence. There is the greatest curiosity to see you, among the cavaliers, and also, with the ladies, who, having heard that you will eclipse them all, desire to have it tested by your appearing. Please, therefore, sweet daughter, come to Madrid, that we may behold you and love you. It shall be our pleasure, also, to find you a husband worthy your rank and beauty."

"ISABELLA, REINA."

"This is great honor to us, daughter," said the Duke. "I heartily thank the good king and queen; but, i' faith, it makes me sad to think of giving you up to a husband. But, much as I love you, I will not let my weak fondness step between you and your happiness; all maids will marry."

"Nay, father," said Dona Inezetta, whose cheeks had lost color since she had done reading the queen's letter, "I do not wish to marry. If going to the court cannot be without a husband given me by the queen, I never wish to behold Madrid."

"Thou art a good girl, to love thy father better than lover or husband."

"Nay, I—but—" here the maiden stopped, confused, and looked as if she did not deserve altogether her praise conveyed in her father's words.

"But you are a good girl. I will not, however, stand in the way of a proper husband. But he must be worthy of you. He must be of equal rank and wealth, and honorable in name and descent. By the mass! I cannot think of one man in all Spain, under Don Carlos, that I would wed you to."

"Do not speak of this, dear father," she said, sadly. "If you please, I would rather not ride forth this morning. I am not well, and will retire awhile to my chamber."

"If we are to go to Madrid so soon, we shall have little time for sports. We have much preparation to make. So we will have the hunt stayed. Lopez, put up the horses and hounds, and you, Juan, take care of the king's courier, and see that he and his horse lack nothing. Sir courier, by and by, when you are ready to depart, come to me, and I will give you a billet for the king's majesty. How odd," added the Duke, as he returned slowly and thoughtfully into his hall, "how odd that such news as this from court should have produced such an effect upon the child. Other maids would have gone mad outright with joy, while Inez looks sad, and seamed ready to weep. It is, I dare say, because she fears that we may be separated. She looks upon a husband (for it was this word in the queen's letter that paled her cheek most,) as a sort of monster, who is to tear her away from my bosom, where she has nestled since she was an infant. Well, poor child, she shall not be led to do any thing she don't wish to do. If she loves me, I will stand by her. But, surely, these letters are a great honor, and a father ought to be proud that his daughter's fame hath reached so far. But who of the court hath seen her? Faith, I know not; she hath never seen a gallant in gold and scarlet that I know of. I have kept them aloof from my gates as I would a wolf. Perhaps the rumor of her beauty had gone from her attendants, and so from lip to ear, till it hath reached the king's. Ho, varlets, bestir you here! Know you not your master is going, forthwith, to court? I must have new finery, and my room well furnished, or 'fore God! these gay popinjays that flutter about the court will laugh at me, and ask me what was it o'clock a century ago, when I buckled on my belt."

When Dona Inezetta regained her chamber, she seated herself by her casement, with the queen's letter in her hand, and a second time perused it. When she had ended it, she sighed heavily, and her virgin bosom heaved with inward emotion. With her snowy hand she pressed her brow, and put the raven tresses backward from her brow and temples, so that they fell upon her shoulders in a dark cloud. Her glorious Castilian eyes were brilliant with tears floating in them.

"Three months ago what joy this letter would have given me," she at length said, sadly. "But now it comes to me laden with a thousand painful fears. I have, indeed, wished to go to court. I have panted for these scenes of life in Madrid; and now, that I am about to have my wishes realized, I am unhappy. Oh, my heart, my poor heart! how it flutters and trembles, lest the queen should bid it give its love to some one at her court. Oh, rather than be thus given to a husband, would I this night fly—fly even from my father, and hide in some distant retreat. My heart is already given. My affections already cling to the only support about which they can ever entwine. How, oh, how shall I escape this mandate of the queen. It must be obeyed. I must go to her court and be presented to the world. Little do I care for that world so long as Don Feliz is not there. He is my world; I know no other than his noble heart. Fear not, Feliz, I will be true to thee, though cavaliers without number kneel at my feet; though Don Carlos, the king's son, should sue for my hand. Hum-

ble, poor, unknown, as you are, you are dearer to me than the homage of all the princes of Europe."

This was spoken with that noble and sweet dignity which true love inspires. And truly and faithfully did the maiden love, though her affections were set upon a youth humble and unknown. She had first met him three months before the opening of this story. One evening, just as the sun had descended behind the snow-capped ridge of the Sierras, and while twilight was yet shedding its golden radiance upon the landscape, Dona Inezetta, after a hawking excursion, which had led her a league up the valley, was riding slowly homeward. She was near the castle gate, when her father, who had been riding behind her, talking with his falconer, reined up to speak to two of his tenants, who, cap in hand, came toward him. She was attended only by a page, a youth of fifteen, who carried upon his wrist her ger-falcon, and rode a little way in the rear. Dona Inezetta was in all the splendor of her beauty. The hunting jacket and flowing skirt she wore, displayed her superb figure to the highest advantage; while the green hat, curved back above the brow, like a shell, and shaded by a white plume, which, mingled with her dark ringlets, increased the effect of her charming countenance. Her oriental eyes were sparkling, and her cheek flushed with success in the chase and the exhilaration of her ride. She was mounted upon a white palfrey, limbed like an antelope, and who, with tossing mane and champing bit, stepped as fealty and proudly over the road as if he were fully conscious of the lovely burden he bore.

Not far from the castle was a clump of orange trees, under which was a fountain, and around which seats were placed for the repose of the passing foot-traveler. As the maiden drew near she saw a young man seated by the fountain. His dress was plain and neat, but travel-worn. He had his cap off, and was bathing his brow in the cool water of the fountain. Hearing the foot-fall of the palfrey, he looked up, and coloring, replaced his cap, but not before the maiden had discovered that he was a young man of about twenty-one or two, with a face of singular beauty and modesty of expression. As she came nigher, he took up his little bundle and staff which lay by him, and advancing towards her with a respectful and deferential air, said, lifting his bonnet:—

"Lady, may it please thee to permit me to lodge in the castle to-night. It is late, and I am told that there are robbers on the road."

"Robbers," repeated the page, pertly, and with a sneering laugh; "I wonder what robber would take the pains to stop thee, with thy beggar's wallet."

"Hist, Panuelo," answered Dona Inezetta. "Have none of thy sauciness. The young man shall lodge within the castle for this thy impertinence, and shall sup with thee at thy own table."

"If he does, I'll put henbane into his wine-cup," returned the page, in a tone that his mistress overheard, but, without heeding him, she turned to the young wayfarer, and said—

"Sir traveler, you shall remain; go forward into the gate."

"Thanks, noble lady. Although I have got much gold to be robbed of, I have a life, which I care not to give up to the hands of banditti. They take men's lives first, and then search them for money afterwards.

I could tell you, noble Senora, many a tale of these bandits, and especially one of a cavalier and a maiden, who were taken captives by them, and how they escaped, and what amazing adventures they passed through ere they reached their own city."

"He is a troubadour," said the page. "But where is thy guitar, fellow?"

"There are guitars in every castle, sir page."

"True, and it would seem castles for every wandering rogue."

"Panuelo, go to your apartment, and let me see you no more to night," said the maiden, with displeasure. "Sir troubadour, I will hear your tale of this maiden and her lover by and by. Be ready when I shall send for you."

"I will wait your commands, noble and beautiful lady," answered the young traveler, gazing upon her with looks of the profoundest admiration and respect.

That evening the humble guest recited before the maiden a tale of love and chivalry, the hero and heroine of which were a cavalier and lady of Seville. The Duke was a listener, and so heartily approved of the story, that he gave the youth a golden sequin, and ordered him a cup of his best wine, and then bade him think of other romances for the entertainment of himself and his daughter; for the youth was of such humble exterior and low degree, that Don Diego thought no more of danger to his daughter's heart from him than from his daughter's page, or his own serving man, who were ever in and out of her presence. But love knows neither degree nor estate of rank. Nay, he delights in showing his power over such distinctions, and to manifest his sovereignty over the heart. As Dona Inezetta listened to the rich voice and gentle words of the reciter, and marked the depth of expression in his fine eyes, which seemed afraid of her glance, as they ever drooped modestly before it, while his cheek reddened, a sentiment of tender interest in him pervaded her soul. She listened with eager attention, and when he discoursed of the love the knight had for the maiden, and how she loved him in return, and told of the deeds he achieved in her behalf, her cheek glowed and her heart throbbed violently. Insensibly the young troubadour, through the medium of his romaunt, stole into her heart, though she knew it not.

"Come, sir troubadour," said the Duke, "we will now hear thee sing. Dona Inez, let him have thy guitar!"

"What shall I sing?" asked the youth, fixing his deeply impassioned, yet well covered gaze upon the face of the maiden.

"Sing what thou wilt, sir stranger," answered the maiden, casting down her eyes; "for I know thou canst sing nothing that will not be well worth the listening!"

"Thanks, noble lady, for this praise! I will sing thee a French ballad I learned in Gascony!"

"My father knows no French. Sing a Spanish one!"

"Nay, daughter, let him on with his French, as thou understandest it! I have heard French ballads afore, and though I got not much wit out o' the words, there was a right pleasant jingling of music. I liked it much. Let him sing his French ballad, and anser that you can translate it to me!"

The troubadour then taking up the guitar, began a song which he called, "The Knight of France and the Maiden of Castille." It recounted how a young knight having heard of the beauty of a maiden whom no one was permitted to see, disguised himself as a forester or hunter, and placing himself in her way, when at times she went forth to hunt with her father, joined the party, and so aided in saving the maiden from the attack of a band of robbers who would have carried her off. But the disguised knight slew the chief, and bore her unharmed to the castle. There he was graciously entertained with the retainers for many days, and his degree not being suspected he had opportunities for winning her heart, which was his object, especially as he found her beauty, great as it was, surpassed by the charms of her mind. At length he won her heart, and by and by took his leave of her, saying he would soon see her again. The maiden wept his departure, and kept the secret of her love from her father, who she knew would not rest if he discovered it, until he had slain her lover. At length there was a tournament given and the baron and his daughter were present, by command of the emperor. One knight in green armour, with his visor down, carried off the palm in every achievement of the day. At length the emperor told him that such valor as he had shown, was ill rewarded by crowns and wreaths and gold rings, and he would, therefore, bestow upon him the hand of the fairest maiden in the land under the daughters of the throne. The knight then riding round the lists alighted from his horse, and kneeling before the maiden whose heart he had won, and who loved him, said in a low voice:—

"Here, then, oh, emperor, do I take my reward!" The maiden trembled, for she had no heart for any one but her young forester. Her surprise, therefore, was only equalled by her joy, when the knight, lifting his visor, displayed the face that was enshrined upon her heart.

Such was the subject of the ballad which the young troubadour sang with much expression, feeling, and romantic sentiment. His voice was melody itself, as its cadences were enriched by the thrilling emotions of love for Dona Inezetta, she could not but listen with the most lively feelings.

"It is a rare tune, daughter, a right merry and sad tune," said the Duke. "Now for the Spanish of it!"

"I will tell thee some other day, father! It is late!"

"Marry so it is! Come, sir troubadour, hie thee to thy bed! Sleep sound and breakfast roundly; for by the rood, I would have of thee another ballad and a romaunt or two ere thou depart!"

Three weeks the young stranger lingered in the castle, entertaining them each evening with his tales and ballads, and making himself, by day, so useful to the Duke by his various talents, that the latter could not well let him go. There was nothing about horses or hounds, or hawking, fishing or knightly feast of arms that the young troubadour was not skilled in. The Duke swore, seven times a day, he had never met such a clever rogue as that story-telling ballad singer. He offered him the place of his chief falconer, but the young man gratefully refused it, saying that his time was limited and that he must be on his way; yet he lingered, day by day, so long that

it was nearly a month ere he took his leave; and when he did go he bore away the heart of Dona Inez, which he had come, like the Gascon Knight in the ballad, to try and win. He had been gone some weeks, when the command came from the king for the Duke to bring his daughter to court.

The reception of the lovely maiden at the brilliant Spanish court, was such as might have been anticipated. She burst upon them like a newly arisen star. There was a constellation of beauty at the palace; but Dona Inez shone among them like the evening planet. Her beauty, as she moved through the hall of festivity, called forth the admiration and homage of the cavaliers, and the astonishment and envy of the ladies. The reigning beauties were neglected, that men might worship at the new shrine. Yet all this made no impression upon her. Her heart was not in it. Her thoughts were with the troubadour!

The residence of the Duke and his daughter was at the palace. The queen, charmed as much with the graces of her mind as by her matchless loveliness, took her under her patronage, and this, in connection with her rank and wealth, made her the most distinguished person at court. But all this homage was received by her with indifference. Men wondered at her coolness and imperturbability. She seemed to move among them as if she had been accustomed always to a world's admiring eye and worshipping knee.

She had been three weeks at court, when one evening as she was standing upon the balcony, which looked towards the mountains, at the foot of which her castle stood, and was thinking upon home, and of him whom there she had first met and last parted with, a foot-fall arrested her ear! She looked and beheld, within a step of her, the young troubadour! He was habited just as she had first seen him, and in his hand carried his bundle and staff. She would have yielded to the impulse of her loving and true heart, and rushed into his arms! But he knelt before her, and looked so sadly upon her, that she drew back her face suddenly, reflecting the sorrow of his.

"Lady, pardon my presence here! I have heard of your fame at court, and that the best knights in Spain do homage to you. Among them you will find a lover worthy of you. I have come, therefore, to restore you your troth generously pledged to me! You shall not be bound to one so humble as I am, when nobles are rivals for your hand! Farewell! You are free! I shall ever carry with me, where-soever I wander, the sweet recollection of the hours we have loved together, and my heart will be always grateful for your condescension to a poor and nameless stranger!"

As he spoke he rose up, and looked as if he would retire.

"Stay, Feliz, stay!" she cried, with emotion. "This language of yours makes me wild! Am I to believe that you then cast my heart away, as worthless! that you can forget me thus lightly! that you can coolly surrender me to others! am I not loved then? Have I not been loved? Have I been deceived? Cruel, cruel, Feliz!"

The young troubadour cast himself at her feet! His face expressed the most joyful surprise—the most animated delight.

"No, Inez, no!" he cried, taking her hand; "you

have not been deceived, nor have I! I did but fear that you would forget me in the splendor and temptations of a court! I see that I have wronged you. Forgive me! I will no more doubt! But I can hardly realize that you are willing to forget all else for one like me!"

"One like you, Felix!" she cried, with warmth. "You are Felix and I ask no more. I love you for yourself, not for rank, or title, or name! I know that you are worthy of me, or I never should have loved you! The instincts of my heart are the securities for your honor. Humble though your birth is, I will share with you your lot. I would rather be a wandering troubadour with thee, Felix, than sit upon the throne of Spain with another!"

"Sweet, truthful Inez!" he cried, clasping her to his heart. "But, alas! How can we ever be happy. The Duke will never consent to our union!"

"I will fly with you! He will forgive you afterwards, when he knows how much I love you and how noble you are. He loves you now, as the troubadour! Nay, I will first seek him and tell him all! He may consent!"

"I fear not. But wait until to-morrow evening at this hour. I will see him, in the interval, and try and prevail upon him. If he consent not we fly together!"

The next evening at sunset Dona Inez was about going to the balcony to meet Felix, resolved to fly with him, ere she should be forced to marry any one of the nobles of the court, when the Duke entered.

"Ah, girl, you look confused," he said smiling; "I have news for you. You remember the troubadour, Felix?"

Startled, she could scarcely falter forth a trembling: "Si, senor!"

"Don't tremble. I know all. You love each other. He has been to me and told me all about it! What a pair of rogues you have been! Secret as moles, and right under my eye billing and cooing! Well I don't blame you for loving him. He is a noble fellow, and I dare say will make you a good husband. Here he comes, already, and the priest and two other persons as witnesses. I will have you married on the spot, lest you won't trust me, you baggage and run away with him! Come, padre, lead on to the chapel!"

Who shall describe the joy, surprise and amazement of Inez!

The ceremony took place in the chapel, and although Inez saw, in the shadows of the place, many persons as spectators, she did not regard their presence. She was happy in the love of Felix, in the approba-

tion of her father. What was all the world else to her?

From the chapel the bridegroom led his bride through into a magnificent hall, which was lighted by a thousand waxen candles and panelled with mirrors. It was the throne room. At the extremity was the throne itself. Before it was a long line of guards, and around it was assembled the whole splendor of the court. Felix led his trembling bride towards the throne. She knew not what the scene could mean; or how one so humble as her husband could find presence there! Still she suffered him to lead her passively on. They reached the foot of the throne, when two knights came forward and cast upon the shoulders of Felix a regal cloak, and placed a crown upon his head! Two noble ladies at the same time threw an ermine robe around Dona Inez, and encircled her brow with a glittering coronet. Don Felix then took the hand of his bride to lead her up the steps of the throne where sat the king and queen!

"What means this, Felix? I am bewildered!"

"Keep heart, dear wife!" answered Felix, as he drew her gently on.

"Welcome, daughter!" cried the king, rising and embracing Dona Inez.

"Welcome, sweet Inez, my child," said the queen, folding her to her bosom, and then seating her by her side.

"What, oh what is this! Tell me, am I in a dream!" she cried, looking around, and then clasping her hands, and fixing her eyes upon Felix.

"No, gentle Inez," answered Felix with the smile of love triumphant.

"Who then are you, Felix," she cried with tears of mingled joy and fear.

"The Infanta, Don Carlos, Prince of Castile!"

"Let the trumpets sound," cried the king, and proclaim the union of Don Carlos the heir to the throne of Spain and the Indies, to Dona Inez, daughter of Diego, Duke of Alvarez!"

The proclamation echoed and re echoed through the hall, and the lovely bride, whose truth and fealty had thus been nobly rewarded, fell upon her husband's neck, and softly whispered, amid the acclamations and clangor of trumpets:

"Felix, as I would have loved and honored you as your troubadour, even so will I love and honor you as your princess; nor can I love you any more as Don Carlos, than I have loved you as the lowly Felix! But I will not conceal from you the fullness of my great joy! My heart trusted in you, and it was not deceived!"

GOOD-NIGHT.—TO MARY.

Good-night! and when the dusky veil
Of sleep shall shade thy gentle brow,
May no dark dream thy rest assail,
Or sadness o'er thy spirit throw—
But slumbers, light as those that bless
The cradled infant's holiness—
Be thine, with all their soothing powers,
Unbroken through night's darksome hours.

Good-night! but still if fancy's wings
To vision'd scenes thy thoughts should bear,
Oh! be as pure, the dream she brings,
As thy own spotless feelings are:
Some blissful token from on high,
Prompted by angels passing by,
To whom the high behest is given,
To fling o'er virtue's couch the hues of heaven.

B. M. L.

WOMAN'S MISSION.

BY MRS. LYDIA JANE PIERSON.

SHE was a beautiful bride!—a truly beautiful woman. Her's was not, however, the beauty which a statuary may impart to cold marble, the perfection of form and feature, in the untouched bloom of youth, but the living, speaking, loveliness of a soul, full of love, and trust, and goodness; and high and holy hope, flashing out from its pure shrine in every tone, or word, or movement; the commanding beauty of a noble character, legibly impressed upon a perfect tablet. Every one who knew her admired and honored her; but she was not *loved* by all, for she was not one of those weak, effeminate creatures, who appeal, with all the helplessness of infancy, to the tender affections of the heart. Men could not regard her as a fair, frail being, formed in utter dependence upon their support; to be guided by their judgment, worn as a beautiful ornament, soothed, petted, and led, just as it pleased their caprice or convenience; and so they did not love her. Women did not love her, because her superior mind could not enter, with intense interest, into all the petty joys and griefs which seemed, to them, of such great moment. She was not transported with the beauty of a new bonnet, nor thrown into ecstasies by the tones of a new piano. She could not weep with the tender Mary for the death of her poor little caged bird, nor sympathise in the terrible alarm with which Ida shrank from the proximity of a poor caterpillar, or a big black spider. She did not shriek, nor fall into hysterics, when mamma's pet fell down upon the carpet, or got his little finger pinched. In her intercourse with the world she never dealt in flattery or scandal. She looked, with a quiet smile, on occurrences that were, to others, exceedingly agitating; and though she had always a gift for the poor and a tear for the miserable, and a kind word for every body, still they did not love her; and the general opinion was: She is cold, and proud, and heartless.

But she had met with *one who loved* her; a man capable of appreciating worth in woman; who would wear her proudly, as a monarch wears his diadem. He was, in soul, and form, and feature, a perfect specimen of manhood. And she loved him as only a heart like her's can love. She had walked thus far in life's pathway alone. She had met no spirit that could blend with her's; no eye that could understand her own; no heart that could echo truly the sympathies that made the music of her life. But when she met Arthur Wood, she felt that she had found all that was necessary to her happiness. And when, after a thorough acquaintance, he drew her fondly to his bosom, and asked if she could be content to follow the star of his destiny; to live with him, and for him, for ever, she felt her very soul gush out, in grateful ecstacy, with the softly murmured answer, "I

will." And she was a bride; beautiful, happy, and envied. And well might Jane Wood be envied by every woman who looked on her that day; for she stood high above them in the scale of intellectual life; her spirit was glorious in a purity that knew no envy, malice, or remorse; and her heart, that deep fountain, which, with its ever-gushing, sweet, or bitter waters, makes woman's happiness or misery, was full to overflowing with the rich, trusting bliss of perfect love. And he, whom her affections so worshipped, was worthy of that homage; for he was noble of soul, generous of heart, and lofty of spirit; he had honor, genius, and a competency of this world's wealth; and he loved her fondly, strongly, purely,—even as she loved him. As she sat beside him, in his elegant, though not sumptuous dwelling, surrounded by neatness and beauty, arranged by the magic hand of taste, she clasped his hand, tenderly, between both her's, to her bosom, and breathed, in a tone that seemed of heaven, so expressive was it of perfect satisfaction:

"Now I am wholly happy; my heart needed only this. Its holy place is now filled with the presence of the deity toward whom it has always yearned, without knowing what it needed; what angel inhabitant should be able thus to fill it with warmth, and light, and music. Oh, I am happy!—and this happiness shall endure for ever—for ever!"

She was a miserable wife!—a heart-broken and bowed down woman. Alone she sat, with heaped up work-basket beside her, in one of those wretched dwellings which the poor are permitted to occupy, in fear and agony, lest, after months of toil and privation, they should not be able to carry to the sumptuous palace of the landlord, the sum, so paltry to him, demanded of them so imperiously, for the privilege of cowering under the roof which he would not deem a sufficient shelter for his animals. She was pale, and sad, and worn; her spirit was dark with the pall of its young hopes and high aspirations, and her heart was heavy with the beautiful creations which it had formed and worshipped, and which disappointment had broken down, and heaped in crushing ruin on their living altar. She was poor and wretched, and all who looked on her pitied her. Pity is sweet when she sitteth down beside the sufferer, saying, "Lean on my bosom, sister—dear sister." But when she stands and looks down upon us, though there be tears within her eyelids, and says, "Poor outcast, I will aid thee!" then, even her soft hand lies like fire upon the forehead. Jane Wood was pitied, and passed by; for she was meanly dressed, and her husband was a common drunkard!

Yes, it is possible! Arthur Wood, the high-souled, the sensitive, the intellectual, the loving and beloved, had become a victim to cards and alcohol. He had gambled away his property, he had drowned his soul in intoxicating liquors; he was herding with the basest, seeking employment here and there, that he might gain sufficient to gratify his unquenchable thirst. And she, the neglected, the suffering, the abused woman, she loved him dearly still. And christian people said:

"We would be generous to Mrs. Wood, but it is of no use; for whatever she obtains she lavishes upon her brutal husband. She has no children, and might enjoy a good situation as nurse or governess; still she will toil and suffer, and pay rent, that he may have a shelter, to which he resorts only to consume her earnings, and repay her cares with opprobrious language. She is a foolish woman, and must do the best she can."

And so even the best part of the world excused, to conscience, the lack of holy charity.

She had spread her table with the plain, but wholesome food, which her labor had provided, and which her hand had dressed. She had arranged every article in her lowly abode with perfect neatness; and now she awaited the return of her husband, who had promised to be home by seven o'clock. Seven o'clock went by—eight struck, and yet he came not. Dark and fearful thoughts came crowding upon her soul. Beautiful Memories went weeping past, in funeral procession, each to throw her faded garland upon the grave of Hope. Meagre spectres pointed to a dark and stormy future, and her spirit seemed reeling on the verge of destruction. Darker and more appalling grew the spectres that surrounded her; Poverty, with her hyena-like eyes, gathered her rags around her wasted form, and crept shivering to her straw bed in the shattered hovel. Disease lay writhing on her couch of torture; Guilt crept by, vainly seeking to conceal the face, on which was impressed the indelible brand of infamy. And Scorn, with face averted, pointed with her finger, which pierces the heart with the most unendurable agony. And still her husband was the victim, and through his soul the shafts came with keener agony to her own.

"I can endure no longer!" she cried, at length.

"Oh, it is too much—too terrible. How have I deserved such fearful punishment? There is no justice on earth. Is there any in the administration of Providence? Wherefore was I created and endowed with superior abilities and sensibilities, to be degraded to this abject state? If I have deserved all this, and it is therefore I suffer, why are others, no better than I, exempt from punishment? There is no justice."

As she spoke, a shudder ran through her frame, a livid shade passed over her pale face, she clasped her hands over her forehead, and sinking to her knees, bent her face upon the seat of her chair. At that moment, a tall, haggard man, crept stealthily into the room. His apparel was ragged, and soiled with earth, and an old hat, which was crowded down over his eyes, half-concealed his features.

"I will hear the hypocritical cant," he murmured.

But, in the tumult of her soul's agony, she heard him not.

Long time he listened, and caught only convulsive

sobs and wild ejaculations; yet, such was her apparent agony, that he could not, dared not, interrupt her. At length she raised her head. Her eyes were red with weeping, but they beamed with a dazzling splendor; her cheeks were thin, and wet with tears, but they glowed with the warmest flush of feeling.

"Oh, Father!" she cried, in a clear, glad voice. "now I see thee! now I see thee! now I know that thou art. Now I believe that thou hearest me! Oh, I thank thee! that thou hast dispelled from my mind the blackness of darkness which had gathered over it. I sat in the cold shadow of despair, and said there is no God—because I could not see thee. Thou knowest that I have suffered. Thou knowest all my sorrows. Thou hast seen my tears; my struggles with all the ills that have beset my pathway. Thou wilt forgive the bitterness of my soul's agony. Thou wilt listen to me this once—this once, oh, God! I beseech thee. Look, Father! what a wreck he has become! See—see how error has ruined thy most perfect work—thine own glorious image! My God, behold! He is not wholly lost; the stamp of divinity is not effaced from his soul, or from his brow; amid all the ruin that lies crushingly above, still there are seasons when it flashes out as it was wont, and fills my spirit with a shadow of its early happiness. It is not poverty, it is not toil, it is not the world's scorn, that crushes me; it is my sorrow; my anguish for him; for the blight that has fallen on him in whom I gloried. Great God! thou art able to save him. Thou art able, by one touch of thy finger, to awaken his slumbering spirit, and give it strength to burst the bonds with which this moral Delilah has bound his noble faculties. Father!—Father! hear I do beseech thee!"

"Amen!—Amen!" burst from the heart of the listener, as he sank down upon his knees beside her, and encircled her waist with his bony arm, from which the old coat sleeve hung in tatters. "God has heard you, Jane, my angel—my life's guardian! God has heard!"

In that hour, as Jane Wood lay sobbing upon her husband's bosom, with her arms twined lovingly around him, she experienced a happiness so high, so pure, so full of heaven, that she felt overpaid for all that she had suffered.

She sat, in the calm evening, beside her husband, in their beautiful home by the silvery Schuylkill. The elegance of competence, and the refinement of taste, were obvious within and without the mansion; there was no visible lack of any thing that could minister to human happiness. She was reading, but frequently lifted her eyes from her book toward heaven, with ejaculations of such soul-felt delight, that her husband looked smilingly upon her from the paper on which he was earnestly intent. At length he laid his hand on her's, which rested on the table, and placing the Review before her:

"Here, Jane," he said, "read, and rejoice in your work. Those who hold the balance for the gems of mind, have decided that the book you so much admire is worthy an exalted place in the temple of fame; that it shall live for ever."

She fell on her knees at his feet, hid her face on

his bosom, and ejaculated a fervent "Thank God! I knew that you were capable of this—of more!"

The husband raised her, embraced her fervently, and, having seated her beside him, looked with indescribable gratitude and tenderness into her tearful eyes. They were a beautiful couple, although each had passed the fortieth year. He was in the full pride and strength of a vigorous manhood; time had taken nothing from his youthful beauty, but had fixed upon his features the lofty and glorious expression of the soul's loveliness. And she, although her cheek had lost its roundness, and the bright, witching curls were banded beneath the matron's cap, was possessed of an intellectual and holy loveliness, surpassing all the charms of youth. The husband held, between both his, the trembling hand that had given itself to him so long ago, and which had never ceased to minister to his best interests. He looked lovingly upon it, and glanced admiringly on the round, fair arm that rested on his knee.

"Jane," he said, "permit me to recur, this once, to the past, although it is a subject of which you have entreated me never to speak. Tell me, my wife, when you recall *all* the past, with its rainbow hopes, its real sorrows, its intense sufferings; when you review your whole life, do you feel disposed to weep, or to rejoice in the Providence that created and endowed you—and made you mine?"

"I rejoice, my husband, most heartily do I rejoice; and I have cause for rejoicing, for, truly, I am the proudest, happiest wife living; proud of my husband, and happy in his love."

"And you may well be proud and happy, dear Jane, for all that your husband is you have made him. Nobly have you fulfilled your mission, my wife. You have saved your husband, body and soul, in time and in eternity. The world may never know this, but it is known unto God, and heaven shall rejoice in it for ever. You have filled your station; you have been that which every true woman is, a guardian angel. Her ministrations, like those of unembodied angels, are performed in silence, and with an

invisible hand. Yet, in the day when all things are made known, it will appear how much of the goodness and greatness, now claimed by man, belong to woman's well-earned treasures. She was formed for the perfecting of man in happiness, usefulness, and goodness. She possesses an influence over him, which, while it is invisible, is stronger than a chain of adamant. He will meet force with force; he will resist tyranny to the death; but he is weak and gentle as an infant in the delightful bond of a true woman's pure affection. If vice or error fasten upon his soul, with the gripe of a hideous constrictor, and drag him away toward perdition, still, if one woman love him truly, he is not lost. Holding him fondly by every tender fibre of his nature, she still clings, pleading earnestly, to the robe of the divine mercy, exclaiming, like the wrestling patriarch, 'I will not let thee go, except thou bless me!' She may bear the mark of that struggle, through the long night of agony, all the days of her life, but she will prevail. She is an angel, a ministering, a sustaining angel, and will lead the object of her love to her own native heaven. As mother, as sister, as wife, she holds the destiny of man; to form, to purify, to support, and to reclaim. And she—will not her labor of love be richly rewarded? She who has formed a soul to virtue; she who has sustained the faltering footsteps; she who has reclaimed the wanderer, and saved her loved one, body and soul; is not her reward sure? Oh, Jane, when you look upon your husband, do you not feel a consciousness of well-doing, a triumph of love, which is of itself a heaven. And this shall be your's for ever. For every gem which the world bestows upon him, a drop of pure felicity shall fall upon your heart; and every blast of fame's loud clarion, shall awaken in your soul a still, small voice of the sweetest approbation. Nobly have you fulfilled your mission. You have saved from perdition the soul with which your own is eternally blended by the ties of love; and still, as that soul progresses in knowledge and goodness, in usefulness to man, and in its approaches toward God; so will your happiness and rejoicing increase for ever and ever."

SONG.

From the Spanish of Juan Melendes Valdes.

BY MARY G. WELLS.

"Tus ojos nina."

THE glances, love, thy bright eyes dart,
Strike death into my timid heart!
Now wand'ringly around they turn,
Now concentrate their glorious rays,
And now withdraw their dreamy gaze.
Anon, with tender love-light burn,
Then, cruel grown, they mark in scorn
The grief by which my bosom's torn.
The glances, love, thy bright eyes dart,
Strike death into my timid heart.

And if those eyes are heavenward bent,
Filled with a vague, unwonted fear,
Or if their rays the flowrets cheer,
Return'd again on earth intent,

Oh, soon they curb the rapid flight
Of fancy's visions, falsely bright.
The glances, love, thy bright eyes dart,
Strike death into my timid heart.

Those beaming eyes, ah! turn away,
Beloved one, from my fever'd brow,
For I am almost blinded now
By dwelling on their dazzling ray;
Yet—let them look again on me,
Though not, I pray, diadainfully.
The glances, love, thy bright eyes dart,
Strike death into my timid heart!

A GROUP OF CHILDREN.

BY D. C. COLESWORTHY.

A GROUP of happy children, see—
With golden locks and sunny faces ;
From base intrigue and folly free ;
Their hearts are now the dwelling places
Of joy, and love, and pure content.
To them each moment glides away
Bearing afresh the lineament
Of bliss that seems not to decay.

How sweetly musical the gush
Of cheerful voices on the air :
The welkin rings again ;—but hush !
'T is calm as men had met for prayer.
They shout this moment, and next
They 're awe-struck by the sounds afar ;
Now with their little thoughts perplexed—
Now tongue and limb are all ajar.

Sweet, happy children !—but young Time
On eagle pinions hasteneth fast,
When ye must lose youth's golden prime,
And on the sea of life be cast :—
Your destiny I may not tell,
Your deeds of honor and renown,
How many tears your lids may swell—
If virtue smile, or vice shall frown.

The various paths ye all may try,
To gain a living, or secure
The honors that may never die,
I cannot see. Of this I'm sure,
If guided by an honest heart—
A soul from vicious passion free—
Each will in life act well his part,
And gain a bless'd eternity.

Perhaps amid the group I see
One who may touch a Milton's lyre ;
A Byron, joined to misery,
Whose pen was dipp'd in gall and fire ;
A Luther, solemn and sedate ;
A Howard, noble, generous, kind ;
Voltaire, who dared the truth to hate,
And trifle with the deathless mind.

That bright-eyed boy, with roguish looks,
The midnight lamp may yet consume,
And gather knowledge from his books,
The world of science to illumine ;
While he, who with a pleasant smile,
Enjoys the trifling joke so well,
May have a vicious heart of guile,
The catalogue of crime to swell.

Yon tiny child, with golden locks,
May influence yet the world at large :
Perhaps a Calvin or a Knox
Is now beneath a parent's charge ;
Or wild and wayward, he may roam
An outcast on the land or sea ;
Forgetting all the joys of home,
A wretch despised by all to be.

He, gazing on the flashing sky,
Or listening to the thunder-peal,
As if he felt that God were nigh,
May have the genius of a Steele.
In him who lifts the tender flower,
The anthers and the petals scanning,
Who loves the green sward and the bower,
May burn the eloquence of Channing.

That stately youth, with thoughtful eye,
And noble heart,—so frank and free—
May lay his kite and plaything by,
A second Fessenden to be.
While this, so studious and so grave,
At times forgetful of his sport,
May be a Preble, wisely brave—
A Longfellow to shine at court.

And now I see amid the group,
With earnest voice and flashing eye,
One whose strong spirits never droop—
Who loves the thundering of the sky.
The whirlwind, as it sweeps the sea.
Fixes his gaze, and makes him feel
The presence of a Deity—
He has the spirit of a Neal.

Yon active lad, who early fears
Before the shrine of vice to bow,
And marks the more than orphan tears,
May have the earnest zeal of Dow
In him who wanders through the fields,
Or o'er the hills in studious mood.
While every leaf new wisdom yields,
May live the genius of a Wood.

And he who plays along the shore,
While every shell his thought beguiles,
May o'er its beauties love to pore,
Till he becomes another Michels.
While he who gazes at a star,
When shadows gather, dim and dark,
And wonders what it is so far,
May have the patience of a Clarke.

Mark him, with serious, solemn look,
The Bible is his chief delight ;
Each day he reads the holy book ;
He 'll be a Condit or a Dwright.
And he who ever scolds and frets,
And turns away so early from us,
And always in some mischief gets,
May be an Haley or a Thomas.

That active urchin, full of talk,
Who passes all his hours so gaily ;
Now swopping knives—now selling chalk—
May be a Patten or a Bailey.
And he who lingers round the hearth,
Perusing all the books he owns—
Who will not join the pleasant mirth—
May be a Libbey or a Jones.

There's one loves the ocean's roar,
And listens to the pattering rain;
He marks the waves that tumble o'er,
And fall like giants on the main;
He's happy in the sun or shade—
That roguish, wayward, little elf—
O, who would think that he was made
For one like Becket, or ourself?

Beneath that noble brow may rest
The gentle nature of a Potts—
Or slumbering in the generous breast,
The deep devotion of a Watts:
And here, a Franklin's mighty mind—
A Cervantes, a Bulwer, Scott;
Or there to bless the human kind,
A Davy, Whitney, or a Watt.

That child with silver voice, may be
Like Willis, when he sung of yore;
A Whittier, ever mild and free,
A Burns, a Howitt, or a Moore;
In this, the flame of him who sung
The pleasant "Voices of the night;"
Perhaps a Pollok, or a Young;
A Smith, a Morris, or a Light.

And in this little headstrong elf,
Montgomery's sacred thoughts may dwell;
A Ladd, forgetful of himself—
Perhaps the spirit of a Tell.
In him who shrinks from others' gaze,
Whose angry feelings nought can stir,
The fire of passion soon may blaze,
More than a match for Lucifer.

Perhaps a Brainerd's spirit may
Rest calmly in that ragged boy:
A Martyn, who to give away
The bread of life, and sin destroy
Upon a heathen shore, may yield
The bliss of home—its pure delight;
A Munsen, falling on the field,
Just as the foe had met his sight.

A Payson, eloquent for truth—
A Jenkins, kind, persuasive, good—
May rise from this ambitious youth,
To stand ere long where erst they stood:
A Raikes, to teach the pliant mind,
A Scott or Doddridge to expound;
A Morrison, to lead the blind,
Where peace and joy alone are found.

That feeble boy, so full of hope,
May be distinguished in the race;
Perhaps a Goldsmith or a Pope,
A Perkins, Newland, or La Place.
His forehead with its full expanse,
The living fire of talent shows;
Who'd wonder should he prove a Ifance,
A West, a Shepherd, or a Boze?

The brightest of that happy throng,
No future genius may display;
Perhaps they'll school their hearts to wrong—
And turn from Justice, Truth away;
Their crimes may stain their native land,
To find dishonor'd graves at last;
Or they may join a pirate band,
And perish hanging at the mast.

O, may they each to virtue give
Their talents and their influence now;
That in the future they may live
With truth enstamp'd upon the brow.
In blessing others—being blessed—
Sweetly will pass their fleeting days,
Till in a land where spirits rest,
They tune their hearts to endless praise.

'Tis thus I muse, where'er I see
A noisy and a happy throng—
While still my spirits leap to be
A sharer in the sport and song.
I would I were like them again,
So full of frolic, life and joy;
As free from sorrow, care and pain,
As when I was a careless boy!

TO THE LOVED AND LOST.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

THE star on which we loved to gaze
Is smiling in the tranquil west,
And Cynthia's soft light, trembling plays
As erst upon the streamlet's breast,
But where art thou? mild, thoughtful one!
Thy low, dear voice is o'er me stealing
With the same sad and thrilling tone
As, when absorbed in pensive feeling,
Thou wast pointed to this pure, bright star,
Just sinking in the west afar,
And said "Its brief hour emblems mine—"
Alas! the words prophetic were—
How very brief an hour was thine!

Ah! dost thou linger near me now
Sweet spirit? In my heart I feel

That thou art here,—that on my brow
Thy gentle touch is laid, to steal
Ambition's longings back—to bow
Pride's lofty mien—bid passion kneel—
My heart's vain yearnings to control,
And deeply tranquilize my soul.

Oh! sweet 't would be to know that thou
Wert ever wandering by my side!
To read the language of my brow,
The thoughts that through my bosom glide.
Around my lips smiles would not grow—
They're all too tame the bliss to tell,
Which, gathering in my heart, below,
Would joys wide boundaries overswell.

THE MYSTERIOUS LADY.

BY MAYNE REID.

On the eastern shore of Lake Pontchartrain stands the handsome village of C—, a watering place, and one of those welcome little "cities of refuge" from the dreaded influence of "yellow jack."

In the winter season nobody thought of living in the village of C—; in summer everybody seemed to be there. It was then the gayest little place in Louisiana, and contained French, English, Spaniards, Italians, Germans and Americans, and in fact specimens of almost every civilized nation on the face of the globe.

In the summer of 18— the village exhibited scenes of unusual gayety and pleasure, for an unusual number of people had found their way thither, partly on account of the severe sickness which prevailed in the "crescent city," and partly from the growing popularity of the place.

The rich merchant, the proud planter, and the parvenue, the banker and his clerk, all met here in a spirit of social equality to be found nowhere else. And then of ladies there was every style of beauty—the dark and voluptuous Spanish maiden—the gay and frolicsome Frenchwoman—the lively Acadienne of the coast,* born for dancing, and the Creole of the Attakapas full of native naiveté—besides a large sprinkling of the brave western girls—noble maidens of Ohio, Kentucky, and Tennessee, whose bright blonde complexions and graceful figures, did not lose by comparison with their darker sisters of the "sunny south."

The gentlemen, as is usual in such cases, considerably outnumbered the other sex, so that no lady, however homely, (and there were few of these at C.) needed repine for the absence of a partner.

Leaving the general crowd of visitors to their fancies and flirtations, we will now introduce the reader to the acquaintance of two mysterious ladies, who had arrived to honor the village with their temporary presence.

No gentleman accompanied them—no male attendant, with the exception of a white-haired venerable looking old negro, who, with a mulatto servant-maid, constituted their whole retinue.

A very handsome chateau, which had been built for a summer residence by a rich old French merchant of New Orleans, stood upon the outskirts of the village, facing the lake. Its founder had long since died, and for several years past the chateau had been let to summer refugees, at a very high rent.

To this place, upon their arrival, the two ladies of whom we have so particularly spoken, retired; and from this circumstance, as well as from the fact that they brought with them a handsome carriage with a fine pair of blooded bays, and an extensive assortment of traveling trunks, they were set down at once as ladies of property—perhaps a rich widow and her daughter, for one of the strangers was old enough to have been the mother of her companion.

Now there was nothing so very mysterious in any or all of these circumstances. On the contrary, every thing was very natural—if we except, indeed, the fact of the ladies being unattended by a gentleman companion; but even this, in a country of such a character for chivalry as the south-west, where a lady may always find civility and protection from strangers, was not looked upon as being *very* strange. No! it was not this; but the circumstances which followed, that gave a mysterious character to the new comers, and led to a keen curiosity on the part of their fellow villagers.

They brought no letters of introduction—made no acquaintances—went to no balls—and when they walked out to bathe, or rode out in their carriage they went alone—attended only by their faithful and reverend looking domestic.

The face of the old lady—a very respectable French physiognomy—had been frequently seen—that of the young one never, if we except a small portion of the lower and less interesting part, including the tip of the nose, lips and chin, (perhaps we are wrong in calling the section in which the lips are situated the less interesting part.) These had been subjected to the keen scrutiny of the curious, and were pronounced perfect—the neck, too, had been approved of as well as the general figure which was light and graceful; but as for the upper section of the face, it had never been seen by any one in the village of C. and the color of the eyes could only be guessed at. A thick black veil, carefully adjusted upon a handsome bonnet, sufficiently protected these from the most pertinacious and persevering curiosity. Weeks passed, and the lady with the black veil was still the mysterious lady with the black veil. Every attempt, consistent with good breeding, had been made to become acquainted with these ladies, and to get a peep at the hidden treasure of eyes which the envious black veil was supposed to conceal—but to no purpose. They resolutely maintained their incognito, and refused all approaches toward socialism. Various reports were in circulation about their character. One made them adventurers from the city or from France, (it had been ascertained that they were Frenchwomen in style and language,) yet they did not pursue the course adopted by adventurers—they were making no victims except those of curiosity.

Another report, which agreed with the first impressions concerning them, and the grounds of which had been furnished by a letter from the city, to a resident at the watering place, was, that the ladies were a rich widow and her daughter from France, who had spent the preceding winter in New Orleans, in great seclusion, visiting only two or three very old and respectable families of the city, French *émigrés*.

This agreed with the conduct of the strangers.

They both dressed in deep mourning, and their domestic wore crape. So it was generally believed, but it did not do any thing to lessen the curiosity which the female part of the population felt towards them, and certainly heightened the interest of the gentlemen in their favor to a very alarming extent. A rich heiress, with such a nose, lips, and chin—must certainly have killing eyes if she would only show them—and so modest of her to conceal them—so kind yet unkind—in short with that species of yearning, which the human mind feels for things difficult to be obtained; so longed the gentlemen visitors to look upon those hidden orbs—so longed they to be looked upon by them.

Pierre, the venerable old negro, (or, as he was familiarly termed, Pete,) was frequently tempted, but Pete was an "old soldier," he had received his instructions, no doubt, and "mom" was his motto. Nothing could be elicited from this source.

About the middle of the season at C. a party of gentlemen—six in number—were sitting, late at night, in a private parlor of the principal hotel.

The conversation, as it had often on former occasions, turned upon the mysterious lady of the black veil.

"In my opinion," said a handsome young Kentuckian named Risley, "perseverance can accomplish almost any thing within human power, and as I do not believe it to be a human impossibility, I mean to persevere until I have had a peep under that black veil, and a good manly look into the eyes beneath!"

"If she has got eyes, Ned."

"Well, if she has not, the more pity for her, poor girl—and I shall have lost my labor."

"You can never do it," cried one of the gentlemen.

"How much will you bet that I don't?"

"Any thing you please."

"Very well—here are six of us: one, two, three, four—six. I believe we are all to be citizens of New Orleans next winter."

"Yes, all," cried several voices.

"Very well."

"I will bet you the finest supper for six that can be cooked at the St. Charles, that before this mystery leaves C. I shall have seen her full face and gazed in her lovely eyes—Is it a bet?"

"I take it," replied the other, "but first the terms—you are not to use no rude means to win your bet."

"Come, come," interrupted Risley, rather angrily.

"I am not likely to outrage the laws of good breeding for the sake of winning a paltry supper."

"Nay!" said the other, "I am convinced of that, and when we meet in New Orleans, I will take your word of honor, whether you have fairly won or not—so a bet it is; a supper for six."

"When is the supper to be eaten?" inquired one of the party.

"On New Year's Eve—what say you all?"

"New Year's Eve. New Year's Eve!"

"New Year's Eve be it, then—in the St. Charles."

The party soon after separated for their respective beds.

For several days after this occurrence might young Risley be seen, throwing himself in the way of the two strange ladies, and dogging their footsteps; yet still in a respectful and modest manner.

At one time he would conceal himself behind a tree and wait for their coming up, thinking by this means to catch a glimpse—at another time would he turn landscape painter, and, port-folio in hand, throwing himself upon his knees in front of the chateau, would seem to be carefully sketching the house and grounds; but at the same time, his eyes would be anxiously fixed upon the windows, while his heart inwardly cursed the interference of the jealous "venetians."

The season had far advanced—most of the members of the supper party had left C., having gone to other resorts, but Risley still remained, determined to try it out, and win the supper. But there was another reason, now, for his clinging pertinaciously to the spot. By meddling too much with fire he had burnt his fingers. He had fallen desperately in love with the veiled lady, and what at first had been only an innocent amusement with him, had now become a serious attachment. He had not yet seen the eyes, but he had seen enough to satisfy him that their owner was refined and gracefully beautiful.

In this state of mind Edward Risley was one day sauntering along the shore of the lake, near the envied chateau. The ladies had gone out riding, and he was, as usual, waiting for the return of the carriage, in order that he might gain a glimpse of its inmates as they alit at the gate of their residence. Farther along the beach, in the direction in which the ladies had driven, a party of gentlemen were amusing themselves in shooting sea-gulls that, at intervals, came within reach.

The carriage appeared at a projecting point just as a gun was fired by one of the party, and the spirited horses taking alarm, at the report, broke from the hands of their infirm driver, and galloped wildly along the road. A few feet from the gate of the chateau was a narrow and dangerous bridge, over which the horses seemed determined to cross, but the chances were ten to one in favor of the carriage being precipitated against the rocky buttress and dashed to pieces. This the young Kentuckian, who was standing near the bridge, perceived, and coolly drawing his pistol, he took stand in the shelter of a large rock, and awaited their approach. The horses came on at a furious rate, their driver having lost all command of them. As they came opposite where he stood, the Kentuckian presented his pistol and fired—the ball passed through the head of the off-hand horse, and the animal dropped dead in the traces. The other, thus suddenly impeded in his progress, and entangled in the harness, after a few violent plunges, also fell, and the carriage stood still almost uninjured. But the young man had approached too near for the purpose of taking a more certain aim. The wheel of the carriage had passed over him, and he was lying senseless upon the road.

Edward Risley awoke from a long and horrid dream. He looked around him. He was in a curtained bed, in a chamber apparently well furnished. He could see no one, but he could not see every part of the chamber. Presently he heard a sweet female voice inquire:

"Do you think, doctor, he is not badly hurt?" An answer was given in the affirmative, and a mo-

ment after, the curtain was quietly and stealthily drawn, and a dark flashing eye from beneath a black veil and bonnet was fixed upon him. It was instantly withdrawn, though not before Risley recognised the face of the veiled lady. He now began to recollect himself, and the fact that he was bandaged and bruised with a faint remembrance of having been knocked down and run over by a carriage, assisted him in making out his position. "It is very clear," thought he, "that they have brought me into the chateau—and clear, too, that I have seen the eyes and won the bet—but I have paid well for it, if a broken heart and broken bones may be considered of any value."

The Kentuckian was right—he had been carried into the chateau, which was the nearest house to the spot where the accident had occurred, and from which the doctor had forbidden his removal for some time.

Here, for ten days, as he afterwards acknowledged, he received the most careful nursing from two of the kindest ladies he had ever met with in his life, but, with the exception of the glimpse he had through the curtain, after first recovering his sensibility, he never afterwards saw the eyes of the younger one. Even in the house she constantly wore her bonnet and the impenetrable veil. This made the thing to him more mysterious; but he had seen the eye, once, and had therefore won the supper. The supper, poor fellow, had become of secondary consideration to him. He would have lost fifty suppers, but to have had one kind, encouraging smile from those dark eyes.

The reader is not to suppose that the heart of this singular lady was adamant, any more than the rest of her sex, and Risley was one of the handsomest fellows that ever came from Kentucky—besides, the tender duty of nursing one who has perilled life in our service, has its effect—and on many occasions has a singular sympathy sprung up between nurse and patient.

The gallant young Kentuckian began to be aware of some reciprocity of his burning passion, and when the time arrived that it became necessary as a delicate measure, that he should be removed from the chateau, he found himself one morning upon his knees before the veiled lady, offering her "his hand, his heart and his fortune."

This offer, which few ladies in the west would have declined—for Risley was both rich and renowned—the lady of the mask modestly but feelingly refused.

Her answer was characteristic.

"Sir," said she, "your offer and yourself I highly esteem—perhaps—" and here her voice was lowered almost to a whisper, "perhaps more than esteem—but there is an inseparable barrier between us, an insurmountable obstacle to our union—the nature of which I am not now at liberty to inform you. As you have told me, however, that New Orleans is your winter home, and as I myself purpose residing there during the coming season, I shall consider it my duty at an early period to make you aware of the reasons of my refusing the honor you have so kindly offered me. When you have become acquainted with those reasons, they will, no doubt, prove satisfactory, and the love which you now profess to feel for me, will give place to indifference, perhaps disgust."

"Never, never!" exclaimed the enthusiastic Kentuckian, trying to detain her—but it was in vain. She had vanished from the room, and would not again be seen.

With a heavy heart Risley left the chateau, under whose friendly roof he had passed the happiest hours of his life.

In a few days, too, the ladies left the village, and returned to the city of New Orleans. Risley was not long in following them, and having reached the city, began to make inquiries about their name and residence. He could gain information of neither, and he was compelled to wait patiently for the lady's fulfilment of her promise.

New Year's Eve approached, but as yet no news of the veiled lady. He had, at least, won the supper. As he had seen that dark eye, and felt it upon his soul, it would be a melancholy supper to him. He little thought, when he had made the bet, but that it would be a merry one. How much was he disappointed. Many a time had he reflected upon her last words, "An insurmountable obstacle; one which would change his love into disgust." What powerful alchemy could have such an effect as this! A thousand things forced themselves upon his imagination, and were rejected by his judgment. Poverty? No! Deformity? No! She was perfect. Shame, ruin, disgrace? Impossible! a mind like her's could never have submitted to this. No! no! no! What then?

In the midst of his agony and doubting hopes, New Year's Eve came on, and the six friends who were to partake of the supper assembled in the famous St. Charles.

Risley sat at the head of the table. He alone, as yet, knew who had won the bet. His melancholy abstraction had attracted the observation of his five friends, and they rallied him upon it, jokingly saying that it was unnecessary for him to tell them the result of the wager, as they saw from his manner that he had lost. Risley, however, shortly after, set them right upon this point, by announcing to the party that he had won, as he had seen the eyes, though only once, and that he never expected to look upon them again.

He spoke in such a melancholy tone, that his friends began to think there really was some mystery about the veiled lady. They desired very much to question him further, but Risley's abrupt refusal to communicate any more information upon the subject, and his evident displeasure at hearing it spoken of, at all, soon caused it to be dropped, and other subjects became the theme of conversation. While the party were thus gaily discussing the rich viands, a servant entered, and inquiring for Mr. Risley, handed him a letter.

Risley, asking the indulgence of his friends, opened the letter, and read.

All at once he started upon his feet, his countenance exhibiting emotions of extreme joy, and eagerly grasping the hand of the gentleman upon his right, and who was supposed to have been the unfortunate loser, he exclaimed:

"Your hand, Fred, your hand. You have won, my boy, you have won, and I'm the happiest fellow alive!" And so he seemed to be, for he danced around the room with delight.

"You are the happiest fellow I ever saw, to have lost six ten dollar suppers," replied the other. "But how—how have I won; where was the mistake; you saw the eyes, did you not?"

"No, you dog! one only—one, my boy! There is but one, the other was *glass*, and I never knew it till this moment!"

"Upon my word, Risley," said one of his laughing friends, "the lady is certainly indebted to you for the pleasure you seem to feel in her misfortune."

"And the glass eye," added another, "accounts for the mystery of the black veil."

"Yes!" said Risley, "and it accounts for my joy at this moment. But I see, my friends, you are all puzzled and perplexed; so just lend me your ears a moment, and I will explain. After you had all left E—, I became acquainted with the two ladies. The horses ran off with them in their carriage. I stopped the carriage, got run over, and was carried into the chateau, where I remained ten days an invalid. During the whole of that time, though I was much in company with the young lady, I never saw her eyes but once, then, it appears, I only saw one, but I supposed it was all right. It appears, however, it is the only one the poor girl has. That is not all, my friends, I fell desperately in love. If you only witnessed her graceful actions, and heard the music of her voice, so, too, would you—all of you. At last I offered her my hand. She refused me in the most delicate and feeling manner, telling me that an 'insurmountable obstacle prevented our marriage,' one which, when known to me, would create within me disgust. She would not then tell me what it was, but promised to inform me at New Orleans; and here, according to promise, is her letter, in which she tells me that she *loves* me, and the only obstacle which she speaks of is her unfortunate infirmity."

"Unfortunate, indeed; you would not marry her?"

"Marry her! Yes, if both her eyes were glass. But she has one left, still, worth any two eyes I have ever looked upon; but come, friends, excuse me for a short space; I will soon return. Rue Carondelet, No. —. She is French, gentle, but, no matter, I will soon rejoice you; in the meantime make yourselves merry; but I cannot feel happy until I have made *her* so, by telling her that the *glass eye* is no obstacle whatever."

So saying, the generous-hearted Kentuckian, having taken leave of his friends, who willingly indulged him, hurried out, and sought the house indicated by the letter he had just received. He stopped at a large mansion in the Rue Carondelet, No. —, he

looked, it was the number. He rang the bell, and was ushered, by the liveried servant, into a gorgeous apartment, where, seated upon an ottoman, under brilliant lamps, was the being he sought, dressed precisely as he had always seen her, and still wearing the black bonnet and veil. Without stopping for ceremonious recognition, the warm-hearted youth rushed forward and flung himself at her feet.

"Dearest girl," cried he, "did you suppose that my love for you had no other foundation than a mere personal fancy, and could be overthrown by the discovery of this slight physical imperfection? Your mind won my love, and your conduct, in this matter, has strengthened my admiration; I might almost say that the knowledge of your misfortune has made me happier, for it makes me feel more your equal; at least am I happy to know that I may, in some measure, alleviate your sufferings."

The bosom of the beautiful creature, whom he addressed, was swelling with admiration, and her whole frame quivered with delight, as she rose proudly to answer him.

"Generous lover," said she, "since, upon such conditions, you are willing to receive, I am but too happy to bestow upon you the hand and heart of Adeline Cardoville!"

She held out one hand to her lover, while, with the other, she adroitly removed her bonnet and veil. Ha! was it fancy that bewildered the brain of the Kentuckian. Two coal-black, burning eyes, each of them a soul in itself, gleamed upon him, quivering to his very heart, while their beautiful owner stood over him, smiling in triumph. She had triumphed. She had stooped to conquer, as the explanation showed. Left an heiress of large fortune, in France, she had suffered the persecution of false lovers consequent on such a state. A woman of unusual mind, Adeline had determined to win a husband worthy of her beauty and fortune, and, by a freak of fortune, had resolved, with her mother, to visit the new-world, where, as we have seen, she met one in every way worthy of her.

It was late that night when Edward Risley returned to his companions at the St. Charles. It is hardly necessary to say that his presence infused joy, but greater still was their delight when he informed them of the result of his interview, and invited them severally to be present at his wedding. For many a succeeding New Year's Eve did the same party of six repeat the wagger supper, always drinking to the *lady of the glass eye*.

WORSHIP WITHOUT FEAR.

APPROACH not the altar
With gloom in thy soul;
Nor let thy feet falter
From terror's control!

God loves not the sadness
Of fear and mistrust:
Oh, serve Him with gladness,
The Gentle, the Just! MRS. OSGOOD.

THE CAPRICE OF THE SENSIBILITIES.

A SERIES OF SONNETS.

BY W. GILMORE SIMMS.

Author of "The Yemassee," "Atalanta," &c.

I.

True,—love has its perils and denials—takes
Its color from the cloud ; and, with a will,
Born of capricious fancy, sometimes aches
With its own raptures, wild and wilful still ;—
Is pleased to grieve o'er griefs that may not rise,
And finds a tempest in serene skies ;—
Suspects where it should worship, and grows cold
When most the mutual fire is warm and bright,—
And is, self-doom'd, a stranger to delight,
When most the entwining arms of truth would fold
The estranged one in the happiest heart-embrace !
But these are natural aspects in the strife
Of nature, worn by all of mortal race,
And prove far less of suffering than of life.

II.

It is, indeed, the nature that requires,
Even from these changing aspects, a new birth ;
Caprice is but the sleep of the desires,
As sadness is the sweet repose of mirth ;—
And all the dear variety of earth,
Is so much fuel to renew her fires !
The eye that saddens, now, unknowing why,
To-morrow, with as little consciousness,
Will blaze with freshest lustres,—as the sky
Late sorrowing with a cloudy, cold, distress,
Anon, in all her bright of blue appears !—
Love puts on strangest aspects, that confess
A nature, not a will ; and in her tears,
The very hope is born, whose birth alone can bless !

III.

Not such are love's true sorrows ;—in her fate
Lie deeper perils—dooms more desolate !—
Hers are the worst of fortune, since they grow,
From the excessive exquisite in life,
She perils in the field of human strife ;—
The sensibilities—the hopes that flow
From those superior fountains of the soul,
Where all is but a dying and a birth,
A resurrection and a sacrifice ;
Which, though it happen on the lowliest hearth,
Is yet the breaking of a golden bowl,
Still destined to renewal,—for new ties,
And other Sunderings,—and that mortal pain,
To know that death and birth alike are vain !

IV.

That stroke which shatters the devoted heart,
Its faith in the beloved one—the sweet trust,
That felt him genial and believed him just,
And rudely rends the linked souls apart,
Denied the old communion—is the blow
Most mortal, that the mortal meets below !
The death of the affections—the true life
That from humanity pluck'd the cruel sting,
Which, born of its first faltering, doom'd the strife
Heal'd only by the true heart's minist'ring !—
There is no other sorrow, born of love,
Which love itself can heal not ;—and for this,
'T were idle any ministry to prove,—
Since love, in loss of faith, hath lost all right to bless !

V.

Thus is it that the heart which other wo
But strengthens with new tendrils,—when it shakes,
Doom'd to the lightning terrors of this blow
Sinks, shivering with the bolt, and sudden breaks.
Fibres knit close as tendrils of the vine,
Lock'd fast and clinging to the upholding pine,—
Even as the faith is rent, which was the tree,
Fix'd steadfast and high-towering o'er all,
To which the affections clung, nor fear'd to fall,—
To periah all the hopes and sympathies :—
A thousand veins, and ruptured arteries
Lie sunder'd at the stroke, all bleeding free ;
Wasting their precious streams upon the roots
Of the great tree that never more has fruits !

VI.

No fruits, no life !—what matter if the tree,
Still lifts his brow erect against the sky,
Great shaft and mighty branches,—if there be
No blossom, in his season, for the eye—
No green of leaf, no gorgeous pageantry,
Wooing the prolific and embracing air
To harbor in the noontide, and to brood
Still murmuring music in his slumberous mood,
While birds sit swarming with their young ones there ;
Their life a summer day or less—not long,
But still a life of blossom and of song,—
The blossom and the song being each a birth,
Born only of the fruit, and born of earth,
For earth, that still love's promise, might be fair !

LILIAS LEE;

OR, THE BETROTHED.

BY HENRY FENTON.

ON the eastern margin of the Cayuga lake, is a small village, or at least a few houses, laying claim to that appellation, the scenery adjacent to which combines, perhaps, more of the romantic and picturesque, than is to be found any where in the wide state of New York. Here, when the warring winds are at rest, the traveler pauses to view the beautiful and the serene, and, as he lingers within its charmed precincts, feels the quiet and gentle spirit of the scene pervading his breast. The lake, between three and four miles in width, lies in one calm and unbroken sheet before him, faithfully reflecting the blue arch above, and the few light and gently moving clouds that vary its loveliness. The drooping willow bends, gracefully, over the margin of the motionless water, gazing upon the long and verdant tendrils mirrored forth in its glassy depths.

Let me carry the reader back, in imagination, some fifty years, before even the few buildings, which now mark this spot, had been erected, when no rude sounds of the busy occupations of men broke in upon the solitude of nature.

Day was breaking, among the mountains, and a soft and mellow light was stealing over hill and valley, and placid water, and the matin carol of nature's songsters was already filling the air with melody. The light sound of the oars of a small boat, dipping at quick and regular intervals, at a distance, could now be heard, and soon a little bark, with a solitary tenant, issued from the shadow of a rock on the margin of the lake. The occupant was an Indian. Fishing tackle lay in profusion about him, and a rifle rested across the stern of the boat; the latter, as he drew near the shore, he discharged into the air—the clear sharp sound echoed and re-echoed among the distant hills, and all was again silent. A few minutes passed, and a young man, clad in a light summer dress, and also bearing angling apparatus, came, with rapid pace towards the waters edge. A few dexterous movements of the oars brought the Indian and his skiff to the beach, where, after a friendly greeting between the parties, the boat received the new comer, and again, under the guidance of its swarthy pilot, shot out into the lake, and, the proper place being found, and the stone anchor with its cable of twisted bark lowered, the friends commenced their sport.

George Waldeford, for such was the name of the young man, now introduced to the reader's attention, was an admirer of nature in her solitary places. To rove, for hours, gun in hand, alone, through the forest wilds, where only the barking of the squirrel, the tapping of the woodpecker, or the solitary 'caw' of the wary crow, that soared at a secure height above him, interrupted the silence; and now to lie upon the margin of some gentle stream, rippling o'er many a

wave-worn stone, and sparkling in the few furtive sunbeams that found their way through the thick foliage, or, as now, to sail, at summer morn, upon the bosom of the glassy lake, and tempt its finny inhabitants forth, were occupations congenial to his mind. Bred to the law, and, but recently enrolled among its practitioners, he had already given proof, not only of unusual native powers of mind, but of the discipline of severe and earnest study; and in these joyous hours of mental relaxation, the ostensible object of his pursuit was often most remote from his mind. The beauties of nature, and the few bright prospects opening in perspective, upon his mind, with the thousand fancied ones that always crowd the young imagination, afforded him themes of happy thought.

The only house, for many miles circumjacent to the spot the reader is now, in imagination occupying, was a neat two story white dwelling, situated on an eminence, some forty or fifty rods from the lake, and so thickly shaded with forest trees as to be scarcely discernible from the beach. This was the residence of a Mr. Lee, a gentleman whose wealth had enabled him to follow the bent of a cultivated taste, by seeking happiness in such a retirement. Waldeford was a distant connexion of Mr. Lee, and was then on a visit, during a part of the summer season, to the patron of his boyhood and the friend of his more advanced days. The Indian, who has been introduced, was one of the many who then lingered, a few of whom may still be seen, in the western part of the state of New York. It is well known that some of these, particularly those whose powers had not fallen before the destroyer, intemperance, possessed a great degree of intelligence, and often proved the capable and willing instructors of their civilized neighbors, in hunting and fishing. These considerations, together with a desire to investigate the Indian character, had induced Waldeford to associate frequently with Wogah, as he was called, one whom he had selected for his superior sagacity and friendly nature.

But to proceed with our narrative. A few hours had passed, fatal to many a perch and pickerel, when the boat again approached the shore, and Waldeford, after making a few choice selections from the bulk of their finny treasures, which his companion engaged to bring after him, and making some other sporting appointment, started on his return.

He was proceeding at a slow pace up the lane, with his eyes cast in thoughtful mood, upon the ground, when he was startled by the pressure of a hand upon his arm, so gentle, that he could not, even if it had been in this bankrupt age of humanity, have mistaken it for a sheriff's grasp, and turning, was greeted with

a merry laugh from a rosy cheeked and blue eyed maiden, whom a poet might style "a nymph, a naiad, or a grace," but who, nevertheless, I earnestly contend, was only sweet Lilius Lee, a maid of mortal mould, but unsurpassed in loveliness by all the heroines of romance.

"Well, cousin George," she said, "I've been wondering this hour, where you could have wandered, and here I find you, returning from a fishing expedition, in a brown study, calculating the profits and losses of your morning's business, I suppose."

"I must confess, then, Lilly, since you have been solicitous for my welfare—"

"It's all profit and no loss; I know what you are going to say. Your compliments are getting old; you must coin a new set."

"But, cousin Lilius—"

"But, cousin George!"

Lilius was the eldest daughter of Mr. Lee, and had just completed her nineteenth year. Distantly connected, she and George addressed each other by the appellation of cousin, and having been intimate in their childhood, the fond parents of Lilius had never thought of the possibility of their acquiring other feelings towards each other, than the puerile attachment which marked their earlier days.

Had Mr. Lee feared aught of this nature he would not have endangered the happiness of his child, by paving the way for an attachment which he could not countenance. A rash promise to his wife, in the last moments of her existence, had left him no option as to the disposal of his daughter. Mrs. Lee was of foreign birth, and possessed a natural predilection for both the products and people of her clime. This was quite blameless, but it was unfortunately carried to such excess that it created an unwarrantable prejudice against every thing which claimed a different origin. Among her few familiar acquaintances in the city, from which they had removed, a short period prior to the time of which this history treats, was a Mr. Elston, an English gentleman, and his son, then about sixteen years of age, handsome in person, well bred and intelligent. It had long been the wish of Mrs. Lee, in her rather premature anxiety about the marriage of her daughter, to procure for her a partner as desirable as she believed young Elston must prove, and between the senior Mr. Elston and Mrs. Lee an understanding had existed for a long time, previous to her death, that this was a consummation mutually to be desired, if satisfactory to the father of Lilius, and to the parties more immediately concerned. But during the last illness of this lady, which was somewhat protracted, her maternal anxiety in this matter, had arrived at a point at which nothing would satisfy her, but a solemn and mutual engagement between the children, in the presence of their parents. This was accordingly entered into, and although at the time it seemed something only amusing to the blue-eyed and light-hearted school girl, she had since been taught to regard it as a solemn and binding rite. There was but little reason to suppose that young Elston would relinquish his claim to the hand of Lilius, endowed, as she was, with all the charms of youth and beauty; or that she would experience any reluctance to fulfil so sacred a promise, especially when it related to a connexion with one whose education, bearing, and

rank in society might have won an untrammelled heart.

Something of this Waldeford had heard, but ignorant of the main truth, he feared that to him, in this case, "ignorance was bliss." He scarcely knew his own heart, or the state of his own feelings, but indulged in a dream of undefined pleasure of which Lilius was always the subject and the centre. They had mingled in their sports, and often sympathized with each other's sorrows; but saw not, or would not allow themselves to contemplate, their growing attachment. Waldeford had, at length, found that he could no longer conceal from himself the fact, that he loved his cousin, and he was bent on disclosing to her his feelings, and learning from her the truth. But whenever he attempted to introduce the subject, she seemed, as if by intuition, to know his intentions, and partly, perhaps from a knowledge that such an interview must be one of painful disclosures, laughed off every word and look that spoke of sentiment or feeling.

"But, cousin Lilius—" said Waldeford.

"But, cousin George," said Lilius.

"Cousin, dear cousin, hear me."

"Nay, cousin, dear cousin, since you will have it so, hear *me*, for I have momentous news to tell."

Miss Lee then proceeded to inform her companion of the expected arrival of her only brother from college; of which they had just received intelligence by letter. He was to be accompanied, she said, by a friend and classmate, who would spend the vacation with them. She did not mention the name of their expected guest, and Waldeford dared not ask, lest, if his suspicions should prove true, his countenance should betray the unpleasant nature of the intelligence, and as Lilius concluded,

"Will you not be happy with them?" only replied.

"Your happiness, cousin Lilly, is a sufficient guaranty for mine."

Lilius cast her eyes to the ground, and a shade of melancholy passed over her lovely features, like the shadow that the swiftly passing cloud throws for a moment, over a smiling landscape. The conviction that George was unhappy, with the reason for that unhappiness, passed suddenly through her mind, but were followed, as suddenly, by a resolution not to seem to observe it.

"Quite a disinterested youth, truly," she replied, looking up with affected gaiety. "Has yonder sun-burnt stoic of the woods, who has been your companion so much of late, cousin George, been schooling you?"

"I would he could teach me not to *feel*," was the brief reply, with which, for the time, their conversation terminated at the door of the paternal mansion.

After the morning meal, while walking in the garden, and revolving in his mind the subject uppermost in his thoughts, Waldeford was joined by the worthy parent of his fair friend, who, after alluding to the expected arrival of William and young Elston, added,

"If you young people do not enjoy yourselves, during this pleasant weather, it must be your own fault."

"It certainly will not be the fault of our kind host and friend," replied the other, evading a direct answer, and half turning to conceal the effect which the name of their expected guest had upon his countenance.

"This Elston I have not seen, since he was a lad of sixteen," continued Mr. Lee, "but if common report speaks truly, and William's statement is not exaggerated, we shall find him a very pleasant accession to our little society."

Mr. Lee did not suspect the nature of Waldeford's feelings, although he entertained a real affection for his young relative, and under other circumstances would have seen him win his daughter's hand with more pleasure than he could experience in sanctioning her union with another. Waldeford expressed much pleasure at the prospect of meeting William Lee and his companion, and said that his sports would be much enhanced in value, when shared by his young friends, and then informing Mr. Lee that he was about embarking on a fishing excursion some miles up the lake, hastily departed, with a promise to procure for his friend's table a supply of a rare and choice species of the piscatory race, to be found at a spot, unknown only to his red companion. Although Waldeford and Wongah, were bent nominally upon a fishing expedition, they each took with them, as was their wont, on such occasions, their shooting apparatus, so that if disappointed or wearied in one kind of sport, they might be prepared to have recourse to the other. Now it so occurred, that, instead of going up the lake, as Waldeford had in good faith informed Mr. Lee, was their intention, the sportsmen, upon consultation, and on the advice of the more experienced native of the woods, that the day would not prove favorable for their intended pastime, changed their course, and having a southerly breeze, raised a temporary sail, and glided six or seven miles in the opposite direction, to the vicinity of a favorite hunting ground. This point they soon gained, and before noon the report of their fire-arms had sounded the requiem of many pheasant and wild turkey. From his unlettered companion Waldeford had learned much that pertained to the use of the rifle, and being before a good marksman, his aim was now almost unerring. While resting beneath the shade of one of the forest trees, having wandered far from the Indian, he was startled by the sound of voices apparently at no great distance.

Approaching the spot, what was his consternation on beholding, in an obscure road, which he then recognized as one leading from a neighboring settlement to the residence of Mr. Lee, two travelers, divested of coat and vest, and bound to trees. Waldeford possessed what few people do possess, presence of mind, and without making any noise or audible ejaculation, he began carefully, but hastily, to survey the spot. A little out of the road, he discovered a carriage, and still farther in the woods, on the opposite side of the road, a horse fastened by his bridle to a sapling. This led him to suppose that the robbery had been recently committed, and that the perpetrators still lingered about the spot. In this conjecture he was not wrong. Slowly and silently he approached nearer to the road, and secured himself from all possibility of observation, under cover of some friendly bushes. Here he could reconnoitre, and form his plans for relief. He soon discovered the robbers, but two in number, sitting in a thicket a few yards from the road, on the opposite side. They were engaged in earnest and close conversation. Waldeford's hand was on his gun, and his gun was to his eye, but he lowered it, undischarged, and in

silence. He had never shed human blood, and felt that he had no authority to take life, unless in the last emergency. With his gun presented, and ready for use, at a moment's warning, he now closely watched their motions, believing that the Indian might be near, and determined, if he came, to make a *sortie* from his ambush, and capture them, if possible, without shedding blood. This might have been done, without much peril, as their weapons lay several feet distant from them by the road side. But Wongah did not come. At length the voices of the highwaymen grew louder, and one of them, jumping up, advanced a few steps towards the prisoners, and the words:

"We must not leave this work half done," reached the ear of Waldeford. The other, who had seemed to hesitate, now acquiesced. Waldeford could not catch a fair view of the prisoners' countenances, but he could hear them, now in a tone of entreaty, and now in threatening voice, plead for their lives. A ransom of great amount was promised, under sanction of the most solemn asseverations, to be sent when and where the robbers should direct, without question or pursuit, if they were set at liberty. This proposition seemed to be favorably considered, until one of the young men, in his anxiety to induce a favorable decision, eagerly named Mr. Lee as his father, who would be able and willing to discharge the obligation. The name produced an unexpected effect.

"Then you must die," was the quick response. "If this comes to the ears of Mr. Lee, our fate is fixed. Your pledge would be redeemed by the sheriff, with a *posse* of Indians at his heels, all of whom are friendly to Lee; and let him but promise them a barrel of whiskey and a few pounds of powder for their trouble, and the woods for sixty miles around would give us no refuge from the bloodthirsty rascals. You must die. We thank you," and he laughed infernally; "but we have been pretty well paid for our trouble."

The robber, who had taken part in this dialogue, was deliberately putting a second ball into a gun already loaded, with a coolness of manner, that showed him not unaccustomed to such affairs. But while this was being done, the scissors of fate were closing over the thread of the villain's life. Waldeford had waited till the last moment for his companion, and now for some minutes had stood, with his gun in readiness to fire at any moment. The little party started and looked wild for a second, as the report of a rifle rang through the air. Young Lee and Elston looked each at the other, each supposing that his companion was the victim. But this was but for an instant. The villain fell. As quick as thought, Waldeford sprang from his ambush, and rushed, gun in hand, into the road. The remaining robber, scarcely recovered from his consternation, had rushed towards his weapon, and was raising it from the ground as Waldeford reached the road-side. One leap, and he was in front of the villain, and his rifle at his breast. The rapidity of his motions had given the desperado no time, in that moment of excitement, to reflect that the weapon then pointed at his breast was as harmless as a reed. His gun dropped from his hand, and he stood pale, speechless and trembling.

Heartfelt, indeed, was the happiness experienced by Mr. Lee and his daughter, when they saw a carriage driving briskly up the long lane, containing two gentlemen, whom they were at no loss to conjecture, were William and Elston. Their meeting was full of pleasure, though somewhat impaired, on the part of Elston and Lilius, by the awkward relation in which they stood toward each other. But, after the first congratulations were interchanged, all other considerations were immediately lost sight of in the contemplation of the recent perilous and tragical adventure of the young men, which was at once related. All eyes were upon young Lee, as he proceeded with the story, he being the principal narrator; and to such an extent had their interest been excited, that although they saw their friends safe at their side, none breathed freely until he came, in his narration, to the surrender of the second robber.

"And who was your rescuer?" was the general question.

"We do not know. All expressions of gratitude he modestly received, and after he had released us, and helped us to arrange our carriage, when we were about urging him to accompany us here, we found to our great surprise, that he had suddenly disappeared in the forest.

"And the prisoner?" enquired Mr. Lee.

"Him, after disarming, we allowed to escape, inasmuch as he had plead earnestly for our lives with his companion, appeared young and unused to crime, and called Heaven to witness his determination to forsake his evil course."

"Besides," added Elston, "we did not want the trouble of prosecuting; or of interring his dead friend, under the sanction of twenty-four *grave* men, from all of which he relieved us."

All conjecture seemed fruitless as to their preserver, and they concluded to await, patiently, the time when some fortunate contingency should again bring them together, of which they entertained a reasonable hope, as they argued, he must in all probability reside in "the settlement," which was but a few miles distant. That no suspicion of the truth, in relation to the hero of this adventure, crossed the mind of Mr. Lee, or his daughter, was owing to their full belief that Waldeford was spending the day on the lake at a point many miles distant from the scene of the robbery, and was in company with Wongah.

Whether Waldeford, himself, had any distinct or well defined reason for concealing the fact, may perhaps be doubted, but knowing that, from their first acquaintance, he and Elston must regard each other as rivals for the affections of Miss Lee, he, perhaps, had some repugnance to receiving the gratitude of a man whom he felt he must regard as the destroyer of his happiness.

It was dark before Waldeford returned, and it was not until he had exchanged his hunting dress for a suit of black, that he entered the room where the family were assembled. William hastened to greet the friend of his boyhood; but to Elston, who manifested no desire to recognize him, Waldeford was formally introduced. But neither, so complete had been the transformation of the toilette, connected him, for a moment, with the stranger who had engrossed so large a portion of their thoughts. He expressed, of

course, great astonishment at the daring felony, intelligence of which he professed to have received before reaching home, and fortunately was not called upon to express an opinion in regard to the mysterious huntman.

And what were the first impressions of Lilius and her affianced husband? As far as related to bearing, address, and elegance of exterior, Elston had but little reason to fear competition with any, but in the eyes of Lilius he suffered in comparison with the intellectual countenance and frank demeanor of her favorite cousin. Lilius, perhaps, loved Waldeford; but this she did not know, or would not allow herself for a moment to think. Her duty she considered an unreserved compliance with her own and her father's promise, and that she was resolved to fulfil, if called on so to do, at all sacrifices of private feeling. To none would she exhibit her preference, or even admit it to herself.

Elston was not susceptible of fine emotions. He admired the beauty and artlessness of his betrothed, and, considering her as his own, took no pains to win affections which he neither knew how to value nor reciprocate. I speak not now of the first evening of their meeting, particularly. Although Elston soon made known to the father his intentions to claim fulfilment of his promise, much to the gratification of the latter, who could not have witnessed a relinquishment on the part of his prospective son-in-law, without too deep a wound to his family pride, none of the marks which distinguish genuine affection, were visible in his attentions to the daughter. And Lilius saw it. On the evening of the third or fourth day after his arrival, she was sitting alone, gazing from an open window upon the clear calm lake, which lay spread out like a mirror before her, and over whose placid surface the setting sun was throwing his golden beams. Fragments of dense black clouds skirted that part of the horizon which the sun was approaching, and the silvery radiance with which its beams lit up the edges, formed a contrast with the central part of the clouds, strikingly beautiful. She had often admired similar scenes with Waldeford, but she knew not that the association of ideas was the cause of an involuntary sigh which escaped her.

"Elston loves me not," thought Lilius; "he will not condescend to woo one already his. Can I love him, unasked?"

While engaged in thought, Waldeford entered the room. It required no close observation on his part to ascertain that his cousin was agitated. His own countenance was pale and perturbed with recent emotion, and he lost no time in disclosing to Lilius that William had that day told him of an existing engagement between her and Elston, and appealing to her for a confirmation or denial of what he now felt had become of vital import to his happiness. A deadly pallor overspread the countenance of the maiden, and without raising her eyes she replied in a low and faltering voice, that her brother had spoken the truth.

"And you, Lilius," exclaimed Waldeford, "he is your choice?"

"Waldeford,—cousin George,—you must not talk in this manner."

"Dearest Lilius," rejoined Waldeford, "tell me

but that you *have*, you *would*, you *could* have loved me, and it will alleviate my misery."

She looked up—that look spoke all, and in a delirium of bliss, he caught her unresisting hand and pressed it to his lips. Liliass had yielded a moment to her feelings, but her's was not a heart whose affections could flow in any other channel than that of duty. She now felt that she loved her cousin with all the first warm affection of an ingenuous heart, but against this love she was determined to strive, and if she could not conquer, at least to conceal it.

"This must not be, Mr. Waldeford," said the agitated girl, as she freed herself from his grasp, and hid her face in her snowy hands, "forget me, George, forget me, and you may yet be happy."

She then briefly explained the nature of the obligations which bound her to Elston, and which she held as sacred.

Waldeford replied not, but as he gazed, in silence, on the western sky, and the dark mass of clouds behind which the descending luminary had now become concealed, thought it an emblem of his own clouded hopes, which so recently, like that sun, were bright and unobscured. But, as he gazed, the lower part of the cloud rapidly grew brighter and brighter, until the brilliant orb re-appeared beneath, and casting its rays horizontally across the lake again spread out a long line of light upon its surface.

Waldeford and Liliass were both gazing upon it, when the sudden splendor of the scene caused them to turn away. Their eyes met. It had spoken the same language of hope to each.

"'T is prophetic!" said George, his eyes brightening, and once more seizing her unresisting hand. At this inopportune moment the door was suddenly opened; Elston partly entered, formally begged pardon for his intrusion, and disappeared.

Brightly beamed the morning sun, over hill and dale, on the day succeeding the events just related. Waldeford, as usual, was up with the lark, and had sought in the quietude that marked external nature, some alleviation of the conflicting passions that raged within his bosom. That day had been selected for a sailing expedition, and had been anticipated with much pleasure. Waldeford, who felt that whatever might be his wish, courtesy would not allow him to decline accompanying the party, was early at the beach, examining the rigging of his little sail boat and watching the wind. While thus engaged, he was joined by young Lee, who artlessly stated that Elston complained of having passed a sleepless night, and would, he feared, be in poor mood to partake of their anticipated sport. It needed no second surmise to tell Waldeford what was the cause of his rival's uneasiness. Elston was jealous, and yet, the relationship of George and Liliass being considered, he had no right to demand any explanation of the preceding night's occurrence. This he felt, and although he did not truly love, his pride and self-love fostered a deep-rooted hatred towards Waldeford. All this the discerning mind of Waldeford perceived, but he was determined to mark, quietly, the course of events, and never to jeopard the happiness of his cousin by

putting any further impediment in what she considered the path of duty.

Elston knew not human nature, and when he had received the sanction of the father to his intended marriage, and had received from him an assurance that Liliass would feel no reluctance on the subject, he was satisfied, and satisfied to let the matter rest for the present season, determined soon to return and claim the hand so long plighted to him. But now he had changed his mind, and was determined to claim the immediate fulfilment of the existing contract.

The day proved fair, and the wind auspicious, and the little party were, soon after breakfast, bounding over the gentle billows in merry mood. The sails, which were managed exclusively by the expert Waldeford, were swelling before the breeze, and soon a mile of undulating water was between the shore and boat. Many were the compliments paid to Waldeford on the skill which he displayed in guiding their little bark, in shifting, tacking, and all the little manœuvres of navigation, which appear so intricate to one ignorant of them, and which are in reality so easy to the initiated. But Elston had learned to be jealous, and praise to his rival, it may well be supposed, excited no pleasure in his bosom. The opposite shore was duly gained, although by many a tack, for the wind had been almost directly from the west. A few hours had been spent in the vicinity of the opposite shore, when Waldeford perceived by the looks of the clouds that there were high winds at hand, and advised a return. The others laughed at his predictions, but, being fatigued, it needed not much persuasion to induce them to relinquish their various amusements and re-embark.

The wind was fair, strong, and directly in their course, but they had not proceeded a mile before the clouds grew darker in the west, and the breeze came sweeping, in majestic strength, across the waters. The waves grew larger, rapidly and perceptibly, and the "white-caps" were making their appearance in frightful numbers out towards the middle of the lake. Waldeford, perceiving by the appearance of his friends that alarm was rapidly mingling with their pleasure, assumed a cheerful tone of voice, and spoke of the morrow's sport. His companions, all less acquainted with the water than himself, deemed themselves safe so long as he seemed at ease, and were fast assimilating themselves to his mood, when a sudden flaw struck the mainsail in front, and, as it dangled idly a moment about the mast, the boat, yielding to the impulse of the waves, turned half-sideways towards the trough that yawned beneath its bow.

Waldeford turned pale. Quick as thought he shifted the sails; his presence of mind was gone but for a moment only; the rudder was brought properly to bear, and the boat was again bounding onward, with a rapidity of motion that endangered their safety. All this passed in a moment. Not a word was spoken, but all had watched Waldeford's countenance, and the pallor that for an instant gained ascendancy there, was reflected by each.

"Waldeford," at length exclaimed the anxious father, with affected coolness, but with a tremulous voice, "are we in danger?"

Waldford did not, or would not hear, and the other, taking his silence for a confirmation of his fears, pressed his daughter to his heart. They were still far nearer to the shore they had left than the one they sought, and Elston, now speaking for the first time, exclaimed :

"Mr. Waldford, we must return."

This proposition was no sooner made, than it was supported both by Mr. Lee and William, the former of whom urged that the waves were still higher in the centre of the lake. But Waldford was conscious that if there were some danger in their present situation, an attempt to return would increase it fourfold. The wind was from shore, and the difficulty and danger of even attempting to turn, amid the high waves and fitful flaws of wind, was no small consideration to deter him. A strong gale at that moment came sweeping past them, and the little mast bent beneath the extended sails.

Waldford sat at the stern of the boat, with one hand upon the cords, by which he regulated the sails, and the other upon the rudder. He looked calmly up, and fixing his eyes on Elston's agitated countenance, as he was looking anxiously at him, said :

"Mr. Elston, my responsibility is a weighty one. I will resign it to you, if it is your desire and that of our companions. If not, I must bear it *alone*."

"I cannot guide the boat, Mr. Waldford," was the reply, "but it is our safest course to return, and I insist—"

"Mr. Elston, sit down, you can neither aid nor advise me," said the other, who felt that the danger was becoming too imminent to admit of his attention being withdrawn from the management of the vessel.

"Waldford, you must and shall turn the boat."

"Idiot!" exclaimed Waldford, in a deep tone, and then rising and assuming a sternness that did not belong to him, he said, in a voice distinct and impressive above the noise of the tempest: "On the peril of your lives I command silence!"

All was still, and the boat was now rushing forward with a velocity inconceivable to those who have never seen a well-built sail boat running directly before a heavy wind. The danger now was that the bow might run under, and the fearful silence was again interrupted by the loud voice of the pilot :

"Get to the stern," and then, recollecting himself—

"This way!—this way, all of you!" he cried.

All crowded behind the mast, and, as the rising bow struck, in rapid succession, the high rolling waves, over which they were bounding, the little party almost forgot, for a moment, their peril in the sublimity of the scene. Waldford now rapidly explained to Mr. Lee the nature and necessity of his movements, and begged pardon for assuming command over the actions and words of his companions.

"It is Elston and myself who ought to apologize for attempting to dictate in a matter of which we were ignorant," was the satisfactory reply.

All now watched the movements of Waldford, and as his countenance expressed alternate fear and hope, each feared and hoped. But their peril was brief, and all began to breathe freely as they approached near the opposite shore. It was then, while the others were returning thanks to heaven for their protection, and casting silent looks of gratitude towards the

intrepid young man, who had exhibited so much both of moral and animal courage, that Elston's brow began to lower in resentment at the remembrance of the rebuke he had received. Fear had hitherto excluded his anger, so true is it that

"In the human breast

Two master passions cannot co-exist."

Waldford, upon the landing of the boat, after again begging pardon of Mr. Lee, said that if he had offended any, he hoped the emergency of their situation would prove his excuse; but this apology, even from the probable preserver of his life, sufficed not to appease the passions that were raging in the bosom of Edward Elston.

On the morning succeeding the events just related, Waldford, to his great grief and astonishment, received, by the hand of a servant, a note from Elston, that could bear no misconstruction. It asked for no explanation or apology, but demanded an instant hostile meeting. That Elston could so far forget or trample upon all the rights of hospitality, as to endanger thus the peace and happiness of the family in which they were both guests, he felt must be attributable to a rage that had its origin in something more serious than the quarrel of the preceding day. Nor was he mistaken in believing that the previous interview between himself and Lillias, and the unexplained incident which Elston had accidentally witnessed, was the moving cause of his present inexcusable conduct.

He hesitated not in returning a brief and positive refusal to meet his rival, stating that his principles would prevent him, under any circumstances, from giving or accepting a challenge of this nature, and that, even if such were not the case, his regard for those most dear to him, would, at the present time and place, forbid it.

When Waldford received Elston's challenge, he was in his room, about starting for a neighboring grove, to while away a few hours in shooting or contemplation, as his feelings or as circumstances might influence him. When he had despatched his answer, he put on his hunting dress, the same which he had worn on the day of the memorable robbery, and over it, as the morning was sufficiently cool to form a pretext for so doing, a surtout coat, took his rifle in hand, and sallied forth. He had been in the grove but a short time, when he was joined by Elston and William, the former of whom, with rapid steps, advanced to him, and said, in a voice trembling with anger :

"Mr. Waldford, you have injured me. Do you deny me satisfaction?"

"If I have injured you, sir," was the reply, "I am at all times ready to give such satisfaction as justice requires."

"You insulted me in the presence of those whose good opinion I most value."

"If I did, sir, my apology was also made in their presence."

"That apology was conditional."

"It is all that I can offer you, sir, until you convince me that I have wronged you."

"Mr. Waldford," said Elston, speaking rapidly, and growing, momentarily, more fierce, as if goaded by the memory of some irreparable wrong, "this is

the time and place to settle our quarrel. We are both armed, and armed alike. Your pretended principles shall not protect you. It is but a coward's plea," and, without waiting for a reply, he rapidly measured off the ordinary distance usual in rifle duelling, and took his station at one extremity, with his back against a tree.

William looked on in amazement. Unapprised, until then, of the challenge, and horror-struck at the conduct of his friend, he used every argument to dissuade him from his design; but, with the fire of anger gleaming, like that of insanity, in his eye, the infuriated man insisted upon the combat, and that William should remain, if not as a second, at least as a witness that it was honorably conducted.

"Have you no regard for the happiness of our friends, who are scarcely beyond the sound of our fire-arms?" coolly asked Waldeford.

"Too much," was the taunting reply, "to allow you longer to infest their residence."

"Well," said Waldeford, turning to William, "I presume I am entitled, as the challenged party, to the first fire?"

The latter bowed, and turned pale, supposing that the last ungenerous speech of Elston, together with his apparently fixed determination to fight, had at last induced Waldeford to fire in self-defence, and he was well aware that his aim was unerring. Waldeford walked rapidly up to a tree adjoining the one against which his antagonist was standing, and, before either could conjecture his object, placed a small silver coin about breast high in the crevices of the bark, and said:

"Bear me witness, Elston, that I seek not your life. This mark is breast high. Consider it your heart. If my ball pierces it, the duel is at an end. If not, I will stand your fire."

Ere either could reply, he had hastened to the other extremity of the ground which Elston had marked out, the report of the rifle rang through the air, and the bent and battered coin fell to the ground. Astonishment, pride, and anger, struggled for the mastery in Elston's breast. Waldeford slowly approached.

"You are fairly killed," at length exclaimed William, assuming a cheerful voice.

"Must I receive my life at his hands?" said Elston, in a voice intended only for William's ear.

"And if you do," said Waldeford, smilingly, "will it be the first time, Mr. Elston?"

Our hero, immediately after firing, had thrown off his outer coat, exchanged his beaver for a hunting-cap, which he pulled from a pocket of the discarded garment, and thus arrayed, his forehead nearly concealed by the cap, and the whole expression of his face changed thereby, he now stood before them, the identical hunter who had so opportunely come to their assistance in the forest. William ran up and grasped the hand of Waldeford, affectionately, and, when they again looked at Elston, he stood with folded arms and pallid countenance gazing upon the ground.

Waldeford found himself quite a hero upon his return home; for Elston had preceded him, and, in the plenitude of his grateful feelings, had made known the fact that he was the preserver of his life.

The means which had led to the discovery he had not communicated, and the admiration evinced by all of his cool and collected bravery, was only equalled by their surprise at the modesty which had so long prevented him from acknowledging the deed. He unassumingly laughed off all compliments, and refrained from the least allusion to the events of the morning; by far too generous to take advantage of Elston's indiscretion, and especially the first one that had been followed by any evidence of penitence.

From this hour the whole demeanor of Elston toward Waldeford changed, and he looked upon and treated him as a friend. Consoling as this was to Liliat, and pleasant to himself, it afforded but slight alleviation of the misery which had taken its abode in his breast, and of which Elston might be considered the involuntary cause.

Full of his own sad thoughts, he wandered in the garden on the ensuing afternoon, and entering a summer house, so thickly covered with vines as entirely to exclude the scorching sun, was surprised to find his cousin wrapped in sleep, with her head resting upon the latticed frame against which she reclined. At her side lay the poem of Rokeby, that beautiful production of the Northern Minstrel, open at the description of Wycliffe's hopeless love. He read the passage, and as he laid down the book, heard, or imagined he heard, a sigh. He turned towards his cousin. Her lips were slightly parted, and her long, dark eyelashes, were drooping over those eyes from which he had so often drank deep draughts of love.

He seated himself by her side, and watched her countenance for many minutes, with a variety of conflicting feelings. He had long loved, had long mourned his fate, but all the warmth of his affections, and all the bitterness of his grief, seemed to be concentrating their power, and centering in that one hour of deep and unrestrained feeling. Reality was fast extinguishing the fancy-fed light of Hope, which still glimmered over his darkened path.

Liliat at length slowly raised her eyes and met his, lustrous with half-formed tears. She uttered a slight ejaculation of surprise, and, as her eyes fell upon the open book, blushed with the consciousness that Waldeford must recognize the prototype of himself in the gentle and unfortunate Wycliffe. A brief conversation ensued, in which Waldeford informed his cousin of his approaching departure, and for the first time, since the conversation previously related, spoke of his attachment, his sufferings, and his earnest wish for her welfare and happiness.

The unhappy girl could not conceal her emotion, and only replied:

"Forget me, George, forgot me, and you may yet be happy, though I am not."

A passing step was at this moment heard, but when Waldeford stepped to the door to learn who had been the intruder, no one was to be seen.

The conference of the lovers, for so I must call them, here broke up. Waldeford soon made known his intended departure to Mr. Lee, but finally yielded to an urgent invitation to remain until after the marriage of Liliat, for which preparations were now being made. Days passed on. Wearisome ones they were to Waldeford. In vain he essayed to assume a cheerfulness which he could not feel, or to conceal

from others the arrow that was rankling in his heart.

It was on a calm evening, toward the close of July, that Waldeford, while walking by the water's edge, was overtaken by Elston, and, after a brief and friendly discourse upon ordinary subjects, accepted an invitation to officiate as groomsman at the approaching ceremony. The day was fixed, and, like all other days, how important sover the events with which they are charged, it came. But a few hours of the previous night had been devoted by Waldeford to his couch, where he had found sleep without repose, and it was not strange that no color lingered on his usually ruddy cheek when the little party were assembled.

Smilingly looked the groom and the father, but on the countenance of each was the appearance of thought and feeling. Surpassingly beautiful in her bridal array was Lilius, and if her face was more pallid, and a shade more melancholy, than seemed to besit the occasion, her mien was at least calm and composed. The clergyman was announced, and Waldeford felt his heart beat quicker at every successive step towards the ceremony. Elston now rose, and politely requested attention, and when he found all eyes upon him, said, in a serious and emphatic voice :

"I here renounce all claim to the hand of Miss

Lee. I have discovered my error, but, thank heaven, not too late for reparation. I have not loved Lilius as she deserves to be loved, and I blame not her that she could not force her affections into the channel which, what was regarded duty only, dictated. To Mr. Waldeford I owe every thing—my life thrice preserved—my honor guarded. Let my conduct prove how highly I value his services. Lilius—do not deny it—Waldeford is your choice. He deserves your love. 'T was my step which you heard at the summer-house. 'T was at first by accident I overheard your conversation. I listened with good intentions. I learned your mutual love, and the fidelity and honor of Lilius. From that hour I intended to make this sacrifice. It is done. Waldeford, claim your bride !"

It would be useless and unseemly to attempt portraying the result of this declaration upon those which were present, or to speak of the unalloyed delight which filled the hearts and glowed in the countenances of the lovers.

The wedding, after a few hours delay, proceeded, with a slight transposition of groom and groomsman and the sun was yet lingering in the western horizon as the worthy divine pronounced the nuptial benediction over George and Lilius Waldeford.

ALICE.

(See Plate.)

THE beautiful picture of Alice, which is given in this number, is a fine specimen of the noble art of engraving, an art which, during the last twenty years, has made rapid and wonderful strides toward perfection. A very few years ago, we recollect steel plates that looked little better than wood cuts do now, and yet they were thought exquisite. Now, every beauty which the artist can display on canvass is transferred to the steel, with an accuracy of detail, and truthfulness of expression, truly surprising.

Alice represents a girl who is supposed to be deprived of the power of speech—a dumb girl. It is a beautiful arrangement of Providence, that, where one faculty is impaired, others increase in power and activity, forming, as it were, an equivalent for the

apparent deprivation. Thus in the case with Alice, her intellect is supposed to be developed to an unusual extent. Her countenance displays a thoughtful resignation—a contemplative caste, deeply interesting—while the tablet and pencil, which she holds, serve to show her method of communicating those higher thoughts, which cannot be so easily conveyed by the ordinary signs used by persons destitute of the power of speech.

As a picture, apart from these, Alice is unusually beautiful. The fineness of the graver work gives all the softness of flesh to a face, which has a purity and beauty of expression rarely met with in life, much less in mere pictures.

WEDDED LOVE.

Oh ! no—not e'en when first we loved,
Wert thou as dear as now thou art ;
Thy beauty then my senses moved,
But now thy virtues bind my heart.

What was but passion's sigh before,
Has since been turned to reason's vow ;
And, though I then might love thee more,
Trust me, I love thee better now ! MOORE.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

In taking a general review of the literature of the day, one cannot but be struck by the prominent place which is occupied by fiction. Now that novels are sold for two shillings a piece, we have them at the rate of a dozen a week; and the whole field of English and American fiction having been ransacked for reprints, translations from the German and French are made, in order to satisfy the ever increasing appetite for this species of mental pabulum. We have thus the means of comparing the English, French, and German schools of fiction of the present day. English fiction really seems to be upon the decline: it reached its meridian when Sir Walter Scott, Mr. Galt, Miss Edgeworth, Miss Austin, Miss Ferrer, and Mr. Bulwer, were in full career; since they have ceased to write, it is easy to perceive that the great harvest is gathered. Their successors merely glean the fields which have been reaped by abler hands.

French fiction is abundant enough; but it wants the best element of all fiction—moral truth. A fable without a moral, is of little worth. It may amuse the fancy, and excite the feelings; but it wants the redeeming virtue, which is necessary to give literature a lasting existence. Some semblance of morality is necessary to give even an ephemeral popularity to the novel; and this the French novels of the present age, exhibit a strain of sentiment which is specious enough to captivate the inexperienced, but having no basis in religion, recognising no principle of moral duty, it will not bear the test of enlightened criticism.

German fiction, on the contrary, seems to be on the ascendant. In its best productions, such, for example, as "The Citizens of Prague," and "The Siege of Vienna," there is a vein of religious truth, and an array of moral dignity which assures us that there is a foundation on which imaginative genius may safely build its noblest structures. The best hope of success in this department of literature in our own country is in a careful study of the best German models.

PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT.

The Greece of the Greeks. By G. A. Perdicaris, A. M. Late Consul of the United States at Athens. New York: Paine and Burgess. 1845.

This is the work of an intelligent traveler, a native Greek, whose feelings of patriotism have given a fervor and freshness to the composition, which add a charm to the ability and scholarship which it every where evinces. Mr. Perdicaris's descriptions of the country and its inhabitants, being founded on actual and careful observation, may be relied on as correct; his views of the resources and capabilities of Greece, as it respects agriculture and commerce, are highly satisfactory; and his complaints of the narrow policy and oppression of the government are shown to be well founded by the unfortunate results. Any one who has a desire to know the present condition and future prospects of Greece should possess himself of these volumes.

Over the Ocean, or Glimpses of Travel in Many Lands. By a Lady of New York. New York: Paine and Burgess. 1846.

This is a well written and very lively and entertaining series of letters from an American lady, during her travels in Europe and Western Asia. Her tour embraced a very

wide range. England, Belgium, Holland, Germany, Prussia, Bohemia, Austria, Switzerland, Italy, Greece, Turkey, Spain and France, all visited, are observed and commented on in turn, in a lively, piquant vein, which renders this little volume one of the most readable books of travels which has lately appeared.

The Cousins: A Tale of Early Life. By the Author of *Conquest and Self Conquest, &c.* New York: Harper and Brothers. 1846.

The writer of this story is favorably known to the public, not only through her former books; but through her exceedingly well written tales contributed to *Neale's Saturday Gazette*, and other periodical publications. Her style is well formed, and the moral tendencies of her writings uniformly excellent, while in the management of a plot she displays remarkable skill.

Forecastle Tom; or the Landsman turned Sailor. By Mary S. B. Dana, author of "*The Northern and Southern Harps*," "*The Young Sailor, &c.*" New York: Harper and Brothers. 1846.

This narrative has intense and various interest, both comic and tragic, and the proprieties of nautical phraseology and descriptions of sea life, and adventures are so correctly and cleverly done, that it is difficult to believe they could have proceeded from a lady's pen. Towards the close of the story there is a vein of religious instruction, which cannot well fail of its effect on the youthful mind.

"The Citizen of Prague." Translated by Mary Howitt. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1846.

Mrs. Howitt remarks, in the preface to this capital novel: "the singular coincidence between the relative positions of Austria and Bohemia, as demonstrated in the story, and those of England and Ireland at the present moment. The coincidence is not confined to the countries themselves; it extends equally to the most eminent and active personages in both cases—a Queen upon the throne—a distinguished advocate and agitator implicated—the public trial for high treason—and the great national effort for a suffering country." The romance is one of the most elevated in moral sentiment and striking in incident and character of any which has appeared of late years. The empress Maria Theresa is one of the noblest delineations drawn by any hand since that of the Great Enchanter of the North was paralysed; and that of Thomas Thyrnan, is of the same exalted character. Mrs. Howitt has not given us the name of the German author, who has produced this splendid work of fiction.

Miscellaneous Sermons. By the Rev. Sydney Smith, A. M. Late Fellow of New College, Oxford, Rector of Foston in Yorkshire, Preacher at the Foundling, and at Berkely and Fitzroy Chapels. Complete in one volume. Philadelphia: Carey and Hart. 1846.

Those who have read Sydney Smith's reviews and pamphlets, will readily conceive that a sermon from his pen would be a masterly and vigorous moral discourse, adorned with the best graces of style, and exhibiting rather the views of a scholar and philosopher, than a humble village pastor. Such is the fact. These sermons, produced chiefly when he was one of the most popular preachers in the great Metropolis, have been long admired for their masterly style. Each is perfect in its kind, and some of them rise to the highest pitch of graphic sublimity.

The Book of Illustrious Mechanics of Europe and America. Translated from the French of Edward Foucaud. Edited by John Frost, LL. D. Author of "The Book of the Navy," "The Book of the Army," "The Book of the Colonies," &c. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Philadelphia: George S. Appleton. 1846.

This is an uncommonly spirited work, giving a rapid sketch of the progress of the mechanic arts, from an early period in the middle ages to the present day, with biographical and anecdotal notices of illustrious men, who have signalized themselves by important inventions and discoveries. It also embraces some lucid descriptions of the best works of mechanical art, and views of their important effects on the progress of society and of human happiness. The book is embellished with numerous engravings on wood and steel, portraits of illustrious artists, and scenes in their lives.

Snowdon. A Novel. By Theodore Hook. Author of *Sayings and Doings*. Philadelphia and New York: E. Ferrett & Co. 1846.

The Widow. A Novel. By Theodore Hook. New York: E. Ferrett & Co. 1846.

The writer of these novels is remarkable for his wit and humor. His knowledge of human character, and the peculiar phases of manners exhibited by the middling class in England; his success in the management of a plot, and his singular power of inventing odd situations and combinations, which surprise and delight his reader, and often throw him into convulsions of laughter. With such recommendations, one always opens a new story of Theodore Hook's with a positive certainty of being amused.

Wild Sports in Europe, Asia, and Africa. By Lt. Colonel E. Napier. Late 46th Regiment. Author of *Scenes and Sports in Foreign Lands*, &c. Philadelphia and New York: E. Ferrett & Co. 1846.

This author has a keen eye for the beauties of natural scenery, and he describes the bustling events which have fallen under his observation, with a force and truthfulness which will be fully appreciated by those who have seen any thing of life in the wilder haunts of the Old World. The book is as much superior in interest to an ordinary book of travels as a lion hunt is to a ride in the omnibus.

Joan, the Heroic Maiden. By Alexandre Dumas. Translated from the French. By Louisa C. Ingersoll. Philadelphia and New York: E. Ferrett & Co. 1846.

Dumas is the best of the living French novelists. His services are bought up by the Parisian bibliopoliasts for years in advance, and his novels are read with eager avidity by his countrymen, and speedily translated into every language of Europe. The story of Joan of Arc has never fallen into such able hands before. It will now become as familiar to our countrymen as it has for ages been to the French.

Tasso's Jerusalem Delivered. Translated by Fairfax. No. 47 and 48 of Wiley and Putnam's Library of Choice Reading.

Hoole's translation of Tasso's Jerusalem, is liable to the same objection which has so frequently been urged against Pope's Homer. It is like any thing but the original. Those of Fairfax and Wifian, on the other hand, unite the excellences of genuine English poetry with strict fidelity to the original. Fairfax's has long been admired for its masculine strength and simplicity.

THE ENCHANTRESS.—A melodrama, from this fine opera by Balfe, in which most of the ballad music is introduced, has had an extraordinary run at the Walnut Street Theatre. There is something in all of Balfe's music that takes hold of the hearts of the people, and becomes at once popular.

Twelve of the very best songs in the "Enchantress" have been published by Messrs. E. Ferrett & Co. in two parts, at the low price of 25 cents each part. They are very beautifully printed.

NEW MUSIC ON THE CHEAP SYSTEM.—Messrs. Ferrett & Co. have made recently quite a number of new issues of cheap music, all gotten out in admirable style. Among these are "Part II. Ethiopian Serenaders"—10 songs for 25 cents. "Part II. Russell's songs"—6 songs for 25 cents. "Philip the Falconer, by Edward J. Loder," 12½ cents. "He's on the Sea," 12½ cents. "March de La Norma," 12½ cents. "Bethoven's Waltzes," 3 waltzes for 12½ cents. "When I saw thee in Youth," composed by S. Nelson, 12½ cents. "Thou Hast Woven the Spell," a new song by General Morris—12½ cents. "The London Polka Quadrilles," by Glover, 12½—besides quite a number of songs and pieces, each 8½ cents.

LEONORA: a Lyrical Drama in three acts. The words by J. R. Fry. The music by W. H. Fry. First performed at the Chestnut St. Theatre, June 4, 1846. Piano Forte arrangement. pp. 440. E. Ferrett & Co. 1846.

This volume contains the complete score of Fry's Grand Opera, "Leonora," as it was performed in June last, at the Chestnut St. Theatre, Philadelphia.—The work is very handsomely got up, and reflects great credit upon all concerned in its production.

MUSIC.—It is gratifying to see that the public at large are beginning to find out the real superiority of stereotype music over that printed from zinc plates, to say nothing of its extraordinary low price. Let any one examine a piece of plate music, and he will find that the ink with which it is printed rubs off under his finger, and that, in a short while, under the process of turning and handling, the whole page becomes soiled. Stereotype music, on the contrary, is printed with ink such as is used in printing the finest books. It does not rub off by handling. The page will remain as pure for years as when it came from the press.

One of the objections, strangely enough, urged by those interested in sustaining the old and dear system of music publishing, is that of *incorrectness*. This had the effect, for a time, of retarding the sale of cheap music. But the public are beginning to find out that there is no foundation for this charge; that, in fact, the new order of music is, as a general thing, *more correct* than the old. There is no reason why it should not be correct. The musical compositor has just as much command over his types as the engraver has over his punches, and, if in first setting up, he makes an error, he can correct it with far more facility.

Another means of keeping down the new system, resorted to by the regular music dealers in the large cities, is a *combination not to sell stereotype music!* The folly of this is becoming more and more apparent, in the fact, that the music trade is gradually leaving the old dealers, and going into new channels. In Philadelphia, New York and Boston, particularly, is this the case. While the publishers of engraved music are endeavoring to break down a system that is based upon the public good, and must prevail, the sellers of type music are gradually securing the retail trade of both classes of music. This is especially the case in Philadelphia, where Messrs. Ferrett & Co. have an elegant store in the very centre of fashionable custom; and arrangements are making to secure, in like manner, the trade of Boston and New York.

Thus it will be seen, that while the old music publishers are endeavoring to hinder the progress of a system that looks to the public good, they are destroying themselves by their own short sighted policy.

1. The first step is to identify the problem or question that needs to be addressed. This involves understanding the context and the specific requirements of the task.

RETTIG, J. S. J. D. M. D. G. B. D. F. O. C. A. T. I. O. N. V. M. R. E. T. S. S. A. M. A. L. G. R. E. T.

ARTHUR'S MAGAZINE.

APRIL, 1846.



THE GOTHIC CHAPEL.

BY H. HASTINGS WELD.

(See Plate.)

A GOTHIC chapel! How crowded with memorials of the men of other days, with hints of their manners, and with evidences of the sort of christian faith which were held by those whose idea of polemics is thus given, by one whom Walter Scott quotes as great authority: "If an infidel impugn the doctrines of the christian faith before a *churchman*, he should reply to him by arguments; but a *knight* should render no other reason to the infidel than six inches of his falchion in his accursed body!"

Along the walls are shields commemorating the empty, war-won honors of those whose ashes rest beneath; and the clustered columns are clothed in armor, trophies, it may be, of the successes of the lords of the castle; or perhaps the suits which, with prayer, and vigil, and penance, were first buckled on in this very chapel. The ready accommodation of human wisdom, in the effort to guide and consecrate the violence which it could not suppress and dared not execrate, produced, in the chivalric ages, some strange anomalies. Of the spirit of the early European warrior-christians, something may be judged from the well known anecdote of Clovis, the Frank. It is related of him, that, being present in a church where the crucifixion was the theme of the homily, so much was he moved by the description of the indignities and cruelties inflicted upon the Son of Man, that he caught up his battle-axe, and cried, in a loud voice: "If I and my valiant Franks had been there, this should not have happened!"

The conversion of the Northern tribes, after they had subverted the Roman empire, brought forward a set of champions for the christian religion, whose feelings were so identical with those of Clovis, as above related, that the early German prelates found

it inexpedient to trust such "babes" with the strong meat, contained in the early history of the Jews, and the stirring songs of God's chosen people. But such temporising counsels could not always prevail; nor could the martial gothic spirit be quenched. The union of valor and rude piety systematized and perfected, though it did not create chivalry. Blending sacerdotal pomp with martial ceremony, consecrated the arms of the knight to the service of christianity. This was, indeed, a wide departure from the spirit of the Founder—a strange commentary upon the doctrines of the Prince of Peace. But we are not too strictly to measure one age by the light of another, and, at a time when arms were the great pursuit, who shall doubt that the Disposer of Events suffered, what seems to us, in these peaceful days, an unhallowed union, to perpetuate the faith upon earth; and allowed the rites of religion to be mingled with the ambitious and rude pursuits of a people, who might else have preserved no recognition of the rights of religion at all?

Among all the relics which are left to the present age of the customs and character of the past, none are more strangely interesting than the suits of armor, the mere burthen of which would appear to us, in these physically degenerate days, sufficient labor for the wearer, without the rude encounter of an enemy in addition. As connected with our subject, a brief notice of the ceremony of investiture may not be out of place. The more usual custom was to confer the honor of knighthood on the brave, upon the field, either on the eve of a battle, or at its close, when the worthy soldier had, by his courageous bearing, earned a title to the distinction, or, in knightly phrase, "won his spurs." But the full

ritual of the institution of a knight could only be observed in a church; and here it may be noticed, in passing, that the rules of christian chivalry recognized, in the knight, esquire, and page, a parallel to the three orders in the church—bishops, priests, and deacons. The ceremony of investiture was attended with most ingenious and laborious parallels between martial and christian duties—the temporal and spiritual state of warfare; often beautiful, oftener wearisome. We may reasonably suppose, however, that though the spirit of the rule of conduct, quoted in our opening, was carefully breathed through the whole ceremony, it was hardly delivered in terms so blunt and precise as there laid down.

The chevalier watched his arms all night in a church or chapel, and prepared, by fast and vigil, for the solemn ceremony of the following day. In imitation of the initiatory rite of christianity, the purification of the bath was required, and he was attired in a white robe, like the catechumens in the early church. He had knightly godfathers, correspondent to his sponsors in baptism, who became his security for his performance of his military vows; and, in a word, the whole ceremony was made, as much as possible, a shadow of the forms of the church.

Accoutred in knightly armor, all except helmet, sword and spurs, attended by his godfathers, and with all the circumstances of pomp which the occasion admitted, the novice was conducted to the altar, where, after high mass was said, he received the accolade, or blow significant of his initiation, from his sovereign, or the nobleman who presided. The priest, or bishop, if one were present, then took his consecrated sword from the altar, where it had previously been deposited, and buckled it upon the knight; ladies of high rank contended for the honor of fastening on his spurs, and the knightly oath was then administered, binding the chevalier to fidelity to God, the king, and the ladies. Such are the memories which cling to that old piece of iron upon the column; such the scenes which more than once may have been witnessed in this ancient chapel. In what amusing contrast with the things we have described, is the case of the fat modern burgher, who, having, upon his knees, delivered an address of a corporation to the British Queen, congratulating her majesty, and treating the universe to a jubilation, on the fact that the tenth royal scion (more or less) has cut an eye tooth, is graciously bidden: "Arise, Sir Something Somebody!"

Another feature of the ancient church or chapel, is its symbolic and decorative painting; often rude, and puzzling the modern spectator to discover what the labor of the artist was designed to convey. Familiar with scripture history and subjects, we are too apt to condemn these efforts of monkish zeal as mere superstition. But here again we must be careful lest we judge one generation by the light and knowledge of another. These rude delineations were, originally, the "picture writings" of worshippers who had no other bibles, and from whom the book of books, even after it was printed in their vernacular, was withheld by its high price and their extreme ignorance. And to the paintings in churches and cathedrals, and the stained windows, the credit is due of the suggestion of the first attempt to convey

an idea of the contents of the bible to the poor and illiterate. Among the best specimens of this method of pictorial instruction, are the finely executed windows of King's College, Cambridge. In the upper division of each window is painted a piece of scripture history, from the Old Testament, and, in the lower division, a parallel passage, from the New.

Even after the invention of paper, which reduced the cost of books, the price was still too high for the poor and middling classes. But the invention of playing cards supplied a hint for furnishing a sort of "books for the people," or "block books." The pictures and legends, from church windows and altar pieces, were engraved on wood and printed upon paper, with verses of scripture engraved at the side, or as proceeding out of the mouths of the figures. From these beginnings "block books" were multiplied and improved, until the greatest advance which the art reached was attained in the *Biblia Pauperum*, or Bible of the Poor, which contained forty plates, with extracts from the Bible and sentences explanatory of the figures depicted upon them. Many editions of this work were printed in the early part of the fifteenth century; and the best evidence of the usefulness and popularity of the *Biblia Pauperum*, is that it was so well worn in the service that few copies remain complete, and those few bear the marks of much pious and studious handling.

The central compartment of the fortieth page, or block, of the *Biblia Pauperum*, represents the Redeemer crowning one of the elect spirits. David and Isaiah, Hosea and Ezekiel, St. John and the Angel, and the Daughter of Zion and her spouse, are the other figures, all ingeniously pointed out by quotations from the vulgate, and forming, as a whole, a manual for the edification of the unlettered, which modern ingenuity could not exceed, however rude the work may seem even to a child of this generation. Let us be careful then with what judgment we judge the relics of the dark ages; or how we impugn the motives and characters of those whose works, in churches, legends, missals, pictures, and forms, conceived and executed in the twilight of the dawn, are now scrutinized in the full glare of the modern day of light and knowledge. Nor, on the other hand, should we permit blind reverence for antiquity, merely because it is antique, to bind us in slavish adherence to such "old things," as, for their manifest inutility, should be "done away."

The engraving to which we have several times, in the course of this paper, referred, has, for its principal subject, the description of the first reading in churches of the English Bible. We say *description*, for, so skilfully has the artist preserved and collected all the circumstances and accessories, that the graphic illustration leaves little for the pen, except to call attention to the points which the picture so well presents.

The time of the picture cannot be antecedent to 1540, when the churches were required, by the proclamation of Henry VIII. to be provided with a bible of the largest volume, under a penalty of forty shillings for every month during which they should remain without it. The chain which secures the book to the reading desk, marks the value which was

placed upon it; and in many old English churches the chain is still preserved as a memorial of the past. Subsequent law or custom secured, to whoever would improve it, the privilege of entering the church and reading for himself, at any time when it was not occupied by public services; a privilege which we, in these days of cheap and abundant printing, can have little power to estimate.

In earlier feudal times, the large number of retainers and dependants made the lord of the castle almost a monarch, in his own right, upon his own domain. The household included, among its many souls, its ghostly counsellors, and in all cases the show, and in many the reality, of daily prayers was preserved in the chapel. True to the requirements of historical fidelity, the period is indicated in the picture by the character of the audience assembled about the reader. The troop of armed and stalwart retainers has dwindled down to what might almost pass, the pages and a few peculiarities of costume excepted, for a modern family. All ages are there. The infant, whose tottering feebleness the mother seems still unwilling to trust, is guided by the maternal arm within the droppings of that bread from heaven, which falls as much, aye more, for the little child as for the bearded sage. The venerable figure in the back ground, marks that other extremity of life to which the word of God is, or should be, especially dear. To youth it offers instruction and guidance in the life before him; to the aged, consolation and recompense for the difficulties, and dangers, and disappointments of the weary pilgrimage he has passed. The women hear, in the lessons of holy writ, a better guard for their honor than the impracticable notions of chivalry. The manly listeners, who, unquestionably, still reverence the honors of knighthood, and whose hearts, amid the associations of the gothic pile, thrill with the memories of well fought fields of their ancestors, listen with the gratification of men addressed in familiar terms, to the apostle's description of the spiritual harness, "the breastplate of faith and love, and for a helmet the hope of salvation."

Long before the time when the scriptures were ordered to be read in the mother tongue in churches,

the power of the nobility had been delegated to the peaceful but potent characters, stronger than spear-head or halbert, which were inscribed upon the MAGNA CHARTA. While this great instrument secured the rights of the governed, it gave them a community of strength, and a common point of defence, which rendered individual power less necessary to the subject. The wresting of this instrument from an imbecile monarch, was the crisis of feudal power in England; at once the highest exercise of its strength, and the commencement of its decay, for history points to Runnymede as the spot sacred to the victory of civilization over feudalism, won by the unwitting feudal barons themselves. And although not strictly pertinent to this subject, a series of events, somewhat analagous in their effects, may here be cited. As the barons stretched their power to the ruin of their order, so did Henry's tyranny sap the foundation of the royal prerogative. While he was drilling his creatures in parliament into a blind subserviency to a despot's will, he conferred, by the establishment of precedent, powers upon the representative estate, of which no succeeding tyrant, male or female, could deprive it. The nerve of his successors delayed the struggle only—but they delayed it until its violent termination closed the contest between king and parliament, by the death of the first Charles.

To the reading of the scriptures, public and private, in a tongue "understanded of the people," are we to ascribe more of our civil privileges than to any other cause. The love of freedom, the desire of improvement, the value and right of the individual, we owe to the lessons taught in the great fountain of all wisdom. Of priceless worth to all sorts and conditions of men, considered only in its temporal benefit, in the life that now is,—the tongues of angels, and of the just made perfect, fail to reach its praises in the influence which, under God, it possesses in the life which is to come. *Here* it is the beginning of wisdom and the anchor of Hope. *There* it will prove the end of all knowledge and the fruition of Faith. "The power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth, to the Jew first, and also to the Greek."

HOME.

BY EDWIN HERIOT.

DEAR are the joys of childhood's home,
Sweet the domestic scene,
Where no temptations rudely come,
Nor dangers intervene.
Its pleasing, simple charms are lost
In dissipation's strife,
When man, estranged, is roughly tossed
On the ocean waves of Life.

The dark abodes of sin and vice
With luring pleasures blind,
But these are bought at the sacrifice
Of health and peace of mind.

The taunt, the sneer, the idle jest,
The world's tumultuous din,
Drown, with the doubts of the anxious breast,
The voice that speaks within.

Abroad, temptation spreads his nets,
Entrapping in its folds
The feet of hapless youth, and fast
Its victim firmly holds.
HOME is the pure and sacred shrine
True blessings to impart,
Where virtue, love, and peace combine
To purify the heart.

THE BURIAL IN THE WILDERNESS.

BY MISS MARY C. DENVER.

SADLY they came,—sadly as those who bore
The precious burden they had treasured long
In their heart's love, unto another home
Reluctantly,—reluctant to yield up
Her, who had been to them a bud of hope
Springing above the worn and barren soil
Of desolation : breathing life to those
Who, with worn spirits and with stricken frames,
Had sought the desert to lie down and die.

Meekly and full of innocence she stood,
With those of sterner mould and stronger frame,
Upon the watch-tow'r ; and her hope had failed
Her not,—nor terror dimm'd her eye,—for she
Had asked, with suppliant voice and earnest heart,
Her strength from Heaven, and 'twas denied her not.

To those afar, of fearful heart, she was
The bearer of good tidings ; and at home
A well of consolation, flowing up
Holy and pure, and calm, and full of life
Ev'n to the brim. And every thirsty soul,
And every tongue, and every heart that lack'd
Enduring vigor to resist the heat
And burden of the day, might come and ask
And have ;—and still that well of strength would flow
Unceasingly ; full, ever to the top.
And as a fountain sendeth forth its sound
In the still midnight hour, she, too, would send
Her spirit's voice abroad o'er all the earth,
Borne on the wings of ever watchful prayer,
Until it fill'd the mighty wilderness,
With the vast greatness of undying faith,
Then took its way to Heaven.

What brought her there
To that dark wilderness ? She on whose brow
The light of many a sunny eve had set
In merry England ? She o'er whose young life,
And glorious beauty, and expanding mind,
Kind eyes had watch'd, and kindred bosoms beat
In exultation ?

Lovely, in truth, she was,
Lovely and full of genius. And her great
And comprehensive mind look'd ever on
Beyond the outward frame, and seem'd to speak
Unto the spirit that resided there,
As if she sought the truth—the simple truth
(Without the slightest shadow of a doubt)
Most trustfully !

Lovely, in truth, she was,
And full of gentleness ! Whether beside
The sportive river list'ning to its voice,
And sending back an answer with her own,
Or, twining in her glossy, raven hair
The wild-flowers of the woodlands ;—for she lov'd
Those sweet and trusting children of the earth,
And oft would lay them on her heart,—oft twine

Them round her temples ; for they ever taught
A lesson to her heart, she said, and bade
Her cast her bread upon the waters, and,
After full many a day, it would be found
By her again ! Or, 'midst the lofty throng
Of England's noblest ones—'mongst whom she stood
An equal—listening to the fervid tone
Of high imagination, or the voice
Of matchless eloquence bestowing praise,
Where praise was justly due—heedless of that
Bestow'd upon herself. Or, bending o'er
The couch of stricken poverty and woe,
Breathing the heart's full comfort—sympathy,
She was the same ; all gentleness, all love,
All patience and all meekness !

Wherefore then,
From hearts that worship'd and from throngs that bow'd
Before her as she pass'd,—and from the voice
Of many blessings shower'd upon her name,—
Rich incense to her spirit,—from the tears
Of kindred hearts,—and from her father's halls,
Wander'd she hither—fearless of the wide
And mighty ocean—of the sterile soil,—
The frowning wilderness and midnight foe ?

Why came she from all these to make her grave—
After whole years of pain and suffering,
Of toil and of privation, in the gloom
Of the vast wilderness, where never eye
Of kindred might weep o'er it ? Where no hand
Would plant the flowers she ever loved in life,
Above her grave ?

Had England's wide spread vales
No grave for her fair daughter ? Had the white
And marble tombs, that stood long centuries
By her ancestral halls, many and wide,
No space remaining for her father's child ?

Aye, there was room enough ! full space they had,
Full beyond measure, for her gentle form
And kindred dust. But when she sought to kneel—
As she would do on many a starry eve—
Beside the graves of her dead ancestors,
And pray the spirits of the peaceful dead
To act as minist'ring angels to her heart,
And guard her from the ills that hover'd round
The weakest of her race !—on such a time,
A shadowy hand would motion her away,
And in her startled ear a solemn voice,—
Solemn and most distinct—would whisper " Go !"
And from the secret chambers of her soul,
A voice would utter " Go !"
And from the vales,
The giant mountains and the lofty hills,
The mighty rivers and the gentle streams,
There came a voice that rose and swell'd until
It shouted " Go !"
and her own heart said " Go !"
But whither should she go ? A shout arose,

And the broad ocean spread her heaving breast,—
Cover'd with foam and panting like a steed
But recent from the battle—to receive
And bear her onward to the destined shore.
And from the vast and gloomy wilderness,
A voice said "Come!" and dying hearts said "Come!"
And fainting souls! And o'er that forest land
Religion hover'd with a flutt'ring wing,
Half fearful, half triumphant; for the hearts
That braved oppression in their native land,
That left their homes—that left their father's graves—
That cross'd the toiling ocean and that tried
The dangers of the forest, could not yield
Their courage up entirely. They had placed
Their trust in Him, who never would forsake,
The God of their own worship!

So she came
Unto a stranger and a barren shore
Unfalt'ringly, with meek and placid brow.
And gentle voice, and ever prayerful heart,
Soothing the weary and afflicted ones
With words so kind and gentle,—lifting up
Her voice to heaven to bear her firmly on
Ev'n to the end.

Her task on earth was done,
Fully accomplished! and she bowed her head
And render'd back her spirit, to the hands
Of Him who gave it, pure as when it first
Was sent from its primeval home, to fill
A tenement of clay,—and do the will
Of the Most High!

Her task was done, and she
Died peacefully as those who die in Christ,
And full of hope to live with him again
Beyond the resurrection; and the hands
That ministered unto her dying head
Now bore her to her final resting place.

Moonlight lay on the forest like a shroud
Wrapping its huge trunks in a last embrace;
And the bright stars looked sweetly on the flow'rs
That woo'd their gentle light with open leaves
Full of deep language; and the fitful wind
Moan'd brokenly, and at short intervals
Amongst the lofty branches as it, too,
Sigh'd a last requiem o'er departed worth.

..... Slowly they came,
Slowly and heavily as those who bore
Their burden in deep sorrow: and they laid
Her where the moonlight shed its brightest beams,
And where the stars might look upon her grave
For ever. And they raised their voices high,
Then swell'd a solemn chant of strongest love,
And holy adoration and deep praise,
And meek thanksgiving and reliance strong,
Unto the Giver of all earthly good,
Until the forest in its depths was fill'd
With the high anthem.

"Oh, Mightiest! from thy throne
Look down upon thy mourning children here,
Who come to render back to thee thine own,
To yield a spirit that they held most dear.
Bend from thy throne, oh, Holiest! to receive
The offering we bring unto thee now!
Nothing more pure, more lovely could we give,
Nothing more precious had we to bestow!

Lord, take her, she is thine!

O twine

A living laurel round her fadeless brow!

Earth, open wide thine arms,
Now fold in thine embrace the loveliest child
That ever sought thy bosom. From the storms
That quiver o'er thy breast in terrors wild,
Protect her well, for she was kind and meek,
And loved the simplest flowers that perfume shed
Upon the morning breeze,—and oft would seek
Their fragrant breath to ease her dying head.

Earth, take the gift we bring,

O fling

Thy sweetest flowers upon her lowly bed!

Ruler of Heaven and earth!

Dispenser of all good! to Thee we come,
To yield a spirit of celestial birth!

Receive her to Thy fold—her heavenly home!

She left a land of plenty for the cold

And sterile wilderness, where she could bow

In freedom to Thee,—and sweet converse hold,

Fearless of haughty words and frowning brow.

Lord, take her, she is Thine!

O twine

A living laurel round her fadeless brow!

From her ancestral hall,
From England's princely palaces and domes,
She heard the voice of her Redeemer call,
And, meek in faith, she left her father's tombs
To make her home in this vast wilderness,—
To find a grave where love might never shed
Her tributary tear,—might never bless
Her patient suffering and her dying head.

Earth, take the gift we bring!

O fling

Thy choicest flowers upon her lowly bed!

From Thy eternal throne!

Almighty! look upon our mourning band,—
We miss from out our ranks the loveliest one,—
Deign to withdraw from us thy chast'ning hand;
And let thy pitying eye and patient love,
Upon our hearts in streams of mercy flow!
Oh, give us faith to meet with her above,
As to thy will submissively we bow!

Lord, take her, she is Thine!

O twine

A living laurel round her fadeless brow!

Dust, to thy earth return!

The temple thou didst form is desolate,—
Its dweller hath departed. Thou wast worn
With sorrow,—and no more could animate
Or form the soul within thee. She away
Hath sought her home in heaven, there to remain.

.....
.....

Soul! to the God who gave
Thee being without end,—whom thou didst find
Long suffering—strong—and infinite to save
The tott'ring step,—the broken heart to bind,—
Thou shalt return! Thou canst no longer stay—
Thy mission is accomplished—thou may'st en,
Free from the shackles of thy living clay;
For thy great Author hath reclaimed his own—

Soul! to thy God return

And learn

To dwell 'mid praises round the Eternal Throne!"

ENGLISH PORTRAITS.—NO. II.

THE VILLAGE CURATE.

By the Author of "Letters from the Midland Counties."

If it were left to our unbiased judgment, to decide what classes of men in the world are most useful in their day and generation, and confer the greatest benefits on their kind, perhaps our verdict would be in favor of men who are little known, whose names are never heard amid the noisy tumult of every-day life, and the louder challenges for our attention made by more clamorous aspirants to fame. Men who live unenvied and unenvying, secluded from the vortex of the world, unharassed by the cares that weary its fretful followers, and free from the disappointments attendant on unattainable desires, they tread their humble path of duty; and happiness as unalloyed, perhaps, as it is permitted to mortals, reigns over their tranquil lives. They "do good by stealth," but never "find it fame," and dispense, in silence, more actual blessings on the world, than the politician who passes a restless life in the advancement of his "party," or the amiable but short-sighted gentleman, who exhausts his energies, and barter his happiness, that he may heap together a fortune which he devotes to the charitable purpose of making his son either a fool, or a miser.

Among these unpretending classes must be placed the Curate of the purely agricultural districts of England. He is altogether distinct from town-made parsons, who pique themselves on their fashionable orthodoxy, and regard religion as an aristocratical institution, like law or politics, formed by heaven for the especial benefit of younger sons,—the delight and solacement of well-bred people,—and the blessings of which may (at a proper distance,) be extended to the lower orders, if purchased by a sufficiency of humility, obsequiousness, and church rates. Nor can the Curate whom I have in my eye be regarded as the exclusive type of his country fraternity, for of late years, since the profession of "the church" has become the fashion, and the refuge of those third and fourth sons of families aristocratically poor, who prove too dull for the army or the bar; numbers of noble scions are scattered through the country, condescending, for a season, to deal out the bread of spiritual life to their hungry flocks, and submitting, with impatience, to the irksome novitiate which must precede their promotion to a "living." "Patriotism," says Dr. Johnson, "is the last refuge of a scoundrel," and religion (that is state religion) has, in more cases than one which have come under my knowledge, afforded a profitable asylum to some high-born young men, who were far from meriting that epithet, or from possessing wit enough to fulfil the requirements of that character.

But he whom I would wish to describe, as the representative of a class by no means few in numbers,

is one whose active virtues and quiet usefulness, are almost sufficient to redeem the character of an institution, into whose bosom have crept many unworthy. One who is humble, amid the obsequious love of his parishioners, poor and unrepining amid wealth, charitable without ostentation, and firm without intolerance. Of such there are many whose cheerful piety and resigned contentment, throw a calming influence around, wherever their lot is cast.

He is generally the son of an old vicar, who at the age of forty, was fortunate enough to find himself in possession of a living worth £250 a year, and a wife and seven children, after having battled with poverty for fifteen years on a salary of sixty pounds per annum. After having met with such incredible luck as this, the good old soul thought he could not better advance the interests of his family, and the welfare of the world at large, than by "bringing up to the church," as many of his sons as his income and his influence would avail in assisting to "take the degrees."

The influence of his bishop and of his patron, procured two of his sons admission to Oxford, and the worthy vicar resolved to educate his other two boys to some useful trade; but *our* Curate was unfortunate enough, in his early years, to discover symptoms of precocious orthodoxy, and juvenile talent, and therefore his excellent parent resolved that his light should not be hid under a bushel, nor the world be deprived of the advantages of his wonderful endowments. With this view he limited his domestic expenditure to provide for the boy's education, never thinking, in the fulness of his paternal love, that he was subjecting his son to the ordeal of misery, humiliation and poverty, to which the aforesaid treacherous "talent," almost invariably condemns its victim. At length, with much ado, our friend was sent to college, where he prosecuted his studies with assiduity, enlivening their monotony, at intervals, by performing sundry menial services for his fellow students of the richer class, and taking lasting lessons in the virtues of humility and endurance, by practising meekness under insult, and walking slipshod through mud and snow.

We will not follow him, minutely, through his younger years, and we will imagine the joy of his heart and the pride of his parents when he was ordained. We can also easily conceive the alternations of hope, anxiety, and despair, that chequered the three or four years that passed before he obtained an appointment.

But fortitude and perseverance are never unwarded, (so say the learned—if they are wealthy,) and at length he was chosen to perform the vicarial duties in the parish in which he spends the rest of his days. The revenues are about six hundred a year,

out of which sum the incumbent generously offered him fifty yearly, to undertake the cure of souls committed to his (the Vicar's care); it being impossible for the Vicar himself to attend to their spiritual welfare, inasmuch as he had another living in a distant part of the country, consisting of more fashionable and aristocratic souls.

If any reader fancies that this sum was inadequate as remuneration, he must be entirely mistaken; for our friend (who ought to be the best judge,) received the appointment with unbounded gratitude, and looked upon the "compensation" as most munificent. As he had been for some time trespassing upon the narrow income of his parents for a living, he regarded it as a special interposition of Providence in his favor. His parents were of the same mind,—they hailed it as the dawn of the future greatness they predicted for him, and with tears of thankfulness they pressed his hand, and gave him their blessing, as he left their roof to seek the scene of his future usefulness.

The parish, whose spiritual interests he was promoted to superintend, though yielding a large income in the way of tithes, dues, &c. possessed but a very small church; an old tumble down edifice of one story in height, and capable of holding some five hundred people, it was shadowed by yews and chestnut trees,—propped up by massy buttresses, and protected from the cruelty of hard weather, by thick ivy which religiously clung to every portion of it. It stood in the centre of a small grave yard, strewn with irregular mounds, and covered with daisies, among which the lark built her nest. It was crumbling to ruin, and for the last three hundred years had been fast asleep for six days in the week, just arousing itself when its monitor bell struck the time for Sunday, or some fresh dead arrived to repose under its shadow. A solemn old church that had outlived its generation and seemed longing for dissolution; its old long gothic windows were blind with ivy, its walls were cracked, its doors were worm-eaten, and nothing but a religious horror of suicide, prevented its falling down and dashing itself to pieces.

His parish was situated about ten miles from the nearest town, which was only called a town by courtesy, being little more than an overgrown village. His parishioners consisted of a few country gentlemen of the fifth class, about thirty farmers, with laborers and village mechanics *ad libitum*. The duties of his office—those at least which he was *compelled* to perform were to preach two sermons on Sunday, to bury the dead, to baptise the newly born, and to marry the weak minded, who aspired to the honors of wedlock and poverty. Among such unsophisticated people life may be presumed to pass dull enough, yet among them he found both happiness and occupation.

He took a small "parlour" in a neat cottage, belonging to the proprietor of the windmill, which, from immemorial time, had ground the wheat of the parish. The miller, in virtue of his occupation, and the fact of his renting twelve acres of land, which had been held by his father, and great great grandfather, was looked upon as holding a stage in society above the poor people, and the blacksmith, yet considerably lower in grade than an established farmer. The only occupants of the house, besides our Curate, were the miller and his old wife, (who spent her days in alternately

knitting, cooking, and reading an old Bible two feet square.) one or two toothless terriers of the genus "rat catcher," and a variety of cats. He had, to commence the world, a valuable library of three dozen volumes, which he could repeat verbatim, an assortment of sermons, marked "good," "bad," and "doubtful," a light heart, an easy conscience, and as much hope as any ingenious youth who tempts fortune in a lottery.

Great curiosity was excited among these humble rustics, and great anxiety was, doubtless, experienced by himself, on the occasion of his first sermon. He had often preached before in his father's pulpit, and in those of the neighboring clergy, and had been complimented upon his talent; he therefore felt the less diffidence in making his "first appearance." The church was crowded by his parishioners, anxious both to see and hear him. The farmers went with a critical determination to grumble at all hazards; their wives accompanied them, candidly resolved to give him fair play; and their daughters went in their grandest dresses, to satisfy themselves on the question of his personal appearance, and desperately bent on winning his heart. When the prayers were finished, the old clerk took off his spectacles and laid them upon the heavy clasped book before him, that he might judge of the Curate's homily with more accuracy, and a kind of telegraphic correspondence was maintained between himself and the schoolmaster, by looks and nods, and shakes of the head, when any passage of the sermon elicited their approval, or seemed of doubtful excellence. When the service was concluded, groups of the old laborers, with their wives, collected in the churchyard, sitting upon the graves and discussing the merits of their new pastor. These had great doubts of his capability, he was too young for their taste, and they solemnly shook their heads in stolid disappointment. True, they could not recollect any equivocal passages in the sermon to justify their disapproval, for the greater part of them had slept, most religiously, during the whole of the time; but they had learned that he was poor, and nothing in the eyes of these people is so great a crime as poverty in those a little above them. The farmers, upon the whole, were not much better pleased, but as the ladies, old and young, were all in raptures, they forbore to commit themselves by expressing any opinion.

The next day he made several visits among his flock, and as the simplicity and modesty of his nature unwittingly conceded to his richer parishioners a tacit acknowledgment of their superiority, he won golden opinions from all of them; thus gaining, by an unconscious truckling to their vanity, the countenance which would have been withheld from an appeal to their judgment. His amiable deportment conciliated all, and when, on that evening, they met, to smoke their pipes and drink their ale, in solemn conclave at the village tavern, all doubts concerning the curate's capacities were for ever put at rest, by a church-warden (who was the richest man in the village) declaring that he was "one of the right sort." The schoolmaster and clerk, who had both repaired to the mighty convention resolved to find fault, were considerably disappointed at this avowal, but were not rash enough to question its propriety; so the one merely raising an objection to some faults he had

discovered "in his grammar," and the other hinting that his method of reading the prayers was "terrible slow," they submitted to the public opinion, and expressed themselves delighted with the new parson.

"The people," when once informed of the proper manner of thinking and speaking on the subject, as usual, soon boldly expressed their opinions, and in a week or two the Curate was immensely popular with all classes in the parish. He improved his success by repeated visits at their cottages; he listened, patiently, to the garrulity of age, and could find pleasure in the prattling of children; he was unwearied in his attention to the sick, courteous to the poorest, and could be jocular with lovers. He impressed upon them the necessity of educating their children, and, although he devoted much of his time to assisting the schoolmaster, yet, by a deference to the opinions of that worthy, in small matters, he allayed his jealousy, and won his consent to alterations in his system of education, of greater importance.

Thus five years of his life passed happily; though poor, his slender income sufficed for all his wants. He thanked heaven for the present, and looked calmly towards the future with unassuming hope. But a change was destined to come over his life; the sweet contentment of his existence was doomed to be dissipated. Our Curate fell in love. I regret to say that neither his poverty, nor his experience of the world, could deter him from committing such egregious folly. We have the authority of Byron for saying that love, in general, is a "fearful thing," but how would the amateur misanthrope have described the ridiculous passion of a penniless curate for the daughter of a rich country gentleman? Such unparalleled audacity deserves the unqualified condemnation of all right thinking men of property throughout the world. The lady, being heiress to a handsome fortune, did not so far forget her duty as to return his passion, but, on the other hand, treated it with the contempt it so richly merited. Her father, in just anger, forbade him, in future, to visit his house, while he himself piously refrained from entering *his* church.

Such shocking conduct on the part of our friend could not fail to entail punishment. The monied gentry, who had daughters, became alarmed, and their amiable wives took umbrage at his rash affection for one of their privileged order. They soon discovered that falling in love was not his only crime, but, in addition to this, he indulged in the most villainous poverty, and was, moreover, guilty of not having any remote prospect of advancement in the church. Affairs began to assume a dark aspect towards the Curate; but his misfortunes were somewhat alleviated by the affection of the poorer farmers, and the laborers, which increased in proportion as he became unpopular with the higher classes.

This was a sad blow for the poor Curate; the charm of his life was broken—the reality of things—the misery of the present and the darkness of the future burst upon him in their true colors, and his soul was heavy within him. In the meekness of his spirit he forgave his persecutors, and, at first, had serious doubts whether their ill-nature was not a just punishment for his wickedness and overweening pre-

sumption. But the image of his unattainable ideal haunted him for ever, and though he murmured not, but sighed and bent to the blow, the current of his life was changed, and the joyous hopefulness of his youth had departed for aye. How dreary now appeared his small room in the old mill-house, as he sat for hours brooding in silent sorrow over his blighted prospects, and how insufferable were the frequent visits of the "dame," who, with officious kindness, intruded on his solitude, seeking to dispel his dark thoughts with snatches of country gossip. How heart-scathing to perform his Sabbath services, and see *her* pew empty.

He got over all this dismal folly at last; for man is an elastic animal that requires a great deal of killing before he dies, and hearts are seldom broken except on paper. He got over it, but he was an altered man, his wonted smile forsook him, and when he began, calmly, to look into the rights of the matter, he exhibited many symptoms of petulance in spite of his meek nature; for even parsons are not angels, that they can bear unmerited persecution without feeling it. He attained to that state of stolid indifference to worldly affairs which very wise men sometimes call philosophy. True he never neglected his pastoral duties, nor did his faith in heaven's goodness and justice ever falter, though, a thousand times, he taxed himself with doubts and sinfulness; but he had been hardly dealt with, and bore his fate without repining, which, with the world, passed for content. Many a day, from morn till even night, might he be found sitting on the banks of the Trent, with his angling rod lying at his side, and an impatient perch struggling for half an hour upon the hook of his fishing line, without attracting his attention, till his playful terrier desisted from his sport of hunting butterflies, and disturbed his reverie.

So passed his days, until his fortieth year, without any increase of salary. By this time his zeal in his holy calling was cooled; though he ceased from his gratuitous labors in the village school, still he relaxed not in his visits; and to make daily rounds among the cottages of the poor had become part of his nature. By the smaller farmers he was beloved more than ever, and voluntary subscriptions among themselves, to purchase a new suit of black, when his coat was getting too threadbare, testified their regard; at Christmas, too, he was overwhelmed with mince pies, and pies of all kinds that belong to that pie-eating season. The poorer classes vied with each other in knitting stockings for his acceptance; and even the Scotch pedlar, who visited that remote part once a month, when he called to smoke a pipe with him in his snug parlor, frequently left a pair of gloves, or a piece of shirt linen with the miller's wife as he took his leave.

On one occasion when the good vicar had gone down to preach his annual Christmas sermon, and receive his tithes, that excellent man actually advanced the Curate's salary twenty pounds a year. It was all the promotion he was ever likely to attain; he thanked the vicar for his munificence, for although with the frugal habits he had contracted it was of little service to him, yet it would enable him to relieve many of his poor brethren in poverty and sickness. Having passed the rubicon of years with-

out a wife to solace him, he very naturally adopted a pipe as a substitute. The smoking part of his parishioners thanked fortune for this, as it gave a zest to his visits, and on the high mantel in every house was kept a clay instrument a yard long, called the "parson's pipe," which was sacred to his use.

At last the vicar died, and an amiable young aristocrat succeeded to the living. Our friend had occasionally indulged in dim dreams of obtaining the succession, but he could hardly be said to hope for it, so that he felt little disappointed at the event. The new vicar charitably added to his salary ten pounds a year, and left the care of his flock entirely in his hands.

In harvest time the Curate delighted to be in the fields, watching the reapers, or sitting on a heap of new-mown hay, with his dog at his side, chatting with the lazy farmer. He has kind inquiries to make from every one he meets in the lanes, the secrets of every family are known to him, and all their little differences are left to his adjustment. In the winter an arm-chair is kept at every fireside for the parson, and never was any man so well beloved as he.

It is a pleasant sight to see him sometimes on a fine summer's day, seated on a rustic bench under a porch covered with honeysuckles, outside the village tavern, whither he has repaired to meet the Scotch

pedlar aforesaid. It is, doubtless, a wicked thing for an aged clergyman to be smoking and drinking ale at a tavern, but of all taverns that was the most immaculate, and the most rigid person would forgive him the hour of happiness he passed there, and be forced to join him in spite of himself.

It is a great day at the small tavern when the Curate visits it, for the pedlar and a witty Irish exciseman are sure to be there upon that day. The landlady, in her finest cap, sits at a little distance, with her knitting in her hand, to enjoy the conversation; her daughters bring out their sewing to join her, and the Curate insists upon one—who is his favorite—sitting at his side, while the landlord leaves his work to mix with them. The two strangers love the Curate well, and the merry Irishman cracks his greatest jokes to amuse him, while the solemn humor of the pedlar wins him from care to enjoy an hour of unalloyed happiness. The Curate can drink but one glass of ale, and none ever press him to take more.

After he has buried half the parish it devolves upon the parish to bury him, and a rude grave, with a headstone recording the worth of the Rev. — "who was for sixty years Curate of this parish," marks the spot where he lies, and the villagers sigh as they point it out, and wonder where they will find another like him.

TO MIRIAM.

BY OTWAY CURRY.

I met thee when the starry land of song
Before me in the enchanted distance shone;
When days were golden, summers light and long,
And my glad spirit in its dream had grown
Familiar with each old memorial tone
Rung by the harpers of a world unseen,
Who walk no more in mortal twilight lone,
But stand immortal, in a clime serene,
With garlands on their heads all beautiful and green.

It was a meeting deemed of hope and joy—
It was a meeting fraught with anguish sore—
It was a meeting fated to destroy
My spirit's sunniest dream for evermore
I grieve not now that time will soon be o'er—

That earthly life flies like an evening breath—
Its better days I shall not long deplore:
A rest is for the weary found beneath
The starless night that lies along the waves of death.

I see thee in the still and lonely night—
I greet thee in my wild and feverish dreams—
I bear thee to a region calm and bright,
Where the sweet music of the murmuring streams,
That shimmering wind away through golden beams,
And caroling voices prelude round us pour
Of joy that in the infinite future gleams,
When I shall meet thee on a happier shore,
And sound of parting words be heard and feared no more.

FANNY'S ERROR.

FANNY shuts her smiling eyes,
Then, because she cannot see,
Thoughtless simpleton! she cries,
"Ah! you can't see me!"

Fanny's like the sinner vain,
Who with spirit shut and dim,
Thinks because he sees not Heaven,
Heaven cannot see him.

SELECTED

SKETCHES WITH PEN AND PENCIL.—NO. II.

A JOURNEY TO THE SOUTHWEST.

To one accustomed to the "low pressure" steam-boats, common to the waters east of the Alleghanies, the "high pressure" boats of the Ohio, and Mississippi, present a strange and formidable appearance. Strange, from the peculiar arrangement of machinery, and from the cabins being upon the upper deck; and formidable, from the increased danger incidental to the mode of construction. And when we call to mind the wild tales, many of them, unfortunately, but too true, of reckless captains, carrying on steam to the destruction of hundreds of lives, in the fierce excitement of racing with rival boats, independent of the natural perils of those waters, from "snags," and "sawyers," it is no wonder the novice in western navigation enters his berth for the first time with some trepidation. For myself I frankly confess to having felt qualmish. These fears, however, soon wear off. The novelty of the scenery, the strange faces, the noble cheer, and the exuberant gaiety that everywhere surround one, soon efface all disagreeable impressions; and, in a few hours, having once "grasped the nettle, danger," you either apprehend no ill in the future, or are ashamed to avow it. Our company consisted of about one hundred persons, who, coming from various parts of the republic, were here conveyed to a focus and formed a tolerably fair representation of the national peculiarities. Here was the tall Kentuckian, only differing from the Virginian by his side, as plants are changed by removal to a more vigorous soil. Here was the swarthy keen-eyed Creole of Louisiana, small of stature, but all quickness and fire—a fresh looking face near the latter, and a person indicating rather more style as to externals, bore evident tokens of hailing from Gotham. The eternal white blanket coat, with black stripes round the skirts, and over the shoulders, which you see shifting restlessly hither and thither through the crowd—never quiet for an instant, from the time the servants sweep the cabin in the morning until the last card player has turned in at night,—that eternal blanket coat, my friend, covers the spare, wiry, muscular person of an "Arkansawyer," as he is pleased to designate himself. How he came so far out of his latitude was a puzzle to every one. Planters from Yazoo were there; merchants from Tennessee; and cotton brokers from Carolina; but the notabilities were two live Yankees—veritable live Yankees. One of these, the happy possessor of some new notions wherewith he "calculated" making his fortune in the south, was the best specimen of the genus Yankee I have ever met with, nothing escaped his vigilant eye, and but little was said that did not meet his ear. A careless kind of impudence constantly saved him from the punishment generally awarded to eavesdroppers, while his inquisitiveness, never caring for a rebuff, gave him, little by little, whatever information he desired. At one time he was below, examining the

machinery, speculating upon its uses, and hardly suggesting improvements to the astonished engineer. Now you would see him emerge from the little smith's shop where he had been discussing a new and superior method of welding iron. Now he busied himself in diligently deciphering the marks upon the various bales, boxes, crates, and packages; the names of the apparent owners, and their destination. And a little while after, he was in close conversation with one of the "off" firemen, talking very learnedly of the properties of various woods, and coals, and instituting comparisons as to the amount of caloric given out by each.

Presently you would see him holding on to his cap.—(it was blowing hard at the time we speak of—) by the wheel house on the hurricane deck, entertaining the captain with a description of the new Loper propeller, and the essential differences between the latter, and that invented by Ericcson. Half an hour afterwards he was worming out of the clerk the cost of the boat, its expenses and its average annual receipts, and lastly—*what the clerk got himself.*

Never was a man more indefatigable; and his desire for information seemed to increase from what it fed on. No curt replies ruffled his temper, or abated one jot the ardour of his pursuit. Was a close conversation held between passengers in the cabin, or on the deck, presently his sharp face and restless eyes were thrust between them, and after listening for a few moments he would be sure to break in with—"I want to know," or "I guess this, or that," or "dew tell." And then, too, he had such a marvellous tales of Silas, or Seth, or Jonas; of what they said, and what they did, intermixed so plentifully with "says I," and "says he," that it became at length a real treat to listen.

The other Yankee was a verdant youth of about nineteen years—tall and spindling—had never traveled from home before, except, from Connecticut to New York, about six month's previous; where, looking out for a situation, he chanced to meet with a Mr. Somebody, a country merchant, living about thirty miles back from Memphis, who, having told the youth if he would come out he would give him a place, the latter had undertaken this long journey of nearly two thousand miles in consequence; a step so rash, that, in any other than an American, impressed with a self confidence nothing can deter, would have appeared the very extacy of madness. Here was this youth, cast entirely on his own resources, confessedly with but little more means than would pay his passage out, not only careless as to the present, but absolutely without fear for the future. There was one thing, however, he did not fully enjoy, and that was, steamboat traveling. He had heard that all steamboat's were dangerous things, and western ones particularly so. He had

further learned that most explosions take place either while stopping for passengers—getting from the wharf—or while wooding; and on all these several occasions, so lively were his fears of such a catastrophe, that whenever the boat was “brought to,” even for a single minute, the first thing to be noted was our frightened youth, scampering with all the speed his long limbs would permit, to the very outermost verge of the hurricane deck, and there he would sit with his legs trailing over the stern, until such time as the boat was again fairly on her way. The Pilot, indeed, was fond of telling a story—but, mind you, Pilots are rarely entirely to be relied on. I say the Pilot was fond of telling a story, how at midnight, the boat having hung for a little while upon a bar, he happened to look round at the sound of footsteps, and a kind of fluttering noise, and he saw—I should say *he said* he saw—a white garment quiver past him and make a rush for the stern, and looking a little closer he perceived, through the fog, that the short white garment partially contained a man, whose excited features bore a very strong resemblance to the youth in question, and, that the garment, sat there, until the boat was gotten off, when it suddenly disappeared down the ladder, and, as the Pilot supposed, tumbled into bed again.

While speaking of the happy self confidence so characteristic of Americans, I may as well mention another illustration of it that occurred two hundred miles below Louisville.

We had stopped at some small town, (I forget the name,) for the purpose of receiving a couple of passengers, when just as we were pushing off again, we were hailed by a little bit of a boy, apparently not more than twelve years old. He came running down the hill panting, and blowing, and as soon as he could get his breath, his first words were—

“I say Captain, how much to Orleans?”

“Fifteen dollars!”

The boy looked aghast for a moment, but then, rallying, he continued:

“Oh! that’s for up thar,” pointing to the cabins. “How much for down thar,” indicating the boiler deck, “and I’ll work?”

“Why?” said the Captain. “Why do you ask?”

“I want to go—I want to see Orleans?”

“You! what for?”

“What for?” echoed the boy, drawing up his pigmy stature, proudly, to its full height. “What for? why to make a livin’ to be sure—I aint afraid to work.”

“What! and leave your father and mother?”

The face of the boy became suddenly clouded, and he replied, struggling manfully all the while to repress his tears,

“They’re both dead, with the bilious—sister Nan died too. There aint none left but me, so I want to go to Orleans—work won’t scare me?”

Poor boy he had a brave heart for one so lonely and young! The Captain looked at him for a minute—he was a rough good hearted man—and then he said:

“Come aboard, my boy. Be quick, we’ll see what we can do for you. There now—never mind your money, you shall work it out.

“Ah, but,” said the boy, “you must say what you’ll charge me.” And he put both his hands into his pocket, thoughtfully.

“Never mind about that!” said the Captain. “Come aboard I tell you. Your work shall pay your passage.”

The little fellow’s face brightened up instantly; he was quickly on deck and, during the voyage, many a time I heard his shrill voice, and happy laugh, as he ran bustling to and fro, helping the men with wood, and doing such other little offices as his childish strength would permit.

W. H. C.

SONG.

BY MARY HEMPLE.

I CANNOT smile so freely,
As in the days gone by;
There comes no more that quivering thrill
To brighten cheek and eye:
I looked on life so gaily
When child-smiles lit my brow,
So thoughtlessly—so happily—
I cannot look so now.

Earth brought her lavish treasures,
With smiles so free and mild,
And poured them out so richly
To her merry-hearted child;

And the joy-tint flew up fleetly
Through every bounding vein,
But the joy must be more noble
That thrills me so again.

Oh Life! give purer riches,
For those those so quickly past;
Give Truth—for dreams and fancies,
That were too frail to last:
And for the songs and smiles of old,
A spirit pure and high;
And for the passing hopes of earth,
A hope that cannot die.

THE DUEL THAT DIDN'T COME OFF.

BY MAYNE REID.

WE have a waggish friend in Kentucky, who confesses—actually confesses—that he is a *coward*. He says that nature made him so, and, for the life of him, he cannot help it. Now, our friend wears in his bosom as kind, as generous, and, withal, as happy a heart as ever beat in human breast, and we felt disposed to question the truth of this self-accusation. We were well aware of his strong antipathy to the shedding of blood—either his own, or his enemy's—he has few, if any of these—and that he possessed, in a high degree, the instinct of self-preservation—but, notwithstanding this, we shall believe that his *moral* courage, in case of any severe trial would overcome his natural timidity. It was reported, moreover, that, in an affair of honor in the State of Tennessee, he had “backed out” a noted bully. On one occasion we rallied him on the subject of courage. Stating that we did not believe him to be a coward.

“You do not believe it?”

“No!”

“Hear me—and I will prove it to you, beyond the possibility of a doubt.”

“I should be sorry to hear you prove it.”

“Never mind—it cannot be helped—to be ashamed of it would be to reproach the hand that made me—I am not.”

“The very fact that you think thus, and are not ashamed to declare it to the world, proves your courage—your moral courage I mean—beyond which we can take no credit to ourselves.”

“Oh! as to that, perhaps in a *good* cause I might meet danger with less fear; but hear me, patiently, while I relate to you the manner in which I acted in a *bad* one.”

I signified my assent to listen to him. He began:

“You have heard of my affair in Tennessee. Listen to the true version of that story.

“Being, as you know, a lawyer by profession, in the fall of 1840 I was summoned, upon professional business, to Nashville in that state. The city of Nashville was then, (and, for aught I know to the contrary, is still) what is usually termed a frolicsome little place. Brandy circulated freely—so too did blood. Both were occasionally spilled, and duels were spectacles of almost daily occurrence. The first evening that I spent in the place, I had the pleasure of being introduced to a brace of gentlemen, who had just returned from the field, having exchanged shots, and then shaken hands. There had been no serious cause of quarrel between them. They were only experimenting upon a debated question ‘*which was the better shot*.’* ”

“Notwithstanding these occasional ebullitions of evil passions, however, I must confess, that I never associated with a more generous or more intelligent community, than that of Nashville. The hand guards

* A fact.

the head to be sure, but the heart rules both, and the heart of a Tennessean is brave, open and honest. But to return to my own adventure.

“I have said that the business which carried me to Nashville was professional. I had been engaged to defend the cause of a client—a personal friend—and I was successful. We gained the case, an important one, and as a matter of course, the evening following the trial, was spent by us, on the winning side, with great hilarity.

“I drank *then*—it is now five years ago—I have not touched liquor since. I drank enough on that evening to give me a distaste for it during the rest of my life—I drank deeply and became intoxicated, or, in the language of my boon companions of the evening gloriously drunk. In this state I was carried to my hotel and put to bed.

“When I awoke, late in the morning, I was informed by the servant, that a gentleman was below waiting to see me. Dressing myself hastily, I desired the gentleman to be shown to my room. He entered. It was one of my best friends, and had been my companion on the night before.

“‘Mr. C.’ said he, after we had exchanged the morning salutation, ‘you must call him out.’

“‘Call him out!’ what do you mean my friend?”

“‘Why, that you must challenge him!’”

“‘Challenge him—challenge *who*?’

“‘Oh! you surely know whom I mean.’

“‘Have not the slightest idea.’

“‘Why, that blustering D., of course—you must call him out.’

“‘Blustering D.—call him out—and for what?’

“‘Well, Mr. C. you are the strangest fellow—you *will* have your joke.’

“‘I conceive *you* are trying to joke; but for the life of me, I cannot see the point of your wit.’

“‘Why you do not mean to say, that you have forgotten the occurrences of last night?’

“‘I recollect one thing, that I was degradingly drunk—that I remember well—nothing more.’

“‘But your quarrel with D.—he called you a blackguard.’

“‘A blackguard.’

“‘Aye and worse—a fool—a liar—a thousand things—unprovoked—and in the most provoking manner. There is but the one course left for you, in this matter,’ continued my friend, coolly.

“‘Are you in earnest? Are these things true?’ gasped I, at length, in a state of breathless anxiety, for the dim outline of a quarrel, with somebody, during the previous night, began to shadow itself upon my memory, and my recollection of it was every moment becoming more distinct.

“‘I tell you it is as I have said—ask your friends here,’” two of whom were at this moment entering

my room. These, too, were also my *best* friends. They confirmed what the other had told me, and, like him, advised me to adopt the *proper* course and 'call D. out.'"

"Influenced, in fact almost coerced, by my three Tennessee friends, I, at length, tremblingly, and with great reluctance, acceded to the measure, and accordingly D. was 'called out.' One of my friends, acting as my second, dictated the challenge, likely to pave my way to eternity, with as much coolness as though it had been an invitation to a dinner party.

"D. upon the other hand, accepted the challenge with a fearlessness that awed me, and from that moment I looked upon being shot through the head as an event not probable but certain.

"The time of our meeting was arranged for the following morning at day break, and the place fixed upon was the beach of a low sandy island in the middle of the Cumberland river, and about a mile below the city. This was the customary place for hostile meetings, and I was assured that it was no unusual thing for two distinct sets of duellists to be seen here at the same time, within hailing distance of each other.

"I will not attempt to describe the agony of my feelings during that momentous day. I was fully convinced that it was to be the last, as it seemed to me the longest day of my life; for I had been informed that my adversary was a dead shot. My friend advised me to practise. But no! I assured him that my hand was in, or that I did not feel blood-thirsty; and shortly after, all preliminaries being arranged, my second left me to my own reflections. Evening at length arrived, and I sat in my chamber alone.—Then came the trying moment. The carousal of the previous night had completely unstrung my nerves, and I had not now even courage to drink for courage. I was about to be shot like a dog, and buried as such among strangers, for, with the exception of two or three casual acquaintances, whom I had formed, I knew no one in Nashville, and was almost unknown myself. The friend, for whom I had acted as counsellor, did not reside in Tennessee, and he had returned home on the day previous. I felt at that moment as I suppose a felon feels, who knows that he has to die at daybreak, for I imagined my fate to be as certain, as if it had been pronounced by a jury of my fellow citizens.

"During the evening, while in this pleasant mood, my friend came to see me. He brought with him the cheering intelligence, that my adversary had spent the day in a shooting gallery and that he had reached such perfection of aim, that he was able to cut a tape at twelve paces. He had hit the bull's eye five times out of six, and had performed various other interesting feats in target practice, such as picking the eye out of the chalk man, hitting a twelve cent piece, &c. I inwardly groaned at the narration of each successive feat, but I was so stupefied by the certainty of my death that I made no reply. My friend mistaking my silence for a high degree of courage, complimented me upon my coolness, and, assuring me that everything rested on nerve, took his leave, promising to be with me by the earliest dawn.

"I was again left alone with my pleasant fancies, and my perturbation increased as the time progressed. There was no hope of sleep during that night, and, as

every moment seemed an hour, I was destined to live through ages of agony, only to be terminated by a sure and quick death. Death! the very thought of it was terrible, and I had made neither temporal nor spiritual preparation for such an event. My fears had rendered me so imbecile that I had not even written to my friends in Kentucky. This I attempted once or twice, but my disordered mind refused to think, and I abandoned the idea.

"At that moment I heard, or fancied I heard, a sound that flung a kind of an undetermined hope into my heart. It was produced by the distant tolling of a bell, which I knew at once to be the warning bell of a steamboat. I threw up my window, and bent myself over the casement. It was a beautiful moonlight night, and the streets were still noisy with citizens going to and fro. It was yet early in the night, as near as I can remember about ten o'clock. The bell which I had heard, and which had summoned me almost involuntarily to the window, had ceased tolling, but I could distinctly hear in the direction of the landing, the loud belching of a 'scape pipe, and at intervals the sharp hissing of the steam. These signals I well understood. A steamboat was about taking her departure. It was a tempting opportunity to escape the fearful torture I was then enduring; and disgrace itself was better to my then disordered mind than the present suffering. Besides, I had been guilty of no crime. I had been the challenger, and my adversary would doubtless be glad enough to be let off so easily. As for my friends, they were, at the best, but casual acquaintances, and they would soon forget the circumstance. In the midst of these consolatory reflections I found myself busily engaged in packing my portmanteau. Though with trembling hands, this piece of work was soon finished, and I began to make for the door of my chamber. How was I to leave the house unobserved? Though the affair of the challenge was as yet a secret to all but a few persons, I fancied that every man, woman, and child in the place knew all about it, and that even the negro porters of the streets were in possession of the facts. Laboring under this hallucination, I resolved to carry my own luggage to the boat. I recollected that there was a side door, somewhat private, leading to the hotel, and reserved, generally, for the accommodation of ladies. Through this I determined to make my exit. I had paid my bill at the bar during the evening, and I was, therefore, under no apprehension of being detained, but I feared that in passing through this I might meet with some of my fighting acquaintances. Shouldering my portmanteau, I groped my way through long dark galleries until I emerged into an open moonlit corridor. Traversing this I reached the ladies' hall door, and was soon in the street, wholly unnoticed and unobserved. Keeping in the shadow of walls and houses, and stealing along the most private and unfrequented streets I came, at last, within sight of the steamboat landing. All there was noise and bustle. The hissing of steam, the rumbling of drays and carriages, the shouts of boatmen, freighting their vessel, the conversation of friends, the adieus, the jokes and ready laughter, were all distinctly heard from my position. As I knew that the second warning bell had not yet rung, I determined on remaining, for a few minutes, where I was, until nearer the time of the

boat's departure. I had found a most favorable place of concealment under the dark shadow of a high wall. Against this wall had been built a temporary shed, into which, if close pressed, I meant to retreat. So making a seat of my portmanteau, which was very heavy, and had somewhat fatigued me, I sat down upon it, and quietly awaited an opportunity to steal aboard.

"My position commanded a full view of the street which led to the steamboat landing. I had not been seated quite five minutes, when a huge negro porter, bearing a black leather trunk upon his shoulder, loomed round the corner, and was passing before me in the full moonlight. Close upon the heels of the negro, and evidently following him with some degree of caution, came a white man, whom I at once recognized as my antagonist, D! Had I felt any doubts as to his identity, his name painted in large white letters upon the trunk, and which I easily deciphered, in the clear moonlight, would at once have resolved them: He, like myself, was making for the boat. I at once resolved how to act. Lifting my portmanteau, I carried it back into the shed and hid it in the darkest corner. I then sallied over, and keeping my adversary in view, followed him in the distance. I was right. He was *en route* for the steamboat, and in a few minutes I had the satisfaction of seeing the negro carry his trunk over the gangway, while D. himself followed, and was soon lost among the mass of human beings who crowded the decks. I took my stand at some distance in the shadow of a pile of cotton bales, and watched with trembling anxiety. I scrutinized the dress and features of every one who left the boat, but D. came not back. I cannot describe with what joyous feelings I saw the hawser loosed from its fastenings on the shore, and the last plank of the staging drawn aboard; and when the boat was fairly clear of the landing, my pent up feelings broke forth in a wild and unmeaning huzza. My strange conduct was observed by one or two of the bystanders; from whom it elicited a laugh, and the remark that 'that fellow seems to be out of his senses.' I did not heed them, but stole back to the shed, and re-shouldering my portmanteau, I carried it to another hotel, not caring to risk the chance of having my late adventure made public.

"I then repaired to my own hotel, where I passed the night in a most refreshing slumber. My friend, in the morning, true to his appointment, woke me from a deep, sweet sleep, and seemed to be more and more pleased with my coolness and courage. He remarked that he had never seen any one go forth upon a similar errand with so little apparent concern, and that in case I preserved my coolness, there was not the slightest

doubt of my being able to hit D. the 'first pop,' as, in consideration of this, he had arranged the distance with D.'s second at eight paces.

"We left the hotel, and, in company with a surgeon, proceeded to the island in a boat. My stoical indifference as to the result of the duel, together with the elasticity of my spirits upon the way, completely astounded my new friends. Such reckless courage was rare.

"We reached the ground at the appointed time. I commenced running a hop-step, while the doctor was arranging his lancets and my friend was getting ready the pistols. Ten minutes past the time and no one in sight. I began to predict a disappointment and to chafe accordingly. Fifteen minutes past, and a boat, containing two individuals, shot out from the opposite bank.

"'Why they have no surgeon with them,' remarked my second. 'Doctor,' continued he, jocularly, 'you will have to cure our enemies as well as friends.'

"'No,' replied the doctor, 'that is Surgeon S. is the boat.'

"'Is it possible? Why D. is not there! How is this?'

"'D., I presume, has stolen away,' quietly remarked the doctor. 'I thought as much—poor F. will have to fight for him.'

"'Good God!' I almost audibly ejaculated. This last remark of the doctor completely deprived me of my senses, and, in a kind of vacant stupor, I saw two gentlemen land from the boat and approach my friend. I was just wondering which of them was going to shoot me, when the words 'apologize,' and 'D. is a cowardly imposter,' fell upon my ear, and restored me to some degree of consciousness. At the same time my second, approaching, informed me of the flight of D. and inquired if I was willing to receive the apology of Mr. F. for having taken the scoundrel's part.

"I need hardly say that this matter was easily adjusted, and, after a mutual and general hand shaking, we all five returned to town. I having gained the reputation of infinite coolness and courage, while D. (who was never again heard of) was pronounced an 'arrant coward and poltroon.'

"Thus you see, my friend, how much we are dependent upon circumstances for our position; for the simple circumstance of my taking shelter in the shadow of that wall, prevented D. and myself from going off in the same boat, which would have degraded me for ever in the eyes of my fighting friends."

The argument was undeniable.

HOPE.

The wretch condemn'd with life to part,
Still, still on hope relies,
And every pang that rends the heart
Bids expectation rise.

Hope, like the glimmering taper's light,
Adorns and cheers the way;
And still, as darker grows the night,
Emits a brighter ray.

SELECTED.

I PLUCKED THAT ROSE-BUD FROM A GRAVE.

"I PLUCKED that rose-bud from a grave,
Amid the dew at matin hour;
Where willows to the night breeze wave,
And sorrow gems each opening flower.

"I plucked, and bound it in my hair,
And, from the green homes of the dead,
Forgetful of the stillness there,
I wandered forth with careless tread.

"Mid groves by early breezes fanned,
And flower-cups bursting with perfume;
And still, with light and girlish hand,
I gathered of the ceaseless bloom.

"From flower to flower, its sweets to sip,
I wandered like the honey-bee,—
A song was melting on my lip,
As melts the snow-flake on the sea.

"The waves were with the light at play,—
The heavens were arched in blue above;
And nestling at my heart there lay
A dream of yet unclouded love.

"The holy thoughts my soul had shrined,
Like gems were glancing to the light,
As, with that grave-nurst bud, entwined,
I gaily wove a garland bright.

"Thus swelled my heart at matin-tide,
But ere had waned the summer's day,
With sorrowing steps he sought my side,
The heart's dread word—"Farewell!"—to say.

"And he hath gone,—perhaps for years,—
To that far land across the sea,
While harrowing doubt, and gathering tears,
Must still my lonely portion be.

"And, oh, he bears, with fondness prest,
Across the wild and widening wave,
As love's best token, on his breast,
The rose I gathered from a grave.

"Mid flowers by life and gladness nurst,
In rich parterres, and gardens gay,
I know not why that bud should burst,
The fairest of the bright bouquet.

"Or, from the wealth of Flora's land,
Amid the glittering wreath I wove,
I know not why my careless hand
Should choose it for the gift of love.

"But, oh! as seeks my tear-dimmed gaze,
The shadow of that distant bark,
Upon my bursting heart there lays
The burden of an omen dark."

And thus, upon that shore, while round
Her form there fell the shades of even;
And the dim bark, her gaze that bound,
Seemed gliding to the heart of heaven.

Slow moved her silent steps along,
While mingled with the deep-toned wave
The murmur of her mournful song,—
"I plucked that rose-bud from a grave."

Though day by day the maiden strove
To chase the gathering clouds away,
A phantom dark her spirit wove,
And still she breathed her sorrowing lay.

Above her fell the summer's gleam,
Around her sprung the fresh-lipped flowers,—
The brightness of her girlhood's dream
Was saddened in its early hours.

And gushing from her heart oppressed,
Her trembling lips the murmur gave—
"He bears in fondness on his breast
The rose I gathered from a grave."

On paced the year; and when again,
With bursting song, and glancing wing,
And blushing flowers,—a joyous train,—
Came dancing forth the Queen of Spring,

Where flashed the early light along
The gardens of that blooming shore,
The gentle maiden's mournful song
Was melting from her lips no more.

There came a youth from o'er the wave,
A rose's withered leaves to strew,
In grief, upon an early grave,
Fast by the sod where first they grew. H. E. G.

LIFE.

BY MRS. LYDIA JANE PIERSON.

LIKE a strain of melody
Gushing from an angel's lyre,
With a wild and tuneful wail,
Breaking from the quivering wire;

Ruffling, with a viewless wing,
One small billow of the air,
Then, with cadence of a sigh,
Passing no one knoweth where.

Such is life, and even so
Passeth it from earth away;
Where it findeth place of rest,
Echo cometh not to say.

Yet, Faith heaveth from a shore,
Which no venturous foot hath trod,
Floods of perfect melody
Living round the throne of God.

THE SERVANT GIRL.

Translated from the German.

BY DR. ROBERT ARTHUR.

Anna Neukamp became an orphan whilst she was yet a child. War brings suffering of the most frightful kind, even to those who have no property to lose, whose limbs are too weak to bear the musket, or to use the sabre. Dark spirits follow the hostile crowd; where the fields are laid waste, where the brand has made heaps of ashes out of houses, where loathsome vapors rise up from the heaps of bodies on the battlefield, there they alight and steal upon the wretched straw of the destitute, who have been plundered of all, save their bare lives, and breathe upon them—their breath is fever. And old men and youths, matrons and maidens, fall victims, till the church yard is too narrow to contain their bodies, and towns and villages are desolated. Anna's parents were day laborers in a Saxon village; French soldiers had been quartered in their hut; stragglers, just dismissed from the hospital, had compelled them to give them lodging, robbed them of every thing of the least value they could find, and as a guest-present, left them the fever. Without physician, without nurse, without any soul near them, except their infant, weeping for hunger, they lay upon their wretched straw, now tormented with a burning fever, now shaken with a freezing ague, till death took pity upon them. The hungry child, wearied with crying, had crept upon their straw, and leaning its little head against the cold cheek of its mother, had fallen asleep. In this condition was she found by the pastor of the village. He had seen many frightful things in those days of sorrow, but nothing had met his eye which moved him so much as this painful scene. He took the child in his arms and carried her to the parsonage. His own little family were partaking of a scanty meal.

"Where there is enough for four, a fifth may become satisfied," he said.

And his wife understood him. Anna remained at the parsonage.

The pastor was a man of honor, in the best meaning of the term; pious and faithful, free from hatred toward those whose belief did not accord with his own, without that spirit of jealousy in which so many ministers of the present day indulge; free from that disgusting arrogance, which induce some men to believe themselves able to point out the future destiny of every one. He was mild, gentle and of unbending integrity; displaying in these stormy times a courage in the performance of his duties which no danger could subdue.

In the house of this man the child of the laborers was brought up. It is not uncommon for destitute orphans to be adopted and reared in the families of strangers. In old times they had a peculiar method of bringing up young princes in the straight path; a

youth was chosen and educated with the young scion of royalty; and when the prince neglected his task, blotted his writing book, or committed any other misdemeanors, his companion received the flagellation for the little pillar of the church and state, and it was believed that the latter was thereby punished. This method of princely education is now sometimes practised in those families whose benevolence has induced them to adopt orphans. Their own children are faultless; the orphans are their scape-goats. In this manner are these young souls pierced with the sting of neglect, for the heart of a child feels as keenly the bitterness of neglect, and unkind treatment, and injustice, as those who are grown up, and shadows darken the whole of their future lives. Anna was spared this pain, for the good parson was too kind and just to treat her differently from his own children. When her parents died, Anna was an unconscious child, and she did not know that the parsonage was not her birth place, and that the noble pastor and his good wife were not her own father and mother.

Anna was eight years old when peace came. It would be better with them, the parson had often said, consolingly, from week to week and from month to month, during the continuance of the war, if they were only to have peace. Peace had now come, but the countries which had been so long the scene of war, had to suffer many after-pains, before they could enjoy its blessings; to bear the want of money, an oppressive and long-continued scarcity, and the burden of disappointed hope. The parson had been compelled not only to bring his own family through the war, but, in assisting those of his flock, who had been entirely impoverished, he had been compelled to contract debts, and now with the peace came the necessity of discharging these debts. The parson used his utmost exertions to sustain his family, and to be just toward his creditors.

In this hard struggle for the barest necessities of life, many years passed away, and the parson was engaged one beautiful spring morning in his poor little study, with a sad employment. He had received from the war office, the list of those who were killed in battle, or who had met death in the hospital, during the campaign of 1815; this list had been detained long beyond its time, and he was now engaged in transcribing the names of those of his little flock, who had lost their lives in the service of their country, into the parish record. All those whose names were contained in the sad list before him, he had baptised and educated, and the old man was often compelled to wipe away the quick tears which started to his eyes.

"William Kunz," he repeated to himself, half aloud; "I have seldom met with a youth of such good

natural ability; if he could have studied he would have become distinguished, perhaps, as a prudent, enterprising merchant; but before he was scarce strong enough to shoulder a musket, he followed the drum amongst the Prussian volunteers. And now am I compelled to write, 'Shot at Belle-Alliance, June 18th, 1815.' The Lord be merciful to them. Poor youths! they have fallen in the effort to free their fatherland from the yoke of a stranger. From such a battle-field, it is my firm belief that the way leads straight to heaven. Who was it that once said, seriously, as he stood surrounded by coffins: '*Beati qui requiescunt*,' they are happy, for they rest! But to us, who yet remain upon earth, what a constant warfare is our portion, what a restless striving after existence!"

At this moment the door was opened and Anna, with a newspaper in her hand, entered the room. She was much agitated—she grasped the hands of the parson, pressed it to her lips, and her hot tears fell upon the hand of the honest man.

"What ails you, Anna?" asked he in astonishment.

"Yesterday, Mr. Wallmann, whilst I was putting your room in order—"

"Mr. Wallmann, your room; what means this language, between father and daughter?"

She wept more bitterly, for a moment, and then recovering herself—

"I found the parish register open, and knowing there were no secrets in it, I turned over the leaves to see our family register. I found the names of Ernst, Edward, Maria, William, and opposite to each, your words: 'This dear child have I, their father, pastor of this church, baptized.' I then found, at a later date, November 3d: 'John and Wilhelmina Neukamp, husband and wife, died of nervous fever, and I, Karl Cristoph Wallmann, pastor of this church, have taken their only child, Anna, two years and four months old into my house, and adopted her as my daughter.' I am not your child, and yet I am your child with all the ties which bind children to parents, or youth to old age."

"You are, and shall always remain so."

"Yes, but I will leave the dear home: I will now soon be eighteen years old; long have I felt with you; well do I know how much difficulty you find in procuring the necessaries of life for us, and how dark and unpromising the future stands before us. Of one care, at least, I will lighten you."

She then showed the pastor an advertisement in the newspaper, she had in her hand. He took the paper and read:

S—, May 19th, 18—.

The widow of the former constable of the Castle of the Grand-Duke, in this place, Frederika Ritter, wishes to take into her service a young girl of respectable parentage. The terms will be good, and the service light. A girl of this class, who is willing to hire out, will make application at No. 19 Oldcastle street.

"Hire out!" said the parson; "a hateful word when used amongst human beings. But, Anna, in what way does this advertisement interest you?"

"It is my intention to enter into the service of Madame Ritter."

"Thou, my child!"

"Yes, I," and the tears flowed again more plenti-

fully than before; "ought I not to be ashamed to sit, peacefully, with my hands folded in my lap, and see you struggling so hard, amidst trials and vexations, to furnish us with the merest necessities? Ernst, my eldest brother, ah! let me still call him so, will go, at Easter, to the university, and will become a pastor like you, and will be like you; Edward and William have chosen their future occupations; will not these things make new demands upon you, and require you to make new sacrifices. Maria can render her mother all necessary assistance in the household duties, and am not I superfluous—a burden—whilst I am young, and strong, and able to support myself?"

"And shall I let you leave me, shall I send out into the world, the inexperienced child—my child—and expose her where folly and seduction are but too ready to take advantage of youth!"

"I am your child, and you have bestowed that upon me which no one shall take from me: honor and pride in a pure name."

"Well, it shall be as you wish; but this house shall be a paternal home to you, and the door shall always be gladly opened, when you sue for admittance. God grant that I may always receive you with this pure soul unstained."

The pastor made inquiries about the lady who wished to hire "a young girl of respectable parentage," and learned that the widow of the constable Ritter was a wealthy, elderly lady, who lived in a very retired manner, with her son, a man between thirty and forty years of age, an officer of the revenue. With this information, Anna and her foster-father set out for the town, which was a good many miles from her native village. On arriving there, they found Oldcastle street in a very retired quarter, and the high, serious looking houses, stretched along either side. When they reached No. 19, the pastor rang the bell, and the door was opened by an old lady, dressed in very simple style.

"I wish to speak to Madam Ritter," said Mr. Wallmann.

"Mrs. Constable Ritter," said the lady, correcting him, and drawing herself up, with dignity; "I am the lady—with whom have I the honor?"

The pastor immediately announced the object of his visit; Anna, timidly and modestly, promised to do all in her power, to contribute to the comfort of Mrs. Constable Ritter, and the lady "hired" her. It was agreed that she should remain, and that her duties should immediately commence.

"Her papers are in order, I suppose?" asked the matron; "for order, Mr. Wallmann, order governs the world. Our police are justly severe, and they must know of all who come into the town, who and whence they are, and where they were baptised, their name and business, and object in coming to the town, and what faith they profess; any living being resident here, with whom the police is not perfectly acquainted, is regarded as an enemy of the authorities. So your papers, if you please."

The pastor handed them to her. He then turned to Anna, laid his hand upon the blonde hair of the maiden, whilst soft words of blessing flowed from his lips. She wept bitterly; he kissed her and, unable

to conceal the painful agitation by which he was moved, he left the house, so quickly, that the polite lady, who desired to accompany him to the door, could not keep pace with him.

"The pastor is not over polite," growled Mrs. Constable Ritter; "very little grace! for the rest, it is the old story of country parsons: many books, many children, and little money."

Anna stepped upon her new path with the best will in the world. From her youth up she had been accustomed, in the house she had regarded as that of her parents, to strict order, and that quiet but effective method of labor which gives to the simplest house so great a charm of comfort; it was not difficult or irksome to perform the duties now imposed upon her. The manner of the lady toward her was not at all friendly. It is true that she seldom scolded Anna, who was apt, punctual, and active; but she never had a word of praise for the young girl, or a word of thanks for her zeal, or for the alacrity with which she performed her duties. She learned, from the papers which the pastor had given her, and which she had at once carefully searched, that Anna was not only not the daughter of Mr. Wallmann, but that she was the child of laborers,—“mere common people”! She did not, therefore, think it her duty to treat her with that consideration which would have been demanded of her toward the daughter of “respectable parents,” towards a parson’s daughter; she was the girl’s “mistress,” she had “hired” her, and keenly enough did she make Anna feel this fact. How bitterly did Anna weep, when she found herself alone in her room on the first evening of her service. Raised in a family, where the friendship of those who composed it, and benevolence toward all men, was made a duty, she scarcely knew that there existed forms of speech, every expression of which made the dependant painfully conscious of humiliation. The tone and manner with which her employer commanded her to attend to her duties, wounded the maiden deeply. When she was bid to go to bed, she wished the lady, kindly, a “good night,” as was the custom at the parsonage. At the words, Mrs. Ritter rose from the softly-cushioned arm-chair, in which she was sitting, and said, indignantly:

“Anna, once for all, I forbid you to say ‘good night,’ to your mistress; it is very unseemly in a servant; it is a degree of familiarity which cannot be permitted. In future, you shall say in the evening, ‘I hope, humbly, that you may rest well,’ and in the morning you shall ask: ‘Has the lady Constable any commands?’ and then I will give orders about your duties for the day.”

The lady Constable! She was what is called a respectable woman, she had never done any thing remarkably bad—no one could say aught evil against her—but she had been educated in prejudice. She had been taught the most profound respect for what are called “good families,” and to distinguish between the different classes of society was a kind of religion with her. She was accustomed to look up humbly to those who occupied a higher position than herself, and to look down with contempt, and act with arrogance, toward all who were poorer than herself; and under the influence of this hateful folly had her heart grown cold and hard. She contributed punc-

tually to the poor box, and did every thing which she regarded as her duty, but nothing farther; kind feeling, sympathy, or unselfish love toward her fellow creatures, had no place in her soul. She divided the world into four classes: the highest rulers, the nobility, people of rank, (in this class she placed herself, her late husband, her son, all officers under government, merchants and manufacturers) and “common people.” With the late constable, she lived in that highest state of peace in which one vain fool may live with another: for, although it was difficult to imagine, her husband’s imperiousness and self-conceit exceeded even her’s. Both were natives of the little capital which is the scene of our story; her father had been chief cook to his highness, the late Duke, and his father had been chamberlain of his late highness; both, therefore, had had the privilege of being in intimate relationship to the person of his late most blessed highness! When the elder Ritter had begun to be incapacitated for his office, by the approaches of old age, the younger Ritter had received the appointment of “adjunct chamberlain” to his most blessed highness, and then led home, as his bride, Mademoiselle, the daughter of the chief cook; he afterward became constable of the castle, and died whilst he was yet a young man. His widow always wept, when she related how, on the seventh Sunday after his death: “I felt, at last, that it was necessary that I should take the fresh air, and walked out. On the ramparts I met the senechal, who has now been dead twenty-one years, and as this gentleman saw me, with eyes weakened with the many tears I had shed, he said: ‘You are right to weep, Madam Ritter, your husband was a model of a servitor, and his highness will never be able so well to supply the place of constable, which his lamented decease has left vacant.’”

For her son William, Mrs. Ritter had the greatest affection; for, at the early age of twenty years, he was copyist at the exchequer, in his twenty-fifth year he was clerk, in the same department, and, in his thirtieth year, the duke himself, had appointed him paymaster of the exchequer, with the title of commissary.

“So important a place, with so good an income and such a beautiful title! I am indeed a fortunate mother!” the lady Constable was accustomed to say.

Without the title and income, she had reason to call herself a fortunate mother. William Ritter was an honest man; one of those quiet souls who place the most severe restrictions upon themselves, and toward others are mild and charitable. He was a tender, loving son, a faithful and diligent officer, thoughtful of his friends, and ready to sacrifice himself for them; assiduous in the cultivation of his mind, and highly sensible of every thing beautiful and sublime.

“You have only one fault, my son,” his mother often said to him. “You do not sufficiently appreciate the dignity of your position, and the favor in which you stand with his highness, who has entrusted you with such an important office, and given you such a beautiful title. And you still such a young man! Commissary! how beautifully it sounds. Ah! if your blessed father could only have lived to be present when the messenger from the exchequer brought you the appointment. But you do not seem to derive so much pleasure from it.”

"I take pleasure in the duties of my office, notwithstanding, dear mother. Our country is small, it is true, but it is one of the happiest in all Germany. That our duke is an upright man, no one knows better than I, who am his paymaster. He squanders no money on pageants and parades, on court-parasites, or dancing-girls; but his treasury is never closed to those who have, in battle, exposed their lives for their country; where poverty presses down real talent, there is his help near; citizens and peasants, all under his jurisdiction, find his ear ever open to their complaints; and the many school-houses which he has caused to be built, will be a more blessed remembrance of him, than all the pageantry of the world could leave behind. And how many an abuse is it our duty to root out, and how many things do we find it our duty to alter and improve? Our duke is an honorable man, and from my heart I love to serve him." As to the title, that is a matter of indifference to me; of what consequence is it whether I am called commissary or clerk?"

He pitied Anna, who suffered much from the temper and domineering disposition of his mother; and generously took pains to endeavor to compensate for his mother's unpleasant haughtiness by his friendly manner. Anna had been three months in the house, and during that time William had not spoken to her except to request her to do such little things for him as her duty required of her, for which he never failed to thank her.

One Sunday morning his mother had scolded Anna severely about a mere trifle, and he saw the maiden struggle hard to repress the tears. He found a pretext to escape accompanying his mother to church, as was his habit; and when she had gone he went down into the kitchen, where Anna was engaged preparing the dinner, and said to her:

"Anna, I am often sorry that my mother is not more friendly toward you; but do not take it so much to heart; she does not mean badly, and when she scolds you must remember that she does not give you pain alone, but it gives me pain that she is not kinder to you."

Without waiting for an answer he left her. But his mild words had brought comfort into Anna's heart, for she now knew that the serious, quiet man, sympathized with her, and disapproved of the haughty unfeelingness of his mother.

In this manner he often consoled and encouraged the young maiden; for Anna's gentle, sweet disposition, greatly interested him. She had been instructed by her second father in many things which elevate and ennoble the mind; and the natural capacity of the maiden made the efforts of the good pastor fruitful. Like William she was acquainted with our great poets, and had a deep and heart-felt appreciation of all the beautiful and elevating in their works. William often gave her books, which she secretly read, and he was astonished when he questioned her with regard to what she read, to find that she so readily comprehended. How very different was this slender, beautiful maiden, with her long, simply braided, blonde hair, with her soft blue eyes, her handsome, serious features, and well shaped figure, with her modest, sensible conversation, how very different was she from many of the officers' daughters of the little

capital, from amongst whom Mrs. Constable Ritter would have so much loved to select a wife for her son. How fully these maidens seemed to be interested in their millinery; and, when such topics as the late novel, or the new opera singer, or a new actor, or the gossip of the town, was discussed, how much at a loss were they for subjects of conversation; and, above all, how offensive was their sinful pride.

Anna had been two years in the house of Mrs. Constable Ritter, when she received a letter, sealed with black, from her native village. The noble man, to whom she owed protection, education and the formation of her character, had been called away from the circle of his earthly labors, in which he had so faithfully executed his duties.

"His death," wrote her foster mother, "was worthy of his noble life; gently and peacefully he fell asleep in his Father's arms. His departure was much lightened by knowing that his children were all in a way of providing for themselves, and all following the path of duty. Ernst, who has almost completed his studies, has the promise of a place, as private tutor, in the family of Count H. Edward is engaged, on very favorable terms, in a Hamburg house, at Marseilles. William fills a situation as clerk, in the establishment of a bookseller in Frankfurt-on-the-Main; and our dear Maria, as her blessed father lately wrote to you, is the betrothed of the honest forester of our place. It is my intention to spend the few remaining years of my widowhood with the young people. The father, in his last moments, expressed strong interest in you, but with the conviction that your virtue and faithfulness would yet place you in an honorable and happy station. And, as he blessed his children, he blessed you; for you have ever, like our own children, filled a place close to our hearts. May the blessing of him who has run his earthly career bring thee prosperity!"

Anna had now become accustomed to tell to the man who sympathized with her so sincerely, all that occurred to give her joy or grief. William learned from her this occurrence, too, which moved her so deeply; but he did not know that she went to her little savings-box, and took from it all that she had been enabled to lay by during the two years she had been in service. The little sum was enclosed in the sad letter which she wrote to her foster-mother; and, indeed, it came in good time, for the widow had concealed from her that the good pastor's death had left her and her daughter almost destitute.

The twelfth of September was William's birthday. His mother had made him many presents; a huge cake was on the table, and, according to an old custom, there were as many lights standing by it as corresponded to William's age, which was now eight and thirty.

"You are thirty-eight years of age, William."

"Yes, dear mother, I am growing old."

"That I am not disposed to admit; it is a fine age for a man, but rather too great for a bachelor. How I should love to see you united to the daughter of the chief court cook, the beautiful Emilia. She has lately given me reason to believe that you are not indifferent to her."

"Nor my salary; nor my title," answered William, drily. "Yes, I will marry," continued he, gaily, "for I love a beautiful, good, and excellent maiden, by whom, I dare believe, I am valued, not for my money, nor for my title, but for myself; true and faithful, she would share with me deprivation, want, and danger, as she shall now the prosperity and wealth which the Lord has lavished upon me far beyond my deserts."

"And this maiden is—"

"Our Anna."

"Anna! Our servant girl! My son smitten with a servant girl, brought up, out of charity, by a poor country parson! Ugh! the shame which my degenerate child will bring upon my grey hairs!"

In vain did William call to his aid all the arguments which reason opposes to pride, justice to prejudice, truth to blindness, to convince his mother that poverty was no shame; that nothing is degrading but vice and crime; that nothing truly brings honor but the performance of duty, virtue, and faithful efforts toward the formation of the soul, to enable it to fulfil its destiny; and, to him, Anna was all this. Vainly! It is difficult, indeed, to conquer a heart encased in the mail of pride, and contempt of its fellows.

"Take her, take her," was her only answer. "I cannot prevent it; but take, also, my curse, as a marriage portion; and, if you marry the girl, you may prepare to follow my body to the grave, for I shall not survive that day of shame!"

On the day after this scene, which produced so much discord between him and his mother, William was sitting, gloomy and silent, at the dinner table, when his friend, the director of the exchequer, came in, and desired to speak with him. When he had taken his departure, William said to his mother:

"Some secret business of the prince, to be entrusted with which confers honor upon me, will require me to make a journey which will keep me absent for some time. Farewell, mother, and let me hope, when I return, to find you more kindly disposed toward me, for I feel, deeply, that I love this maiden, that she is intended for me, and that she will make my life peaceful and happy."

"Does Anna know that you have any intention of raising her to be your wife?"

"She has clear perception, and a warm heart, which have surely told her that she is loved."

"But you have not spoken to her of your determination?"

"No. I desired, first, that the obstacles which your foolish pride—your erroneous methods of thinking," he said, mildly, correcting himself, "I knew would oppose to our union, should be removed. Let me find you, when I return, what you have, heretofore, always been, a kind mother. Farewell."

"Return, what you have always been, a good, dutiful son. Farewell."

The old woman quickly formed her plans. She knew a farmer living upon some property belonging to a nobleman, which was distant from the capital, and was situated several miles from the highway; to the care of this man she determined to send the maiden, so as to remove her from the eyes of her son. She believed that, if the girl were sent away,

she could regain all her power over William, or, at least, find it easier to banish from his heart a passion which her prejudices made her think degrading. She bade Anna pack up her things, telling her that she intended taking a journey during the absence of her son. The bundle of the maiden was soon tied up, and she stepped, with her mistress, into a carriage which was then brought out. They traveled the whole day, and stopped at the house of the farmer above alluded to. William's mother had a long and secret conversation with the farmer and his wife, and, when this was ended, she called Anna and told her that it was not her intention to take her back to town, as she had here provided her with a good place. She cut off Anna's attempt to object with,

"I wish it to be so, and, believe me, I have your welfare in view in requiring you to take this step."

In fourteen days William returned. During his absence two letters had come for him, but his mother had broken the seals, read them, and thrown them in the fire—they were from Anna. He had been entrusted with some business of importance, which required tact and intelligence to manage, but which he had successfully accomplished. William, therefore, stepped from the carriage, at his mother's door, light of heart. But a strange girl opened the door.

"Where is Anna?" asked he, of his mother.

"I have sent her away, and you will never learn where she is."

He answered not a word, but gave his mother such a look, that, in the depths of her soul, she shuddered.

On the next morning he rose very early, and when his mother brought him his breakfast, she perceived that he had already written a great deal. He had prepared a detailed account of his proceedings, in effecting the business upon which he had been absent, and this lay before him. Mrs. Ritter was about to retire, silently, but William said:

"Wait a moment," and took up a sheet of paper. "You will not tell me where Anna is?"

"In another's service."

"And you will never give me your consent to marry Anna?"

"Never!"

"Listen then." And he read as follows:

"To the Director of the Exchequer.

Most honored sir,

"I lay claim to all your friendly feelings toward me in asking a favor of you. I wish my immediate dismissal from the service of the duke. Permit me to withhold my reasons for taking this step, and receive my heart-felt assurances that I shall always remember with pleasure the year when I was allowed to dedicate my abilities to the service of so benevolent and upright a man as our duke. I desire to leave the capital to-day, and trust to your goodness to have my dismissal despatched without delay to Ostend, where I shall expect it."

"Now, mother, let me add a word to this letter. You have sent Anna away from me, and threatened me with your curse if I should marry her. What is there to prevent me from searching after her, from town to town, and from village to village? What would prevent me, when I had found her—and I

would find her—from taking her to the nearest church, and making her my wife? What would prevent me from doing these things? You threaten me with your curse, and I, opposing passion to passion, could bring her into this house, which is our common property. But no! even if you heap endless sorrow upon my head, I will not forget that you are my mother, and that you loved me, from the first moment my eyes opened upon the light, till the day when your pride became stronger than your love. But I will leave this city and this country. I have read you my application for a dismissal from office; you know that I have laid up some thousands of dollars, and, to-day, I will start for France,—where I go, indeed, is indifferent to me! I give you two years for reflection, but, as truly as the Lord in heaven lives, I will not give up the maiden. When I return, if you give me your consent, I will remain, and, no matter how hardly I shall be compelled to labor for my bread, I shall do it cheerfully. If you do not consent—but, no, in two years your pride will be extinguished, and you will again be my good mother.”

“In two years reason will have returned—your madness will have passed away, and you will thank me for having prevented you from taking a step which would have made us objects of ridicule to the whole town. But you have given up your office, then, and with it the respect which men have entertained for you. ‘There goes the fool,’ it will be said, ‘who madly threw away his office; he will soon gladly be copyist again!’”

William made no reply. He dressed himself, and packed up a few necessary articles for his journey.

“In Ostend I shall await my dismissal. In two years, mother, if it is the will of Providence, we shall see each other again.”

Anna had written twice to William Ritter, but these letters were intercepted and destroyed by his mother. The poor girl had complained of her troubles to the man in whom she had so long confided. The family in which she had been thrust was rude and insolent. In Mrs. Ritter's pride was a species of cunning, which she had exercised upon these people, who followed her wishes with disgusting pleasure. The farmer was a sot, and his wife the most vulgar of her sex. Five wild and savage children grew up around them, following closely the example of their parents. Anna spent here weeks and months of suffering and wretchedness. One source of consolation was all that sustained her—William had not answered her letters, but her confidence in his noble, benevolent spirit, remained unshaken. She had written to her foster-mother, but this letter, too, remained unanswered. Where could she look for help? It was so difficult to find a good place; and how, indeed was she to live whilst she attempted to find one. The little sum of money which she had saved, during her service with Mrs. Ritter, she had sent, on the death of her foster-father, to his widow. And if she left this place, how would William find her again? She was certain that he would seek her,

for he sympathized so deeply with her, and she now felt assured that he loved her. And, with all the strength of which her pure soul was capable, she loved the gentle, noble man. In this way, patiently hoping, she endured a year,—as youth rests so trustingly in hope, why should she despair?

But harder trials yet were laid upon her. On the birthday of the youngest child, the favorite of the farmer, he had presented him with a bright ducat; at bed-time the ducat could not be found. All the rest of the people except Anna had been out in the fields all day, and the farmer's wife, without the least hesitation, accused her of having stolen the ducat. Her denials were taken for audacity, and, in the morning, she was sent to the assessor, whence she was dragged to prison. The assessor was a brother of the farmer's wife, and, like her, before a question was asked, was convinced of Anna's guilt.

“The wretch,” said his sister, angrily, “always held herself so high—would always be so fine. Her former mistress told me that she had saved money. What has become of it? It is squandered. First she squandered her own money, and now has she stolen that of her employers.”

Her brother immediately believed all that was told him, and half accuser, half judge, he used every means to force Anna into a confession of her guilt; she was thrust into a dark, wet prison, with foul straw for a bed, and the dread of corporeal punishment, and even starvation, was held up to her, to force her to confess that she had committed the theft of which she was accused.

How many curses rest upon such things as these? We have seen strong men, who, become weak and almost shadows, after a solitary confinement for months in such a prison, confess any thing which might be required. She desired to be permitted to write to Ernst, the eldest son of her foster-father, who could testify to her honesty and her blameless life.

“It is unnecessary,” sneered the assessor. “The candidate is living only a few miles from here, on the place of Count —, and I spoke to him day before yesterday about you. When I told him that you were ever speaking of him, he said his late father had something else to do than to adopt beggars' children, and that he did not feel disposed to give himself any trouble about a thief.”

Anna appealed to the Commissary Ritter of the Capital, who, she said, would testify to her honesty—but in vain.

And again the poor girl sat alone—entirely alone, for many long weeks in her miserable dungeon, into which the light of day scarcely penetrated. If she made a confession, she would be put into the house of correction, amongst those who might more than simply bear the name of human beings. She had already been threatened with blows if she persisted in her falsehood; and when she saw the beadle, prepared to perform his frightful office, she confessed herself guilty of a crime of which she was entirely innocent.

She was then condemned to four years imprisonment in the house of correction, and signed a paper acknowledging the sentence to be just—by this means cutting off all appeal to a higher court.

The door of the house of correction opened to receive her in her twenty-first year.

William found a letter in Ostend, from the director of the exchequer. The worthy man wrote that he could not bring himself to make application for the desired dismissal from service, but that he had procured him leave of absence for two years—with this he hoped William would be the more readily satisfied, as the duke had expressed himself much pleased with the manner in which he had accomplished the late important business with which he had been entrusted, and that speedy promotion was almost certain.

"A little while ago," thought William, with a smile, "how much pleasure would advancement, in the favor of so good a man as our duke, have rendered me;—but now—now, Anna fills all my thoughts."

At the same time he received a letter from his mother, who begged him to give up his foolish purpose, and come back to her. He answered her briefly, that he would never renounce his love, but that he would leave her two years for reflection, during which time no one at home should know whither he had gone.

And so he travelled two years in Holland, the south of Germany, in France and Switzerland—and then he longed to return to his home.

"My mother's inborn folly has abated," he would say to himself, daily; "she is too good a woman to allow it so long to influence her;—my absence has extinguished her pride—she has become milder, and will no longer be jealous of my happiness."

And she received him with the fullness of a mother's love—all was forgiven and forgotten!

"I have lately seen the director of the exchequer," she said, "and he told me his highness would be much pleased to see you,—your leave of absence expires to-morrow, and you can at once re-enter upon the duties of your office. In a half year you may expect to occupy a post of distinguished honor."

"And Anna," said William—"I can at last call her mine?"

His mother painted Anna's offence in glowing colors.

"She was bad and false at heart, or she would never have ensnared you in the manner she did."

There is no more bitter trial, than to see a loved being under the yoke of shame and disgrace. William bore this trial like a man who is convinced of the worth of his love.

"She is innocent," answered he, when his mother had finished her relation; "Anna is innocent. They have afflicted, and misused, and tortured the poor soul till she has confessed herself guilty; but I cannot die in peace, till I have saved her."

William's first step was to go to the director, who had given him so many proofs of his friendship, and acquaint him, fully, with the reasons why, two years before, he had asked his dismissal from service, and the misfortune which had befallen the maiden of his choice.

"She is innocent," he said, as he concluded his story; "she *must* be innocent. "For ten years I lived alone with my mother, thinking of my labors and my duties, only; then this beautiful, noble being came into our house. I learned to know a cultivated and strong spirit, a steadfast, capable mind. I loved this rare maiden,—and could I have thrown away my heart and my best feelings upon a thief! No, it is impossible."

The director showed deep sympathy for the misfortune which rested so heavily upon William, and immediately procured him permission to see Anna, in the house of correction, where she had been placed, free from the presence of witnesses.

The house of correction was situated some miles from an old town, near the little capital, in a desert, comfortless region. When William produced the paper which gave him permission to visit Anna, the director of the place, an old man with hard features and a severe expression of countenance, said,

"I have filled this post now for twenty-seven years, and I have never before seen such a criminal as this one. The maiden, it is stated, has stolen, but, if it were not put down so on the record, I never should believe it, for she is far too good and modest. The most hardened creatures in the place respect her, and allow her to speak to them and rebuke them for their rudeness. It is really cruel. Well; she has no complaint to make of me, for I have treated her well."

Anna was brought into the reception room. At sight of William, she was, for a moment, speechless; and then crimson blushes shed themselves over her serious, pale face. But she quickly recovered herself,

"I have no cause to blush," said she, with a steady voice, "I am innocent. The Lord be praised that I see you again! Yes, in the most sorrowful nights, when the spectre of shame hovered over my wretched couch, and frightened sleep from my wet eye, the thought of you saved me from despair. There is *one*, I have said to myself a thousand times, who will bear me in extremity—who will not forsake me. Ernst, the eldest son of my benefactor, he with whom I have grown up, scorning the memory of his noble father, turned away from me. I implored the widow of my foster-father to receive me; her son-in-law, the forester, forbade his wife and mother to take a thief into his house. Without hearing me they condemned me. But I still hoped; I relied upon the noblest of men—upon you."

For the first time in his life William felt proud; the thoughts of the confidence and love which he had inspired, caused his heart to beat strongly against its walls.

"And your confidence shall not have deceived you. Anna. Do you know why I left my home, and wandered restless, joyless, through strange countries? Because I loved you, and felt that you must be mine, and the foolish pride of my mother stepped between us. She tore you from our house—I would have searched for you, and would have found you; but she threatened me with her curse, and I could not bear to have a mother's curse marring the harmonies of our marriage jubilee. I wished to give her time to subdue her pride; I wished to see her alarmed into condescension by a lonely life without me. You were distant, I knew not where; but I did not deem any explanation with you necessary; I had confidence in you—I knew you—I knew that you loved me—I knew that your faithfulness required no promise—no betrothal to make you steadfast.—I knew that, with love in your heart for me, you could never give yourself to another; for you are pure and noble as the pearl in the depths of the ocean. Ah! in my simple and well-disposed life, I never once suspected that human beings were capable of such villainy. And the flood

of their villainess has seized you, my noble pearl, and cast you into this den of wretchedness. But I hasten to rescue you, and happy and making happy, you shall now become mine."

And he listened whilst she related to him how she had suffered in the dark prison, and from the threats which had been held up before her.

"Two letters which I wrote you, remained unanswered; I did not doubt you, but suspected that enemies were between us. And I expected when I came before the judge, to find justice; but when I saw the beadle standing ready to inflict the dreaded punishment, I confessed what you already know."

"Freedom and honor, in the eyes of the world, shall again be yours. The Duke regards me with favor; I could have gone to him, and to-day held your pardon in my hands. But no! wo to those who have misused my betrothed. My betrothed! There is no lady in the land whose name shall be purer than hers, and the villainess of her persecutors, and her innocence, shall become clear as day."

On the same evening, after his interview with Anna, he called upon the most celebrated lawyer of the country, and laid the case in detail before him. When he had heard all, he shook his head.

"The poor girl has confessed to the theft; the sentence is legal, and no appeal is left to a higher court. I would advise you to sue for a pardon."

"Never! never! She is my betrothed, and I will not cease to strive till her innocence becomes as clear as the noon-day."

The record of Anna's case was procured from the judge who had sentenced her. All was here in the most beautiful order—the confession, and the renunciation of all right of further defence—but not one word was said of the long imprisonment, of the threats, or the beadle, whip in hand.

Mrs. Ritter felt pity for her son, who was now so full of trouble. The voice of conscience now spoke more loudly within her heart than her old pride; and she was compelled to acknowledge to herself that she was very guilty,—that she had done very wrong in placing the maiden so craftily in the power of the rude peasant family, and of having intercepted her letters so fraudulently, and of looking on so indifferently when her son left his home. The enormities paid to her son by the director of the exchequer, for the efforts he was making to establish the maiden's innocence, contributed no little to render her milder.

"If the maiden is really innocent," she at last promised the director, "and is set free by the duke, I will no longer oppose William's union with her."

Some days after the interview with Anna, he was at the director's, with the lawyer he had chosen to prosecute the case, where they had met to confer about the most suitable measures to be taken to prosecute further researches. After they had talked a long time together, the lawyer was called out upon some pressing business, and the director left the room for a little while. William was very fond of children, and he went into the nursery to see his little friends. As he came in, the youngest son of the director asked his sister, who was older than himself, to tell him a story.

"Do tell him one, Emma," said William, with a smile; "I, too, like to hear pretty stories."

And the child related the following:

"Many hundred years ago, there lived in an old town a bishop, who was a pious, benevolent man. He had a great church, with a high tower, from which you could see far, far around the country; and a poor-house. And the bishop used to go up on the top of the tower, and look down on all the country below him; and when he saw any body with bad clothes, or a beggar, he gave them new clothes, and fed the beggar. All the people who had no sons and daughters to work for them, lived in his poor-house, and the bishop took care of them as if they were his own parents, and he was their own son. But the bishop had one great failing; he had a very hasty temper, and did many a thing in an angry moment, of which he afterwards repented bitterly, with fasting and prayer. The bishop had a black raven, which he loved very much; and the raven could talk, and said, every morning, 'Good morning, my lord bishop,' and every evening, he said, 'Good night, my lord bishop.' And the bishop had also a young page, whom he loved better than the polite raven; he was the son of his best friend, who had lost his life in battle in the east. The bishop entrusted to his care all his golden chains, and rings, and precious stones. Once he commanded the page to take out all these precious things, and clean them. When the page brought them back to lock them up in the great chest, where they belonged, the bishop said, 'What have you done with my most beautiful ring, Lewis? the one which the emperor, on his death-bed, gave me?' But the ring was not to be found. 'Miserable wretch, you have stolen it,' cried the bishop, 'and you shall pay for it with your life!' and he called his halberdier, and commanded him to cut off the thief's head. In spite of the lamentations of the page, and his protestations of innocence, and his prayers for his young life, the halberdier seized him and cut off his head. The next morning, when the bishop went up to his tower with his raven, the raven suddenly left his side and flew upon the roof of the tower. The bishop looked after him with surprise. High above him the raven alighted, and searched for something among the tiles, and at last picked up something, shining, with his bill. The bishop recognized the ring, on account of which he had taken the page's young life; the raven had stolen it and hid it in the roof. Then the bishop grew pale, as if a hundred voices cried in his ear, 'murder!'"

William listened no longer—from the mouth of the child he had learned a way in which Anna's innocence might possibly be shown. It might be with her even as it was with the page of the impetuous bishop. It had never been stated that she had given up the ducat which she had been accused of having stolen.

The night was spent by William in reflection. When the day dawned, he went, as quickly as horses could carry him, to the village where lived the farmer in whose house so much shameful suspicion had fallen upon Anna's head. The calmness, the sharp eye of the business man assisted the zeal of the lover. Above all he thought it essential to examine the child to whose unguarded expressions he was disposed to give much importance. He stopped the carriage before the school-house, and held a long conversation with the teacher. As soon as the school was called

after dinner, the schoolmaster called up before him little August, the youngest son of the farmer.

"Tell me," said he, "what did your father give you on your last birth-day?"

"A bright ducat, which Anna stole from me," answered the boy.

"And your mother?"

"Two doves," continued the child; "they sat in the dove-cote above our house. I played all day with the doves, and when it was almost evening, I went down and brought my bright ducat up, and showed it to the doves. But at bed-time I could n't find my ducat, and I cried very much. Mother and father said directly that the wicked Anna had stolen it. The ducat was so bright and beautiful; there was upon it a knight with a drawn sword in his hand; the year of the ducat was 1826, and my father said, 'See, August, the ducat is just as old as you are.' Mother and father sent off, at once, for my uncle, the assessor, and told him that Anna had stolen my ducat. Uncle promised mother that she should go to the work-house for it, and she is there now."

William had written down the boy's story, and, accompanied by the schoolmaster, he went to the magistrate, who had tried Anna and passed sentence upon her. He showed how wantonly he and the assessor had acted. The magistrate seemed disposed to answer haughtily.

"I am Commissary Ritter," said William, resolutely; "the maiden whom you have so maltreated, and whom I am firmly convinced is innocent, is my betrothed. The story of the boy I shall place to-morrow before his highness, the duke, and I shall also inform him that you refuse to grant me a search warrant, in order that I may make an effort to discover whether the ducat, which was supposed to have been stolen, may not have been lost by the child."

"I am ready to give you the search warrant," replied the magistrate, confusedly.

They hastened to the farmer's house, and went up immediately into the dove-cote. Never did a more fervent prayer go up to heaven than that which

rose from William's breast, that the innocence of his beloved one might now become apparent. He searched long, and tore up so hastily the flooring of the little cote, that his hands were wounded by the splinters and nails, and the blood ran freely from them. At last he saw something glittering in a corner, under the boards.

"Here, here, magistrate."

The magistrate stooped.

"It is a ducat."

William tore the piece of money from his hand.

"It is a Dutch ducat; here is an armed man, and here the date 1826. Take the affidavit at once. My Anna is innocent; her innocence is clear as day. The Lord be praised!"

The next number of the *S— Gazette*, contained an advertisement of the superior court of the little kingdom, to the effect that Anna Neukamp, who had been condemned to four years imprisonment for a petty larceny, was entirely innocent of the crime of which she was accused, and that the proceeding against her had been altogether illegal. The assessor and magistrate who had conducted this case, as entirely unworthy to fill their responsible office, had been dismissed from the service of the State. The suit for damages which Anna Neukamp had a right to institute against them, she had determined not to prosecute; and such generosity on the part of one who had been so deeply injured, was worthy of all esteem.

As William and Anna came from the church where they had just been united, William's mother threw herself, weeping, into Anna's arms:

"How deeply have I injured you—can I hope for pardon?"

"I know nothing more, now," answered Anna, "except that I can call the noblest and most faithful man on earth mine, and that you are his mother."

There was never a more happy marriage than that of William and Anna.

THE RUIN'D HEART.

BY MRS. LYDIA JANE PIERSON.

There is a noble temple which, of yore,

Was glorious with a sumptuous garniture
Of shining tapestry, embroider'd o'er

With overhanging magic portraiture:

All lovely and exalted things of earth,
Each bright with glory streaming from on high,
Shifting in beauty, as the volum'd folds
Were mov'd by breezes enrich'd with melody.

And there was wreathing up for evermore
Pure incense, from an altar of bright gold,
Where all sweet thoughts assembled to adore
And touch the sacred fire—with bliss untold.

Then, in that temple, all was light and joy;
And melody and beauty mingled there;—

Now come and look. How dark—how desolate—
How cold—how voiceless—all its chambers are!

Long since, the bitter waters of despair
Quench'd out the fire upon that altar stone;
And Mourning spread her pall of midnight there,
And Music died, in one low, quivering moan.

Yet oft at midnight, to the bolted door,
Sweet, pensive groups, of spirit memories come,
The dear, familiar faces, shadow'd o'er
With tender sadness by the twilight gloom.

They linger sadly round the ruin'd place,
And plead for entrance with a low, sweet tone;—
But that clos'd portal opens never more,
And Echo answers—I am here alone!

THE WIDOWED MOTHERS.

BY MISS S. A. HUNT.

"Ah! hush thee to slumber, my darling, and heaven bless thy sleep!" almost inaudibly murmured a weeping mother, as she bowed her face over her youngest treasure, and softly kissed the infant brow, which was half hid by the silken curls that caressed it; as she did so, a smile played dreamily over the features of the cherub slumberer, and even through her tears, the fond mother smiled also; but a sigh followed, and turning away from the little crib, she sought a seat by the window, and burying her face in her hands, yielded to the feelings that oppressed her. A boy of eight years hastened to her side, and essayed with his feeble power to give some comfort—twining his arms around her neck, he drooped his young head upon her shoulder, and said, with childish sympathy:

"Oh! mother, it breaks *my* heart too, when you cry. I do n't cry because I am hungry, but it is to see you. I will soon be a man, and then I'll support you and Amy both. You shan't work for those old, mean shops, where they do n't give you your money, when they promise you."

"Thank you, Freddy!" returned his mother. A faint smile stole over her countenance, for the words of her affectionate boy bade hope wreath the future with a garland of happiness. His tenderness, although it was that of a child, was peculiarly grateful to her desponding heart; it gave a purer and more cheerful turn to her feelings, and chiding herself for not remembering her joys amid her sorrows, she drew little Frederick more closely to her heart, and endeavored to lessen her sadness, by telling him tales which he delighted to hear. The stillness of a Sabbath evening was around them; the church bells had ceased their harmonious tolling; the clear beauty of the firmament, and the quiet influences that breathed of His purity, whose day it was, awakened in the mother's bosom a spirit of peace and trustfulness, which looked, for a brief time, beyond the clouds now lowering over her pathway. Little Frederick's bed-time came, and his mother was left entirely to her own thoughts, which took again a cast of deep sadness, although they were free from repining or bitterness. Freddy had gone to bed supperless, yet without complaint. Mrs. Franklin was a woman of refined and delicate feelings, and proud, in some respects, to sensitiveness; she had within two years been left a widow, with none to care for her orphans but herself; left alone in a strange city, whither her husband had removed but a few months before his death. Yielding to necessity, she sought and found employment in plain sewing, at which she was obliged to toil from daybreak until midnight, and then to retire, knowing that the scanty pittance thus wearily obtained, was insufficient for her wants. The day before that on which our story opens, she had been unable to get the sum due her, and the

delay had brought gaunt poverty before her shrieking sight more palpably than ever. The dawning light of a Sabbath morning, which steals serenely into so many hearts, broke over the care-worn mother, stirring a throb of wild anxiety. Before night came, the last food in the house was gone, and thoughts of begging darted across her mind, as her guileless Amy besought with infant importunity for bread; but pride checked the humbling thought, and she hushed the child to sleep amid her tears. She had no friends to appeal to,—the only persons with whom she was acquainted, were the family in the house, part of which she occupied. But so ungracious were the salutations, which she, "the poor widow, in the third story," received, when her rent was not promptly paid, that she dreaded to ask favors in that quarter. Thanking heaven for the oblivion of sleep, she sought her pillow. On the next morning she raised her weary head, with the strong determination of doing all she might to save herself and her helpless children from famine. Her natural independence would have impelled her almost to starve herself, before bending her head in thankful meekness to self-exulting charity givers; but there were those depending upon her, whose lives were far dearer than her own, and she dared not listen to the voice of that deep pride, which circumstances revealed to her in a stronger light than she had ever dreamed of,—it seemed to live in the very centre of her being, one powerful feeling, which only love for her children could cope with. Long and earnestly she prayed for strength from the Giver of All; mournfully her yearning gaze dwelt upon the innocent countenances of her sleeping children, and yet more than an hour went by, before the struggle in her mind would allow her to appeal to the family of her landlord for aid. At length Frederick awoke, and Amy opened her soft bright eyes, and asked in her musical, childish accents, for "breakfast."

"Yes, love!" briefly replied the anxious mother, half turning away her face, as she received the glad caress of the happy child. Leaving the children, she hastened down stairs, and knocked at the door of the much-dreaded Mrs. Brooks.

"Ah! Mrs. Franklin, walk in," said the lady, in a civil tone, as she opened the door. "Children well?" she continued, after looking a moment in the face of her visitor, which too plainly betrayed her anxiety.

"Pretty well!" was the answer; then with apparent composure was added, "I have a favor to ask of you, Mrs. Brooks."

Here the lady addressed hemmed, and called her little Tobias up to her, to tie his apron string; he twitched, because he said "ma near about choked his neck off." Ma then boxed his ears, and got him crying, which gave her ample scope for scolding and

shaking him, and running over the catalogue of her cares and trials.

"Really, Mrs. Franklin," she said, turning towards her again, "there is no one knows what I have to go through with every day of my life,—I sometimes think I shall go raving distracted; it is a miracle that I've kept my senses as long as I have. It was only yesterday that Stephen cut his hand dreadfully, and we had to have the doctor to dress it, for I was so nervous I could n't look at it, without screaming right out,—and last week Tobias stepped his little foot into a sauce-pan of hot water; Martha was holding some candy up high, so that he could not reach it. All these things I have to attend to, and there is hardly a minute of my life, that I can call my own. It wears me out! I suppose people think because Mr. Brooks is getting along very well in his business, and we own this house, that we are quite rich; but a large family like ours, has a thousand expenses, that a small family like yours can know nothing about. I often envy you your tranquillity!"

"Every heart knows its own bitterness!" answered Mrs. Franklin, with a sigh. "I have no one to share my cares with me—to provide for my wants, and give my children bread, or to—"

"Oh! as for that," interrupted Mrs. Brooks, "there is not much in that; for if a person has any energy, there is no danger but what a comfortable living may be made in a city like this. I know very well, that if I was left a widow, I could get along just as well as I do now. I often tell Mr. Brooks that he would have been wealthy years ago, if he had my management. Now, you see if Mr. Brooks should die—(dear, it would kill me, I know,)—but then, just supposing he should, why, I would let out a good many more rooms in this house, and would make money, besides getting my own rent clear—I could manage in a thousand ways, but he must always go in the beaten track; well, I suppose it is all right; there are few men like Mr. Brooks, I never saw any thing to complain of in him, in my life, and we've been married thirteen years next March!"

"If such is the case, you are an uncommonly fortunate woman," replied Mrs. Franklin, who had listened, attentively, to this long string of absurd remarks. She felt the disposition to look steadily and incredulously in the eyes of her contradictory landlady, but she only smiled slightly and politely, for she remembered that the dependent may hardly dare to be frank, even in the expression of their countenances, with those who may, or may not, raise them from want. "I have not yet done my errand," she continued, after a pause. "I was disappointed on Saturday in getting the money which was due me, and it has caused me great inconvenience. Can you lend me a few shillings until this afternoon?"

"Oh, dear! Mrs. Franklin, you have come to the wrong one for money. I hav n't got any change in the house; I should like to oblige you, but I can't do it."

The heart of the wretched widow seemed ready to break, at the cold, decided tone, in which these words were spoken. Crushing her pride, as she thought of her hungry children, she exclaimed, in an agitated manner.

"Oh! Mrs. Brooks, do not deny me this kindness; I will repay you this afternoon!"

"How can I give you money, if I hav n't got any in the house?" sharply inquired Mrs. Brooks.

"Perhaps you may have a trifle that you have overlooked," suggested poor Mrs. Franklin, ready to sink at her humbling position. Her tears could no longer be restrained, and, before she was aware of it, they rolled over her cheek.

This appeared to touch the little feeling possessed by Mrs. Brooks, and simply saying, "I'll see!" she went to her bureau, and returned with a solitary sixpence, declaring that she had no other change. It was accepted in silence; thanks would have choked the unhappy suppliant, who, in vain, tried to force down the bitter, galled feelings, which had burst into life during her interview with her harsh-minded neighbor. She quitted Mrs. Brook's apartment, and hastily ascended one flight of stairs; then, unable to control her agitation, she sank down upon the lowest step of the next flight, and sobbed passionately.

"Oh, my God! why am I brought to this?" she uttered. "Is all this suffering necessary to subdue the pride of this chafed heart? Do I need such severe trials? Must I see my children starving? It is more than I can bear,—if all were heaped upon my own head, I could bow to the chastener; but not now—not now! I cannot bear it. Why should my lot be so much more wretched than others? Why should it be?" The last sentence was spoken with all the vehemence of excited feeling—with all the agony of a conscientious heart, when restless murmurings against Providence burst suddenly from it. Then, alarmed at her utter want of resignation, she implored: "Oh, Father! save me from myself!" A calm came down from heaven in answer to that petition—a ray of light broke in upon the gloom, and a spirit of thankfulness arose in her troubled bosom, that there was an Almighty arm upon which she might trustfully repose amid the most bewildering griefs. Composed by an humble resignation, she dried her tears, and endeavored to smooth her aching brow, that it might not reveal to Freddy a tale of sadness. When she entered the apartment, to which she could give the sheltering name of home, she compared its affectionate peace with the noisy spirit of harshness which disturbed, continually, the quiet of Mrs. Brook's family. She sank in a chair, and Amy, laughingly, clambered in her lap, to indulge in the playful caresses which Mrs. Franklin had so little time to encourage; the gay triumph in her roguish eyes, told very plainly that the dimpled hands she pressed upon her mother's shoulders, were intended to hold her prisoner as long as possible away from her work.

"I guess Amy is n't very hungry, or she'd be thinking whether mother had got any money for our breakfast," said Frederick, modestly, by way of suggesting his wants to his mother's notice.

"Run to the baker's, Freddy," replied his mother, with a compassionate smile, as she handed him her tiny silver treasure.

Away he went, with a 'huzza,' and a step as bounding as if his sixpence would buy all New York. Mrs. Franklin's eyes followed him with a beaming glance of satisfaction:

"My children do not really suffer," she thought: "they are far happier than the unfortunate little

Brooks'. I have it in my power to do much towards showing them the way to heaven. Perhaps these very trials so discipline my rebellious spirit, as to make me infinitely more useful to their young souls. Why, then, should I repine, if present care may enhance, in a measureless degree, the happiness of us all in a future world? Much of my suffering proceeds from a want of true faith in the doings of Providence. I fear, lest I shall be unable to bear the burden of my present lot, that I shall sink under the slow, daily, corroding care, which oftener saps the life of the strongest heart, than trials which appear a thousand-fold greater. But the wind is ever tempered to the shorn lamb, and I must only scrutinize my constant motives of action severely, and do all that seems to lie in my power, leaving the rest to Him who neither slumbers nor sleeps. Let me try only to be resigned at the present moment, and the future will be stript of its dark coloring."

This healthy train of thought was interrupted by the entrance of Freddy, who, in high glee, swung his loaf of bread around by the corners of the napkin that enveloped it. When the meagre breakfast of bread and water was over, Mrs. Franklin applied herself diligently to her sewing, and her busy fingers were typical of her thoughts. As she lifted her failing heart upward, it grew strong in submission to the will of heaven. Thus weeks, and months, and even years, went on, and, as time wrote its tracery upon her soul, there might be seen, instead of a corroded and weakened spirit, a strengthened and trustful one. She had never found her burden *more* than she could bear, for her faith increased until it was unwavering, and, in her greatest emergencies, a watchful Providence was ever near to save from absolute despair.

The children grew up, and Frederick repaid, by his labors, the devotion of her who had wept and toiled with an aching bosom over his infant years. Amy, now a lovely girl, was the sharer of her cares, and happiness and contentment smiled beneath the still humble roof that claimed them. But the content there was not that which springs from outward things; it was far above it, and, therefore, when aught disturbed its even flow, there was still a preserving principle, which gave power to bring back the peace that had flown for a time.

It was not so with our friend Mrs. Brooks. Her supposition that she might be left a widow was realized, and to her great mortification she discovered that her management was not skilful enough to take the place of her husband's, and that her energetic plans failed. Her children had been too badly trained, to agree always with their mother in opinion; Stephen and Tobias preferred to stand on corners of the street, devoting their attention to a cigar and a coarse companion, instead of business. Martha would not work for her living, when her idle brothers lived at their ease, upon the little property left by Mr. Brooks. Poverty frowned upon them in the distance, then gradually approached, and her unhappy situation sunk with the gloom of death upon the worn feelings of Mrs. Brooks. Her little all was soon wasted, through the heedlessness of her children. One cold, bitter morning in January, she hastily threw on her bonnet and cloak, and sought the residence of her former tenant, Mrs. Franklin, who still lived in the

same neighborhood. With a hesitating hand she rang the bell that was to usher her into the presence of one whom she had so coldly regarded, when their positions in life were different. She was shown into a room where Mrs. Franklin and her daughter were seated; the latter was engaged over a drawing, but upon the entrance of Mrs. Brooks she instantly arose, and welcomed her with a most gentle smile,—for she saw traces of sorrow and tears upon the countenance where she had so often beheld marks of angry passion. Mrs. Franklin was easy and polite, but somewhat less cordial in her manner. After the usual inquiries of old acquaintances, Mrs. Brooks said, with an evident effort, and changing color,

"I have called, Mrs. Franklin, to see if you would take my daughter to learn the various kinds of sewing you do,—she could then obtain work at a large fancy store, where we are acquainted. I suppose you have heard how we have become reduced?"

The poor woman here burst into a passionate flood of tears. Amy's eyes filled to the brim, and she cast an imploring glance at her mother, who looked down in thoughtful silence. There was a struggle in her mind; the past came vividly before her, and for a time pride triumphed over gentler emotions; but the true and more constant spirit that pervaded her nature, again asserted its sway. She feared that Martha was not a fit companion for her noble Amy, but she also felt that the power to benefit the wild, untrained girl, was hers; and where one person is made better, it is impossible but that the influence should be extended. By making it her daughter's ambition to elevate the moral character of poor Martha, she would destroy, in a great measure, the bad influence which the latter might have. The two young girls would not be constantly associated; for Amy, who had with great industry cultivated a fine taste, was occupied every afternoon in teaching drawing and painting in several schools. Mrs. Brooks had sufficient time to dry her tears, while Mrs. Franklin was busy revolving her proposition in her mind. The anxious, warm-hearted Amy, understood her mother's countenance well enough to be assured that a favorable answer was coming, and she felt perfectly content when Mrs. Franklin said, slowly,

"Well, if your daughter desires it, I am willing to try her awhile. Whether she succeeds, must depend upon her own efforts;—I would rather not take her, but I have long known that poverty and widowhood united, call for kindness from friends. If it will oblige you, let her come as soon as you think best."

Mrs. Brooks crimsoned to the forehead, as she almost inarticulately expressed her thanks; a vague feeling that her own nature was far less kind, humbled and softened her—a faint desire to merit the tender look of sympathy which Amy bestowed, found place in her heart. She arose hastily, and after bidding Mrs. Franklin adieu, wrung the hand of the fair girl, who cordially held out hers, and whispered her to present her regards to Martha. The next trial which awaited Mrs. Brooks, was to get her daughter to accept the situation provided for her; this was no easy task, for the young lady was extremely self-willed. After her mother had expatiated very eloquently upon the good qualities of Mrs. Franklin and

Amy, and the neat, cheerful appearance of their little home, Martha impatiently exclaimed,

"Do tell me the pith of the matter?—what took you there?"

"Well, my dear, you know that we are going to ruin as fast as we can, and unless something is done for our support, we shall starve, some of these days."

"Oh, yes, I have heard that every day for a year. I suppose you want me to go out and drudge to keep the boys in idleness—but no, indeed! I am all ready to go to ruin, if I have got to do that. It is their place to support us, and I will not reverse it, no matter what comes. Let things come to the very worst pass; then, if they find out that I am obstinate, they will get into some business."

"They will never take care of us!" answered Mrs. Brooks, bursting into tears. "O, Martha! you are the only one in the world that I can place any dependence upon,—do n't be so hard hearted! If we do not befriend each other in our afflictions, who will feel an interest in us?"

The young girl was silent a few moments, and the fire that glowed in her determined eye faded away before a mist of tears,—she was not really bad at heart, but she held out against her mother's persuasions, as she would have done against those of any other person who advised a course of which she did not approve. They were not accustomed to the soft interchanges of affection, and therefore it was that Mrs. Brooks had so little power over a firm nature like Martha's. But she had, at last, touched the right chord, and her brief expression of confidence in her daughter gained her point. The next day Martha Brooks and Amy Franklin were seated side by side, their fingers and tongues alike busy. Martha melted beneath the frank and friendly sweetness of her companion, and her heart filled with unaccustomed joy, at the thought of being cared for by one so good and lovely.

When evening began to close in, she felt a positive reluctance to quit her new quarters, and found it required an effort to start home. It smoothed the anxious brow of her mother to hear a relation of all that had passed. Martha dwelt, with a mingling of admiration and sadness, upon the pleasure the return of Frederick from his business seemed to give. His warm, respectful tenderness to his mother; his fondness for Amy; and the confiding affection with which it was returned on her part; how different was it from the blustering deportment of Stephen and Tobias!

"Ah, mother!" sadly exclaimed the young girl, "why are we so different? I never could become like Amy if I should try a thousand years,—and yet, when I was there, I felt as gentle and kind as if I had been brought up as well as—"

Martha paused and reddened. She knew that her miserable education had been but little calculated to curb wrong impulses, and to mould her character so that she might have been worthy the regard of the gentle and good. Mrs. Brooks keenly felt the half-uttered reproach. With more mildness than usual, she replied,—

"It is never too late to begin to do well."

"Perhaps not. But, the later, the more difficult. If I should live at Mrs. Franklin's altogether, I am

sure I would change rapidly for the better. But, mother, I did not mean to hurt your feelings," Martha continued, as she noticed her mother's face grow pale.

"You would be glad to leave me, then? I never thought to see myself of so little interest to my children. I have no earthly joy amid all my sorrows."

"Do n't think so, mother!" returned Martha, touched with feeling, as, for the first time in years, she pressed a warm kiss upon her parent's cheek. Then she blushed at her unaccustomed display of affection, and, turning away in a fluttered manner, caught up a broom and began to sweep, to dispel the choking in her throat. The mother's tears fell faster, and, as the busy sweeper threw a furtive glance upon her, the softened gaze that was rivetted on her face stirred a resolve in her heart to make herself worthy of being loved.

The next day Martha prepared, with alacrity, to go to Mrs. Franklin's. Amy welcomed her smilingly, and, throughout the day, the golden chain of gentleness was woven around the feelings of the young seamstress. She was at once firm in disposition, and strongly influenced by those who won her confidence; quick in perception, and apt to be swayed, in a great degree, by her affections and antipathies. The few months passed under the roof of Mrs. Franklin made the beginning of a permanent change of character. The purity and softness of Amy were stronger, in their restraining power, than a hand of iron. The kind and consistent, but unobtrusive advice of Mrs. Franklin, was not without its effect.

"It is no effort to be what I ought to be, here," thought poor Martha, as she bent over her sewing, one afternoon, in deep thought; it was the last she was to spend at Mrs. Franklin's. "But my trials commence when I go home; it is like leaving heaven for earth. At home I meet with temptations continually; it is so difficult to restrain angry feelings, when I see my brothers ready to deprive us of our little comforts, without a shadow of thought or feeling. And yet Tobias is kinder to me now than he used to be—" she mused, as a faint hope of his reform checked the tear that started in her eye. "Oh, if I might but be the instrument to save him! This shall be my perpetual effort and prayer—to this I will devote myself, yet, so unobtrusively, that he shall not dream of my design. Why may not a kindly charm be thrown around our home, as well as that of others? Mother is far gentler than she used to be, and I will try to be patient and cheerful!"

It was, indeed, like going from heaven to earth to leave the happy house of Mrs. Franklin for her own, but, rightly considering that a broad field of duty lay before her, Martha met her daily trials with the strong and uncomplaining firmness of a devoted woman. And she reaped the reward of her self-sacrificing labors, for, after many discouragements, she lived to see her brothers changed entirely, and become industrious, useful, and respected members of society.

Both Martha and Amy were married in good time to worthy men. The young men, too, took to themselves helpmates; but the two widows, satisfied and happy with the attentions of their children, never changed their condition.

THE DYING NIGHTINGALE.

BY T. H. CHIVERS, M. D.

"Oh! miserable me!"—CALDERON.

BIRDS of the wilderness!

Ye woodland choristers of many dyes!
Woke ye not in the night at my distress,
Poured forth more deep than all your melodies?
How can ye sleep beneath the boundless sea
Of my soul's grief poured forth in melody?

Why was to my heart given

A more impassioned fulness than to thine?
Why should it be by its own richness riven—
Doomed, by its own sweet eloquence, to pine—
Distracting thus the silence of the night
With its deep, fiery, mournful undelight?

Night is the time for sleep—

By day-time all the other minstrels sing—
While, for its own deep love, my heart must weep
Itself away, in song—as with the spring
Falleth the river—that it cannot find
One mate, on earth, for its earth-hating mind!

Oh! why was it my fate

To find, for my impassioned soul, relief
Only by pouring out disconsolate
And bitter strains, to ease my heart's deep grief?
For, as the streams of their rough shoals complain,
So does my heart of grief in this sad strain!

Where is the friend to grant

Requit for my grief in this deep strain?
Some faithful friend to share in my complaint,
And half-partake with me its bitter pain?
Mute is my mate—though drowned beneath the flood
Of my soul's grief poured forth in solitude!

Yes—mute is my soul's mate!—

She cannot sing to share with me this strain,
Through which my soul tells of its bitter fate—
Whose doom, in this dark world, is to complain!
No, she is silent—silent, on yon bough,
As death itself—mute as my own soul now!

THE FALLS OF THE COHOES, ON THE MOHAWK RIVER.

BY JOSEPH H. BUTLER.

THE sun's red globe has sunk beneath the wave,
And night's dim banner waves the mountain o'er;
Soft, silver light, the dancing surges lave,
As wafted slow they kiss the sandy shore.
How calm, how still—how (let me say) divine,
Breaks forth on me and man's unhappy race,
Yon floating moon, from her ethereal shrine,
Which is the blue infinity of space,
Checking the rifted branches of the trees,
And scattering glory on yon lofty rock,
That, as a giant basking in the breeze,
Braving forever Time's all wasting shock.
Luna o'erpowers the stars with lucid glory—
Spangling the measureless expanse on high,
Where the broad "milky way," with gems all hoary,
Looks a shining pathway in the sky!
Above—around—creation seems adoring,
In mute, but fervent songs, her Maker's praise.

With the great Mohawk flood, I now hear roaring,
Leaping forever in dread glee the same!
Yon gulf, looks as eternity, where leaps
The mass of giddy waters.—Bounding through
Yon dreadful chasm, how the river sweeps
Down the steep cliffs all hoary to the view.
O heaven! it is a glorious scene to see,—
From this colossal mountain reared in air,
Our thoughts as wings of wild-born eagles free,
Our souls unshackled by the chains of care,—
Nature and her great mysteries spread around,
And near, the Spirit who created them—
He who inhabits space—who sitteth crowned
With everduring glory's diadem!
As parent, and as friend, He will sustain
Our souls through life and all its wayward road,
And when Death shall the fount of nature drain,
He yet will prove our Father and our God!

THE STAR OF FROG VALLEY.

BY MARY MORTON.

In a corner of our state, bearing the euphonious title of Frog Valley, once lived a family by the name of Little; but the eldest daughter, Miss Sarah Ann, or Seraphina Angeline, was no little personage. I suppose it would be perfectly proper to introduce you to Mr. Little, the lord of the mansion, and Mrs. Little, his amiable help-mate, with some dozen copies of the two, and to the little brown mansion over which Mr. Little, senior, presided. But this might not be agreeable, for Miss Seraphina always avoided such introductions when she could do so, cleverly, from which ill-natured people very strangely inferred that she was ashamed of her lineage. However, the Littles were not persons to be ashamed of; for they were good, sensible, honest and industrious people. They clothed and fed their family comfortably, and gave them, besides the advantages of a common school education, access to much of the cheap literature of the day; and, in consequence, not a family around, possessed so much general information as the Littles. But such a course of reading is not without its disadvantages; and the peculiar temperament of the eldest daughter, made it, to her, especially dangerous.

When Miss Seraphina Little was about sixteen years of age, an event occurred which "called forth all the sensibilities of her nature," and probably influenced, in a great degree, her final destiny. Her bosom friend and confidant, (for young ladies must have confidants, whether they have any thing to confide or not,) Miss Dorothy Jane Hopkins, bade a long farewell to Frog Valley, and took her departure for a boarding-school, which she *patronized one whole quarter!* Miss Hopkins, it must be owned, was inferior to her friend in intelligence, but the large house and heavy purse of 'Squire Hopkins, were enough to make the merits of poor Seraph kick the beam. When Miss Dorothy Jane returned, a change was observable in her;—she was not the same in person, dress or manners, and even the face, formerly about as expressive as those which grace the fashion-plates, had gained a something which poor Seraphina Little readily pronounced scorn. No wonder then, that Seraph's heart was breaking; and every body knows that broken-hearted people write verses, so no wonder that Seraph became a poetess. Breaking rhymes with aching, and that again with quaking, and so Seraph ascended at once into the regions of sublimity, in order, to use her own words, that she might

"Carve her name
On the highest rock of the temple of fame."

At first, people smiled to see Miss Seraphina Little writing poetry; but when, on one fourth of July, she produced sixteen verses, all about the "star spangled banner" and "home of the brave," the old

pioneers of the neighborhood, who, knowing all about felling trees, making brush fences, building log houses, &c. must be infallible judges of poetry, dubbed her the "Sigourney of Frog Valley." One would think this quite enough for any seeker after fame, but not so with the ambitious Seraphina Little; for she had learned what, it must be owned, but few of her neighbors knew; that there was a world beyond the limits of Frog Valley; and so she concluded that the aforesaid "rock" must be somewhere above the cranium of 'Squire Hopkins and his compeers. We have no fault to find with this conclusion; we only deprecate the folly that would break down the platform under one's own feet, because there happens to be one above it. But Seraphina did this—having gained one step she scorned the stepping-stone; and thus it was not long before she became well-versed in the loneliness which is said to be the portion of the gifted, and experienced her full share of neglect from the "proud worldling." But this is the fate of genius, and Seraphina resolved to bear her lot as became a daughter of song—that is, sigh half of the time, and rail at the world the other half.

Thus passed away month after month, until, following the fashion of men, they united in one society and formed a year, and then another year vanished, and another, and Seraphina was more of a genius than ever. Almost every week the "Censor," and the "Eagle," and several other papers, much celebrated in the county where our poetess resided, were graced with stanzas, surmounted by a sign bearing the words, "By Miss Seraphina A. D. Little." The D. by the way, stood for Dorothy, Miss Dorothy Jane Hopkins, having long since repented of her temporary estrangement; and joined in the worship readily accorded the star of Frog Valley.

But strange to say, there was one too short-sighted to see the brilliancy of this star, and too narrow-minded to place any just estimate upon the incense offered by the worshippers. Mrs. Little, poor, ignorant woman that she was, declared that there was reading enough in the world, and was even mercenary enough, to hint, that Miss Seraphina could not afford to bestow all her time and attention on a pursuit that yielded no recompense. She did not know how much above such vulgar considerations a poetess, and a Seraph withal, must be, although the change in her daughter's appearance might well have convinced her of the fact. From the nice, trig damsel that had been the mother's pride, she had become a complete slattern; for she had somehow ascertained the fact, that genius is directly opposed to neatness and order; and that the surest marks of a literary woman are, uncombed hair, ill-arranged dress, soiled stockings, and shoes down at the heel.

Taste, Miss Little had somehow discovered to be a

quality altogether unintellectual, a kind of animal propensity that every person of genius was bound to mortify; and economy, whether domestic or political, the characteristic of a contracted mind, and alike degrading to the statesman and the housewife. We do not consider this last discovery any evidence of original genius in our heroine, for, if the truth must be owned, we strongly suspect it was made before her day; but we do claim her adoption of the sentiment to be an evidence of her uncommon sense, if not her unlikeness to the rest of the world. Then, like the bard, who "never did as other men would do," she despised the conventional usages of society, and showed by her studied disregard of all rules, that she considered herself superior to such follies, and looked down, in scorn, upon those who subjected themselves to the restraints of civility.

Such was Miss Little at twenty-five, when another event occurred which influenced, in no trifling degree, her destiny. We have hitherto neglected to record how often her heart was broken by inconstant lovers, after the first great breaking that made her a poetess, because we supposed our readers would understand this to be a matter of course; and the limits assigned the valiant Don Quixotte, would be altogether insufficient to contain a relation of the particulars of each. Now, however, the case was different; and the lover, a fine fat widower of forty, or thereabouts, was really in earnest. This was very far from being Miss Little's beau ideal; and she may be forgiven for giving a few sighs to the Thaddeuses, the Wallaces, and the long train of lords in disguise, and kings who abjured the crown and descended to the cottage all for love, who had been for years pictured on the kaleidoscope of her imagination. Yet the sigh was momentary, and brightened into a smile when she thought of the generosity of her future lord; for had he not promised, that, notwithstanding the six little ones of which she would at once be constituted mother, nothing should ever interfere with her literary pursuits; and that he would, himself, like a true knight, be ever devoted to her interests? Now this promise, ladies, is a very important thing, and all who are about committing matrimony, would do well to look to it. A very generous lover, indeed, who would release his lady-love from the duties imposed, not by himself, but by her station, voluntarily assumed! and we cannot but think that ladies would do well to avail themselves of this generosity, as he has full as much right to remove these responsibilities, as the Pope to grant his devoted followers indulgences. I do not pretend to be able to fathom Mr. Joshua Brooks' motives in espousing the fair poetess, but I am perfectly willing to pass over the reasons assigned by the neighbors, and put all down to the account of Miss Little's charms. She was rather pretty, and very gentle, and, *maigre* her grand hobby, quite a pleasing companion; but of one thing we are certain, the gentleman had not the least idea of Mrs. Brooks ever being a poetess. As we have said, he was a widower, and widowers know precisely the worth of promises; so his were made in perfect good faith; that is, in the faith that the marriage tie would dissolve all.

A few weeks after our friend Seraphina had been duly installed mistress of Mr. Joshua Brooks' family, a volume of "Poems" issued from the press, bearing,

on the title page, the name of the "Hon. Mrs. Joshua Brooks;" and this constituted the third era in the life of our authoress. There were so many ill-natured people to wonder how the prefix of "Hon." was obtained, that Mrs. Brooks might have saved a great deal of cavilling by issuing a circular informing her numerous friends that her husband was third cousin to an honorable gentleman once nominated for Congress, and prevented from being elected only by accident. Some of our readers may wonder how Mrs. Brooks' "poems" ever found their way to the press; but they must remember that widowers, particularly about the time of making proposals, are very obliging, and have always been distinguished for their generosity; and they must remember that the name of the authoress having changed while the MS. was in the hands of the printers, the change could very easily be transferred to the title-page.

To say that Mrs. Brooks married for love, and love only, would perhaps be doing injustice to her superior discernment; for, although a very romantic young lady, she could not but see that, provided her liege lord kept his promises, (which, by the way, she did not for a moment doubt,) her condition would be very materially improved. Her dear Dorothy Jane had married the post-master at Frog Valley, and was so engrossed with the cares of a family, as to be utterly unmindful of poetry and poetesses, and other particular friends she had none—for it is very unromantic to have more than one friend at a time—and our authoress had considered all but Miss Hopkins as belonging to the "vulgar herd," concerning which her pen discoursed eloquently. Then her father had, evidently, become quite in earnest in his plans to free himself from his honors, (for honors are very expensive,) and had given sundry serious hints concerning the blacksmith that had three distinct times smiled upon the fair Seraph; and Mrs. Little had plainly declared that one genius in a family is quite sufficient to ruin the whole; and unless she could be in some way disposed of, or brought to reason by mild measures, parental authority should be used to make the young lady useful in spite of herself. Besides this, Mr. Brooks had admired her genius, and professing a decided literary taste himself, she saw the road to fame opened directly before her. Alas! alas! that such hopes should be crushed, and such confidence misplaced! Before Mrs. Brooks had been three weeks a wife, her husband yawned while listening to some of her finest passages, and in less than three months he ridiculed her peculiarities as much as though he had never praised them; but the climax of his cruelty, was one day, half in playfulness, half in vexation, snatching her pen from her hand, and throwing it into the fire. Then was Mrs. Brooks a poor persecuted wife; and from that day forth, her plaintive strains grew yet more plaintive, for again was her heart broken.

It would be a sad task to follow our heroine through the long years of misery that now ensued; for how could she, who had once gathered the flowers of poetry, descend to the drudgery of domestic life? Mr. Brooks, who had never been wealthy, found his income suffering from the mismanagement, or rather no management at all, of his wife, and grew each day more and more morose; while the martyr-like

air of silent complaint that she assumed, together with the remarks of neighbors concerning them, annoyed him exceedingly; the arrangements of his house were a constant source of mortification to him, and his children were entirely neglected. He was not the man (if such a man exists) to bear these evils patiently, and the way he took to eradicate them, was the very worst that could have been adopted. There was but one way of making any impression on Mrs. Brooks, and that was by kindness; patiently winning her to become interested in her duties, and even this might have failed; but it was, at least, worth trying. Mr. Brooks, however, did not try it, and, at last, finding his home too uncomfortable, he forsook it almost entirely, making a visit only once or twice in the course of the year. This absence afforded the wife a happy respite from her troubles, and again her pen was employed "*pro bono publico*." Alas! that the public should be deprived of this intended benefit; but Mrs. Brooks had now no assiduous lover to bring her lucubrations before the world, and they were obliged to lie, in unhonored oblivion, in the obscurity of the garret.

Meanwhile her own children, as well as her step-children, were growing up around her, and being entirely destitute of a mother's care, furnished ample grounds for the comments of neighbors, and even filled her with scarce-defined fears in regard to them. Now she spoke of blighted hopes and wasted affections sincerely; for, a daughter, a sister, a wife, and a mother, she could not claim the sympathy of any human being; and if she was loved, it was only with that kind of love that we always feel for those who are placed in near relationship to us. Poor Seraph! this cold world is a sad spot for those who are above its common places, and bitterly did she experience all its coldness. Some ridiculed, and some pitied her, and even those who pitied ridiculed and blamed.

Thus passed years, not unnoted, for each, sometime during its stay, planted a grey hair, or traced a wrinkle, or left some new pain, as a remembrance; and the Brooks' were at the very bottom of the wheel of fortune. The misconduct of their children weighed heavily on the hearts of both the parents; but, although they sighed, in unison, when they looked upon them, there was no union nor sympathy in their hearts, but only bitterness against each other. Each regarded the other as the cause of all their misfortune, and this recrimination, following close on the heels of want and sorrow, filled up those moments of forgetfulness, when gleams of happiness will somehow continue to glance across the minds of the most miserable. Then disappointment, that dashing down of high hopes, who could endure it? Not poor Mrs. Brooks, and, after struggling and toiling, year after year, for a phantom, neglecting her highest duties, wrecking her happiness, and wearing out health and life in the exciting chase, she died; fully conscious that her name would pass from the earth with her, and that even those who must necessarily remember it, would never pronounce it in love or honor.

It is said that the life of each individual furnishes a lesson to survivors. If so, we who live in this age of biographies should be very wise; that is if we can read the lesson. Lest, however, our readers may be too much interested in the fate of our authoress to glean our moral, we would say to every literary young lady, beware how, even for the highest good, you neglect such trivial things as neatness, order, taste, industry, and economy, unless you have the self-sacrificing spirit of Mrs. Brooks, and are willing to subject yourself and friends to like sufferings. And to all young ladies, whether literary or not, we would say, beware of depending too much upon the promises of lovers, and, above all, widower lovers, especially when they promise what no human being has a right to perform.

MUSIC DROPS.

DROPPING down! Dropping down!
From the earth's encircling crown,
From each light in it that gleameth,
From each silver star that beameth,
There are drops of music stealing,
On each thought, and on each feeling,—
'Till a holy light enshrines us,
Softening the chain that binds us,
Dropping on! Dropping on!
'Till the pain is almost gone.

Welling up! Welling up!
From the flower's tiny cup,
From the pure and crystal fountain,
Daughter of the frowning mountain,—
From the spangled frost that gleams
In the young morn's pensive beams,

There are drops of music swelling,
And within our bosoms dwelling,—
Welling up! Welling up!
Tempering life's bitter cup.

Precious drops! Precious drops!
From a source that never stops;—
Where is he could upward look
Upon heaven's starry book,—
Or, bending o'er the lily's folds,
Breathe the music that it holds,
And not feel his spirit stir'd,
As if angel-tones he heard
Dropping down! Welling up!
Sweetening life's bitter cup.

J. C. D.

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1895

THE SMUGGLER'S BOAT.

BY L. A. WILMER.

(See Plate.)

THE records of smuggling on the coast of England furnish many adventures which for romantic incredibility are unmatched, perhaps, among all the occurrences of real life. The following narrative, although by no means as frightful and horrible in its details as many other stories relating to similar scenes and incidents, will exemplify the ferocity and audacity frequently exhibited by persons engaged in the contraband trade.

At a small British sea-port lived Mr. James Markley, a gentleman of superior education, considerable landed property and great amiability; but for reasons which will be explained as we proceed, much less popular than he deserved to be in his own neighborhood. He was a widower with two children,—Catharine, a very charming maiden of eighteen, and James, a mere child, who had not yet reached his eighth summer. Mr. Markley was in the commission of the peace, and as a magistrate was rather more exact in the administration of justice than his neighbors thought necessary: for, be it understood, that most of Mr. Markley's neighbors were disposed to connive at those violations of the revenue laws which enabled them to procure certain commodities at a reduced price; and, as self-interest is an obscure medium through which to examine the morality of any practice, it was very difficult to make them believe that they were pursuing a very censurable course.

As soon as Mr. Markley became vested with the requisite authority, he made a vigorous movement for the suppression of this illicit business, and called on the more respectable inhabitants of the neighborhood to assist him in that good work. But few responded to the call, while many felt indignant at his interference with what they had learned to consider a privilege; viz. the purchase of goods fraudulently introduced into the country. It is lamentable to see how the moral sense of a whole community can be blunted by long indulgence in one vicious custom.

One day, Mr. Markley received information that a party of smugglers had landed with a quantity of merchandise which they intended to convey to the interior. He immediately armed his servants and a few others on whom he could depend, and proceeded to intercept the "free traders," as they called themselves, on the route they had taken with a wagon load of their commodities. The wagon was but indifferently guarded by six or eight men, four of whom were made prisoners after a slight resistance, and the others, at the first glimpse of the magistrate with his formidable posse, betook themselves to flight, leaving their goods in the possession of the victorious

party. In the haste and excitement of this surprise Mr. Markley did not observe that he was followed by his little son, who, from the curiosity natural to his age, had kept within view of the whole transaction. The lad, as if sensible of a fault in thus following the party without his father's permission, endeavored, after the skirmish was over, to return by a different route, but was met on the way by two of the retreating smugglers; one of whom, being an old resident of the neighborhood, immediately recognized him. These men seized the child, threatened him with death if he made a noise or attempted to escape, and conducted him to the spot on the sea side, where the smugglers could make signals to their comrades in their boat which lay at some distance from the shore.

The boat, a small sloop-rigged craft, approached and took them on board, when the whole crew were horrified with intelligence of their disaster, the loss of their goods and the capture of their companions. Rage with these men was a stronger emotion than grief; and when it was understood that the son of the man, against whom they uttered the most bitter imprecations, was in their boat and entirely at their mercy, it was difficult for Ben Hodges, the chief of the gang, to restrain them from the immediate sacrifice of the boy. Hodges having, with great exertion, silenced the clamors of his blood-thirsty company, addressed them to the following effect:—

"Comrades, you may think it a very fine thing to take revenge on Mr. Markley, but do you observe that the murder of this lad will not bring back our teas and tobacco, nor liberate our friends who have been made prisoners? It is well known that Markley is doatingly fond of his children. The loss of this boy, (whom I have nursed many a time and should hate to see foolishly murdered,) would cut him to the heart and leave him nearly desolate. It would be a pity—"

Here the speaker was interrupted by a groan or yell of disapprobation.

"Yes," continued Hodges, raising his voice, "I say it would be a pity, as well as a sin, to murder the boy. But seeing that you have neither compassion nor conscience, I did n't intend to talk about the pity or the sin to *you*. Here is the whole matter: do you want your goods back and a neat sum of money to boot? Do you want to have our comrades liberated? Answer to that"

"Ay, ay; certainly; to be sure we do," sounded from all parts of the boat.

"Why, then," resumed the orator, "you have only to let Markley know that we have his son, and

that the only condition on which he can be restored, is the return of our wares, the payment of so much money by way of ransom, and the release of our fellows. And let me tell you that the agony of the father's heart, when he finds that his child is subjected to the tender mercies of such a gang of cut-throats, will be revenge enough to satisfy even your demon-like cravings."

"Well, Hodges," said a ferocious looking fellow named Brinkley, the second in command, "we are willing to hear any thing like reason, and as long as we can depend upon your fair dealing, we submit to your direction. But take care!—should you be caught playing the traitor, you will not find us babies. As for this brat, if his father chooses to ransom him in the way you speak of, well and good; if not, he dies, and your interference can't save him."

"No," growled another of the savages, "but it may endanger himself."

Hodges discovered that his own situation was perilous, and whatever his motives might be for endeavoring to save the life of young James Markley, a selfish regard for his own safety made him promise his men that in case Mr. Markley proved obstinate, the boy should be sacrificed.

This agreement being made and concluded, one of the crew was put ashore and instructed to convey the proposition of the smugglers to an old fisherman who occupied a hut on the beach, and was often engaged in such missions, with directions for him to lose no time in transmitting the terms of the child's release to Mr. Markley. In the meanwhile, the boy had been missed from home, and the apprehensions of his father were changed to the most distressing certainty, when the fisherman arrived with the message from the smugglers. For some time the unhappy parent was so overwhelmed with this calamity, that he sat apparently stupified, and seemed to be incapable of thought, speech or action. The messenger, who was not a little in the smugglers' interest, while observing the dreadful effects of the intelligence he brought on the father's mind, flattered himself that the negotiation would be successful; that Mr. Markley would readily avail himself of the terms proposed. By way of rousing Mr. Markley, he desired to know what he intended to do.

"My duty," promptly answered the upright magistrate. "It is unlawful for me to make any composition with these men. I would gladly exchange situations with my son; but at the peril of both our lives, the law must take its course. The prisoners and the merchandise shall not be given up; but I am ready to go to my child and share his fate—be it captivity or death."

He then arose and prepared himself to accompany the messenger to the sea shore. He gave orders and made arrangements for the safe conveyance of the forfeited goods to the custom house stores, and the captured smugglers to prison. He then imprinted a kiss, in all probability his last, on the brow of his fair daughter Catharine, and signified to the fisherman that he was ready to go with him. Unarmed and unattended, except by the ancient messenger, he reached the spot on the beach which the fisherman designated as being within hailing distance of the smugglers' craft. Before Mr. Markley had deter-

mined on this desperate course, he probably reflected that as smuggling vessels were generally swift sailers, pursuit would be difficult; and if that were even attempted, the desperadoes would probably execute their purposes of vengeance on the child as soon as the chase was commenced. Indeed, to any one who understood the character of those lawless men, there must have appeared a fearful probability that the boy would be slaughtered the very moment that the refusal to comply with their demands was made known. Mr. Markley must, in these circumstances, have entertained but a feeble hope of saving his son's life, and his extreme parental tenderness inspired him with the rash determination to perish with that beloved child. This determination was too much like that of the suicide to escape censure.

By this time the fair and amiable Catharine had become acquainted with the dangerous condition of her young brother, and from the report of a servant who had been present at the interview between her father and the messenger from the smugglers, she guessed at her parent's intention to deliver himself up to his infuriated enemies, either to die with the innocent hostage or to purchase his life with the voluntary surrender of his own. No sooner did this truth flash on Catharine's mind than she rushed wildly from the house, bent on some frantic purpose, without having a distinct perception in her mind what that purpose was. At the end of the lane she encountered Mr. Rawlings, a very worthy young man, and one of the numerous suitors who had contended for her hand. Her disordered and maniacal appearance surprised and alarmed him, he stopped her, and with much difficulty, gained from her incoherent replies the particulars of her distress. Rawlings intreated Catharine to return to the house and compose herself, making her a solemn pledge that he would either rescue her father and brother, or sacrifice himself in the effort. Having much confidence in the prudence and courage of her lover, Catharine was somewhat calmed by this assurance, but, to Rawling's great embarrassment, she insisted on accompanying him and taking some part in the deliverance of her relatives. However, being quite aware of the difficulties of the undertaking, Rawlings proceeded with heroic intrepidity to the execution of his design. He armed every man in the neighborhood whom he supposed to be attached to the interest of his own family or that of Mr. Markley.

There were but two vessels in the harbor at the time, a small American merchantman and a still smaller craft attached to the revenue service. To lieutenant Harding, the naval officer commanding the latter, Mr. Rawlings explained the occurrences of the day. In the consultation that followed, after duly considering the likelihood that the smugglers were on the alert, their habits of constant watchfulness making a surprisal extremely difficult, and the extraordinary swiftness of their vessels, rendering pursuit nearly hopeless, it was agreed to invite the co-operation of the American captain. The latter promptly complied with the demand and suggested an expedient or *ruse de guerre*, which he thought might entrap the enemy without exposing the lives or their prisoners to further hazard.

By this time, the scene on the smuggler's boat,

which had again put out to sea with Mr. Markley and his son on board, threatened to be of the most tragic character. Ben Hodges, the commander, at his last landing, had contrived to send off a detachment of some four or five of his most bloody minded followers, on pretence of rescuing their comrades now in the hands of the police and on their way to jail. Ben's design herein, was, no doubt, to prevent the murder which he had too much reason to apprehend. Four of the other smugglers, besides Hodges, remained in the boat. Hodges had once been employed on Mr. Markley's estate, and had often experienced the humanity and kindness of his employer. His manner was now gloomy and portentous. If he desired to save the captives, (which is most likely,) he probably felt his inability to do so, and Mr. Markley, who recognized his old acquaintance, looked in vain for any sign of encouragement in the iron visage of the ancient seaman.

"Well, Mr. Markley," said Ben, "am I to understand that your mind is made up not to restore those goods and set my people at liberty?"

"Certainly," answered the magistrate. "One who holds delegated authority for the preservation of the law, should be the last to break the law. By negotiating with you, who are in open rebellion against the government, I should prove myself a traitor."

"And do you know the consequences of your refusal?"

"You cannot hurt us except by divine permission," answered Markley.

"We shall hang you and your brat in less than five minutes," said Brinkley, the mate. "Or stay, I think the better plan would be to truss up the boy first, to give you some idea of what hanging is. Wilks, make ready that tackle."

The man to whom this was addressed, obeyed the order with great alacrity by running a rope through a block attached to the mast head. He then made a slip noose in one end of the cord, and stood ready for further orders. At this instant, Ben Hodges, who had been for some moments gazing intently at the merchant vessel lying in the dock, said to his mate:

"The American is about to sail—the cutter too, perhaps. It would be just as well to have our craft in running order. Hoist the jib, and some of you fellows hide yourselves under the tarpaulin; we should never show more hands than seem necessary to work the boat. Keep clear of the cutter; as for the Yankee, I do n't suppose we need to mind him."

The merchant vessel, by this time, had weighed anchor, cast off her moorings, and was soon under sail, as it seemed with the intention of running out to sea. The smugglers, to give their little sloop more the appearance of an ordinary lighter or pilot boat, had hid themselves under a canvass, leaving only two or three of their gang, including Hodges, in view; this was done lest the appearance of five or six men in a boat which could easily be worked by two or three, might cause some suspicion of their true character. Little James sat at his father's feet, seeming, in the innocent confidence of childhood, to imagine no possibility of danger, while under parental protection; he even appeared to enjoy his novel situation, and watched the movements of the different vessels with

much interest. The smuggler, with but one small sail set, (the jib) moved lightly over the water. The American, heading seaward at first, tacked gradually and almost imperceptibly, as if by the mere force of the tide, until she seemed to stand almost directly for the smuggler.

"Clear away that mainsail, and have it ready to hoist at a moment's warning," said Ben. "It is best to be provided for flight, let what will happen."

The American, having got within hailing distance, the captain demanded, through a speaking trumpet, if the sloop would pilot him outside of the breakers. Ben, placing his hand to his mouth by way of a trumpet, returned a surly refusal, which seemed not to have reached the merchantman, as the latter still advanced.

"She will be along side of us pretty soon," said Brinkley. "We must knock the prisoners on the head and throw them overboard, or they may give the alarm." So saying, he seized a hand spike, and approached his intended victims.

"Idiot!" shouted Ben, "would you murder within full view of the people in the ship? Before you could get it done, she will be right on our quarter."

Brinkley paused, and at a glance perceived the rationality of Ben's observation; he, however, snatched up the child, and pressing a knife to his throat, told Mr. Markley that should he make the least attempt to attract the notice of the ship's crew, the boy's throat should be cut that instant."

"Save me, father! he will murder me!" shrieked the child, extending his arms to Mr. Markley, who, in that agonizing moment, had no other resource but to endeavor to quiet the boy's apprehensions, for he dreaded that his cries, which might soon be heard on board of the merchantman, would cause Brinkley to execute his threat.

The American was a vessel of prodigious speed. She came on, as the saying is, "with a rush," and had got within fifty yards of the smuggler, when a loud shriek was heard, and a female was seen at the bow of the ship, with her arms stretched over the railing, as if they sought to reach some object over the water.

"We are betrayed!" cried Ben. "It is Markley's daughter!—up mainsail and scud."

The mainsail was soon boomed out to catch the full force of the wind, but, in performing this manoeuvre, (the man at the helm leaving his post to assist) the sloop swung lightly around, and presented her broadside to the American. Before the smuggler could regain his position, the ship was almost over him; but Hodges, seizing the tiller, just saved his boat from being run down, which would otherwise have been inevitable. But, as the American swept by, she came in full contact with the projecting boom of the smuggler, and spun the sloop around like a top. Before the villains could recover from their surprise, twenty muskets were seen pointing over the taffrail of the ship, and the stern command of "surrender," convinced the guilty wretches that they had been out-generalled. Rawlings, and the little armed force collected by him, were indeed in the ship, and Catharine also, whose anxiety would not permit her to be absent.

The reader must imagine much of what followed : the pathetic meeting of father and daughter, brother and sister, the congratulations of Markley's friends, and the gratitude of Catherine to the men who had been instrumental in the wonderful preservation of her relatives. Many warm thanks were offered to the American captain, and subsequently, a large sum of money for the part he had taken in the capture of the smuggler's boat ; but this proffered compensation he steadfastly and somewhat indignantly refused. Rawlings, however, soon after accepted a reward promptly and unscrupulously—that reward was the hand of

Catharine. The smugglers all suffered the extreme penalty of the law, except Ben Hodges, whose evident anxiety to save the life of his prisoners, procured him a pardon. He joyfully returned to honest labor, declaring that he had followed the perilous and laborious business of smuggling for several years, and found himself poorer and immeasurably less happy than he was before he began it. From that time, the "free trade" languished in Mr. Markley's neighborhood, and the people of the district soon improved in the acuteness of their moral perceptions, so as to estimate their good magistrate as he deserved.

A WINTER CAROL.

BY THOMAS G. SPEAR.

Come hither, sweet maiden ! I'll give thee a song,
For the strain thou hast sung unto me ;
It was carol'd, but late, in a sleigh-going throng,
At a merry sleigh-ride and a free.
'Twas a bachelor sang it, all cheerful and sober,
Who, blending life's autumn with spring,
'Twixt the smiles of May-day, and the sighs of October,
Thus quaintly adventur'd to sing :

"Ho ! here is old Winter—old grey bearded Winter—
His dreary cold nights and his days—
And his hunger demands every fagot and splinter,
To keep the huge fire ablaze.
The mill-dam is frozen, and stoppt the mill's shuttle—
The sail-reefer's fingers are numb—
Loud crumples and crackles the coal in the scuttle,
For chilly King Winter has come.

"He's a blustering, rough, and a rugged old fellow,
And coughs like a porpoise, and blows ;—
His cheeks are half red, and his head white and yellow,
And icicles hang from his nose.
His whiskers are frost-work, in fashion, and growing
All heavily down to his chin,
And his long snowy locks from his temples are flowing
O'er icy gaunt shoulders, and thin.

"All hoarse and loud-winded, whenever he wheezes,
It seemeth the rush of a storm ;—
When he breathes on the water, it chills and it freezes,
And the fish go below to keep warm.
He sneaks about sly as a rat-catching weazel,
'Mong chilblains and frost-bitten toes—
Now nipping some painter perhaps at his easel—
Now biting some traveller's nose.

"Of frost is his jacket—of ice is his bonnet,
Bedeck'd with a flake-feather'd plume.
And trembling the snow-bird alighteth upon it,
For fear of the sweep of his broom.

His shaggy bear-leggings hang loosely and ample—
His shoes are of hide and of horn—
And his crooked knees knock when he goes on a trampoline,
To chill and to freeze the forlorn.

"His looks are grotesque, and his manners unruly,
As a rude hyperborean bear's ;—
Men suffer and perish—he takes it all coolly,
Saying gruffly, 'Who cares ? who cares ?'
He loves desolation, o'er continents stealing,
And blighting the grass in his path—
The dews and the fountains remorseless congealing,
Wherever he strides in his wrath.

"He's surly and wanton, and void of all pity,—
Compelling the heart-gushing tear,
In household, in hamlet, in village, and city,—
Then freezing it crystal and clear.
He trieth the humble with want and with sorrowing—
Hardens the hearts of the proud—
The life of delight from the beautiful borrowing,
And robbing the bow from the cloud.

"He's a sorry old churl, but as short-liv'd as cruel ;
Though freezing whatever he can,
Yet the God of the Seasons has made him a jewel,
To wear in the bosom of man.
He cometh in dreariness, keen, bleak, and hoary,
And blusters, and freezes, and blows ;
But life has its spots, where, 'mid comfort and glory,
He dares not intrude his cold nose !"

Thus sang the sleigh-rider, all cheerful and sober,
Whose autumn was blended with spring,
'Twixt the smiles of May-day and the sighs of October,
On fancy's and sentiment's wing.
And his merry, good comrades, together, in chorus,
Uniting, the singer would cheer :
"A fig for old Winter ! with spring-time before us,
We heed not his crazy career !"

LILIAN MORE; OR THE BLIGHTED BUD.

BY FANNY FORESTER.

"Poor Lily!" said, or rather sighed, Rachel Blair, as she laid her knitting on the small square table by which she was seated, and walked, for the twentieth time, to the window. She was followed, as she had been each time previous, by her young brother Arthur; and, in a moment, they were joined by the great house dog, which laid his cold nose in her hand, and whined sympathetically, then looked up into her face, as though to assure her that he participated in her anxiety. After gazing, wistfully, for a moment, from the window, against which the chilling sleet was driving furiously, Rachel turned to a little rose-bush that stood beside it, and began loosening the soil around the root; although it was before as mellow as the little stick resting against the rim of the jar, and precisely the right quantity of moisture, could make it.

"It will *blow out* by to-morrow," remarked Arthur, in a low, timid tone, as though afraid of his own voice.

"I suppose it will," said his sister, and then she sighed again.

"It is just like Lily," said the boy.

"Poor Lily!"

"So pale and sweet."

"And so fragile. Just like her."

The boy was evidently anxious to say a comforting word; but he only looked at Rachel, and then at the dog, and then returning to his seat, gazed fixedly into the fire.

Rachel and Arthur were the only children of good old farmer Blair; but there was another who was as a sister to them, and a daughter, a well beloved and affectionate daughter, to their parents. Lilian More was a dear little orphan cousin, who had been for six months only an inmate of her uncle's house; but, in that short space, she had woven herself so closely around their hearts, that sweet Lily's will was the law of the entire household. Lilian was a delicate blossom, a tender flower, more fragile than the pale spring buds she loved so well; and she required the training of a careful hand. She spent the summer in the green fields, and beneath the shady trees, watched over and guarded by her kind cousin Rachel, and the careful Arthur; and when autumn came she went away to the busy city, to spend the winter months with a fashionable aunt; for thus it had been decreed that she should divide her life between her two guardians. Lilian's parting gift to her cousin was a beautiful rose-bush that she had brought with her to the farm house, and that seemed almost identified with herself.

"Take care of it," she said, "till I come back. Aunt Brayton has promised that I shall spend the holidays here, and you must have a rose to give me on New Year's morning—do you hear, coz? A real

rose, with its own sweet smell to it, and not a flower cut out of painted muslin."

Perhaps Lilian forgot her rose-bush, and thought no more of the gift she had asked; but it is certain that Rachel did not. She had never cared for flowers before; for the heart is in a great measure the regulator of the taste; but the remembrance of the absent idol hallowed this rose-bush, and her devotion to it increased, until there mingled with it a deep tinge of superstition. She shielded it from even sun and rain until it began to droop; and then she feared her sweet cousin was in trouble, and wrote a letter of inquiry; but Lilian was in usual health, and even more than usual spirits. The gentle, simple, spiritually lovely girl, who had traversed the green wood, and been delighted with the song of the robin and bob-o-link, now told of the exhilarating dance and midnight music, and seemed to love them. Rachel wept, and wondered if Lily would be ashamed of the old farm-house, and her country cousins, when summer came again; and then she blamed her heart for its distrust and selfishness; and was vexed to find that she could be grieved at any thing which made Lily happy.

As winter approached, Rachel's treatment of the rose-bush was more judicious, and it gradually improved, until, to the delight of the whole family, a tiny bud pressed out from the midst of the green leaves. Oh! how watchfully did Rachel guard that bud! Arthur's eyes glistened with satisfaction as he looked upon it; and even old Carlo, the house-dog, seemed to understand that it was something quite too precious for a dog to appreciate.

As the holidays drew near, old farmer Blair began to make preparations for bringing home the favorite. His sleigh was newly painted; a string of bells and a new buffalo robe were purchased, and his good lady had duly prepared the double yarn mittens and the mufflers, before any one had dreamed of the possibility of a disappointment. Then came a letter saying that Lilian was ill—it was only a slight cold, taken at an evening party, but it would probably detain her until after Christmas. A cloud, during that day and the ensuing one, rested on every thing at the farm-house, and at evening another letter came. Lilian was no better; indeed, she might be worse. She was feverish, and seemed quite unlike her usual self; and poor Mrs. Brayton scarce knew what to do with her, for she begged continually to be taken to her dear old uncle and cousins. The old man shed tears; (he had not wept when Lilian's mother died, although she was his own sister,) and the good dame was sure they ought to go to the child, for a better or more loving one never trod the earth. "Bring her back! be sure you bring her back with you," said Rachel, as she saw her parents seated in the sleigh,

on the Christmas morning that had long been the subject of bright anticipations. "Tell aunt Brayton we will nurse her—oh, so carefully! And I am sure she will get well again."

The old people had been gone almost a week, and it was now the last evening of the year. Sadly did Rachel turn from the window; and strangely tremulous was her voice, as she replied to her brother's encouraging words,—

"No, no, Arthur; they will not come to-night!—Poor Lily!"

Oh, what anxious hearts sought rest in the farmhouse that night! Early in the morning Arthur was astir; for who could sleep when the fate of a loved one was so uncertain? Arthur built a fire and kindled it into a blaze; swept the hearth-stone, and shoveled away the snow that had, during the night, drifted in before the door; and then he went to look at the bud they had watched so carefully, and see if it had opened. The leaves looked stiff and half-transparent, with a delicate tracery of white along their edges; and the poor boy clasped his hands together in silent consternation, while the tears gushed from his eyes and rolled unheeded down his brown cheek. In a moment he was joined by Rachel; but she looked on the ruined treasure calmly, and only sighed, "Poor

Lily!" as she had done the evening previous. Cold water was the only remedy that Arthur could devise; but it was useless. The frozen bud soon drooped, and they knew that the expected flower had perished.

With the blighted rose-bud passed all Rachel's anxiety. She was very sad, but no longer restless; for, as I have before said, her devotion to the flower was tinged with superstition, and she imagined it closely linked with her cousin's destiny. I said *imagined*, and I suppose it is what the world would say; but I know not why the gentle and pure in spirit, and the beautiful in person, may not have their types in birds and flowers, and the other fair frail things to which they seem so closely allied.

Rachel Blair laid the blighted bud away, and told her brother Arthur that she was sure their sweet cousin had gone to heaven to join her sister angels. And so she had. When she was brought back to them, her hands were crossed upon her breast within the coffin; and sorrowfully they laid her down, in the humble churchyard, among the flowers she loved so well while living.

The blighted bud has grown hard and dry; but Rachel still preserves it among her most precious treasures; and the blossoms from the parent tree, which still flourishes, are thrown on Lilian's grave.

SENSATION OF THE BEAUTIFUL.

BY TROPHILUS.

I LOVE to wake upon a summer morn

And view the diamond glittering on the spray,
Or hear the thrush, seated on flow'ry thorn,
Singing glad hymns to welcome in the day;
I love the grassy meadow lately shorn,
And aromatic sweets from new-mown hay;
But better far, than these, I love the swell
That strikes my ear, chiming from Sabbath bell.

I dearly love the fairy feet to trace

Of children sporting on the dewy lawn,
(To see the mother, with a matron grace,
Watching their healthful glee)—as timid fawn;
And yet I love to gaze in beauty's face,
Ah! fondly—sadly—do I look upon—
But better much, and sweeter, 't is to tell,
The notes of music from the Sabbath bell.

And I am pleased, oft in the evening still,

To list to hum of labor-loving bee,
Or the unvarying-note of whip-poor-will,
Or sight of vapors rising from the sea;
In waking morn to hear the warning shrill,
From noisy cock, too, hath a charm for me;
I love all these, but better—better far,
The transient glory of yon shooting star.

O sweet is word of love in maiden's ear—

'T is ever a rapturous, joy-imparting song—
And sweet is music, in the op'ning year,
From gladsome birds—a gay and happy throng.
And have not all rejoiced, sometime, to hear
The voice of friend—unseen—remembered long!
There is a voice and music none can smother,
Which drops from lips of one—the sainted mother.

Music dwells in the wild, rough ocean roar,

When storms are raging on the vasty deep,
Whose bounding waves crash on the sullen shore.
Or raging high, appear the clouds to sweep,
Or battling tife hard rock, tall, hanging o'er,
That for their raging fury seems to weep,
And lies upon the beach, untouched and lone,—
The soul of music. 'T is the sea-shell's moan.

And music lives within the sighing wood,

Whose trembling leaves, hard-shaken from the west
By mighty winds, droop o'er the boiling flood,
As if to lull it into blissful rest;
And music-like do sound the voices rude
Of childhood's early days, the first and best,
And soothing is the sound of falling rain,
Of gurgling brooks, wild-hasting to the plain.

O sweet to hear the fond, responsive note,

Of lark to lark, or plaintive, mourning dove,
Or robin tuning off his mellow throat,
And the kind welcome of the one we love;
Or when, at eve, angelic voices float
From forest fair, to beckon us above,
And music is in sadly-pleasing sigh,
Of parting friends—and in the last "good-bye."

O joy! to wander forth in stilly night,

Through many a meadow drest in vernal green.
Or newly-reaped fields, in summer bright,
Or autumn's riper days of sable sheen,
When Orion's beams, or Luna's paly light,
Are smiling down on th' love-inspiring scene;
Who lives there, but, as wand'ring thus abroad,
Must feel the living presence of his God.

MISTAKES FROM EXPERIENCE.

BY MRS. C. M. KIRKLAND.

Author of "A New Home," &c.

An old bachelor friend of ours—one of the few, in this steaming age, who can yet find time for quiet chat—sometimes spends a good long evening without any particular object but talk—reminiscences of days long past, or sage reflections on life and character, the fruit of varied experience and strong human sympathy. He has been a great traveller, and has seen specimens of nearly all the races of men; and one of the most amusing of his speculations is the comparison of character among them—coming invariably to the conclusion that whatever the variety of physiognomy, stature, habits, climate or religion, they are all alike in the main. The worst of all this is, that Mr. Stafford's conviction is decidedly adverse to the existence of any virtue in this great human family. He has a sad opinion of them all, though practically he has more personal attachments than any body else. He believes nothing good of the race, though his confidence in individuals is boundless. In vain may one try to reason from the smaller to the greater, and prove that where so many possess the virtues which he is in the habit of ascribing to them, a fair conclusion may be drawn as to the goodness of others. The truth is, his nature is as generous as his philosophy is erroneous; and personal intercourse and kind treatment make him overrate the virtues of those with whom he lives, as some unfortunate associates abroad have given a dark tinge to his impressions of human nature in general.

We never can agree as to this matter; and evening after evening passes, in the vain attempt to reconcile views far as the poles asunder. The last time the subject came up, Mr. Stafford undertook to give me a single instance which, he said, ought to go far towards justifying his opinion of mankind in general. I promised to listen, but not to be convinced; and he proceeded, as follows, with his recital:

"In the village where I was born and bred—a quiet little place, nestled deep among the hills of Vermont—there was a clergyman, one of the most saint-like, in his life and conversation, that I have ever known. His wife was a meek, quiet woman; amiable to a fault, yet not deficient in that power which affection supplies for the performance of duty. If she had been single, she would probably have appeared a weak woman; but with the ever-present aid of her husband's wisdom, and the strong stimulus of the domestic affections, she filled her place in life so well, that no one found fault with her, even in a country village. This excellent couple had only two children, a son and a daughter, and it is of the son that I am about to give you my recollections.

"He was a handsome boy, tall, and elegantly pro-

portioned, and scarcely less delicate in his features and complexion than his sister, who was a year or two older. They were always together, and it seemed as if the benign influence of such a temper as Lucy's must have a power over him for good; yet, from their very school-days, when they trudged along the road together with their satchels, he was her torment; and at home, where an only son is so naturally an idol, even his mother learned to dread the sight of his returning face. His pranks were, in some respects, those which belong to boyhood; but there was ever a touch of malice, selfishness or cruelty about them, and a more expert deceiver never lived. When he played a trick upon the schoolmaster, it was sure to be one that inflicted real injury, either in person or clothing; and the school-fellow who offended him, or refused to join in any of his nefarious schemes, would always find reason to remember that he had made an enemy of Harry Gilmore. To conceal his misconduct, and to make the blame fall on others, required all his art; and his influence over his sister was so unbounded, that he not unfrequently forced her to aid him in subterfuges which her pure heart told her were unjustifiable.

"With all Harry's powers of deception, however, he was not able to blind the eyes of his parents, or any body else, as to his real character. Though it seemed impossible to convict him, in any particular instance, of misconduct, there was yet a general impression of his evil qualities, which made him shunned by all but kindred spirits; and the grief of his father and mother, though silent, was extreme, even to the shortening of life, as I believe—certainly, to the destruction of happiness. His father, after using every means which affection and sound judgment could devise, ceased to attempt the direction of his course; and when, at length, Harry was expelled from his college, before the close of the first year, the good clergyman was stricken with paralysis, and, in a few days, laid in the tomb of his fathers.

"Harry seemed, for the moment, sobered by this event, which followed too close upon his disgrace not to seem at least connected with it. He treated his mother with what appeared real affection; and to Lucy, innocent and trusting as she was, the change wrought in Harry, by her father's death, seemed to mitigate the sense even of that great calamity.

"But this gleam of comfort was short. It very soon became evident that Harry's good conduct was only the prelude to depredations upon Mrs. Gilmore's slender means, and a subtle scheme to get Lucy more than ever in his power. He had professed an attach-

ment to a very beautiful girl, the belle of our village, whose brother had previously engaged Lucy's affections; and upon his visits being discouraged by the father of the young lady, on the score of his character, he so wrought upon his sister that she discarded her lover, and made a solemn promise that she would never again listen to his addresses. I could not recount to you the circumstances of this whole affair. They were the talk of the village, and they are deeply impressed upon my memory; but I will only tell you the tragical close. The young man who was thus disappointed where he had treasured up his heart, perhaps discouraged the more by a knowledge of Harry's character, left the place and sailed for the West Indies. In a few weeks came the intelligence that the ship was lost, with every soul on board; and from that time poor Lucy Gilmore failed and faded like an autumn rose, gradually growing paler and more melancholy till she was laid beside her father.

"You may suppose that even Harry was shocked by this dreadful result of his machinations. If he was, none ever knew it. He showed a decorous grief at his sister's death, and, perhaps, really felt her loss; but it had no effect upon his conduct. He continued to strip his mother of every thing that could minister to his idleness, even until the neighbors became aware that Mrs. Gilmore often suffered for the ordinary comforts. He undertook no business for his own support, but passed his time, while at home, in hunting and fishing—usually sending the produce of his sport to the young ladies of the village, with whom he was ever very desirous of being a favorite.

"All this time he had been carrying on a clandestine correspondence with the girl whose father had first refused his advances. It seemed as if he had the art of imbuing every one, connected with him, with the habit of dissimulation; for this unfortunate girl, blameless in all else, was so completely blinded to duty, prudence, and all that should restrain from evil, as to marry him privately, before even the suspicion of such a step had occurred to her family.

"The marriage was soon discovered, and the young wife was obliged to seek shelter with her mother-in-law. What was endured in that sad household none can tell; for Harry's influence was too powerful to allow any thing to transpire. But that there was suffering of some sort—perhaps of various kinds—the faces of the mother and her young daughter-in-law too surely told. The father was a hard old man, justly indignant at the injury he had received, and unjustly determined to visit all upon his daughter, who was only the easy dupe of a villain. So things went on from bad to worse, until Harry suddenly disappeared, leaving his mother and his wife to all the horrors of poverty. They made the best of their wretched situation—perhaps rather relieved of a burthen than deprived of a protector—and contrived, by the aid of a small school, and such needle-work as could be had, to support life and to maintain a decent appearance; while they tried to persuade the neighbors—and perhaps themselves, too—that Harry had gone away determined to find some business which should render their exertions unnecessary.

"The truth was, though I did not know it until long afterwards, that Harry had been soon tired of his too easy conquest, and had shewn his wife the most

cutting neglect for some time before he left her. He had lived upon his mother's small means until acre after acre was gone, and even the household furniture, piece by piece, had been sacrificed to his determined self-indulgence. Finding his wife's father inexorable, and seeing that the penury to which he had reduced his family, admitted of no further exaction, he set out to try the world at large, but without the smallest idea of making any exertion towards an honest livelihood, or the most remote intention of returning to the relief of those he had injured. They, poor souls! toiled on, meekly enduring their hard fate, and trying to excuse the scoundrel who had brought them to it, while the old father, almost as bad as he, hardened his heart against the poor girl, and saw her and her baby suffering for the ordinary comforts of life, without a relenting feeling. Happily the poor little one soon died, adding one more to the list of Harry's victims.

"Much of what I am now telling you I learned long afterwards, for I was travelling abroad, and had not seen Harry Gilmore since we were boys together. I knew of his marriage, and the anger of his wife's father; and my friends had written me something of his misconduct, and, at last, of his sudden disappearance. After travelling on the continent, for a year or two, I went to England, and there, at the house of an American friend, I was most disagreeably surprised to meet Harry Gilmore—handsome, well-dressed and exceedingly well received in a highly respectable circle. Nobody danced so well, and no one was in higher favor with the ladies. He seemed quite at home in England, while I was as much a stranger.

"You may be surprised that I did not at once, unmask my unworthy townsman; but you must bear in mind what I have already mentioned, that the particulars of Harry's career were then unknown to me. My general impression was unfavorable; and I had such an instinctive dislike to him, founded upon early recollections, that I did all in my power to avoid him. But fate, or perhaps his own manœuvres, threw him, constantly, in my path; and so plausible was his address, and so elegant his manners, that I was insensibly drawn into a closer companionship with him than I could have believed possible, on our first meeting. He had no ostensible occupation, and I was at the time a complete idler, and in poor health, and so found his society only too agreeable.

"We had been playing billiards at a new table in the Quadrant, Regent street, when Harry proposed that we should go and dine at the Restaurant, in Leicester square, *à la Française*, to which I did not object. Over our wine he asked me whether I had ever seen one of the gaming-houses at the West End. I said no, and he offered to try whether he could not get into one in St. James' street. I assented, and after our coffee, we set out. I had taken wine enough to exhilarate without confusing me, and my curiosity, with regard to these 'hells,' had often been excited before, so that I was much pleased with the idea of piercing these forbidden haunts. Yet I confess, when Harry applied for admittance—when the door was partially and carefully opened—and when it was evident that, at sight of my companion, the door-keeper had no scruples as to taking down the chain—

my heart began bumping, most unusually, and I wished myself any where else. Harry was evidently well-known there, and at a cooler moment the duplicity he had practised upon me, would have excited my indignation. But the scene was too intensely interesting, at the time, to allow a thought for any thing else. I passed under a close scrutiny, from the Cerberus of the establishment, whose experienced eye detected the novice, and who willingly allowed me to pass, as a fresh pigeon, from whose breast might come, at least, some down for this nest of vice. Harry led the way to an apartment where they were playing hazard; he commenced playing, at once, and endeavored to induce me to join him. I declined. He played on, and had soon lost what money he had brought with him. I lent him a few sovereigns, they went also. I found my amusement in watching the faces of the players, and so vividly were the various passions depicted in them, that, even at this distant day, I can recall every countenance with its changes of expression.

"Finding me determined not to play, Harry gave over, after borrowing all the gold I had about me, and we found ourselves again in the street. I cannot express to you my sensations on once more breathing the fresh unpolluted air of evening. I fairly ran and leaped with the sense of relief; and, in the excitement of my spirits, gave my companion abundance of good counsel against ever trusting himself in such a place again. He heard me quietly, and no doubt laughed, as quietly, at my simplicity.

"The next time I saw him he returned me the money I had lent him, showing me at the same time a oulean which he said he had won since, and was now going to double it at *Rouge et Noir*. We had again lined together, and, strange as it may seem, his persuasions again induced me to accompany him, to see the new and *infallible* mode by which he was to storm the fortresses of fortune. He threw once or twice and lost; I, feeling that the gold pieces which he had returned to me, were just so much more than I expected to have possessed, put down a couple of them on rouge —, my first stake — and won. I staked the whole next time, with the same success. This was enough for me. Harry was losing, and I wished to withdraw, but as he had lost on Noir he would try to change my color for a change of luck. Meanwhile my attention was attracted by another player—the wreck of a very handsome man—once (as I afterwards learned) a Major in the army, but now reduced to the condition of a regular gambler. He had lost, and, it appeared, his last stake. With an imprecation, he broke in two the small rake with which the stakes were drawn together, and dashed it across the room—plying to the dealer for a small loan, which was refused. I caught his eye, and with a rake pushed over to him the stake I had just won—five times larger than the loan he had been refused. He stared at me with astonishment, but did not hesitate to appropriate the money, staking piece by piece until that too was lost, and I actually saw him, when he supposed himself unobserved, filch a 'rascal counter' from the pile which Harry had been accumulating since he threw on rouge. So much for the degradation brought on by gambling; a point to which I have no doubt it was Harry's deliberate intention to have lured me, if I had

not been providentially called from London just at that time. The spell was broken, and I never played afterwards.

"Two years elapsed before I saw Gilmore again. It was in Paris, and I was turning into the Palais Royal, from the Rue St. Honoré when I met him with a very pretty girl hanging on his arm. He was dressed very fashionably, and looked handsomer than ever. He gave me his card, in passing, and invited me to call on him. This I was not disposed to do; but it was only a day or two before we met again, and he insisted upon my dining with him at his lodgings. He was with an English lady, who lived in the Allée des Veuves, Champs Elysées; a lady who, having but a small income, took two or three boarders to eke it out. The pretty girl, with whom he was walking, was the daughter of this lady, and a sweeter or more innocent creature I never saw. She and her mother (who was a well-bred and amiable woman) evidently placed the greatest confidence in Harry, and I soon saw that he stood where he should not in the affections of the daughter. If this had been less clear to me, Gilmore would soon have given me all requisite information; for the first time he was warmed with wine he made me his confidant, telling me that this charming girl loved him to distraction, and that her mother looked favorably upon his suit. He added that he had mentioned something to Mrs S—, the mother, of my knowing his connexions in America, and that he hoped I would not refuse to speak a good word for him, as I was pretty well known to several families then resident in Paris.

"I heard him out, although it was with difficulty. When he had done, I told him just what I thought of him, and what I meant to do in the premises. Words ran high; he defied me, and laughed at my threats. We were in the street, and just at the shooting gallery, into which I turned. There was no one there. I walked to the front of the target, the *garçon* handed me a pistol, thinking we were about to practice. I looked at Harry—he was deathly pale, and his quivering lip betrayed his agitation. 'Take my advice,' said I. 'You know I have no wish to expose you. Leave Paris, without delaying longer than to get your passports, and I will make the best excuse I can for your disappearance. But I declare to you that, sooner than you should perpetrate the crime you meditate, I will serve you as I now serve that image—' and I pointed to a small plaster cast of Napoleon, placed, as a mark, in the centre of the target. I raised my arm—pulled,—and shivered the figure to atoms. It was a lucky shot. Gilmore paused—he looked at me, and read my unalterable determination in my face. We left the gallery, in silence, and that night I had him sleeping at my hotel, with his place booked for Havre on the next morning.

"His desertion cost Miss S— a fit of sickness, and I know not what of unhappiness beside. I revealed only so much of Harry's true character as might serve to put her and her mother on their guard for the future. I did not wish to destroy him, and I was even at that time ignorant of all his guilt. I lost sight of him from that time, but when I returned to my native place, after many years' absence, I learned the consistent close of his career. He heard that his wife's

father had, on his death-bed, repented of his harshness, and fully believing that Gilmore would never return, had left the unhappy daughter her natural share of his property. Upon this, Harry lost no time in turning his face homeward, determined not to let this unexpected prosperity escape him. He wrote to his wife and to his mother, one of those artful epistles, so well adapted to 'make the worse appear the better reason,' glozing over his misdeeds, and expressing such delight at being able, once more, to rejoin those from whom his heart had never been separated, that those good women were melted to tears, and longed to welcome the repentant wanderer. But, most happily, Providence interposed in their behalf; for Gilmore, being in too great haste to wait for the regular conveyance, hired a horse at the nearest town, and riding at a dashing pace down hill, fell and broke his neck, just in time to prevent the second and hopeless ruin

of his wife and mother. Now what do you think of such a specimen of human nature?"

"Black enough, indeed," I replied, "but not at all to your purpose."

"Not to my purpose! What would you have?"

"Why, you have told me of one degraded wretch and half a dozen excellent people! How does your theory dispose of the good clergyman and his wife,—poor Lucy and her faithful lover—the patient wife—the amiable Mrs. S—— and her too deserving daughter, and yourself, with all your benevolent indignation? Instead of ten righteous to save a multitude of sinners, here is but one sinner to a host of good people. You must acknowledge, that even the extreme case you have selected tells against you."

Mr. Stafford looked at his watch, and declared, in the same breath, that it was eleven o'clock, and that I was incorrigible.

OBJECTS WHICH INFLUENCE THE AMBITIOUS NATURE.

IN A SERIES OF SONNETS.

BY W. GILMORE SIMMS.

Author of "The Yemassee," "Richard Hurdis," &c.

I. TROPHIES.—HOW PLANTED.

THE trophies which shine out for eager eyes,
In youth's first hour of progress, and delude
With promise dearest to ambition's mood,
Lie not within life's limits; but arise,
Beyond the realm of sunset;—phantoms bright,
Glowing above the tomb; having their roots
Ever in the worshipper's heart;—from whence
their fruits,
And all that thence grows precious to man's sight!
Thence, too, their power to lure from beaten ways
That Love has set with flowers; and thence the spell,
'Gainst which the blood denied may ne'er rebel,
That leads to sleepless nights and toilsome days,
And sacrifice of all those human joys,
That, to the ambitious nature, seem but toys.

II. WHERE PLANTED.

It is the error of the impatient heart
To hope th' undying gifts, even while the strife
Is worst;—and, struggling 'gainst its mortal part,
The glorious Genius, laboring still for life,
Springs even from death to birth! 'Tis from his tomb
The amaranth rises which must wreath his brow,
And crown his memory with unfading bloom!—
Rooted in best affections, it will grow,
Though water'd by sad tears, and watched by pride
Made humble in rejection! Love denied,
Shall tend it through all seasons, and shall give
Her never failing tenderness,—though still
Be the proud spirit; and the unyielding will,
That, through the mortal, made the immortal live!

III. TRIUMPH.

The grave but ends the struggle! Follows then
The triumph, which, superior to the doom,
Grows loveliest, and looks best, to mortal men,
Purple, in beauty, towering o'er the tomb!
Oh! with the stoppage of the impulsive tide
That vexed the impatient heart with need-
strife,
The soul that is Hope's living, leaps to life,
And shakes her fragrant plumage far and wide!
Eyes follow, then, in worship, which but late,
Frown'd in defiance;—and the timorous herd,
That sleekly waited for another's word,
Grow bold, at last, to bring,—obeying Fate,—
The tribute of their praise, but late denied,—
Tribute of homage, which might well be—hate!

IV. GLORY AND ENDURING FAME.

Thus Glory has her being! Thus she stands,
Star-crown'd,—a high divinity of wo:
Her temples fill, her columns crown all lands,
Where lofty attribute is known below.
For her the smokes ascend, the waters flow,
The grave forgoes his prey, the soul goes free:
The grey rock gives out music,—hearthstones grow
To temples at her word—her footprints see,
On ruins, that are thus made holiest shrines,
Where Love may win devotion, and the heart,
That with the fire of Genius inly pines,
May find the guidance of a kindred art—
And from the branch of that eternal tree
Pluck fruits at once of death and immortality!

100 100 100

100 100 100

CHARITY REWARDED.

BY E. FERRETT.

"Poor children!" exclaimed the miller's kind-hearted wife, as she stood looking from her cottage window at a group which had a few moments before attracted her attention. It consisted of a boy and a girl quite young, and a girl somewhat older, who seemed to be soothing and caressing the younger children.

"Poor children; whose can they be, and where can they come from? They look tired and worn out, and in bad condition—can they have a mother like my little ones? No! no! if they had, they would not be wanderers and wayfarers, which they certainly are."

Kind thoughts, in the mind of Mrs. Russell, were but the prompters to kind actions; and in a few minutes she was with the children, making inquiries as to who they were, and why they had left their home.

Their history was briefly told; they had been raised in one of the manufacturing districts—their father had made a little money, and having a taste for country life, and some friends in Scotland, he had taken a farm among the highlands, which are proverbial for the moisture and bleakness of their atmosphere. The family had been used to a dry and temperate climate, and sickness followed their change of residence—mother, father, children and all, had suffered from ague or intermittent fever. Their father, on his recovery, determining to remove them, had started to seek employment in his old quarters; in a few weeks he had written to inform them of his success, desiring them to follow him immediately—soon after their father's departure, their mother had got worse, and a few days before his letter, she had died, leaving her children desolate and wretched, as orphans must ever be. The eldest girl had exerted herself to pay the last tribute of respect and affection to her lamented mother. By disposing of their trifling effects, she had defrayed the funeral expenses, and with the small sum left, had determined to take her brother and sister to where her father was employed.

They had started with the idea of riding in wagons, getting a lift for charity, or a trifling remuneration; and by these means had traveled a considerable distance, when one night, while asleep in a wagon, they had been robbed of their little money and changes of apparel, and left absolutely destitute, with many, many miles between them and their point of destination.

This sad tale, told with touching innocence and truthfulness, awakened Mrs. Russell's warmest sympathy. She took them into her cottage, gave them food, and comforted them with a mother's kindness. She told them that a few miles in advance was a town, from whence they could proceed by wagon to the city in which their father worked—at the same time she gave them means to defray their expenses.

After resting an hour, the children, with tears and blessings, took leave of their kind friend, and with refreshed limbs and lightened hearts, continued their journey.

Do we ever ask ourselves how often we neglect those opportunities of doing good that come within the scope of our various capabilities? We are all prone to become absorbed in self;—the vortex of the world and worldliness sucks us in, and we often turn deaf ears to a tale of distress from sheer inanity—from incapacity to release our minds from the thralldom in which we are bound by our own struggle for means, or else by the intoxication of the spirit, consequent upon a life of uninterrupted pleasure. Could the beautiful doctrine of to "do unto others as we would be done unto," be more deeply impressed upon our minds, and kept prominently before us, many a poor mendicant would get bread where he now gets a stone,—many a half-broken heart would receive comfort and kindness, where it now meets with indifference or contempt.

Our little friends travelled on sturdily for some time—their way lightened by recollections of the kind words of Mrs. Russell, and bright anticipations of speedily meeting their remaining parent—but little feet soon get tired of rough roads, and young minds soon weary of the monotony of a long journey. After an hour's travel, the younger children complained of fatigue, and coming to a hay-stack, laid themselves down under its shelter, and were soon asleep, watched by their elder sister, who had assumed the feelings of a mother toward her almost helpless charge.

While the poor girl kept her vigil, which was rendered longer by many a sad thought and falling tear, as she dwelt over past scenes and her recent loss, she was aroused by voices which seemed to come from the opposite side of the hay-stack.

"I tell thee, Jim," impatiently exclaimed one of the voices, "there is no doubt nor danger; and by one bold stroke, we can make ourselves rich for a twelvemonth."

"But," answered a more cautious and hesitating tone, "the miller is an ugly customer—strong enough to whip two such fellows as we—and suppose he should get the upper hand of us, what's to be done then?"

"Pooh! how can he get the best of us, when we can knock him down before he thinks about it?—besides, it is not always the biggest man that's the most dangerous in a scuffle."

"Art sure of the money Tom? 'twould be deuced unpleasant to have all the danger and trouble for nothing."

Tom, muttering a curse upon the over cautious disposition of his companion, answered,

"I tell thee I saw Farmer Jones, and Squire Wil-

kinson, pay Russell big rolls of notes, and when it was settled, go to the bar to drink; Russell likes a glass too well to leave before sun-down, and when he does get away, I guess he'll be pretty well sprung; up yonder by the cross roads we can hide ourselves, and just as he passes I'll give him a lick in the head with this big stick, that shall make all the rest easy, now say, are you willing, or must I find a fellow with more pluck?"

The latter part of this speech was uttered in a sneering tone, and the other speaker seeming to have a greater dread of being thought a coward than of committing a crime, answered, "Tom, thee knows I am not afraid; I'll go with thee, but, mind I won't agree to the man's being hurt; he can afford to lose his money, but we musn't do him any other injury."

A rustling of the loose sticks, showed that the speakers, after settling their villainous purpose, had moved away.

The young girl, whom they had unconsciously made their confidant, sat for several minutes in a state of agitation past description; she knew that the conversation to which she had listened applied to the husband of her kind benefactress; he was to be waylaid, robbed, and perhaps murdered; she knew this, and yet might be unable to avert his fate. For a few moments she bent her head upon her hands, with a feeling of choking bewilderment that threatened to render her perfectly helpless; but she had been taught in the purifying school of misfortune, and after giving way to fear for a minute or two, the natural energy of her character displayed itself, and she determined to make an effort to save her kind friend from the impending sorrow.

Speedily arousing her brother and sister, she told them that they must retrace their steps, and urged them to speed. The children, not having their sister's impetus, and wondering why they should go back instead of forward, made slow progress, and long before they could reach the miller's, the sun was rapidly declining. The girl's anxiety increased as the light of day grew faint, and she looked anxiously about for some place of safety, wherein she might leave her little charge. Presently she saw at a short distance from the high road, a comfortable looking barn, thither she conducted the children, and after much difficulty and coaxing, persuaded them to remain there while she went to procure something necessary for their journey. No sooner was she in the road again, than she sped on rapidly, urged by her anxious spirit to forget fatigue in her intense desire to reach the mill.

Great as her efforts were, her progress was slow; the road was hilly and uneven, and although the intensity with which her mind was bent on one purpose, prevented her from *feeling* fatigue, her many day's toil and travel had the physical effect of lessening her speed in spite of herself.

How long and tedious was the path trodden by this warm hearted girl, can only be conceived by those who have, under similar circumstances, urged their way over a rugged and unequal road. The sun was just sinking below the horizon as she got a glimpse of the large sails of the mill. The sight infused fresh strength into her weary limbs, and in a very few minutes she was eagerly knocking at the door of Mrs. Russell's neat little cottage. That good lady opened

the door, and with an exclamation of surprise, kindly enquired what had caused her to return. In broken sentences, interrupted from want of breath, the poor girl related what she had heard, and urged the necessity of speedy assistance being sent to the miller. It was now Mrs. Russell's turn to be alarmed; she could not doubt the truth of the story; the particulars were evidently too true, and giving a warm kiss and hearty thanks to her young friend, she hastily called some of the men who worked at the mill, and mentioning the danger, directed two of them to saddle horses for themselves and her forthwith. One of the men took the poor girl before him, and the party speedily rode away in the direction that the miller was expected to come.

Rapidly as the horses traversed the distance between the miller's cottage and the point of road at which the robbery was to be committed, night had set in before they reached it.

Mr. Russell's character was truly drawn by the ruffian—miller's are proverbially jolly, and Russell was a fair sample of the class. He was well to do, and having no trouble, his naturally happy disposition kept him on friendly terms with all mankind. If there was any fault to find with him, it was, that when among friends his natural hilarity led him to take a little more drink than prudence warranted. In the present instance he had made some very capital sales for which he had received cash, and could not be satisfied without treating his friends. One glass had produced another, and it was sun down before he had started, although he was generally home by that time.

Riding at a smart pace, without a thought of danger, the miller reached the ambushade. He would have fallen an easy prey to his enemies, had not his horse, who caught a glimpse of the figure of the man that advanced from the hedge, swerved from his course, so that the blow which was intended for his head, glanced and only lightly and partially fell upon his shoulder. The miller proved as sturdy as the cautious robber had anticipated. He faced his opponents, and a desperate struggle ensued, but two to one are serious odds, and while engaged with one of his antagonists, he received a blow from behind, which brought him to the ground. One of his foes held him tightly, kneeling his weight upon the miller's chest, while the other proceeded to rifle his pockets. In this they met with some delay, for Russell had stowed his money in a secret pocket, that the rogues could not at first discover. An exclamation of joy, accompanied by an oath, escaping the lips of the heretofore silent thieves, announced that they had found the money and forgotten their caution. So eager had they been in the search, that the sense of hearing had been lost in the intense exercise of their other faculties, and they were unconscious of the tramp of horses, until just as the ill-gotten wealth was clutched, a heavy blow on the head prostrated one thief, while as the other sprang up to decamp, he was seized by a strong hand, from which all efforts to escape were fruitless, and speedily secured.

Russell, on recovering his consciousness, found his head resting upon the bosom of his wife, and wonderingly enquired to what lucky chance he owed his fortunate delivery. Learning to whom he was indebted for his rescue, the miller warmly expressed his thanks, and with his wife insisted that the girl, and her brother,

and sister, should return to the mill. The whole party were soon in motion, the thieves were tied together and brought along by the miller's men, while Russell and his wife proceeding more rapidly, called at the barn for the children, who had cried themselves to sleep, nestled in each others arms. They were speedily taken to the miller's residence, where every comfort that the place afforded was profusely heaped upon them. Food, a good bed, and change of clothing; and after keeping them a couple of days to recruit, Russell took them in his wagon to the neighboring town, and then paid their fare by stage to the town where their father lived. Then giving the elder girl

some money to buy food, and once more thanking her warmly, he left them to proceed on their journey, while the three children uttered many a heartfelt expression of gratitude to the miller and his good-natured wife.

Thus the humblest, and apparently most insignificant act of our lives, is often connected by an invisible link with important events, upon which may hinge the future happiness or misery of our earthly career; and thus it often happens that some trifling act of kindness is repaid to the giver an hundred fold, independent of that lasting satisfaction which ever attends the exercise of charitable feelings.

THE BLUE KNIGHT.

A CONCENTRATED ROMANCE.

CHAPTER I.—AN ARRIVAL.

ON the summit of the loftiest tower of the castle of Altenburg gaily flaunted in the evening breeze the flag of the redoubtable and right valiant Baron Ulric. His only daughter, the incomparably beautiful Elvina, was the sole object of his love and fear: her filial tenderness was the cause of the first; her wit and beauty, of the latter; for, as the fairest flowers attract the bees, and the dazzling flame the moth, so did he dread lest some adventurous and unworthy knight might be attracted by the charms, and win the affections of his child. The Baroness of his early love had long since yielded to the arms of Death, and the barrenness of his domains was alone left for his enjoyment. Secluded from the world, the Baron trusted that his daughter would remain unscathed by the random arrows of love, until he could select some stalwart knight of wealth and valor on whom he should be proud to bestow her hand.

Compelled to take the field to repel the invasion of an enemy of one of his distant allies, he left the castle of Altenburg in the care and custody of his warder, and two or three vassals.

The moon had just risen, and the inmates of the castle had retired for the night, when a Knight, attended by his faithful esquire, approached the borders of the castle-moat.

"Seest thou that moat?" inquired the Knight.

"Ay, truly, your worship," replied the esquire; "for do not the wise ones say that we sooner see the mote in our neighbor's eye than the beam in our own?"

"We must crave a lodging there, Grummel," continued the Knight; "blow me yonder horn."

"With what breath I have," said Grummel; "for I'm blown myself, as well as the steeds, with our long journey."

The horn was sounded, and the warder appeared at the wicket.

"In the name of St. Grimbald," cried Grummel, "give shelter to the valiant Knight, Sir Wilhelm of Dusseldorf, and his trusty esquire."

"The Baron Altenberg is abroad," said the warder, in an excusatory tone.

"And so are we," replied Grummel; "for we have lost our way."

"Tarry awhile," answered the warder, after a moment's consideration, and, closing the wicket, departed.

"A discourteous knave!" grumbled Grummel, "keeping us here like a couple of dogs."

"How, sirrah?"

"Why, did he not bid us tarry here? and therefore are we not in better condition than a couple of *tarriers*."

"We cannot bite, and therefore bark not," answered the Knight.

The warder again made his appearance; the drawbridge was lowered, and the Knight and his esquire crossed the moat.

"The lady Elvina welcomes the stranger Knight to her father's castle," said the warder, obligingly.

"I kiss her hands," replied the Knight, "and thank her for her courtesy."

Anon they were ushered into a spacious hall; and, while they unarmed, the board was spread with substantial fare for their refectation.

"I am anxious to pay my respects to the lady," said the Knight.

"And I to the *fare*," replied Grummel, vigorously attacking a boar's head.

"She is not visible, Sir Knight," said the warder.

"Then it's impossible we can see her," said Grummel, falling to. "She is doubtless a *morning* star, your worship?"

"What then?"

"Why then, your worship, the *Knight* cannot expect her presence."

CHAPTER II.—AN ENGAGEMENT, BOTH IN LOVE AND WAR.

At an early hour the following morning, Grummel, having dressed his master in a superb blue velvet doublet and suit, proceeded to the kitchen to dress his breakfast. Sir Wilhelm, meanwhile, descended to the castle garden, where he encountered the blushing Elvina.

After the due acknowledgement of her hospitality, the Knight, who was, of course, deeply enamored at the first glance by her transcendent charms, began to make a little love on his own account. The innocent Elvina listened with pleasure to the silver music of his sweet discourse and courtly compliments, for he had been to court, and now had come to court again. And in a few minutes, after the fashion of those romantic times, she surrendered the fortress of her affections. She did not, indeed, "tell her love," but referred him to her father with such an expressive blush as gave him confidence. At this present juncture, the old warder rushed breathlessly into the garden, and interrupted their placid felicity by hurriedly informing them that a petty Baron, with whom his lord was at feud, had just appeared before the castle with a force of one hundred and fifty strong, and demanded the immediate surrender, threatening to put the whole garrison to the sword if they resisted.

"Oh! Sir Knight," exclaimed he, "repay our hospitality by thy succor and counsel in this extremity. What's to be done?"

"Arm instantly, and let us defend the castle to the death," replied the brave Sir Wilhelm. "Lady, retire to thy chamber; put up thy prayer for our success, and Heaven and St. Grimbald help us!"

Hastily quitting Elvina, he retired to arm. Grummel was still in the kitchen, preparing his morning repast.

"Away with these rashers," exclaimed the esquire, on hearing the news, "there is a less savoury broil preparing for us by the enemy. We are in a pickle, 'tis true; but small as we are, as the capscums said to the cauliflower, they shall find us hot withal, and not at all to their palate."

"If they ford the moat, and scale the walls, we are lost," said one of the three vassals.

"Tut, man!" exclaimed Grummel, who was an old soldier, and knew all the resources of war, "fill the kettles presently with pitch, and hand me the ladle; and, long ere they reach the parapet, I'll—*pitch* 'em over."

"There's the horn again," cried the warder, "summoning us to surrender."

"What o' that?" said Grummel, encouragingly: "we're not *veal*, to be spoiled by their *blowing*. Pluck up thy courage, my boy, and lend me a bow;—an I do not put a cloth-yard shaft into the varlet, and pin him like a cockchafer to the gate, I'm a ninny!"

While he kept talking in this strain, he armed himself and his master.

The "garrison" was soon in battle array. Grummel now proceeded to his post with two of the vassals, and proved his skill and strength by executing his vault; for, at the identical moment the herald was

about to blow another blast, he shot an arrow through his heart, and transfixed him to the spot.

"If all the rest run," said he, coolly, "there is no chance of that fellow quitting his *post*! Nailed, by St. Grimbald! There is no succor for him, poor fellow! May all the rest of the wounded find *leeches* in the moat.

This exploit was the signal of assault, and a shower of arrows fell upon the castle.

"Let the porcupine shoot his quills at the bear!" said Grummel, "he is only throwing away his means of defence! Hand me that pebble," continued he, pointing to a stone of half a hundred weight. It was soon raised, and hurled by one of their warlike machines into the thickest of their foes. "That has made an impression," cried he; "it is quite a smasher; there's half-a-dozen, at least, *stone* dead. Another little one," said he; "we shan't miss that, though it should miss them. Besides, it will be as well, as they have challenged us, to show them we have a *second*."

While Grummel was thus ably executing his part, the Blue Knight (for so was Sir Wilhelm called, from the favorite color of his armor and appurtenances) directed his little force with equal skill, dexterity, and advantage. The engagement now began to assume a more serious appearance; the enemy began to fill the moat, in order to proceed to the *escalade*. The little garrison was now concentrated. The boiling pitch and water were supplied by two of the vassals; and the besieging party had no sooner succeeded in raising a scaling-ladder, and begun to mount, than they were saluted by a cataract-like discharge of scalding water.

"'Tis but a fair return," said Grummel, "as they keep us in suspense, that we should keep them in hot water! Down with it, my comrades, till they're done in their armor like lobsters in their shells! Another pebble! What! no more? Then up with the flag from the court-yard, and break their ladder—they're the only *flags* we'll lower to them."

These new missiles were speedily provided, and did great execution; the ladder was dashed to fragments, and numbers of the assailants were precipitated headlong into the moat. The Blue Knight was unwearied in his exertions, and encouraged his little force by his daring example.

"Bravo!" exclaimed Grummel; "we have *retted* the enemy's courage, and sharpened our own."

The discomfited leader now retreated, and rallied together his "remnant."

"By George!" exclaimed the 'squire, "they are forming for a fresh assault. We have so far lost nothing, and yet, in the language of the lawyers, they may be said to have gained the 'action,' for they have already got considerable 'damages.'"

"And see yonder!" cried the warder, extending his right arm, "there comes my liege lord. I recognise his banner. What a happy diversion!"

"Very diverting, indeed!" replied Grummel: "mark how the scamps are making ready to scamper. The bow-men are all like cross-bows, prepared for a *bolt*!"

The Baron Ulric von Altenburg, now galloped to the scene of action with all his band. The besiegers were in an instant scattered over the plain, like a flight of affrighted sparrows in a corn-field, when some ad-

venturous Cockney boldly takes the field to—waste his powder.

"Wheugh!" whistled the 'squire, "that fellow hath truly brought his pigs to a fine market! While the Baron is picking the lot, let us descend and clear away the litter he has left."

The warder lowered the drawbridge, and the Blue Knight sallied forth with the "garrison" to pick up the wounded which they had so dexterously picked off. The moat was so full that Grummel declared it was more like a folk-mote than any thing else. When they had got in the "living," which the 'squire declared was no "sinecure," the gentle Elvina, as was the wont of those days, humanely busied herself in dressing their wounds.

They then proceeded to draw the moat, and fished up many a *pike*!

The trumpets of the victorious Baron now sounded merrily, and they all rushed out to greet him. Ulric and the Blue Knight embraced with true chivalric ardor; and, when the Baron learned from the blushing Elvina the extent of his obligation to Sir Wilhelm, the expressions of his gratitude were unbounded.

CHAPTER III.—A REMARK.

"FOOL that I was to leave my castle alone!" said the Baron.

"And wise would the enemy have been if they had done so!" said Grummel.

CHAPTER IV.—A CLOUDY PROSPECT.

"I'm bound to serve you," said the Missal to the Monk, as he clasped it; and so said the bold Baron Altenberg when he encountered the Blue Knight on the morning following the affray. Grummel, like an independent man, was serving himself; for chine, chickens, and flowing flagons graced the baronial board in the most tempting profusion.

"Left wing forward!" exclaimed the 'squire, dismembering a pullet; "right wing advance! chine support right wing! Fall in!" and at the word of command he commenced a vigorous assault. He then proceeded to demolish the "breast-work," as he termed it, and finally completed his gastronomico-military evolutions by ordering the "left leg first," when the "right" followed as a matter of course.

Meanwhile the Blue Knight was doing the agreeable to the old Baron, and insidiously insinuating that he was a *single* man; and plainly demonstrated that he was an eligible match for any young lady who (in the advertising phrase) "Wanted a *partner* who could *command*," &c. &c. The Baron was confused, and, not knowing exactly what to reply, he endeavored to divert the attack by simply looking under the table, and ingeniously calling "Puss! puss!"

"What does he mean?" said the Blue Knight, looking blue.

"He smells a rat, to be sure," whispered the acute Grummel.

CHAPTER V.—COUNSEL.

WHEN they retired, Grummel addressed his master in these words:

"I can tell which way the wind blows, your worship, as well as a weather-cock. It's my mind the Baron wishes to deprive us of the Lady Elvina."

"Us?" repeated Sir Wilhelm.

"To be sure; when she's your wife, will she not be my mistress?" replied Grummel. "Now, I'm resolved on the match, for thereby you'll get a better half, and I better quarters: two things no less agreeable than essential to our happiness."

"What's to be done?"

"Why, the whole garrison are in favor of the alliance; therefore, pop the question—demand her hand—and, if the old boy holds out——"

"What then?"

"Why, then, filially kick him out! and take possession of the castle we have fairly won by force of arms."

"You forget he is Elvina's sire."

"Will she not get a more agreeable *sigher*—in the shape of a lover? But, lo! here comes the comely dame herself—I'll vanish."

And the sagacious 'squire walked off, leaving the lovers to their own sweet discourse.

CHAPTER VI.—A SUDDEN DECISION.

ALTHOUGH the Blue Knight and Elvina were elegantly *slender* in their personal proportions, the Baron declared in abrupt and vulgar phrase that "they were too *thick*."

"Honored father!" said Elvina, "it is impossible to conceal from your parental eyes that I entertain an affection for Sir Wilhelm, and I know that he returns it."

"So much the better!" replied the Baron; "for it would be dishonorable in him to keep your affections, when he knows he cannot keep you."

"You mistake me, father," continued Elvina. "He has declared himself my suitor, and I have sworn——"

"Sworn!" exclaimed the Baron. "A young lady of your rank has no right to swear. It is indelicate."

"But he swore first."

"Then, i' faith, you two sworn shall be forsworn," said the Baron. "Remember you are my daughter, and I am positive——"

"And I'm positive I'm your daughter," replied Elvina, "from the same feeling; for I have formed an unalterable resolution to become his!"

The Baron looked at the gentle damsel for a moment as in surprise, and then suddenly burst into an immoderate fit of laughter.

"Give me a buss," cried he affectionately; "you are my own child—a chip of the old block!"

The affair was of course decided; the old Baron admired his daughter's firmness; the Blue Knight loved her for her tenderness; and the gordian knot of matrimony was soon after tied in the chapel of the castle of Altenberg. Beauty presented her hand to Valour as the palm of victory; and Grummel had the felicity of being at the marriage-feast celebrated in honor of the nuptials of Elvina and the Blue Knight.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

Krutzner; or the German's Tale. By *Sophia Harriet Lee.* Author of the *Canterbury Tales.* New York: E. Ferrett & Co. 1846.

This is one of the best of the *Canterbury Tales*, and is said to be the production of the *Miss Lee*, who contributed only this one to the collection. The striking character of the incidents, and the intense interest of the story, attracted the attention of Lord Byron, who made it the basis of his best tragedy.

Constance; or the Debutante. By *J. H. Mancur.* Author of the "*Palais Royal*," "*Henri Quatre*," &c. New York: E. Ferrett & Co. 1846.

The author of this tale is already favorably known to the public by his historical novels. *Constance*, although founded on incidents in private life, is not less interesting than any of his previous works, and will commend itself to general favor by the fine delineations of character, and touches of pathos, which are its leading characteristics.

The Charmed Sea. By *Miss Harriet Martineau.* New York: E. Ferrett & Co. 1846.

Miss Martineau's fictions are chiefly remarkable for their domestic character, and for the fine moral tone which always distinguishes them. This is her latest, and one of her very best productions.

Walther. A Novel. Edited by *Leitch Ritchie.* Author of the *Robber of the Rhine.* New York: E. Ferrett & Co. 1846.

This is a very clever production. The style is remarkably chaste and polished, and the plot and incidents exceedingly well managed. If it is not the work of *Leitch Ritchie* himself, which we strongly suspect to be the case, it is certainly one of which he might have been proud to acknowledge the authorship.

Cousin Hinton. A Novel. By *Miss Ellen Pickering.* New York: E. Ferrett and Co. 1846.

Miss Pickering always wrote with an elevated object. To guard the inexperienced from the dangers of life; to defend the oppressed; to humble the pride of the aristocracy, or the insolence of wealth; to portray human character in its stronger passions, or its finer shades of character; and by each of these methods to inculcate the love and practice of virtue, and a thorough detestation of every thing that is base and dishonorable. These were her objects; and her success is universally acknowledged by the remarkable popularity of her works among the reflecting and influencing portion of the reading public. "*Cousin Hinton*" is one of her happiest efforts.

Notes of a Journey from Cornhill to Cairo. By *Michael Angelo Tumash.* New York: Wiley & Putnam. 1846.

This is a part of the *Library of Choice Reading*, which has become so extensively popular, and it is one of the most readable and entertaining books in the whole collection. Mr. Thackeray, the author, is an experienced writer, and well known and approved by the reading public. These notes are written in that lively, sparkling

style, which so well suits a book of travels. He describes, by a few master touches, with more effect than most careful writers produce by elaborate pictures. "*The Traveling Letters, Written on the Road*," by *Dickens*, which form a part of the same Library, are a different vein, but not less entertaining. In that peculiar manner which is called grave banter, *Dickens* has few equals—scarcely any superior.

David Dumps, or the Budget of Blunders. A Tale By *Thomas Haynes Bayly.* New York: E. Ferrett & Co. 1846.

As one would naturally expect from its title, this story turns out to be one of the extravaganza sort, lively, piquant, full of fun and oddity. In grouping his characters into the oddest situations, the author rivals his prototype, *Theodore Hook*.

"Father Ripa's Residence at the Court of Peking." Translated by F. Prandle. New York: Wiley & Putnam. 1846.

This is one of the volumes of Messrs. Wiley & Putnam's "*Foreign Library*." It is the genuine work of a Catholic missionary, who resided several years in the court of the Chinese Emperor, where he was graciously permitted to exercise his talents in designing and engraving, without pay, for his majesty; and the circumstance of his making and baptizing a few converts, was graciously winked at by the government and the priests. The details of Chinese manners and customs which he gives, are extremely curious and amusing.

The Elves. Translated from the German of *Tieck.* By *Thomas Carlyle.* With other Tales and Sketches. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1846.

This collection consists of the best of the *Edinburgh Tales*, so extensively popular in Great Britain. The plan of that work appears to be to solicit contributions of short stories from all the leading novelists of England, and, accordingly, in the volume before us, we have nearly the whole of them, represented by first rate tales, not too long for an annual or Magazine. It is by no means easy to obtain, in any other form, so much capital reading as this pamphlet contains, for the moderate price of two shillings.

The Queen of Denmark. A Historical Novel. By *Mrs. Gore.* New York: Harper and Brothers. 1846.

Mrs. Gore excels in the historical novel. In this volume, and in the "*History of a Royal Favorite*," (i. e. *King Charles's* lap-dog) she exhibits all her powers of style, and all her immense variety of historical allusion and graceful handling of grave subjects.

"Pickings from the Port Folio of the Reporter of the New Orleans Piragune; with Eight Engravings, from Original Drawings by Darley. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart. 1846.

The reputation of the writer of this volume as a wit and humorist, is as well deserved as it is extensive. Nothing can excel the raciness of his sketches. *Darley* never had better subjects for his pencil, and he has fairly outdone himself in the embellishments of this volume.

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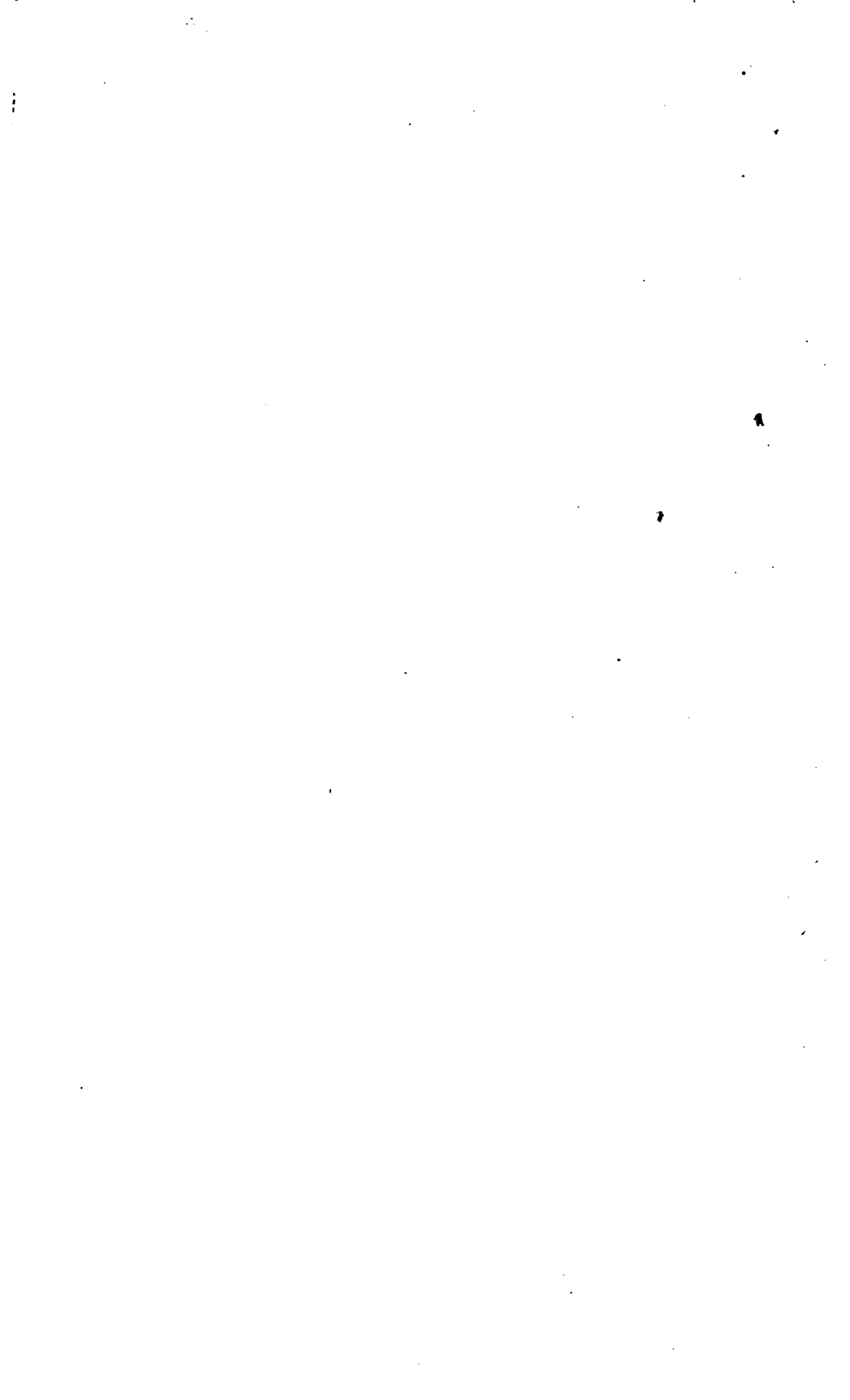
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